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THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

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

It seemed but a very short time after we left the Brompton Cottage when the carriage stopped at my father's door. It was clear Lady Laura was not at home, for the windows were all darkened, and this was the single consolatory fact which greeted me on my return to what I was obliged to call home. I found Mrs. Martin had left, and that officious Hannah was installed in her place. This woman, to whose care I was left (Mr. Castlebrook retiring immediately we entered the house), was as insolent and supercilious as she dared to be, and that in no trifling degree. I desired to know which was my room, and she sullenly lighted me upstairs to my former domicile, telling me if I wanted anything, to ring the housemaid's bell. I wanted at that moment many things which in that house I could never obtain—love, kindness, sympathy; and who knew if I should ever obtain these again? I threw myself on the bed, without undressing, and strove to ease my aching head by burying it in the pillows. But I was not destined to rest. In about an hour after my arrival, and just as, overcome by mental anguish and the fatigue of many emotions suffered that day, I was about to sleep, a rap came at my room door. I started up.

"Who is there?"

"Purvis, miss."

"Who Purvis might be I knew not; but I jumped up from my recumbent posture, and, taking the lamp in my hand, I opened the door. A good-looking, portly woman stood there, dressed somewhat finely for her station, which appeared to be that of a domestic of the upper class. She dropped a civil curtsey.

"Begs pardon, Miss, but master says you are to supersede the baby—and I am come for to hoffer to show you the blessed lamb, as is sleeping like one of the hangels of even, with his face as shining as a bar of the best yellar. Excuse comparisons, miss, which may be undelicate; but afore I was a muss I was a launcel. You might a heard on me—Mrs. Purvis, as washed and got up your fine things afore you runned away—I means—Lors! there, now! I said I should let the cat out, and I've bin an' done it—no offence I hope."

I gave Mrs. Purvis no consolation in that respect, but told her I should be rejoiced to look at my little brother; and as I uttered that word, a flood of new and delicious sensations came over me. I had a brother; could I secure this new tie? Could I teach the infant, unprejudiced and pure as its love must be, to regard me as its sister?

"Lead the way, Mrs. Purvis. The child, I suppose, is near Lady Laura's room."

"Lord love you, miss! not a bit," returned the nurse, with a hearty laugh; "the further the dear hangel is off, the better my lady likes it. The nurnery, miss, is close to the servants' room. Please to folleher me, miss."

Up to the top storey of the house it was, and portly Mrs. Purvis was considerably out of breath when we entered the room, where, in a plain mahogany cot, the babe was sleeping. I bent over him, and, as I did so, he suddenly woke up, and, with a crow of joy, stretched out his little chubby arms towards me. I snatched up the infant with delight, and nearly smothered him with kisses. Contrary to what might have been expected, he did not scream at my vehemence; but laughed, as children laugh when they are talked or played with.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Purvis; "the child has taken you at first sight, as a body may say. Well, that's lucky, because now, miss, I hopes I can have the liberty to get out a bit. I am sure, as there is no hunder-nurse kep in this family, one is a perfeck slave here; but as baby takes so kindly to you, miss, I dare say it won't be no hardship to nurse him a bit now and then."

"I cannot, Mrs. Purvis, undertake your proper duties, but this dear child shall be with me as much as possible. If you will leave me a light, I will try and get him to sleep in my arms, and perhaps to-morrow he will be glad to come to me again."

Mrs. Purvis, rather taken aback by my tone of dignified authority (for her overfamiliar one demanded an assertion on my part that I was her master's daughter), curtseyed somewhat stiffly, and, placing the candle she held in her hand on the table, I was left in silence with the infant.

He was not at all disposed to go to sleep though, and I found it no easy task to amuse him. He was a pretty baby, but I sought in vain for some traces of Mr. Castlebrook's features, or those of his beautiful but tyrannical
and insolent mother, whom indeed every minute
I more and more dreaded to meet. My watch
and chain at last interested little Marcus (for so
I was told he had been named) for a good half-
hour; then the deep sleep peculiar to his age
came over him, and I placed him in his little cot,
imprinting a kiss on the baby brow, the first
kiss of a sister's love.

This little child seemed, indeed, to unite me
more in spirit to my father's house than I could
have supposed possible. It was plain to be seen
that maternal solicitude formed no part of Lady
Laura's peculiarly frivolous character. Accord-
ing to the nurse, the poor child was neglected by
his mother, and had been entirely brought up by
hand. I sat before the embers of a half-expiring
fire, and wondered what fate had in store for
me. Would Vincent know I was again in my
father's house? Was all Mr. Castlebrook said
of him true? I shuddered again at the thought
of how came the Prince to know the locality
I was residing in? The hours fled impercep-
tibly; as I dwelt on less than acute hunger: I
had tasted nothing all that day—a day so me-
orable, and even the refreshment of tea had
been abandoned when Mr. Castlebrook made so
inopportune an appearance.

As I knew of no apartment I could sit in,
except those used in general by the family, I
determined to abide in the nursery; and, look-
ing for a bell, I pulled it somewhat sturdily: It
required a second attempt before I was answered
—and presently a heavy step announced Mrs.
Purvis.

Although I had not supped, it was clearly
apparent that Mrs. Purvis had—and, moreover,
that she had done extreme justice to that meal,
not only by eating, but its accompaniment of
drinking also. Her rosy face was now flaming
scarlet, and her utterance was extremely thick
and obscure:

"D'shu ring, miss?" was her inquiry.

"Yes, Mrs. Purvis, I must trouble you, or
some one whose proper duty it is, to bring me
up a tray with some supper. I have not tasted
food to-day, and I feel faint and ill in conse-
quence."

"Sh-idhe happy oblige you [biceup], miss;
but the cook has juc said there's nothing in
the house—nothing at all, miss [biceup]."

"Anything will do, tell the cook; but some-
ting I must have, or I shall complain to Mr.
Castlebrook."

Mrs. Purvis thereupon went out of the
room as steadily as her potations would allow
her, and her speed downstairs was considerably
accelerated by a loud knocking at the door,
which announced, I knew, either my father's
return or that of Lady Laura.

The housemaid shortly after, came up with a
tray which the cook had contrived to furnish in
a very satisfactory manner, considering there was
nothing in the house. Half a cold chicken,
some slices of ham, and a greengage tart was
rather more than enough to satisfy an appetite
like mine. I resolved, however, on the morn-
ing, to place myself on a more satisfactory foot-
ing in the house to which I had so reluctantly
returned. I had been so long accustomed to
an independent livelihood that I could little
brook being placed at the mercy of servants. I
ascertained that the infant was in a sweet slum-
er, and that his nurse was sufficiently col-
lected to be intrusted with the care of him—and
then I retired to my room, and, warded out, I
fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till a late
hour on the following morning.

* * * * *

I breakfasted, at my own desire, in the nursery
that morning; for I did not know my father's
wishes on the subject. Lady Laura I found
had adhered to her habit of breakfasting in bed.
She had a regular lady's maid now, which was
consoling; for I had at least made up my mind
that I would not be employed in any menial
capacity. I tried to avoid painful thoughts by
laying plans for the future. Marcus was, of
course, too young yet, and would be for years,
to commence any system of education; but I
might be of use, and that thought was consol-
ing. Mrs. Purvis was a woman who would
gossip, in spite of all prohibitions. She lost no
time in telling me that my father was "over head
and ears," as she termed it, "in debt," and that
duns were continually calling.

"And John, footman, vows he'll tell no
more lies about master's being out of town—
and my lady hectors and storms at us poor ser-
vants, as if we were dirt, and our wages not
paid regler, miss."

"Mrs. Purvis, I do not wish to know these
things. As you and I may be much together,
it is as well at once to tell you that I know my
place in my father's house, and beg that you
will endeavour to know yours."

"Oh to be sure, miss; only, as the servants
said as you was so werry amable, I thought
you'd pity us, and perhaps mention to master—"

"Mr. Castlebrook must manage his own
affairs. I cannot interfere in any way."

"Very well, miss" [with a toss of her head];
"I don't want to be official—not I; I am sure
I could do better anywhere else, so as I could
get my money. Then I suppose, miss, as you
would like me to keep my distance, you
doesn't wish I should give the letter, John,
poor fellow, good-natured-like thought in for
you on the sly, this morning?"

"A letter! pray give it me."

"I don't know—maybe I had best take it
to my master. I never was a woman as liked
clandestine pureredings, and when a young lord—"

"Pray, Mrs. Purvis, I—yes, I have half-a-
crown: take it. I have a right to receive my
own letters."

"Oh well, miss, I don't wish to be hard;
not for the sake of bribes, but because I was young once myself, and — There it is, miss— thank you.”

Mrs. Purvis pocketed her half-crown, and I seized the letter. Too dear still was the writer — too willing still was I to be deceived — to try in all ways to deceive myself.

When the nurse (who fidgeted about a great deal on one pretext or another) at length left the room, I opened the precious epistle. It ran thus:

“MY OWN BELOVED,—At last, I hear, you have left the degrading occupation in which I found you so obstinately absorbed when last we met. I cannot tell you what I have suffered from the thought of your slavery. I think a way shortly will open to me by which I shall be enabled to fulfil my dearest wishes, and ask you to share the name and home of

“Your devoted

“VINCENT.”

“TS.—See you must. You are not, I hope, so close a prisoner that you cannot walk out. I shall be in the Green Park at four this afternoon, close to the basin. Dearest! you will not refuse to come? I have so much to say.”

Refuse! I had not the slightest idea of doing so. Now, when I see clearly, it seems to me like enchantment, that passion could place a veil so thick before my eyes that I was so completely morally blind. All my doubts and fears melted away before that very shallow and unsatisfactory note; and if I could have flown to Vincent at that moment, I should undoubtedly have done so. I even went so far as to say to myself, while I pressed his note to my lips, that I preferred Lord Taragon, with all his faults, to the most pure and perfect hero ever conceived by a woman’s romantic imagination.

Oh Love! who says thou art not intoxication as perilous as the inebriation given by wine? Love and Bacchus might well be made inseparable among the ancients; for there is mental confusion and oblivion produced as much by the one as by his vine-crowned friend and brother. And Age looks back, and, with ice in its veins, and caution abounding in its judgments, wonders at the lava impulses of youthful passion, and, so wondering, recoils and shudders.

But my glowing reflections were suddenly put an end to by the entrance of Mrs. Purvis, who, with a tone of importance, delivered a message from Mr. Castlebrook, who had risen and now desired to see me in the library. The very mention of that room gave me a cold shudder, I had passed through so many painful interviews within the space of its walls. However, recent experiences had inspired me with that feeling of determination which is termed, especially with reference to women, spirit. I am compelled to acknowledge in this my faithful biography, that I was at this time of my life by no means so passively amiable as in my childhood and school-girl days. Life had become developed more fully, and passion had obtained the vantage ground.

I believe I had changed from the hour when I was chastised by a father’s hand. Formerly I practised submission; now I resolved to endure neither unjust persecution nor coercion. Kindness at that time could have melted me, softened me into self-sacrifice, humility, endurance. Sternness and injustice were now certain to have only the effect of hardening my feelings, and of deteriorating my moral sentiments.

O World! how much hast thou to answer for! We are sent to thee fresh from Heaven—thou renderest us, too frequently, fitter for Pandemonium! Have the devils, whom the Saviour cast out from tormented human beings, ceased to visit mankind? I fear not. How often, when we cast out one, by aid of prayers and faith, some unguarded time comes, when the demon returns, bringing with him seven other demons; and thus our last state becomes worse than our first! These things were no allegory; they are stated as facts in gospel records. Do they exist, then, no more? or did they depart from human kind when the angels ceased to visit man? Alas! no. Let each examine his own breast. How few will find no evil spirit installed therein!

I entered the library, then, with an erect air and unalarmed aspect. Mr. Castlebrook was in his favourite attitude—that, in fact, so highly esteemed by all Englishmen—viz., standing with his back before the fire. His eye, in a moment, caught my black dress. He thundered out his resentment:

“How dare you wear that gown?”

I met his rage very calmly:

“If, sir, I am to remain secluded as you promised, mourning will not be conspicuous. Besides, you yourself wear mourning for Lord Taragon.”

“I desired you not to wear it.”

“I cannot consent to leave it off yet; besides, I have gone to expense in buying black.”

“Oh you have learned economy” [with a sneer].

“Yes, sir; it is an admirable virtue—let me recommend it.”

His astonishment was so great at my daring to retort, that for a moment it mastered anger. He however controlled his passion.

“Miss Castlebrook, I sent for you in order that we might understand each other; you are now no child. Apparently you have attained womanhood, and a woman’s headstrong tendencies are evidently not wanting in you. All I desire is that you will be reasonable, that you will cause as little expense as possible, and that you will superintend the child. This is not much, I suppose, for a father to ask his own daughter?”

“A little more than kin, and less than kind.”

That was the reply which rose to my lips; I suppressed it, however, and answered with all the discretion I could muster:

“I shall be happy to obey your wishes, sir, in all reasonable things; nevertheless, I claim, as your daughter, some consideration (my lip trembled)—more at any rate than was before
shown me. I will not be looked upon as a menial—I will see to my little brother, but I will not be his mother's waiting-woman."

"Lady Laura has her own maid now."

"And I hope you, as head of your family, will insist on outward observances, at least, from your wife."

"My wife, as you are so well bred as to term her, follows her own way; however, no doubt she will be civil."

"Quite as much as I desire. And" (I hesitated), "I told you I was still a fiancée to Vincent—Lord Tarragon. What objection can you have—youself allied in the family?"

"His face purpled with passion."

"Confound the family! I tell you Vincent Tarragon is so base, so vile, so lost to decency that even his sister does not acknowledge him, nor does she speak to him when they meet at the Regent's parties. By heaven, if you persist in this disgraceful attachment you shall be an outcast from my house—my—sir."

"My passions roused into fierceness—"you were about, perhaps, to say your heart. You have none—at least for your child. I remember my poor neglected mother—I remember her life, and my own sorrowful, ill-cared-for childhood. There"—wiping my eyes, from which tears were forcing their way—"let us keep peace. I would once have loved you, now, you are not worthy of any child's love."

I admit many fathers would have been justified in bitterly resenting such a speech from a daughter, but Mr. Castlebrook was of that order, whom resistance and wrath calm into silence. He shrugged his shoulders, contenting himself with one bitter taunt—"You are, no doubt, your mother's own child."

"Indeed, I am not. She was mild as an angel. You lash me, father, into passion, in spite of my resolves. I will not relinquish my engagement—not, at least, till I see better cause."

"Perhaps"—with a sneer—"the gentleman may show a different mind."

"This altercation is useless. I wish to have the duties defined which require of me; and I beg that, in the day-time, I may occupy the nursery—I believe Mrs. Purvis needs careful looking over."

"I want nothing. My breakfast I take in my own room—you can stay where you please."

"With whom am I to dine? Not with the servants I presume?"

"We seldom dine at home. Your dinner can be served to you at lunch-time."

"Thank you. If you will give that order to the housekeeper I shall be glad; then I shall not have again to trouble you. Complaint to Lady Laura I shall never make."

Mr. Castlebrook not replying, I bowed my head slightly and withdrew. Going upstairs, I encountered my stepmother descending to enter her carriage. We both drew back. Then Lady Laura, evidently tutored, made a distant curtsey (returned on my part as formally). No words passed, and this dreaded interview was over.

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Chap. X.

I was naturally passionately fond of young children, perhaps because I never had been greatly accustomed to them. Little Marcus, then, who already had many engaging infantine ways, was a constant source of pleasure, and I soon found of employment also. The poor baby, indeed, was wonderfully ill-provided in respect to clothing: he was five months old, and had long outgrown his original outfit. Mrs. Purvis's constant grumbling first aroused my attention, and suggested that I might do something to supply the deficiency by the aid of my needle. I procured some lawn and jacinet, and soon made the little creature some frocks, adding to his wardrobe some coral ornaments of my own. Employment soothed my troubles and anxieties greatly, and Isa panacea I would always recommend in misfortune. Although I had looked forward with happy anticipation to my appointment in the Green Park, I found it impossible to meet Lord Tarragon on the afternoon he named. The child, who was teething, became suddenly very ill, and I had enough to do, to obtain a medical attendant, and, in the interval of his arrival, to prevent Mrs. Purvis from poisoning the poor babe with nostrums of Daffy's elixir and other murderous compounds which she endeavoured to administer. I was compelled to write an explanatory line to my lover, and it cost me another half-a-crown to persuade the nurse to send it through the hands of Thomas the footman. I appointed the following Friday, that day being Wednesday, to meet in the same place, at five o'clock, which I considered a safe hour, for Lady Laura and Mr. Castlebrook were usually at that time in their dressing rooms, nil not likely to be abroad, or inquire for me. It was in the month of July, and there were long evenings.

How intensely I longed for this Friday need scarcely be told—the minutes and hours were counted.

When the child required a doctor, Lady Laura and I met on the mutual ground of the nursery. She was coldly civil and ceremonious, and had the advantage over me in manner; for I was full of anxiety for the poor little sufferer, who did not recognize his parent, so seldom did he see her.

"I hope, Purvis, it is nothing catching," was the mother's first exclamation, as she entered, with her handkerchief held to her mouth, to guard against infection.

"Dear! no, my Lady," said the free and easy Mrs. Purvis, "unless you catch a new set of teeth"—an observation to which her ladyship was conveniently deaf.

"I don't in the least understand infants: I am
The Commoner's Daughter.

sure I can do no good here. Pray, Miss Castlebrook, do not run any risk by attending my child—sarcastically: "I should be grieved."

Can any woman, who is not a saint by inclination and temperament, forbear to indulge in that feminine love of retort? I was not one, so I yielded to the temptation.

"I attend Marcus, madam, because I like the child himself, certainly not because he is your ladyship's son."

She bit her lip, and her eye flashed out. I despised myself, however, at that moment, more than I did her, and added, a little more courteously, "All children suffer in teething. You have no cause, I believe, to fear, Lady Laura."

"Oh dear, no! I have no fear. I have great faith in Purvis; she has brought up a family, though none of them are living, I believe,—carelessly; "are they, Purvis?"

"Seven blessed infans," said Mrs. Purvis, solemnly, "as are hoverin' in the hair—cherubs, bless 'em, now—with wings of snow, and glory round their heads."

"What, did you not rear one out of seven, nurse," I said, reminiscences of Daffy coming across me.

"No, miss; they mostly went off just as they teether. Ah! I have had more trials than most folks think on, seeing me look so well."

"Perhaps they took too much Daffy, Mrs. Purvis."

"Miss, old heads don't grow on such young shoulders as yours; I ought to know, that have had seven, and I sticks to Daffy."

"I dare say, nurse, you are quite right," from Lady Laura; "so pray give Marcus some if he cries so—it is quite dreadful. I never come here but he screams so terribly."

"The doctor will be here presently, my lady, and he can tell Miss Castlebrook if there's any harm in Daffy; all my children took it and—"

"Died, Mrs. Purvis."

"Some of one thing, some of another; not from Daffy, nor the "Mother's Blessing, nor—"

"Oh! that will do; pray let's have no argument," Lady Laura yawned, violently. I held the infant out to her, to kiss; but she shrank back terrified. "Oh! no, no. Would you kill me? Nurse, pray—"

"Do give me the baby, Miss," said Mrs. Purvis spitefully. "You may be a clever young lady, but you knows no more how to nurse a hinchant than I do to aggravate the globe."

This substitution for navigate abused her ladyship, and, the doctor coming in, she just waited to hear his opinion that it was only the child's teeth, and then swept out of the room.

When Friday came I was glad that the baby was sufficiently recovered to permit me to leave him. At ten minutes to five I put on my hat and cloak, and desiring Mrs. Purvis not to leave Marcus, I told her I needed a little air, which, as I had not stirred from the house since I returned, was not certainly false. The nurse, however, looked suspicious, though she said nothing; and I found my pocket was again likely to suffer, in the necessity of bringing her home a present which should induce her to keep her suspicions to herself. A year back, I should have disdained such artifices. Now—well, well! poor Isabella! you are beginning to experience that most wretched of all sensations, contempt for yourself and your own proceedings.

I left the house without any encounter, and took my way to the Green Park. My breath failed as I just fancied the possibility of Vincent not keeping his appointment. It was with a sensation of intense relief that I perceived his well-known figure lounging over the side of the basin, as he looked into the water. He started as I rested my hand for a minute on his arm.

"My sweetest love! you have come, then."

There was no one by: I offered no resistance to the kiss first imprinted on my gloved hand, next on my lips. God help me! how was I, an inexperienced girl, with no guide but my own sincere heart, to understand they were such kisses as only Judas the Betrayer gave?

"Stay, I cannot converse in peace till you explain. You informed the Prince Regent of my residence at Brompton?"

Was there a change of colour? I fancied so, and my arm relaxed its hold on his. It was but momentary; for Lord Tarragon replied immediately, "My love, was I indiscreet? indeed I feared so; but his Royal Highness was so pointed in his inquiries, that I confessed I had by accident discovered your abode."

"It was unfortunate you satisfied the Prince; for— I stopped: if I told Vincent all, mischief might ensue. Yet I reflected, with relief, that the rank of the offender was too high to admit of the usual satisfaction. If I told Vincent all, it might serve to put Lord Tarragon on his guard against accepting promises of patronage and place, from a quarter where to receive favours might militate against honour, which at that minute I again fondly believed untaught. I went on:

"You do not know—you were not aware—that, in short, the Regent distinguished me by notice, unsought I assure you, dear Vincent, on my part, and terrible to me. But I had forgotten all about that till, as I returned home one evening, after our last interview, something very terrible nearly occurred."

He listened with the most earnest attention, as I related the affair of the carriage—the well known voice—the royal cipher—my rescue—and the subsequent shock of my dear and faithful old friend's death.

He expressed the deepest indignation; but his manner seemed to my instincts—for I refused to entertain the idea—somewhat unreal. His anger, in short, was too angry; his expressions of vindictiveness too vindictive. But the bandage was still over my soul's vision, and mine was not the hand destined to tear it off.

Presently he asked a question which some-
what confused me: "Who is this Thornmead?" he said; "and by what right did he interfere?"

"By what right? Heavens! Vincent, are you serious in asking such a question? By the right a man has to defend a helpless and oppressed woman; but indeed, old Mr. Quaintly was quite as much my defender."

"Quaintly! that is the fellow that acts at the theatres. Isabella, how could you mix yourself with such people?"

Mr. Quaintly," I answered, "is, I believe, an actor; but I have always heard he is a very earnest and good man."

"Nonsense, my love. Your ideas have been warped by such society; indeed, your father was very right to bring you away. Better have borne Laura’s wavishness a hundredfold, than have done as you did. Indeed, my dear, you were very very wrong. By-the-bye,—he became feverishly anxious to turn the subject—"do you know, she and I am no longer friends: we meet as strangers?"

"So my father said; but why?"

"Don’t you know? Oh! some one of the Regent’s chique, who did not want me to be admitted to intimacy with his Royal Highness, told her some infamous falsehoods about me. Unluckily, in a passion, I twitted her about her coquetry with the Prince. Castlebrook, I am sure, ought to have been greatly obliged to me, for it was his business. But my lady chose to be very indignantly, and told her husband. There was a regular uproar among the three of us. Castlebrook got annoyed because the Prince, who is tetchy, you know, and capricious, favoured me, and became slightly cool to him. You know how tenacious the Regent is of any allusions to his obesity, and some one told him your father had remarked that he bore a strong resemblance to an Oxfordshire grazer."

"The Prince’s society, I am sure, is no good to my father: I wish he had conged him altogether."

"But for Laura’s sake the Regent will not do so.” Seeing my surprise visibly painted on my face, he added—" She is really very handsome, you know, and the life of that circle. You would smile to see us at the same party, joining in the fun, yet never speaking to one another."

"How strange! you, who were so bitter against the Prince as a bad husband, should now be so intimate with him! Oh! Vincent, I could not have believed you would have deserted the cause of that poor lady!"

"My dear innocent child! believing Caroline of Wales to be a martyr. Forego such fancies. The Princess by her folly and gaucheries gave up her own cause. No one can be true to those who are untrue to themselves."

Had I known all, I might have applied that aphorism to myself and him; but I was too glad to accept his excuse for an inconsistency which, in one I loved, had shocked me.

"But Vincent, my father is obdurate against our union. He has related sad, sad things about you. Are they, can they be true?"

"My love, is not your father my bitter enemy? can you put faith in what he says? Foolish I have been, free of hand, and somewhat too fond of vingt-un; but once you are mine, what attraction can take me from my Isabella’s society?"

"What girl of my age ever refused credence to a lover’s voice? At least I did not. I could not with any sincerity say I did credit Mr. Castlebrook, neither did I desire to do so. It was far more agreeable to be persuaded by Vincent’s tongue, to be won by Vincent’s handsome eyes, to dwell on the rich tones of his voice. Methinks I can now, even, hear Mr. Thomas Moore warbling forth prophetically:"

"Ah! there’s nothing half so sweet in life As love’s young dream."

A thought came to me suddenly: “But Vincent, do you believe that the Regent will really promote our marriage?”

"Why not? He is gay—very: all the world knows that. But he is very good-natured; and, depend on it, when really convinced of our attachment, he will desist from any further attempts to ingratiate himself.

I was not devoid of observation—more an instinct than a habit, I believe. I could not help the thought that he had forgotten all his previously expressed resentment. I sighed as I reflected that I had often heard men consider such offences as the Regent’s as venial. But it struck me at length that I had stayed too long.

"I must go,” I said, in a great fright: “they will think I have again left home, and a search will be made. By-the-bye, I had forgotten: how did my father know where I was? Did you tell him also?”

"Impossible,” he answered, with a smile.

"But possibly the Prince told Laura. Dare I confess it, Isabella? I cannot grieve when the issue affords me so much happiness."

He uttered some fond words about parting, and the time seemed very short when we reached my home. We parted, arranging a future meeting.

I was in a Fool’s Paradise that night.

Next morning the little boy had convulsions. Mrs. Purvis had taken advantage of my absence to go out herself; and as she did not return till nearly midnight, the child’s medicine had not been regularly administered. I blamed myself for trusting the woman, but gave her next day a sharp rebuke. She received it with the utmost sang froid.

"I am tired of getting no money, miss,” she said at last. "If I can get a young woman as can undertake my duties cheaper than I do, perhaps my lady won’t have no objection to my going."

"I should think not,” I said. "Let me speak to Miss Laura.”

"If you please, miss. I couldn’t stand my lady’s bullying, I know."

I requested that morning an audience of Lady Laura, who received me but stiffly. I represented, however, the folly of keeping a woman against her will, and presently she yielded to my arguments.
The Commoner's Daughter.

"Purvis can go," she said, "as soon as she provides a substitute; but I dare say Mr. Castlebrook can't pay her, I am sure I have no money."

It was quite impossible that I should offer. The very small amount of money I could call my own I determined not to part with: I simply said I would tell Mr. Castlebrook that it was necessary to discharge the woman, and would ask him to settle her demands. The only answer my stepmother vouchsafed to this civil proposal was to shrug her shoulders and take up a book, after which hint I left the apartment.

To obtain money from Mr. Castlebrook, especially for servants' wages, was difficult. The debt due to Mrs. Purvis was ten pounds, I only—after a violent scene with my father—succeeded in obtaining five, and a promise of the rest in three months. I had, however, all this time, been organising a little scheme of my own to obtain money, and was therefore tempted, rashly I admit, to promise Mrs. Purvis that I would be responsible she should have her money. I had also the task of obtaining from Lady Laura a written character, which I took care should be somewhat indefinite in its construction, as I myself wrote the form, and merely asked my stepmother to sign it.

"Well, miss, I must say," Mrs. Purvis remarked at our final settlement, "you have behaved quite like a young lady should. I never thought, miss, to have seen the colour of my money in this 'ere house. It was always from my lady—What can you want with money, Purvis? You have good eating and drinking, and clothes to your back. It's curious now," said the ex-nurse, who, from her breadth, had evidently been paying her parting respects to the butler's pantry—"it's curious to see how great folks can talk to little ones. I doesn't mean little in respect to size, because I weighs fourteen stone; and my lady, though stout, don't come anything nigh that. But I say that it is curious to think how 'igh folks believe poor ones don't want nothin' but vittals and drink. And don't wear flowers in your cap, Purvis," says my lady, with her own 'ead stuck all over a parfik garding. Ah! seem poor and be poor. If I owed as much money as your pa, miss, I should be thought a deal of; but as I only owe Mrs. Tibbs the dressmaker for my new dress, she has been bothering my life out for the money."

"But, Mrs. Purvis," anxious to put an end to these reflections, "have you obtained a person to fill your place?"

"Certainly, miss; I will send the boy, and she will come this afternoon. It's a young 'ooman out of place living with her mother; but she has the best of characters."

"That will do, then: let her be sent for."

"And, miss, Thomas footman will deliver any letters you need."

"Thank you, and Thomas also," colouring at the indignity of thus betraying my affairs to servants, "I shall not need any further services of the kind. Pray give this to Thomas for his trouble," handing a crown to Mrs. Purvis.

"Certainly, miss: he's a superior kind of young man, and being attached himself," casting her eyes down affectedly—

"Oh! I understand. Good morning, Mrs. Purvis: please to take this riband for yourself; I wish you well."

In the afternoon the nurse came bustling upstairs, and told me the young 'oman had arrived: should she come up? I answered: Certainly; and Mrs. Purvis calling downstairs:

"Come up, young woman, if you please," the new nursery maid entered, with downcast eyes and low curtseys. I turned to speak encouragingly, and beheld—Betsy.

I had not seen the girl since I had resided with Mr. Benvelore. Her mother, indeed, fetched and returned the washing, but I was seldom at home. I cannot tell how the sight of this humble friend rejoiced me: it seemed so strange a chance that she should seek service in my father's house.

"La! Miss Castlebrook, is it you? Well, now, I never knew as this was your papa's house, though I might have known if I hadn't been a fool, only I didn't rightly catch the name as Mrs. Purvis mentioned. And well now, I am glad! We heard, miss, all about poor Mr. Benvelore's a-dying, poor dear old gentleman. Madam told us, and we knew as your papa had been and found you out, and looked you off all in a jiffy."

"Never mind that, Betsy," for Mrs. Purvis was listening to catch all these particulars. "I shall have great pleasure in explaining your duties to you when Mrs. Purvis has gone."

"Oh! as for me, miss, I have only been waiting for the young 'oman to arrive, as a body may say; so now I am a-going. A lady as wants nursing is waiting for me; so I shan't lose no time."

And, to my great satisfaction, Mrs. Purvis, after fussing about a good deal, and talking about keys and the blessed infant, who was in my arms, and though a little fretful yet progressing—took her departure. And Betsy and I were left to unlimited reign over the nursery.

She had been used to children at her last place, she told me, which was, however, so hard a one, that she gladly left for her present situation. I had the pleasure of seeing that the infant took to her good-natured face immediately. For instinctive physiognomists commend me to babies: they are attracted or repulsed instantly by countenances and features, and they are true to their instincts: a baby knows at a glance if you are fond of children, or if you are a baby pincher, and either springs to your arms, or roars and makes himself purple in the face with angry remonstrances against being consigned to your tender mercies.
The Commoner’s Daughter.

CHAP. XI.

I can by no means state that at this period I was progressing, either morally or religiously. The natural impatience and vehemence of my disposition had greatly increased, partly, I think, from the discomfort of my position, and partly because my heresies had no bent in employment. I was often in need of money, and the ten pound note I had kept in reserve was gradually diminishing, without any prospect of a probable replenishing. I had received two letters from Madame Theresa, informing me that she was comfortably settled and likely to suit her employer. The kind soul implored me to ask her for money when I found myself in need; but ladies’ companions, usually speaking, have not too much of that requisite, and I could not prevail on myself to borrow when I saw so little chance of repaying. I was indeed thankful that this kind and virtuous woman had found a home, and knew where to find her daily bread. But an idea, which had taken possession of me for some time, was now to be put into practice. Although I was an excellent musician when I went to reside with Benvolore, it was mostly with regard to the practice of the art rather than its more abstruse theories. My dear old master soon pointed out to me the necessity of studying counterpoint, thorough-bass, and the rules of composition. At first this labour was irksome, but I had always a taste for composition, and I soon found so much facility in this, by my newly-acquired skill, that it was quite a recreation to me to compose melodies, to which Benvolore, during my absence from home, amused himself by putting words. I remembered now the little sums which my master himself got by composition—not enough to subsist on, but convenient to supply many recurring wants. I determined to apply to some music publisher, and offer my compositions, and, if successful, I promised myself to be very industrious in this particular. I missed the constant use of a piano greatly. I used at first to go in the drawing-room when my step-mother was absent; but when Lady Laura discovered this on returning unexpectedly one day, she afterwards locked the instrument, and I was too proud to ask her for the key. I had, however, a stock of songs on hand, and I impatiently awaited an opportunity to put my project into execution. Little Marcus’s illness prevented it for some time; at last when he was nearly well, I one morning put on my cloak and hat, and, giving the child to Betsy, with strict orders to amuse him while I was gone, I went forth on my venture with a beating heart. I had preserved the address of the publisher for whom Benvolore had often worked, and determined to make my first application to him. When I approached the shop, I perceived, to my great dismay, that it was full of fashionable loungers; but it was then too late to go back, so, pulling my veil more closely over my face, I entered. The person whom I addressed proved to be only a shopman. When I asked for Mr. ——, he desired my card. Fortunately I had one about me, and, after a short absence, during which I was exposed to the fire of many eyeglasses, which then it was the fashion to wear suspended round the neck by a broad blue riband, he returned, and civilly desired I would follow him. I was conducted into a spacious room, which was fitted up as a library, having several handsome instruments in it, and a venerable gentleman, seated before a table, rose politely and bowed. I was by that time in such a tremor that I could hardly speak. Mr. —— placed a chair for me, and, as briefly as possible, telling him whose pupil I had been, I named my object.

Musical composers in that day were not so plentiful as they are now. Music publishers were glad to procure songs, and very kindly and courteously, this one asked me to play and sing mine—a somewhat nervous proceeding, but which I achieved apparently to his satisfaction, for he expressed himself charmingly.

“And now, my dear young lady,” he said, although, for my old friend Benvolore’s sake, I would willingly have given his favourite pupil encouragement, yet I am happy to be able to accord it to genuine merit. You have candidly said that you require money more than fame. Do you wish your name attached to these compositions?”

“Oh no. You will understand that my father is a man of good family, and he would consider himself disgraced by his name being made public, especially in respect to art. I must, if you please, be anonymous.”

“Then we will say ‘By a young lady of rank.’ Excuse me, but tradesmen, you know, must have an eye to business; and probably such an announcement, while it veils your identity, will sell your songs.”

I readily agreed to this proposition, and a most important question trembled on my lips. I gave it utterance with some hesitation. “How much, sir, can you give me for these four songs?”

He smiled: for I stammered and coloured over this demand in a most absurd manner.

“Well, you know, we cannot pay young beginners quite so much as known composers. I will offer you as a beginning, thirty pounds for the sole copyright of these four ballads.”

Let no young aspiring musician feel his ambition fired as I state this. I am speaking of more than forty years ago. At present, my dear young musical friends, believe me that, if you are young, and unknown in your business, music-publishers will think they do you an immense favour to print your songs, and give you in exchange a few copies. Very few, indeed, can now-a-days make thirty pounds by composing four songs—thirty shillings being a much more probable price when money at all is offered. You have come into the world too late for such speculations. But as for me, my heart bounded with delight. The field of song then
The Commoner’s Daughter.

was nearly unworked. Moore’s ballads and a
few Vauxhall ditties, formed the staple com-
modities for drawing-room music. I believed
I had described a path to competence, and anony-
umous profit. I have seldom felt a happier mo-
ment than when I saw Mr. — filling a
cheque. I will not say that among my Alnas-
charan visions the probability of paying all my
father’s debts by instalments, did not enter my
imagination. A question from my new patron
aroused me from various meditations.

"Is your carriage here, Miss Castlebrook."

"No—I walked; but if you would allow one
of your people to call me a hackney-coach I shall
be obliged."

"Willingly."

He rang the bell and gave the order.

"Adieu, sir. I am so very grateful for your
polite kindness? I may hope for future em-
ployment?"

"I shall be always happy to accept whatever
you send."

"Thanks: my dear old master would thank
you too if he lived."

He shook hands, and I departed in my hack-
ney carriage, directing the driver to call at
Cotta’s, where I got notes and gold for my
thirty-pound cheque, and then I drove home,
stopping at the end of the street for fear of in-
opportune questions.

I recollected now a small piano which was in
the library, and next day I summoned courage
to ask my father to allow me to have it in the
nursery. I was not denied, and although the
instrument was very inferior, it was still better
than none at all. It helped to pass many weary
hours, and I hailed this new possession as a
source of profit. I had, indeed, never been so
rich in the whole course of my life, but I deter-
minded to be very economical. I bought myself
a new silk gown, for my mourning was already
becoming shabby; and I had been so accus-
tomed to dress handsomely by the fruits of my
own exertions—for Benvolere had always made
a point of my doing so—that I could ill bear,
even in the seclusion to which I now seemed
destined, to appear in attire unlike a gentle-
woman. I had never before attempted to make
my own dresses; but, having some taste that
way, and finding Betsy a good hand at her
needle, for the girl was able—a rare accomplish-
ment among servants in our latter days of pro-
gress (?) to do all her own dressmaking and
millinery—I, with the aid of patterns, cut out
for myself a handsome dress, and she assisted
in making it up.

I merrily suggested that we should set up as
Court dressmakers.

"And a very good fortune, miss, you might
make at it," said my good-humoured co-
adjutor in reply, "if so be as you wasn’t a
lady born. Ah! well, miss, some people come
to sad reverses. Mother knows a lady as once
keep her carriage, as takes in washing now. We
do her mangling. Only she’s not a poor sort
of washerwoman as takes home the clothes like
mother, but she keeps a laundry, she calls it, and
makes quite a good living, and employs poor
women by the dozen to work for her."

"Anything, Betsy, is better in misfortune
than sitting down helpless and idle. I respect
that lady. You have called her by her true
title. Tell me something more of her."

"Well, miss, I know very little. She ain’t
very young now, but once she was very beautiful
I’ve heard say, and her husband was a very gay
gentleman; and, beautiful as she was, would you
believe it, Miss Castlebrook, he runned away
with another gentleman’s wife, and left her with
five sweet children. The other gentleman,
whose wife he took, though, shot him in a
jewel, miss; and then the creditors came and
took every scrap they could find, and she hadn’t
a penny, nor no friends, for she was a horfan
when she wur marri’d, and hadn’t no money
settled on her. Well, miss, she looked about
her, and she knew no mortal thing to do; and
there was the five poor children. One day
a lady, who came to cajole with her—"

"Condole, Betsy, you meant to say."

"Well, miss, I’m obliged; but I thought it
meant the same thing. Well, con-dole—ses to
her, ‘Dear me, I’m in such distress for a
washerwoman.’"

"An odd subject to speak of, to a friend in
distress."

"Yes, miss; wasn’t it, now? But there’s a fate
in these things to-be-sure. It wasn’t over-
polite of the lady—a rale lady—but it was to be.
‘An’ moreover,’ ses she, ‘not only I, but all
our neighbourhood is in the same distress—not
one, far or near, except horrid women, who
tear the linen to pieces and riddle your pocket-
handkerchers into cutlers.’ And with that,
the thought came into the head of the poor lady
who listened, that she would set up a laundry in
that neighbourhood, and she did. Finessly she
got laughed at, and great folks turned their
heads away if she met them; but she didn’t
care for that, so long as she got their washing,
and she did get it. Some one lent her fifty
pounds to start with, and now they do say as
she’s worth her thousands. All her children
are brought up well, only she says they shall
all work, if she had millions to leave; and, bless
you, miss, she has carts as goes all over Lon-
don, and rides herself in as neat a gig as you’d
wish to see. It was a good thing for mother to
get some of her mangling; the cart leaves it
and fetches it."

"Really, Betsy, you have deeply interested
me. I think she was a woman of fine spirit."

"That she was miss, and is now, for the
matter of that. I’ve finished this seam, Miss;
shall I hem the flounce?"
"A N D Y E T."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IF ONLY."

"This is love, then.
And yet—?
Ah, that yet! fatal word! 'tis the moral of all
Thought and felt, seen and done, in this world since the Fall!
It stands at the end of each sentence we learn;
It fits in the vista of all we discern;
It leads us for ever and ever away,—
To find in to-morrow what flies with to-day.

"LUCILE."

"Every ship is a romantic object, except that in which we sail; embark, and the romance quits our vessel and hangs on every other sail in the horizon.——'Tis the trick of Nature thus to degrade to-day."—R. W. Emerson.

I do not think any one will contradict me for saying that there are two sides to everything. There are many "wise saws and modern instances" which prove it, if we wanted proof. The familiar and pretty proverb of the "silver lining to every cloud," the less poetical "long lane," which we are told must be long indeed if it has no turning, mean, if they mean anything, that on the other side of the cloud there is light. Why not quote Longfellow?—

"Behind the cloud is the sun still shining"
—and that, however rough and disagreeable, our "lane" may be, there is a turning somewhere; if we will but walk on, we shall get round the corner—literally to the other side.

Everyone knows the story of the two knights who were going to fight about the colour of the shield, and would have fought to the death, if someone had not suggested that they should turn the shield and look at the other side. It would be well for many of us if we had always a friend at hand—and we have one if we would but listen to him—to make us pause in time and look at "the other side"; but we shut our eyes and go plunging blindly on until we suddenly find that we have gone to the other side—of what? Of Right which is Wrong, of Love which is Hate, of Honour which is Dishonour, of Faith which is Unbelief, of Strength which is Weakness, of Happiness which is Misery, of Life which is Death!

"Ay, there's the rub," as our friend Hamlet says; and, by the way, I have always thought it was rather a vulgar remark for a prince—if we would only keep our eyes open; even with them open we may not always go exactly straight, but at least we should not so often lose our way.

But to talk of right and wrong, love and hate, and the other extremes or opposites I have mentioned, is to treat the other side from a point of view which shows that side as a thing to be avoided. I began by alluding to it as a thing to be desired, and I wish now to speak of that faculty within us which teaches us to look forward so perseveringly to the turn in the lane, to the break in the cloud, to the inevitable "mend" which we are told must take place when things come to the worst.

But when we have reached the other side, how rarely is it what we expected? The sun has broken through the dark cloud, and yet it is only a watery sun after all, or else it is so fierce and strong that it gets a headache and wish for the cloud again. Here we are, at last, coming to the turning in the lane. What happiness! Now the way will be smooth, not a rough stone to hurt our feet, no dust to blind us, no mud to splash our clothes; we shall leave all these behind us in that "horrid lane" upon which we have been travelling so long. Here we are, round the corner; our eyes brighten; it is all easy work now; we see the broad road smooth before us, and yet we are not satisfied! The road is smooth enough, but it wants shade; and if the lane was long and rough, at least there were no steep hills; and so we find that to turn the corner is not every thing.

And now a few examples to illustrate the truth of what I have said.

We (it does not in the least signify who we are or were) had been living for many, many years in the same house; it was a house in a neighbourhood which for many reasons we did not like, and I remember how earnestly we longed for a change, how eagerly we anticipated its coming. And at length it came. I suppose the elders of our family, from having learned a little of the world, were not carried away by enthusiasm, and did not expect to find a new home a perfect paradise; but I fear they did not show as much sense as they should have done, for I
And yet.

Now remember to have heard my mother say, more than once, "Oh, yes, that may do very well here; but when we are in the new house—"

It has often occurred to me since as strange how all sentences having reference to our future abode broke off in that abrupt manner; the fact that it would be a "new house" appeared ample security for absolute perfection.

I was the eldest child of our very large family, and being very plain—indeed I may say remarkably ugly—I was not suspected of having any very strong feeling on the subject of our "fitting," beyond the hope that a certain old writing-desk, which was composed apparently of stiff handles and useless locks, should reach its destination in safety; but let a woman be ever so ugly, she is seldom without a suspicion of romance, and I know that I secretly looked forward to the move with as much pleasure as did my little brother Tommy, who was at that period a youth of very tender age, and chiefly remarkable for tearing his clothes and cutting the tops off his fingers.

The day fixed for our departure came at last; I intended to have taken a private but very sentimental farewell of the entire place, but especially of my own dear old room, in which I had spent so many happy hours; but I postponed the ceremony until it was too late, and when at the last moment I rushed in breathlessly, to see that I had forgotten nothing, I did not remember that I was looking for the last time upon objects which I had grown to love, and which were bound to me by the associations of years.

I think we should be thankful that the Present keeps pulling at our skirts in this way, and saying "Come, come," when we would stand for a while holding the Past with both our hands, and thinking regretfully that we never liked it half so well as just at this moment when we are about to part with it for ever.

It was evening when we reached our destination, and the children's boisterous spirits had quite ebbed away; but they again revived a little when we were told that at the next turn we should have the first view of the "new house!" "I dare say the view is pretty in daylight," my mother remarked, in a doubtful tone, which betrayed that her expectations as to scenery had not been fully realized. Then we were told that inside the high wall on our left was our garden, and we looked along it and up and down it, and those of us who had been in good gardens drew a mental picture of what it must be: of course there were well-trained fruit trees and banks of strawberries and endless varieties of vegetables, perhaps even a greenhouse. It is strange that we did not satisfy ourselves on this latter point by asking the question; and the fact that we did not do so, adds one more proof to the assertion that there is happiness in uncertainty.

Well, we took possession of our new house, and we were all delighted with it; at least we were never tired of calling the attention of each other to the particular points in which it was superior to the house we had left. We had attained several of the objects of our modest ambition; and yet we were not satisfied. We had a drawing-room with folding doors, and yet we always found it more comfortable to keep them shut. My father had a study; and yet we missed the familiar litter of his books and papers in the dining-room. We bought a very handsome bookcase; and yet, in a moment of confidence we agreed that our old books had looked far better when arranged on the brackets nailed against the wall of our old parlour.

We had a greenhouse, too; and yet I do not think the flowers ever appeared so healthy in it, or blossomed so well as they had done in the sunny lobby window of the house which when we forgot ourselves we still called home.

We set up a carriage; and yet I know that, however much we might admire the beauty of its make and finish, we never so thoroughly enjoyed a drive in it as we had enjoyed those taken long ago in a little wicker-backed machine drawn by a one-eyed pony. Yes, it was many years before the new house which we had so longed for felt like home. Why is this? It must be

"That the past will always win
A glory from its being far,
And orb into the perfect star.
We saw not, when we moved therein."

Let us now stand behind this hedge, and watch yonder group upon that sunny lawn. They are all strangers to us; but if our faculty of observation is not altogether stagnant, we shall be able to learn some of their secrets. Yes, that very attractive-looking, middle-aged woman sitting under that shady tree, with a book beside her and some work upon her lap, is the mistress of the house. At a little distance from her seat there is a young lady standing—a girl I must call her, I suppose—her eldest child I am sure, for she is very like the elder lany. She has a grave, thoughtful face, and as I watch the earnest expression of her dark eyes, I read plainly enough a "might have been" written therein. Some great happiness has evidently just brushed by her and passed on out of sight. I am the more certain of this as I observe that, when the mother's eyes wander from her book or work, they settle wistfully upon the quiet figure standing near.

About a dozen young ladies and gentlemen are playing "croquet" on the smooth grass: I single out three of the former as also daughters of the lady under the tree, and I observe presently that it is upon the younger of these that the grave eyes of the quiet elder sister are fixed, and other eyes besides hers. How is it that that young fellow with the moss-rose in his button-hole, and who has studied the "becoming" with such success in his dress (I thought women had a monopoly of vanity), always contrives to stand beside her—that he will not believe her capable of "roquetting" a ball without his aid, and that both of them have so often to be reminded that it is their turn to play, as they stand—talking of the lovely weather, I suppose—apart from the others?
It is more than a flirtation—I can see that plainly enough, for ere long they sidecede from the players, and presently they pass by, arm-in-arm, upon the other side of the hedge; but they are too much engrossed with each other to see me, and I hear the murmur of his voice as he calls her his—well, he spoke so low I could not catch his words; and tells her that by that day-month she will be—again the precise words floated away from me on the soft summer wind; but you can fill up the blank for yourselves, as I did. They are all in all to each other: tell them that they are now too happy, that by-and-by a reaction may set in, and they will laugh at you. Strong in the delicious delusion of their own loving hearts, they cannot believe that a love as deep as is theirs could ever flow away, and leave only a muddy shallow behind—that the wonderful, the mysterious life of the affections which has just begun in them can have, has often had, a darker "other side"—that a day may come when he will sigh, and say, "She is my wife, and yet—I am not happy!" And she. "He is my husband, and yet—I am not satisfied!"

If they would from the first admit the possibility of all their dreams not being fully realized—if, while revelling in the sunshine, they would throw a steady gaze onward into the shadow, all would be well.

* * * * *

Hark! that is a merry shout which resounds from the play-ground of yonder well-known school! Half the great men who have made England what she is were educated there, and not a few of the "outsiders" also, who have been neither "born to greatness, nor achieved greatness, nor have had greatness thrust upon them." How many of us are among these latter, I wonder?

There they are, happy, light-hearted, noble young fellows, without a thought beyond the pleasure of the moment, the possibility of "catching out" or "bowling out" that unruly visitor, who added his afflatus to the highly-colored game so gallantly this last half-hour, making more runs than the other eleven can hope to outstrip, although they have still all their wickets to "go down!" Let them laugh while they may, and while they can; they will soon have to cross the narrow bridge which divides the boy from the man; and when they have crossed it, will they not often look back regretfully over the ground they have trod, and wish that they were boys once more?

Extending down the entire length of the play-ground, upon one side is a broad walk shaded by old and luxuriant trees. It is a favourite place of retreat for studious boys, who have neither taste nor nerve for the boisterous sports of their companions. On this sunny afternoon, while the playground echoes with the shouts of the cricketers and their audience, it has but one occupant—a tall, wiry-looking youth of about seventeen. He is reading, and so absorbed, that he has neither eyes nor ears for what is passing around him. But it is not the classic tales of Greece or Rome which hold him thus entranced; nor is it their most successful rival in the favour of a school-boy—a novel by Captain Marryatt. No: he is poring over the closely-printed columns of the Times—reading with a beaming heart and kindling eyes a noble burst of patriotic eloquence which had been uttered the previous evening before her Majesty's faithful Commons by one of the most brilliant orators of the day.

As he finished it he threw off his cap, pushed back his hair from his heated forehead, and exclaimed with a loud sigh, "That is something worth living for! How happy must he be who can put his thoughts into such magnificent language! Had I made that speech last-night I should not care if I had neither friends nor money; and perhaps—" The boy's voice died away; but not the less emphatic were the words, in which he mentally vowed to exert all his powers of mind and body, should life be spared, to achieve a triumph such as that before him then.

And now let us imagine that five-and-twenty years have passed: the ambitious boy has become an ambitious man. From the hour when, on the noisy playground at—, he had vowed to be famous, he never faltered in his purpose, but kept his eyes steadily fixed on the desired mark, and went forward. The harmless pleasures of youth had no attractions for him—those pleasures which were not harmless, no snare: if he ever indulged in that dream which, sooner or later, comes into the life of every man—and woman too—the dream of loving and being loved, he put it quickly from him. He had not time to listen to the voice of the charmer. And he was at length successful beyond his wildest hopes, for at two-and-forty he was Prime Minister of England! We heard his boyish boast that, could he attain some such eminence, he would not care if he were at the same time friendless and penniless: let us look at him now that he has attained it, and much more, for his wealth is princely, his friends (of course) are numerous. He is sitting alone in his sumptuous library; on the table before him there is a breakfast-service of Sévres china and costly silver; but his coffee has grown cold, and the delicate French rolls are untouched. Again, as we saw him twenty-five years ago, he is absorbed with the Times; but this time he finds in its pages the eloquent speech which he had himself addressed to the "House" only the preceding night. He reads of the applause which had followed his words; that some of the highest in the land had been among his auditors—that the country was ringing with his name! Why, then, that shadow on his face?—why, then, that heavy sigh? The dream of his life is realized, and yet he is disappointed. The whole world is at his feet, and yet he is not satisfied! No; for the same newspaper in which he read that he had won a distinguished place in the history of his country, contained also the simple announcement of a marriage in a quiet country church.
The bridegroom was a clergyman, and had a
living in the extreme North of England. The
bride’s name was Mary—a common name
enough, but few, if any, knew that this par-
ticular “Mary” had been the little friend and
confidant of the popular Prime Minister when
he was only an awkward youth of twenty, and
that until he read the announcement of her mar-
riage he had not known how closely, side by
side with his ambition, had grown the hope that
she would one day share with him the honours
he would win.

“It is beautiful! perfect! Oh, I am so very,
very, very happy!” And a lovely girl—for
youth and health stamped upon a sweet, inno-
cent face, must be lovely—clasped her hands
and waltzed in delight round and round a sofa
upon which a maid had just set out a new bal-
dress. It was white and soft as a snow-drift,
with a delicate blush-rose peeping here and there
among its folds. “Oh, I wish night would
come fast, and that we were really at the ball!
Will it ever, ever come?”

Thus it is with youth; the flying wheels of
time move all too slowly for its panting heart,
the landscape round it glows with “the light
that never was on sea or land.” Surely, youth
says, it will never change! The bright hopes of
to-day will be the fond memories of to-
morrow, and the distant future gleams through
such a glorious base of sunshine and gladness
that the young eyes, strong as they are, turn
away dazzled from contemplation.

It has been said that “we are near waking
when we dream that we dream.” I do not
think it so with youth; it rarely knows it has
been dreaming until it is broad awake.

Night came at last, the clouds of white
crape were put on, and the lovely eyes of
the wearer sparkled with pardonable va-
nity as they wandered over the faultless
dress, and glanced, half-slyly, at the sweet re-
flection in the mirror. And then the ball-room
was reached, and surely she will be happy now.
But, oh! how fast flew the hours of that festive
night! it was over ere it seemed half begun.
The last waltz was played; the tired musicians
left the orchestra, the not less tired chaperones
began to yawn without putting up their fans,
and wrapped their shawls about them; the wheels
of many carriages rattled over the pavement of
the quiet streets, and the ball was over!

Half-angry at being obliged to undergo the
trouble of undressing, the same young girl stood
again before her mirror; the flush upon her
cheeks and the flowers in her bouquet had faded
together; she flung the latter away, with a sigh.
What was the matter? She had been the belle
of the ball-room; the pleasure of her hand for the
dance had been begged by many more partners,
than she had had time to gratify; at every turn
murmurs of admiration met her ears; and
yet she was not satisfied, the chill of disap-
pointment was creeping over all. The eyes,
whose approbation she cared to win, whose ad-
miration she coveted, had scarcely glanced at
her; the only voice she cared to hear had
not addressed a dozen words to her through-
out the night. The reaction told her how much
she had expected.

But the depression of a young heart if keen
is transient; she was soon sleeping soundly;
who could tell what to-morrow might have in
store?

I wonder at what period of our lives we cease
to look forward to “to-morrow”? I do not
mean the precise to-morrow which will follow
to-day in its natural order, but the vague to-
morrow, which is all the more alluring from its
uncertainty. There is a degree of restlessness
about the most resigned and contented among
us, which finds relief in thus looking forward
into the dim perspective of what may be; and I
think the feeling should be encouraged; for,
even if at first we keep our eyes, as it were,
routing along the ground, a day will come,
please God, when we shall raise them with
humble faith and trustful love to the only Hope
that will not deceive.

We constantly meet people who tell us that
life has nothing more in store for them—that

“The future seems bar’rd
By a dead hope, o’er which they must tread
To attain it.”

This may be true, but is it right? When the
leaders of a forlorn hope fall dead, do not their
comrades spring over their bleeding bodies to
scale that rampart, upon the ruin of which the
fate of a nation hangs? So should it be with
us: a hope which was, at best, perhaps both
wrong and foolish, falls dead; then we should
at once boldly and fearlessly tread over its shat-
tered corpse, to meet the new hope which we
may be certain is approaching.

I know romance, that beautiful image, with
its rosy lights and its shadows, which are but
deezy clouds, would teach a different lesson;
but what would common sense say? What
have I said? Common sense! Who listens to
common sense, I wonder? We all have an in-
tense respect for the thing, just as we have for
the family doctor; but we do not like it, and
whenever we build an airy castle, and ask our
moral and intellectual guides to an enter-
tainment therein, Common-sense will not get
a card of invitation.

Pah! her clothes have an earthy smell,
and they are cut after an old and absurd pattern.
What affinity could there be between her and
pretty Miss Self-will, in her untidy and torn
gown; or between her and dainty, petulant,
pouting Madame Caprice, who fairly bewitches
us by her unequalled power of appearing to
advantage in every mood? Now smiles, now
tears, she is charming in all. And does she not
always try to frown down the wild flight of our
old and valued friend Imagination? And as to
Romance, that beautiful first-born of Imagina-
tion, she says she was present at its birth, and
did her best—cruel old witch—to strangle it,
but that the mother caught up the lovely infant, and soared far, far out of her sight.

And then I have seen her myself positively unkind and very rude to that _infant terrible_, young Love! He is sometimes rather intrusive, I must admit, very much given to appear when he is not wanted, and very hard to keep silent when you want to think about other things; but Common-sense shows him no mercy. I have heard her tell him that he does more mischief in the world than she will ever be able to find remedies for—and I believe her. And I have seen her more than once turn him out and shut the door in his face; but the wild imp invariably ran round and climbed in at the window! Poor Common-sense has been so ill-treated, you see, by the world, that she is old before her time, and not very light of foot. Ah, well! we must not be hard upon her, for she means well; and good intentions, although not everything, are of some value; besides, I should be sorry to live myself, or to teach others to guide their lives, by the dictates of Romance. I would certainly invite Common-sense to pay me a long visit, and I would give the excellent old woman my best bed-room; but I would also, even at the risk of mortally offending her, ask Romance to look on me now and then, just to give a grace, an ornament, and a perfume to my life, as the flowers I gather in my garden give a grace, an ornament, and a perfume to my drawing-room.

We sometimes see a steady, middle-aged man lay aside the dignity of his years, and play forfeits, or build card-houses with a group of happy children; so may we escape now and then from the excellent, but rather tiresome companionship of Common-sense, and glide away with Romance into the shadow-land of Fancy, and, forgetting that we have grown old and steady once more try our skill at building a castle in the air!

But how very far I have wandered from hope, and looking forward, and all that; and of course I have forgotten many (excellent?) remarks I intended to make on the subject. I shall merely add now that I do not believe hope ever really dies out with any of us; it is only, as of old, in Pandora's box, buried alive—and we (wisely or foolishly according to circumstances) let in a little air now and then, which keeps it from dying. We are like children, who, having caught a bird in their rambles, carry it home in a basket, to kill it with either cruelty or kindness as the case may be; but they are not contented without raising the lid of the basket every five minutes, just to see how the little prisoner is getting on. It watches its opportunity, and, suddenly with a bold dash, makes its escape and flies joyfully away. So with us; we have not the heart to indulge in our hope, or to smother it outright at once, but go on peeping at it until it suddenly escapes like the bird, and soars far above our control into the clouds.

To my thoughtful readers many examples far more forcible than those I have mentioned will occur of anticipations which have ended in disappointment—none the less bitter because we will not acknowledge that it is disappointment—of hopes which died out, never to be revived; but, by way of contrast (if from no higher and better motive), I would remind them of an anticipation which must ever fall short of the glorious reality—a hope which, if it exists at all, can never be utterly extinguished—can never fail, but will keep, as ever, looking onward and upward to that blessed home where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes. Yes, that is a hope worth cherishing—a home worth winning—a home which, if we do struggle for and reach at last, we shall not look around us to say, with a sigh of disappointment, "Yes, I am here; my object is attained, and yet I am not satisfied."

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PHANTOMS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

When I arose, and silently
Passed out into the night,
Long shadows weird went wav'ring by,
Like ghosts in the moonlight.
I heard the streamlet singing clear,
The sighing of the sea;
The faint breath of the waning year
Came up from holt and loa.

The Autumn earth was slumbering deep,
Like bird with folded wing,
As the sick dream of health, in sleep
Perchance she dreamed of Spring,
All things were dumb, resigned, and still,
The grey clouds floated past;
And stars bloomed out above the hill
Fair, tremulous, and fast.

I saw the ancient blackthorns three;
I saw the meadow stile,
And long grass waving drearily
Untouched by the moon's smile.
I could but think of how, last fall,
We rode, love—you and I;
You robed in royal purple all,
Across the wood hard by.

A phantom palely ever near
I reached the cross of stone;
"It would be very lonely here
At night, for one alone!"
So said a voice where dark trees arch—
A voice remembered well;
A shower of leaves from beech and larch
Upon my pathway fell.

A phantom face smiled back on me,
Dimpled, with teeth of pearl;
I knew 'twas vain, but frantically
I clutched at one long ear.
A scarlet flash from phantom gun,
A burst of smoke snow-white:
And down the fir-plantation, don,
I sped home through the night.
"You will be home by sunset, will you not?" asked Mrs. Harley of her husband, as she followed him to the door one bright sharp morning in mid-winter.

"I shall try to return before dark; but if I am detained later, you must not be uneasy. It will be moonlight, and, with this snow on the ground, as bright as day."

"You will have a charming jaunt! I wish I could go with you!" said the wife, drawing in a deep breath of the pure cold air, and shielding her eyes from the blinding radiance of the snow, that enwrapped hill anddale in a covering of glittering white, several feet in depth.

"Why don't you? there is room for you, and I should be charmed to have your company. Come?"

"Temper!" laughed Mrs. Harley, shaking her head. "What would baby say to my desertion? and how would house affairs go on without my presence? No; you must be content with Johnny as my representative for this once, and I will try to be satisfied within doors. Perhaps I may go next time."

Mr. Harley was examining the harness; adjusting here a buckle, there a strap, and concluded by patting the neck of the fine animal attached to the dogcart.

"I like to be sure that all is right, before I set out. A ride of forty miles through the heart of the Peak requires stanch gear and a trusty horse."

"You have both!" observed the wife. "Come, Johnny: papa is ready to lift you in."

The boy, a merry-eyed, rosy fellow of seven, put up his lips for a farewell kiss, and sprang into the vehicle without assistance.

"We have grown independent, you perceive," said his father, smiling proudly as the urchin established himself upon the seat, and made a great parade of tucking the rug about him.

"As becomes a young gentleman who accompanies his father in his business excursions!" replied Mrs. Harley. "Good-bye, dear!" in response to her husband's kiss. "Take care of yourself, and come back early if you can. Johnny, be a good boy, and don't trouble papa!"

The horse sprang forward at the word of command, and the vehicle rolled swiftly down the road. Mrs. Harley was just closing the door, when she heard the sound of wheels coming nearer instead of growing fainter in the distance.

"My whip, if you please!" called her husband, as she ran out to inquire the cause of the return. "I left it in the hall."

"I thought Red Rover never needed it!" answered Mrs. Harley, handing him the forgotten article.

"He never has; but that is no guarantee that he never will be the better for a touch of the lash. No wise driver sets out upon a journey without his whip. Good-bye again!"

How often, during the day, did the picture of the travellers, as they appeared at that moment, recur to the mind of the fond woman they left behind! Her husband's tall figure, enveloped in his shaggy great coat; his low hat shading his kind, clear eyes, and the strongly-marked features she thought so handsome, and the boy's happy face smiling at her over the mountain of shawls and rugs in which his careful parent had wrapped him!

"It's bad luck to turn back, and master oughter have known it!" grumbled old Sally, one of the fast-diminishing class of faithful servants, who had lived in the Harley family when the present master was born, and knew herself to be a privileged character. "If he had jest made a cross whar he turned round, and spit onto it, all would have been right!"

Mrs. Harley smiled, without contradicting the croaker, and went up to her room to see if her babe were still sleeping. The first object that met her eyes upon entering the chamber was a pair of pistols lying in an open leathern case upon the bureau.

"Really, Fred's humour is a forgetful one, to-day," she exclaimed, taking up one of the weapons. "I never knew him to leave these before, when there was any chance of his being benighted upon the road. Perhaps he did not take them because he was so sure of returning by daylight."

"Is the road really dangerous?" inquired her sister, who sat by the cradle; "or does he carry them as a matter of form?"

"As he does his whip, I fancy—from principle!" returned Mrs. Harley. "The ——Dale has a bad reputation, founded, I believe, upon the legend that a pedlar who was murdered there twenty or thirty years since. It is a dreary and desolate route, not a human habitation being visible for six miles, and a forest of evergreens lining the road on one side; but Fred has traversed it upon an average once a week for the last dozen years, and has never seen anything more frightful than his own shadow. It is perfectly safe during the day, being the main road to B——, and continually travelled by farm-waggons, and carts from the mines."

Frederick Harley had succeeded, by inheritance, to a valuable farm in the neighbourhood—a fine, commodious homestead, and, as was soon discovered, by means of his
Mr. Harley's Passenger.

intelligent researches, a wealth of minerals stored in the bosom of the lofty hills, among which he had drawn his first breath. A liberal education and the advantages of travel had given him just and enlarged views of internal improvements, and the policy of developing the natural resources of his patrimony. Within five years from the date of his accession to the estate, a joint stock company, of which he was the leading spirit, had erected substantial buildings and machinery amongst the hills composing the background of the smiling dale, wherein were situated the Harley family mansion and a group of smaller farm-houses. The sharp tapping of the picks and hoes was echoed from the dark gorges, and distant hills gave back the reverberant roar of the "blitz," which hurled pieces of rock in the air like pebble-stones. Further down the valley arose, as by magic, a tall furnace of solid masonry, within the throat of which blazed an intense fire day and night; while, on either side, a smelting shop and rolling-mill added activity and glamour to the lately quiet scene.

In all these improvements Mr. Harley was foremost and most energetic. In fact he was the virtual comptroller of the enterprise, from its inception to the present fruition of his dreams and hopes. Born to command, he exercised over capitalists and labourers a sway none the less absolute that it was apparently gentle and moderate. His fellow-directors solicited advice from him, which, however courteously couched, had all the force of commands; overseers and workmen came to him for orders and redress. He it was who visited the works in person every Saturday, and paid each man his wages; admonishing the indolent, encouraging the diligent, and rebuking sternly the refractory and disorderly.

Dictator as he was abroad, no man was ever more indulgent and affectionate in his home. He had wedded, ten years before, a sweet-tempered, happy girl, whom his love and care had kept happy and sunny of mood until now. Their first child had died while an infant; and the memory of this, the only sorrow they had known, since their lives flowed into one, added strength and tenderness to the fondness they felt for Johnny and his infant sister. Already the boy tramped up the rugged road to the mine at his father's side, disdainful to accept the support of his hand; stood, an attentive observer of the wonders of puddling, moulding, and rolling; open-eyed and silent, while Mr. Harley issued directions to, or instituted inquiries of, the head workman; and, eight times out of ten, he was his parent's sole companion in his journeys to and from the town of B—, distant about twenty miles from the works. The principal object of the present visit to that place was to draw a large sum of money from the bank for the purpose of paying the miners and other labourers.

They had gone five or six miles before Mr. Harley thought him of the pistol-case lying harmlessly upon the bureau at home. He recollected perfectly how he happened to leave it. He had reloaded the weapons (having fired them off the preceding day) when his wife called to him that breakfast was waiting; and he put them down, intending to revisit the room before his departure. Finding that it was later than he had supposed, he ate his breakfast hurriedly, stopping several times during the meal to add items to his memoranda. When he had finished them, he put on his overcoat by the dining-room fire, where his wife had hung it to be warmed, and set off without giving another thought to the implements which had been his constant attendants during many years of lonely travel in unfrequented ways. He was in the habit of talking to his boy as he would have done to a grown fellow-traveller, making him, at this early age, an associate and confidant. Little dreaming that circumstances might arise which would make the child's knowledge of the incident inconvenient, if not dangerous, he said, laughingly:

"Well, Johnny, you may be thankful that I did not forget you, this morning! I left my whip, and, as I now recollect, my pistols also."

"Can't you ride back and get them, papa?"

"No; I am behind in my duties, for I have much to attend to in town. It is a matter of little consequence, only I am ashamed of my carelessness."

"Why do you always carry your pistols, sir? Are there robbers in the woods?" questioned the boy, his eyes growing larger and darker, as he instinctively nestled nearer to his protector.

"No; or if there are, they never come near the high-road. But it is safer to have arms of some description with me, carrying, as I often do, large sums of money in my pocket, and riding at all hours of the night in out-of-the-way places."

"Have you ever killed anybody with them, papa?"

"No, my son! and I hope never to be obliged to use them against any human being."

"Still," persisted the child, with boyish taste for the sensational, "if we were riding along here some dark night, and two great big men, with guns and swords in their hands, were to rush out of the woods and catch hold of Red Rover's head, I know what you would do! You would pull out your pistols and shoot, first one, and then the other, and then give Red Rover one hard cut with your whip, and away we would go! Ah, wouldn't that be fun?"

Mr. Harley could not help laughing at the sanguinary innocent's ideas of sport.

"The day for such work as that has gone by, Johnny, and I for one do not care to have it come back. There are few highway robbers now-a-days, such as you read of in story-books."

"Like the two men who carried away the 'Babes in the Wood,' I know!" nodded Johnny. "I think, papa, they must have left the poor little children in just such a dark, lonesome place as this."

They were entering the dale, and the father was struck with the child's correct appreciation of the gloomy wilderness of the region. The road was narrow; the cliffs almost clasping hands above it, and the unsunned snow, broken rudely to permit the passage of vehicles, lay in hard, rough masses against the boles of the trees, leaving just room enough in the centre of the highway for the wheels of the dog-cart.

"It is a doleful neighbourhood!" he said. "But we have had some merry rides along here, and will, I hope, have many more...."

It was noon when they reached B——, for the days were short, and the road was, as I have said, badly prepared for driving, having been much cut up by the wheels of heavy wagons. Johnny valiantly disclaimed being hungry or tired; but his father, without wounding his manly susceptibilities, proposed to leave him in a quiet little inn, where they often stopped for luncheon, and let him amuse himself by dining, while he, the senior, attended to sundry errands about town. To this inviting scheme Master Johnny's face and eyes said "Yes," even more promptly than his tongue; and having seen him ensconced in a snug corner, with a table all to himself, the promise of speedy dinner warming his imagination, Mr. Harley ensured the particular attention of a trusty waiter, who knew him well as an old customer, by crossing his hand with a piece of silver, and left them for three-quarters of an hour more. When he returned, Johnny was curled up in an arm-chair, looking over a picture-book which his father had providently purchased on their way up-town, and munching a long stick of red-and-white candy.

"Why, my son, where did you get that? You surely did not buy it without my leave, or asking for it?"

"No, papa. A man gave it to me."

"What man? the waiter?"

"No, sir. A very nice kind man, who came in just after you went out, and asked me if I were not Mr. Harley's son, and how mamma was, and when we left home, and when we were going back; and I told him you said we would not get off before night, we were so late reaching town; and he asked ever so many questions besides, and said he knew you very well, and wished he could have seen you; and then he bought a paper of candy for me."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Harley turned to the waiter, who had come forward to receive his order.

"Did you notice the person who was talking to my little boy just now?"

"I did, sir."

"Who was he——do you know?"

"Well, really, sir, I cannot recall his name; but he looked like a decent countryman—a farmer, I should say, sir."

Satisfied that the inquisitive stranger was some one of his rural neighbours whose face Johnny had forgotten, Mr. Harley dismissed the subject from his mind. After finishing his luncheon he took Johnny with him to the bank, where, upon presenting the company's draft, he received several hundred pounds. While he counted the notes, preparatory to stowing them away in his pocket-book, the boy stood in silent and patient attendance upon his leisure. Too well-trained to interrupt his father by act or word, the bright eyes were yet busy, and the rosy face was so expressive of pleased interest, when Mr. Harley glanced at it, that he inquired. "What is it, my son? What have you seen?"

"There is the nice man that gave me the candy, papa!" he whispered. "There, just outside the door! He has been standing there ever since we came in."

Fred Harley's movements were always quick, and he wheeled now so suddenly towards the entrance, that he got a full view of the person who was looking through the glass-doors. He caught his gaze, keen and covetous, riveted upon the pocket-book he still held in his hand. Then the spy slunk away, evidently discomposed by the unexpected notice he had received.

"Who is that fellow?" inquired Mr. Harley, abruptly, of a clerk.

"I never saw him before, sir. There is always a knot of idlers hanging about that door."

"If they are all as ill-looking as that one, you had better look sharply after your deposits," was the reply. "I never saw a more villainous pair of eyes."

Not ten minutes later a friend, the principal lawyer of B——, stopped Mr. Harley in the street.

"When do you leave town?" he asked. "In about a couple of hours."

"Then when you call at my office for a few moments before you go? I have a package of valuable papers which I wish to send up to your neighbour, Mr. Hinckley; you will oblige both him and myself by taking charge of them."

"I will, with pleasure! I will go back with you and get them at once."

As he turned, he found himself almost face to face with Johnny's new acquaintance, who was leaning against the arched gateway of a covered alley so near by that he must have heard every syllable that was uttered. This time his eyes were downcast, and he was idly worrying, with his foot, a mangy cur, gnawing a bone it had picked up in the gutter. His whole attitude and expression were those of a lazy lounging, who cared for nothing beyond the amusement of the moment.

By the time that father and son took their places in the dog-cart for their homeward ride, one at least of them had forgotten the thrilling incident of the meeting in the inn, as well as the offensive curiosity displayed by the shabby idler.

The evening was cold, but not raw or piercing; Red Rover as fresh and lively as if he had not trotted twenty miles that day, over an uneven road, and bade before him the certain prospect of a repetition of the task; Johnny was wide awake, although it was past his usual bed-time
Mr. Harley's Passenger.

when they left the town behind them, and delighted beyond measure at the novelty of a moonlight ride. His tongue ran on untired, in its merry chatter, and his father preferred his sprightly prattle to any other relaxation after the cares of a busy day.

Five miles from B—— there stood, within an angle formed by two cross-roads, a deserted cabin—a mere shell of a house, with broken chimney and sunken roof. It had not been tenanted for several years; yet, as our travellers neared it Red Rover shied violently at some object standing within its shadow.

"Whoo, sir! what are you about?" cried his master, checking him sharply.

A tall woman came forward into the clear moonlight and approached the vehicle.

"I beg your pardon for frightening your horse, sir!" she said, in a wheezing husky voice, "and I hope you won't think me very bold when I ask you to give me a lift for a few miles. I have been waiting here in the cold for near four hours, until I am afraid I have caught my death of cold. I came up this afternoon from B——, in the cross-country stage, and it set me down here, where my brother was to meet me with his waggon, and take me over to his house; but he hasn't come, and I am afraid something is the matter with him or his folks. Maybe you know him, sir? His name is Moses Nixon, and he lives a piece back from the road, on the right-hand side, about half a mile from the mines.

"Steady! steady!" Mr. Harley had some difficulty in restraining Red Rover's desire to press forward. He was used to applications of this sort from pedestrians, and saw nothing improbable in the story he had heard somewhat impatiently, for he too wanted to be at home.

"I wish I had passed this way earlier," he said, kindly, "so that your time of waiting might have been shortened. I do know your brother, and am glad of the chance of doing him a good turn. Excuse me for not getting out to help you in; but my horse is, as you may see, rather restive."

The woman climbed into her place, with a hearty "Thank you, sir!" and allowed her escort to tuck the warm rugs about her, shivering audibly while he was thus employed.

"I should have been frozen stiff in an hour more!" she said, with a snuffle and sneeze.

"Are you warmer now?" asked Mr. Harley, at the end of another mile.

"I'm a bit more comfortable; but my feet are like two blocks of ice!"

"There is another wrap in the bottom of the carriage. Have you your feet upon it?" and he stooped to ascertain for himself if this were so. "As he fumbled for the now he struck his hand against the passenger's ankle. She wore men's boots, heavy and thick-soled, as he felt by passing his fingers lightly down the foot, and their size was enormous, even for a woman of her uncommon height. Without the least abatement of kindliness in his accent or manner, he added, "All right!" and resumed his upright position. But the eyes, above which the felt hat was slouched, were no longer careless and cheerful. Furtively yet searchingly, they inventoried every particular of his passenger's attire and general appearance. She was gaunt and raw-boned, and wore a suit of rusty mourning, a woollen dress, a common blanket-shawl, and a black bonnet, with a scanty veil of black cape hung before her face. Thus far all was in accordance with her account of herself as the farmer's sister, and even the clumsy boots might have been borrowed for the occasion by any woman of her rank, anticipating, as she had done, the possibility of being obliged to wait in the snow for some time. Upon her knees lay a muff, wherein were concealed her hands, and to this Mr. Harley's attention returned, once and again, as drawn by some mysterious magnet hidden in this very useful appendage to a winter's night toilet. It was quite new, for each hair in the very common fur of which it was manufactured was smooth and glossy. Fred was a judge of peltry, and he knew that this was a cheap article; yet, in that region, rustic women were not in the habit of sporting such luxurious comforts—ineffective as they might seem to a city dame. Ten shillings would have been an extravagant outlay for Moses Nixon's sister or wife to invest in a stuffed fox-skin, for keeping warm fingers, that were wont to milk the cows when the frosted breath of the kine lay white upon their roughened hides, and to draw water that froze as it plashed over the sides of the bucket. True, the muff might have been the well-meant, but inappropriate gift of a town relation, and the recipient was not to be censured, if she incurred the risk of making her hands tender by using it upon this nipping evening.

Just as he had arrived at this charitable conclusion one of the wheels struck a stone, or a lump of frozen snow, and the inmates received a smart jolt. The woman threw out her arm instinctively to recover her balance, and the dazzling moonbeams shone upon some polished substance within the orifice from which her hand was withdrawn. The next second she covered it as before, but the eagle eye of the observer who shared her seat had seen the outline and glitter of that which sent a shock through his hardy system. Could he be mistaken, and was the treasure she seemed to clutch more firmly, as she plunged her gloved hand back into the recesses of the muff, anything more innocent, more fit for a woman's handling than the butt of a pistol? If this were so, then the shrug of horror, the vain, wild longing for the deadly implements lying useless in the leathern case at home, were childish nervousness. If, in the glance that seldom missed its aim, rarely failed to discern, instantly and correctly, the real form and nature of whatever came within its scope, had not played him false—he was in peril, the thought of which caused even his stout nerves to quiver. He made but one unguarded movement in the first thrill of apprehension, the spasm of deadly distrust
Mr. Harley's Passenger.

that clutched his heart-strings with tigerish fever. Up to this time Johnny had sat far back upon the seat between his father and the stranger. Since the appearance of the latter he had grown silent, and, Mr. Harley fancied, downy, until stooping to look at him, now, he saw that the large eyes were fastened steadily upon the veiled face of the passenger, and that their expression was one of thoughtful perplexity. With a nervous sweep of his arm, the father removed the child from his perch to a standing posture between his own knees; wrapped the rugs about him in solicitude that had in it a certain passion of tenderness, and pressed his bearded cheek to the firm, ruddy one of his darling. It was a brief interval of weakness, for he made no pause after the caress, before addressing the woman—"This is a rough road, and he must have crowded you!"

"Not at all," answered the wheezing voice. "I have plenty of room."

"At any rate I can keep him warmer where he is, and there is not so much danger of his falling asleep while he stands."

Inwardly he was thinking—"A rasping falsetto! just the voice of a man who tries to mimic a woman's style of talking! And she wears boots! She carries a suspicious-looking instrument in her muff! I must see her face!"

They were beginning the ascent of a hill, and the wind from the heights blew strongly down the road.

"We are likely to have falling weather before many days," remarked Mr. Harley, with admiring assumed composure. "Isn't there a faint halo around the moon, or is it my imagination that makes me see one?"

The passenger raised her head and looked, as he meant she should, up at the full-orbed moon, which hung directly in front of them.

"It seems to me there is one."

The frosty breeze fluttered her veil, exposing her face for an instant. She seized the flimsy covering in eagerness that would of itself have excited the wary watcher's suspicions, had the main object of his experiment remained unaccomplished.

He had believed that he was prepared for any disclosure, however frightful, but the sharp certainty of his imminent peril stabbed him like a knife-thrust in the heart, and the blood seemed to follow the blow, in the deathlike faintness that ensued. That flash of moonlight across the bared countenance had shown him the remembered lineaments he had pronounced "villanous" that day, and enabled him to identify in the wayfarer the idler who had eyed the pile of bank-notes with such covetous desire—who had, afterwards, undoubtedly overheard the lawyer's proposition to entrust certain valuable documents to his (Mr. Harley's) keeping. Swift as lightning followed a train of conjectures, convictions, drear and more appalling than any that preceded it. From the boy's lips the robber had learned when the travellers proposed to set out upon their homeward journey, and that the two would not be accompanied by others. Johnny knew, moreover, what had taken him to town, viz., to draw the money, which now lay, like a weight of hot lead, against his father's breast, and, if interrogated, had probably divulged this, along with whatever other scraps of information the wily thief wished to obtain. Nor was it likely that the highwayman would have adopted the bold expedient of intruding himself, alone, into the vehicle of his proposed victim, had he not been assured that the latter was unarmed. Johnny had prattled of the forgotten pistols! The thought was maddening! He was powerless—at the mercy of the sinewy desperado, who sat so calmly by his side, only awaiting the arrival of the appointed moment for lifting his arm and blowing out his companion's brains.

Thought works rapidly, under the goal of such circumstances as these, and imagination is frightfully vivid in her madly hurried sketches. She shewed the doomed man, now, a wooded ravine, overgrown with holly and pine, half filled with drifted snow, and upon the white bed a human form—stark and cold—hair dabbled in the blood that had left a red trail in the direction of the road. Nor was this motionless figure alone, in death. The moon peered through the thicket upon another, his boy! could he hope that his innocent beauty would move the assassin to pity, when he had had testimony so striking of the active intellect, the early maturity of thought and language, which would make him a dangerous witness against his father's murderer! They must perish together, if strength nor skill sufficed to save the life of the elder. We have said that Harley was brave, and it was the parent's heart, rather than the man's courage, that quailed in that first awful moment which revealed the truth.

They were passing the last farmhouse which was to cheer their sight, for six miles to come. It was situated upon another road, and nearly a mile away across the fields; but Fred's eye caught the spark of light in the window, and another picture glowed out freshly before his inner vision. It was the family sitting-room in his own home, the ruby shine of the fire tinting the walls and restoring the blush of girlhood to his wife's cheek, as she sat in front of the blazing hearth, singing her baby to sleep. She would not sing thus, to-morrow night! He pictured the happy face blanched by watching and fears; the weariness, sickening vigil that would follow upon this evening of content; saw the wild eyes straining into the far-off moonlight, as she hearkened, vainly, for tokens of the arrival that could never be; then, the breaking of the morning! the alarm, the search, the discovery. A touch dispelled the trance that had held him with frozen chain for what might have been an eternity of anguish—which, in reality, was not more than three minutes in duration. Johnny leaned back, upon his breast, with a shiver.

"I wish we were home, papa!"

The plaintive tone, the appealing gesture, aroused the father's most active energies,
sharpened into acuteness every faculty. He would save his child, or sell his life at a dear price. By one sudden and powerful blow he might dislodge the hated intruder; but there was the risk of failure, and should the wretch be cast into the road, his confederates, who were, doubtless, lying in wait in the darker and more secluded shadows of the cliff beyond, could be summoned by a pistol-shot or shout. There were likewise insuperable objections to another scheme that passed through his mind—that of grasping the weapon, which he was now sure he had seen within the muff, and threatening the robber with instant death if he did not surrender. There would be a struggle, and the wicked might prevail.

Meanwhile the road grew wilder and more solitary; the shade of the pines more intense. The season for action was very near, if that action were to avail aught in the preservation of the innocent. A bare cliff on the one hand, and a thickly wooded one on the other, reared themselves on either side of the narrow highway; the beat of the horse's hoofs was the clanking of iron upon ice. It was a weird hour, and a weird desolate spot, fitting time and place for a nameless deed! The chill and gloom were like the very "shadow," if not the "valley" of death. Then it was that Johnny made his childish moan—"I wish we were home, papa!"

It cost the parent a prayerful effort to reply steadily, even cheerily: "I am sure that I wish so too, my boy! What if we hurry Red Rover, a little?"

He had never touched the withers of his faithful horse with the lash, and, in this moment of absorbing excitement, the crisis upon which hung his existence and the happiness of those dearest to him, he yet experienced a pang of remorse as he leaned forward and took the whip from its place. It was a mere filip that fell upon the animal's flank, so light it would hardly have brushed a fly from his side, yet he gave a plunge and snort of resentment or fright.

"Papa," screamed Johnny, "you have dropped your whip! Stop, and I will jump out and get it!"

The hand upon his shoulder was like the grip of steel pincers, but the reply was quietly enunciated:

"No, my son, the snow would be up to your waist. May I trouble you, ma'am, turning courteously to his other passenger, "to alight and pick up my whip? My horse is very spirited, I can hardly hold him with both hands, and I dare not trust a woman to attempt it."

In truth the latter had seemed terrified by the wild bound of the mettled creature, and her manner showed her entire willingness to comply with the request.

"Certainly, sir! Twouldn't be safe for you to leave him," she said, briskly; and depositing her muff carefully in the bottom of the carriage—an action that sent Fred's heart leaping into his throat—she sprang out as nimbly as her unaccustomed habiliments would allow her to move.

The whip lay upon the road, fully a dozen yards in the rear of the party, for Mr. Harley had not seemed able to check Red Rover immediately. He waited until the passenger had traversed half of this space, mad as was the bounding of his pulses, and the stretching of his instincts towards freedom and safety; then, a short abrupt hiss escaped his set teeth, and the gallant brute, true to his training, forgetting terror and anger, bent his head, and was off at full speed. Before the startled and outwitted masquerader, thus deserted, could turn at sound of the rush of the departure, the vehicle was out of sight beyond a bend in the road, while the hurrying tramp of the horse, and the rattle of the wheels over the frozen road, might have betokened the sweep of a goblin troop through the defile. Johnny commenced an exclamation, which his father hushed at the first word.

"Down, sir! Lie down there!" he ordered, harshly, forcing him down with one hand, while the other held the tuft rein. "Don't speak or move."

He had his senses now—comprehended, without fearing, all the dangers of his situation. Each rock and bush might conceal a foe. Red Rover was swift and sure of foot, but the assassin's eye might be surer still, and a bullet more swift in its errand to head or heart. If he fell, he could trust his tried and sagacious servant to carry his boy to his mother's arms, now that there was no one to check him. So he threw, more than thrust, the child into the nest of furs about his feet, where he lay frightened into docility.

In after-life Johnny could never recall, without a shudder, the image of the figure that towered above him, during the breathless sweep of that impetuous flight; the marble pallor of his complexion; the blazing eyes and glittering teeth hard-set within the parted lips. He uttered no sound beyond an occasional sibilant whisper to the flying steed, while they dashed up-hill and through dale, where glints of moonlight and black shadows were blent in the boy's perceptions in one fleeting panorama, impelled backwards with dizzying swiftness, by a resistless machine, the noise of which filled his ears as he crouched upon the floor of the car, too much stunned and confused to distinguish the ceaseless grinding of the wheels upon the snow, and the rapid beats of the horse's hoof.

No slackening now of speed for rugged track or steep ascent; no cautious treading of dangerous declivities, which men as adroit and strong as he was who now controlled the progress of the vehicle, and animals as thorough-bred and true of step as was the noble beast he guided, might well fear to attempt in reckless haste and by the deceptive light that chequered the route. Once, Red Rover slipped upon the treacherous ice; but the staunch harness and more staunch right arm of his master kept him up. Once the car struck a large snow-hump, and, re-
Off Shore.

Bounding, careened so fearfully that nothing but a more sudden change of position on the part of Mr. Harley saved it and its contents from being precipitated down a cliff.

For six miles they held on their headlong progress, until the open valley, with its long stretch of stone fences and level fields of snow, and sparkles of lighted windows in peaceful farmhouses, was gained. Then, Mr. Harley spoke:

"Soho, old fellow! you have done your work well! Gently! gently!"

His tones were replete with soothing and grateful affection, and Red Rover subsided from his excited trot into a more moderate gait. At the appearance of these favourable sights of the times, Master Johnny ventured to lift his abased pate and to peep over the spatter-board at the favourite.

"Whew, papa! how he smokes!"

"Yes, my boy! You may get up now."

In lifting him back to the seat, his father kissed him—more as his mother was wont to fondle him, more than he had ever done before, with a clinging tenderness that awakened the boy's wonder, although he made no remark upon the circumstance.

"Papa!" he said, regaining his freedom of speech, "won't you tell me now why you left that woman in the road? Did Red Rover run away?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Then why did you keep whistling to him to go on?"

"That is the best way to cure a horse of running away—to urge him forward until he is tired of the run and anxious to stop."

"But what will the woman do, papa?"

"I am sure I do not know, dear!" very dryly.

It was clear that Mr. Harley was "cured" of confiding his secrets to Johnny.

Mrs. Harley was at the window when they drove up to the front gate, and Fred had had no harder struggle that eventful night than the effort he made to master the sickness that came over him as he compared the present scene with the phantasm of the lonely watcher which had haunted him an hour ago. The quick eye of the wife detected the signs of recent emotion as he folded her to his heart within the lighted hall.

"Fred, love, how pale and ill you look!"

"No wonder!" put in Johnny, his eyes starting from his head in the animation of having a marvellous piece of news to communicate. "Red Rover ran away, mamma! I tell you we have had some rough travelling!"

"Ran away!" repeated Mrs. Harley, incredulously.

Reassured by her husband's significant smile, she set the story down to the credit of Johnny's imagination, and asked no more questions until that youth was snugly ensconced in his bed. Then, Fred brought in the muff and its contents—a pair of loaded pistols—and gently told to the two sisters the tale of his peril and escape. There were tearful eyes and throbbing hearts around the family hearth that night, and never ascended more fervent thanksgivings from mortal lips than went up from that home to the Guide of the traveller, the Guard of the defenceless.

Mr. Harley privately, but vigilantly, instituted inquiries with regard to the would-be robber and murderer; but the search was fruitless. When he left the pseudo-sister of Moses Nixon in the middle of the road that January night, he lost every clue to the discovery of him who had so nearly proved his assassin. To this day the muff and pistols remain unclaimed in the Harley family, and may be seen, upon application to the proprietors, by any reader who is disposed to question the authenticity of what I hereby affirm to be a true story; for other portions as well as the principal idea have their "foundation in fact."

OFF SHORE.

Rock, little boat, beneath the quiet sky!
Only the stars behold us, where we lie—
Only the stars, and yonder brightening moon.
On the wide sea to-night alone are we:
The sweet, bright, summer day dies silently;
Its glowing sunset will have faded soon.

Rock softly, little boat, the while I mark
The far-off gliding sails, distinct and dark,
Across the west pass steadily and slow.
But on the eastern waters sad they change
And vanish, dream-like, gray and cold and strange,
And no one knoweth whither they may go.

We care not—we, drifting with wind and tide,
With glad waves darkening upon every side,
Save where the moon sends silver sparkles down,
And yonder slender stream of changing light,
Now white, now crimson, tremulously bright,
Where dark the light-house stands, with fiery crown.

Thick falls the dew, soundless, on sea and shore;
It shines on little boat and idle oar,
Wherever moonbeams touch with tranquil glow.
The waves are full of whispers wild and sweet;
They call to me; incessantly they beat
Along the boat from stern to curved prow.

Comes the careering wind, blows back my hair
All damp with dew, to kiss me unaware—
Murmuring, "Thee I love,"—and passes on.
Sweet sounds on rocky shores the distant note.
Oh, could we float forever, little boat,
Under the blissful sky drifting alone!
ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

My dear young gentleman or young lady—for many are the Cecil Dreemes of literature who superscribe their offered manuscripts with very masculine names in very feminine handwriting—it seems wrong not to meet your accumulated and urgent epistles with one comprehensive reply, thus condensing many private letters into a printed one. And so large a proportion of readers either might, would, could, or should be contributors also, that this epistle will be sure of perusal, though "The Commoner's Daughter" be uncut and Mr. H——'s "Passenger" go without readers.

Far from me be the wild expectation that every author will not habitually measure the merits of a periodical by its appreciation of his or her last manuscript: I should as soon ask a young lady not to estimate the management of a ball by her own private luck in respect to partners. But it is worth while at least to point out that in the treatment of every contribution the real interests of editor and writer are absolutely the same, and any antagonism is merely traditional, like the supposed hostility between France and England, or between England and America. No editor can afford the rejection of a good thing, and no author the publication of a bad one. The only difficulty lies in drawing the line. Were all offered manuscripts unequivocally good or bad, there would be no great trouble; it is the vast range of mediocrity which perplexes: the majority are too bad for blessing and too good for banning; so that no conceivable reason can be given for either fate, save that upon the destiny of any single one may hang that of a hundred others just like it. But whatever is the standard fixed, it is equally for the interest of all concerned that it be enforced without flinching.

Nor is there the slightest foundation for the supposed editorial prejudice against new or obscure contributors. On the contrary, every editor is always hungering and thirsting after novelties. To take the lead in bringing forward a new genius is as fascinating a privilege as that of the physician who boasted to Sir Henry Halford of having been the first man to discover the Asiatic cholera and to communicate it to the public. It is only stern necessity which compels the magazine to fall back so constantly on the regular old staff of contributors, whose average product has been gauged already.

Of course no editor is infallible, and the best magazine contains an occasional poor article. Do not blame the unfortunate conductor. He knows it as well as you do—after the deed is done. The newspapers kindly pass it over, still preparing their accustomed opiate of sweet praises, so much for each contributor, so much for the magazine collectively. But I can tell you that there is an official person who meditates and groans, meanwhile, in the night-watches, to think that in some atrocious moment of good nature or sleepiness he left the door open, and let that ungrainy intruder in.

An editor thus shows himself to be but human; and it is well enough to remember this fact, when you approach him. He is not a gloomy despot, no Nemesis or Rhadamantus, but a bland and virtuous man, exceedingly anxious to secure plenty of good subscribers and contributors, and very ready to perform any acts of kindness not inconsistent with this grand design. His time has some value, if yours has not; and he has therefore educated his eye till it has become microscopic, like a naturalist's, and can classify nine out of ten specimens by one glance at a scale or a feather.

Do not despise any honest propitiation, however small, in dealing with your editor. Look to the physical aspect of your manuscript, and prepare your page so neatly that it shall allure instead of repelling. Use good pens, black ink, nice white paper and plenty of it. Do not emulate "paper-sparing Pope," whose chaotic manuscript of the "Iliad," written chiefly on the backs of old letters, still remains in the British Museum. If your document be slovenly, the presumption is that its literary execution is the same, Pope to the contrary notwithstanding. An editor's eye becomes carnal, and is easily attracted by a comely outside. If you really wish to obtain his good-will for your production, do not first tax his time for deciphering it, any more than in visiting a millionaire to solicit a loan you would begin by asking him to pay for the hire of the carriage which takes you to his door.

On the same principle, send your composition in such a shape that it shall not need the slightest literary revision before printing. Many a bright production dies discarded which might have been made thoroughly presentable by a single day's labour of a competent scholar, in shaping, smoothing, dovetailing, and retrenching. The revision seems so slight an affair that the aspirant cannot conceive why there should be so much fuss about it.

"The piece you think is incorrect: why take it?
I'm all submission: what you'd have it make it."

But to discharge that friendly office no universal genius is salaried; and for intellect in the rough there is no market.

Rules for style, as for manners, must be chiefly negative: a positively good style indicates certain natural powers in the individual, but an unexceptionable style is merely a matter of culture and good models. Dr. Channing established in New England a standard of style which really attained almost the perfection of the pure and the colourless, and the disciplinary value of
Advice to Authors.

such a literary influence, in a raw and crude
nation, has been very great; but the defect of
this standard is that it ends in utterly renounc-
ing all the great traditions of literature, and ig-
noring the magnificent mystery of words. Hu-
man language may be polite and powerless in its
use if it be not saturated with the spirit of
thoughts; it may in itself become so saturated with warm life and deli-
cious association that every sentence shall pal-
pitate and thrill with the mere fascination of the
syllables. The statue is not more surely in-
cluded in the block of marble than is all con-
cceivable splendour of utterance in “Dr.
Johnson’s Unabridged.” And as Ruskin says
of painting that it is in the perfection and
precision of the instantaneous line that the claim
to immortality is made, so it is easy to see that
a phrase may outweigh a library. Keats heads
the catalogue of things real with “sun, moon,
and passages of Shakespeare”; and Keats him-
self has left behind him winged wonders of
expression which are not surmounted by Shakes-
ppeare, or by any one else who ever dared touch
the English tongue. There may be phrases
which shall be palaces to dwell in, treasure-houses
to explore; a single word may be a window
from which one may perceive all the kingdoms
of the earth and the glory of them. Often times
a word shall speak what accumulated volumes
have laboured in vain to utter: there may be
years of crowded passion in a word, and half a
life in a sentence.

Such being the majesty of the art you seek to
practise, you can at least take time and delib-
eration before dishonouring it. Disabuse your-
self especially of the belief that any grace or flow
of style can come from writing rapidly. Haste
can make you slipshod, but it can never make
you graceful. With what dismay one reads of
the wonderful fellows in fashionable novels,
who can easily dash off a brilliant essay in a
single night! When I think how slowly my
poor thoughts come in, how tardily they connect
themselves, what a delicious prolonged perplexity
it is to cut and contrive a decent clothing of words
for them, as a little girl does for a doll—may
how many new outfits a single sentence some-
times costs before it is presentable—I certainly
should never dare to venture into print, but for
the confirmed suspicion that the greatest writers
have done even so. I can hardly believe that
there is any autograph in the world so precious
or instructive as that scrap of paper, still pre-
served at Ferrara, on which Ariosto wrote, in
sixteen different revisions, one of his most
famous stanzas. Do you know, my dear
neophyte, how Balzac used to compose? As a
specimen of the labour that sometimes goes to
make an effective style, the process is worth re-
cording. When Balzac had a new work in view,
he first spent weeks in studying from real life
for it, haunting the streets of Paris by day and
night, notote-book in hand. His materials gained,
he then sat down, and slowly, bit by bit, till the book was written,
perhaps two months, absolutely excluding every-
body but his publisher. He emerged pale and
thin, with the complete manuscript in his hand
—not only written, but almost rewritten, so
thoroughly was the original copy altered, inter-
lined, and rearranged. This strange production,
almost illegible, was sent to the unfortunate
printers; with infinite difficulty a proof-sheet
was obtained, which, being sent to the author,
was presently returned in almost as hopeless
a chaos of corrections as the manuscript
first submitted. Whole sentences were erased,
others transposed, everything modified. A
second and a third followed, alike torn to pieces
by the ravenous pen of Balzac. The despairing
printers laboured by turns, only the picked men
of the office being equal to the task, and they
relieving each other at hourly intervals, as be-
yond that time no one could endure the fatigue.
At last, by the fourth proof-sheet, the author too
was wearied out, though not contented. “I work
ten hours out of the twenty-four,” said he,
“over the elaboration of my unhappy style, and
I am never satisfied, myself, when all is done.”

Do not complain that your labour is unprofitable;
it is probably wasted, after all, and that nobody
knows. The public knows. People criticize
higher than they attain. When the Athenian
audience hissed a public speaker for a mispro-
nunciation, it did not follow that any one of the
malcontents could pronounce as well as the
orator. “There never yet was a good tongue,”
said old Fuller, “that wanted ears to hear it.”
If one were expecting to be judged by a few
scholars only, one might hope somehow to cajole
them; but it is this vast, unimpassioned, uncon-
scious tribunal, this average judgment of intelli-
gent minds, which is truly formidable.

The first demand made by the public upon
every composition is, of course, that it should
be attractive. In addressing a miscellaneous
audience, whether through eye or ear, it is cer-
tain that no man living has a right to be tedious.
Every editor is therefore compelled to insist that
his contributors should make themselves agree-
able, whatever else they may do. To be agree-
able, it is not necessary to be amusing; an
essay may be thoroughly delightful without a
single witicism, while a monotone of jokes
soon grow tedious. Charge your style with
life, and the public will not ask for conundrums.
But the profounder your discourse the greater
must necessarily be the effort to refresh and
diversify. Labour, therefore, not in thought
alone, but in utterance; clothe and reclote your
grand conception twenty times, until you find
some phrase that with its grandeur shall be lucid
also. It is this unwearyed literary patience that
has enabled Carlyle and Emerson not merely
to introduce, but even to popularize, thoughts
of such a quality as never reached the popular
mind before.

In learning to write available, a newspaper-
office is a capital preparatory school. Nothing
is so good to teach the use of materials, and to
compel to pungency of style. Being always at
close quarters with his readers, a journalist
must shorten and sharpen his sentences, or he
is doomed. Yet this mental alertness is bought
Advice to Authors.

at a severe price; such living from hand to mouth cheapens the whole mode of intellectual existence, and it would seem that no successful journalist could ever get the newspaper out of his blood, or achieve any high literary success.

For purposes of illustration and elucidation, and even for amplitude of vocabulary, wealth of accumulated materials is essential; and whether this wealth be won by reading or by experience makes no great difference. Coleridge attended Davy's chemical lectures to acquire new metaphors; and it is of no consequence whether one comes to literature from a library, a machine-shop, or a forecastle, provided he has learned to work with thoroughness the soil he knows. After all is said and done, however, books remain the chief quaries. Johnson declared (putting the thing perhaps too mechanically), "The greater part of an author's time is spent in reading in order to write: a man will turn over half a library to make one book." Addison collected three folios of materials before publishing the first number of the "Spectator." Remember, however, that copious preparation has its perils also, in the crude display to which it tempts. The object of high culture is not to exhibit culture, but its results. You do not put guano on your garden that your garden may blossom guano: indeed, even for the proper subordination of one's own thoughts the same sort of nourishment is needed, and there is no severer test of literary training than in the power to prune out one's most cherished sentence, when it grows obvious that the sacrifice will help the symmetry or vigour of the whole.

Be noble both in the affluence and the economy of your diction; spare no wealth that you can put in, and tolerate no superfluity that can be struck out. Remember the Lacedemonian who was fined for saying that in three words which might as well have been expressed in two. Do not throw a dozen vague epithets at a thing, in the hope that some one of them will fit; but study each phrase so carefully that the most ingenious critic cannot alter it without spoiling the whole passage for everybody but himself. For the same reason, do not take refuge, as was the practice a few years since, in German combinations, heart-utterances, soul-sentiments, and hyphenized phrases generally; but roll your thought into one good English word. There is no fault which seems so hopeless as commonplaceness; but it is really easier to elevate the commonplace than to reduce the turgid. How few men in all the pride of culture can emulate the easy grace of a bright woman's letter!

Have faith enough in your own individuality to keep it resolutely down for a year or two. A man has not much intellectual capital who cannot treat himself to a brief interval of modesty. Premature individualism commonly ends either in a reaction against the original whims, or in a mannerism which perpetuates them. For mannerism no one is great enough; because, though in the hands of a strong man it imprisons us in novel fascination, yet we soon grow weary, and then hate our prison forever. How sparkling was Reade's crisp brilliancy in "Peg Woffington"!—but into what disagreeable affectations it has since degenerated! Carlyle was a boon to the human race, amid the tameness into which English style was declining. He was the Jenner of our modern style, inoculating and saving us all by his quaint frank Germanism, then dying of his own disease. Now the age has outgrown him, and is approaching a mode of writing which unites the smoothness of the eighteenth century with the vital vigour of the seventeenth, so that Sir Thomas Browne and Andrew Marvell seem quite as near to us as Pope or Addison—a style penetrated with the best spirit of Carlyle, without a trace of Carlylianism.

Be neither too lax nor too precise in your use of language: the one fault endures in stiffness, the other in slang. Some one told the Emperor Tiberius that he might give citizenship to men, but not to words. To be sure, Louis XIV. in childhood wished for a carriage, called for mon carrosse, and made the former feminine synon-

There are certain minor matters, subsidiary to elegance, if not elegancies, and therefore worth attention. Do not habitually prop your sentences on crutches, such as italics and exclamation-points, but make them stand without aid; if they cannot emphasize themselves, these devices are commonly but a confession of helplessness. Do not leave loose ends as you go on, straggling things, to be caught up and dragged along uneasily in foot-notes, but work them all in neatly.

Strive always to remember—though it does not seem intended that we should quite bring it home to ourselves—that "To-Day is a king in disguise," and that this periodical literature of ours will be just as classic a thing, if we do our part, as any which the past has treasured.

There is a mirage over all literary associations. Keats and Lamb seem to our young people to be existences as remote and legendary as Homer, yet it is not an old man's life since Keats was an awkward boy at the door of Hazlitt's lecture room, and Lamb was introducing Talfourd to Wordsworth as his own only admirer. In reading Spence's "Anecdotes," Pope and Addison appear no further off; and wherever I open Bacon's "Essays," I am sure to end at last with that one magical sentence, annihilating centuries, "When I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years."

Ten years ago the Times was bewailing that all thought and culture in England...
To the New Year.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Thou, like the Phoenix born,
On this auspicious morn
Dost take thy station in the circling years;
While stars sing o'er thy birth,
And wakening sons of earth
Thy advent greet with hopeful smiles and tears.

We hail thee from afar,
Upon thy mystic car
Riding adown the whirlwind and the storm;
Thou com'st in regal state,
With power and strength elate,
And robed in mystery is thy youthful form.

The Old Year sleepeth sound,
With bay and ivy crowned:
The slain and slayer sleep in sweet accord:
Earth's treasured jewels bright
He gathered in his flight,
And garnered for the glory of his Lord.

How many beaming eyes,
That joy to see thee rise,
Will lose their brightness and have passed away!
How many a beating heart,
Whose throbbings life impart,
Will throb its last before thy closing day!

Yet earth, so fair and bright,
Was made to glad the sight:
Else why Spring's blossoms that successive rise;
With all the rich perfume
Of Summer's leafy bloom;
The Autumn's gorgeous tints and glowing skies;

With Winter robed in white;
Each bringing new delight—
The season's changing scenes that never pall;
While yon o'erbending blue,
With bright eyes beaming through,
The Architect Divine stretched over all?

Then let us not complain;
But, while we here remain,
Extract the honey and avoid the sting.
Why not, when thus we may
Make life a summer's day,
And let Time steal away with noiseless wing?

Yes, let us do our best,
And leave to Heaven the rest,
Nor die a thousand deaths in fearing one:
If we but cheerful be,
Sorrow and care will flee,
And, rose-like, Time will fragrance leave when gone

Then hail to thee, New Year,
In thine allotted sphere!
With song and welcome we our voices raise;
And may thy deeds so shine
That, through all coming time,
Millions shall, rising, join to hymn thy praise.

And thou, our own loved land,
Maintain thy glorious stand,
A beacon-light to penetrate earth's gloom!
And, when the year is spent,
May health and sweet content
In every home and heart serenely bloom!
NOT, "ANYTHING-FOR-PEACE."

BY T. S. A.

CHAP. I.

Two men, named Archibald Wing and Thomas Ellis, owning property that was divided by a small stream, having a good fall, joined equally in the expense of building a dam in order to secure a water power for milling purposes. Wing, who was a Scotchman, and originally a weaver, built a small woollen factory, whilst Ellis erected a flour mill.

Almost from the outset of this arrangement the parties disagreed. Wing was a far-sighted, selfish, and unscrupulous person, who looked simply to his own advantage; while Ellis had regard to what was just between man and man. The site on one bank of the stream was superior to that on the other; the advantage being in favour of the Scotchman. Comprehending this, he offered to sell his neighbour as much ground as would be required for locating his mill, a few hundred yards below the point selected for his own. Ellis was about accepting this proposition, when a mutual friend warned him against an arrangement which might lead to trouble.

"Build on your own side," said the friend, "even though some disadvantages are involved. In any disagreement with Wing, don’t you see that he will have it in his power to annoy and injure you by stopping the supply of water."

"He cannot stop my mill without stopping his own," answered Mr. Ellis. "So you see I have a guarantee in that consideration."

"Don’t trust to any such guarantee. There are men of so evil a spirit that they will not hesitate at wrongdoing even themselves so that injury may fall upon another. I don’t charge such a spirit on Mr. Wing; but you know as well as I do, that he has some strange peculiarities of character, and is inclined to disagreements with his neighbours. He is self-willed, and much disposed to have things his own way."

"I don’t see how trouble can arise between us," replied Ellis. "The water, as it comes from his wheel, will enter my forebay. The matter is very simple."

"May I suggest a way in which trouble can arise?"

"Oh, certainly. Forewarned forearmed, as the proverb says."

"His works will be lighter than yours?"

"Yes."

"And, therefore, require less water."

"Yes."

"The ordinary quantity flowing from his tailrace will not give you sufficient head for more than a single pair of mill-stones."

"I am sure you err in that."

"Will it be amply sufficient for two pairs?" asked the neighbour.

"Perhaps not," was answered. "What then?"

"He must keep his waste-gate open, of course."

"But will he, friend Ellis?"

"Do you question it?" was asked, in manifest surprise.

"Will it be wise for you to place yourself so much in the power of any man? I say no; and if you are not fully committed in the plan of building on Wing’s side of the falls, take my advice and build on your own. Draw your supply of water through your own race, direct from the dam, and then you will be independent."

On reflection, Mr. Ellis resolved to heed this advice, and, immediately calling on his neighbour, notified him that he would build on his own ground.

"But you have agreed to buy the site on my ground," answered Wing, manifesting considerable disturbance.

"The bargain was not closed," Ellis replied, speaking firmly. "We talked it over, and I own that, on first considering your proposal, I favoured it. Since turning it over; in my mind, however, I have concluded to build on my own side, and take water direct from the dam."

"But don’t you see," urged Mr. Wing, "that in this event we shall during the summer time have a short supply of water, and neither of us be able to run over half the time; while, if we use the same water, you receiving it after me as proposed, the head will be sufficient in the driest season."

"I don’t apprehend trouble from that source," answered Mr. Ellis; "and if I can get water enough for my purposes, you will have more than enough. In any event, the loss will be mine; for your machinery will go whirring like a top under a head of water scarcely sufficient to set a single pair of mill-stones in motion."

Wing soon saw that his neighbour was in earnest, and that it would be of no use to press him farther on the subject. So, the matter dropped between them, and both joined in constructing the dam. But, all the while it was building, Wing silently pondered the means of securing an advantage over Mr. Ellis. The fact that the flour-mill would take more water than he could use in his small establishment, worried his mind whenever the thought was presented. It seemed as if Mr. Ellis were getting an advantage over him, and that was something he never could submit to passively. If there was to be any advantage, in his dealing with other men, it must be on his side.

In a matter so intimately touching the rights
of both parties, as the joint ownership and respective obligations connected with the mill, it was deemed safest to have a paper drawn up by a skilful lawyer, defining the relative duties and interests. Ellis was not very particular about the form, accepting the general scope of the document in its first draft; but Wing scanned every sentence with care, and weighed the meaning of each important word with suspicious accuracy. A dozen alterations were made before he would consent to sign the paper.

Almost simultaneously with the beginning of work on the dam, were operations commenced by the two men at their respective mill sites; and these went on vigorously, until the walls of each building began to rise above the well-laid foundations.

About this time, certain movements on the spot which was at first selected by Mr. Ellis on his neighbour's side of the stream attracted his attention. Men were engaged in clearing it up, digging, and hauling away cartloads of earth. A suspicion flashed into the mind of Mr. Ellis; but he pushed it aside as unworthy. Still the digging went on, and in a day or two he saw stone begin to arrive. This was conclusive as to the purpose of his neighbour to erect a building of some kind. So Mr. Ellis went over, and asked a few questions in a friendly way, to which he received cold and unsatisfactory replies.

The only thing really learned was, that Mr. Wing had rented the ground to a man living in the next village, a Mr. Adam Wheeler, who was going to put up some kind of works; what, Mr. Wing averred that he neither knew nor cared.

"Is he to have water power?" was the natural inquiry of Mr. Ellis.

To this query he got only the same don't-know and don't-care reply.

"But," said Mr. Ellis, in respectful remonstrance, "it is of concern to me to know whether there are to be two mills to take water from the dam on your side, or only one."

With this, Wing fired up, and became rather abusive, claiming the right to take at least as much water as his neighbour, which could not be as things stood in their original aspect. Mr. Ellis was a peace-loving man, and retired from this contest, resolved to let things take their course rather than get into a quarrel with his neighbour. "I shall manage to get water enough," he said to himself, and so went on with the work of construction.

But a friend who saw what was in progress brought the subject back again to the consideration of Mr. Ellis, and enjoined him, by all means, to have the matter definitively settled before advancing a single step farther. Together the contract was examined, and the friend pointed out and dwelt upon a clause that, interpreted in the spirit of the whole agreement would prevent Wing from using water except for the wooden mill he was engaged in erecting. Other clauses, which Wing had introduced into the agreement, were of rather vague significance, and might be urged, in a lawsuit, against the evident reading of the document. Mr. Ellis saw this, and remarked, in a rather discouraged voice—

"I'm afraid I've been tricked. My neighbour has been too sharp for me."

"So much the more necessity for stopping where you are," said the friend. "The dam cannot be completed without your consent, as one side rests on your property."

"I'm not so sure of that," answered Ellis.

"In this contract I assented to the erection, and could be held to my agreement. The work cannot be stopped now."

"It would be stopped, if I were in your place," returned the friend. "Not another stone or timber should be laid until the question now involved was finally adjusted."

"I don't want to get into a quarrel with Wing; and a quarrel I am sure to have if I cross him now. Let the matter pass and come out as it will. Anything for peace. I shall get all the water required for my mill, no doubt. Except for two or three months in the year, no short supply need be apprehended."

"There is only one way to peace," said the friend, "and that is the way of mutual rights. If you permit a single aggression from a bad man, you only encourage him to further wrongs. Success to the evil, is like the taste of blood on a tiger's lips. Make a stand now, while you occupy some vantage ground."

"And get into a lawsuit?"

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no: but if the lawsuit is to come, accept it on the threshold, and settle the dispute before all you have is invested in these improvements, which may be rendered valueless by some unlooked-for move of your neighbour across the falls."

But Mr. Ellis had not sufficient courage to accept the issue. "Anything for peace," he kept saying to himself—"anything for peace!" and went on with his mill and the dam.

No very long time passed before word came to Mr. Ellis that Adam Wheeler, the person to whom Wing had rented the site, was going to put up a grist-mill. This he did not credit at first, for he could not believe so ill a thing of his neighbour. But it was repeated to him again and again, and by such good authority, that he felt bound to look carefully into the matter; so he went to the other side for personal investigation. Since the remonstrance at first entered, there had been coldness between him and Mr. Wing, and they had, in mutual repulsion, stood aloof from each other.

On visiting the site to which we have referred he found Mr. Wheeler on the ground. Questions in regard to the improvements he saw progressing were not needed. His practised eyes read at a glance the purpose of everything.

"You are putting up a flour-mill, I see," was his remark to Wheeler.

"I am," was the steady reply.

Mr. Ellis looked at the man sharply for some moments, and then put the question, "Are you
not advised that the building of such a mill is in violation of my contract with Mr. Wing?

"I don't know anything about your arrangements with Mr. Wing," curtly answered Wheeler: "mine with him are clear enough. I have paid for water privileges, and shall use them. If you have anything to object to, lay the case before Wing."

The blood of Mr. Ellis was stirred. He felt angry and combative. "I'll see about this!" he said to himself, striding away from the place, and going in search of Mr. Wing. He was resolved to take issue at once, and, as his friend had advised him, settle this matter with the Scotchman, even at the expense of a lawsuit. But it so happened that Wing was absent, and before Ellis reached his own side of the falls his hot blood lost its ardor, and moved more slowly along his veins. "Anything for peace!" dropping from his lips, as he entered his own premises, told the story of his state of mind. On the next day, in cooler blood, he met the Scotchman, who put on a repellant countenance.

"I was over to see you yesterday," said Mr. Ellis.

"Ah! I was not aware of it."

Wing's aspect grew more forbidding: he did know of the visit, and of what had passed between his neighbour and Mr. Wheeler.

"I called to ascertain if something I had heard was really true."

"What did you hear?"

"That Wheeler was building a flour-mill."

"And did you satisfy yourself?" Wing's tone and manner were offensive.

"I did."

"He is building a flour-mill?"

"Yes, under a right accepted from you, but a right which our contract does not, as you are aware, authorize."

"As I am aware?"

There was affected surprise, as well as indignation, in the voice of Wing.

"Certainly, as you are aware," coolly answered Mr. Ellis. "In the joint building of this dam only a single mill on either side was contemplated. Your use of it was to be limited to a woolen-mill, and mine to a flour-mill."

"Is that set down, in so many words, in the contract?" asked Wing, almost with a sneer.

"If not in so many words, the spirit is there; and your course now is in direct violation of that spirit."

"Go home and read your contract again," said Wing, in a very offensive manner, and turned away haughtily from his neighbour.

Ellis did read it again, over and over, half a-dozen times, and at each new reading saw the stipulations less and less clearly. As first drawn the contract was a very plain one, expressing the rights of each in a few explicit words; but, under the changes and interpolations suggested by the wily Scotchman, he could not understand it as binding to any specific thing, in fair readable language. After worrying himself over the matter for a day or two, Mr. Ellis, who in his very soul detested strife, receded from the resolute position which under the excitement of natural indignation he had assumed, and justifying his weak, non-combatant inclinations by the oft-repeated sentiment, "Anything for peace!" let the issue pass, and went on with the work of building his mill.

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**CHAP. II.**

A few weeks more were permitted to elapse, without any movement on the part of Mr. Ellis towards a settlement of this serious difference of opinion between him and Mr. Wing, touching their mutual rights and privileges under the contract for building the dam. The original understanding between them was plain enough, and he had considered the written agreement as a simple record of that understanding. To have deviated in anything from its true meaning he would have regarded as seeking a dishonourable advantage. The conduct of his neighbour, therefore, outraged his sense of justice quite as much as it alarmed his fears. It was plain that wrong was intended; but he could not make up his mind to resist the wrong, and so get into a quarrel.

Mr. Ellis was standing by the nearly-finished abutment against which the dam and head-gates on his side were to rest, examining the work, when the friend who had before warned him against his neighbour on the other side came up, and said, "How have you settled that difference with Wing? I see that Wheeler is still going on with the flour-mill."

"It isn't settled at all," replied Mr. Ellis.

"The fact is, Wing and I have not met since we conversed on the subject."

The friend shook his head, saying, "Wrong, all wrong, Mr. Ellis. You're making trouble for the future. Stop where you are. Don't lay another stone or another timber until this thing is settled."

"We have gone too far to stop now," said Ellis, "particularly so, as a quarrel and lawsuit will be certain to follow, and for both of these I have an instinctive horror. I've thought about the matter a great deal, and in the choice of evils I think the preference lies on the side I am taking."

The friend looked upon the ground where they were standing, and pointing with his finger, said, "Do you see that immense burdock?"

"Yes," replied Ellis.

"It was once no larger than this diminutive weed which I pull up with two fingers." The friend stooped, and drew easily from the ground a small plant less than four inches high. "Now," he added, "try with all your strength, and you cannot displace the other. Nay, its strongly imbedded roots would resist our united force. Only by pickaxe or spade can it be destroyed. Just so will it be with this unsettled dispute. Take it now, and the wrong may ea-
sily be eradicated; but let the wrong go on strengthening and increasing, and you will find it an enemy almost impossible to destroy!"

Mr. Ellis looked sober; he saw the force of his friend’s illustration; still he shrank from the issue presented. His soul abhorred strife.

"I would do almost anything for peace!" he said, despondingly.

"We cannot always have peace on easy terms. Too often it can be secured only at the price of war; and it is better to accept of war, when our enemy is weak, and we have the best position, than to wait until the situations are reversed. One thing is certain, and the sooner you make up your mind to accept and act upon the necessity the better. You cannot escape a war."

"It is a cruel necessity—a wicked necessity," said Mr. Ellis, much disturbed.

"I grant you that it is; but there being no escape, act with courage and promptness. Be a strong, brave man, entrenching yourself behind a just cause, asking nothing but right, and yielding to no encroachments from wrong."

"What would you advise? What step should I take?" asked Mr. Ellis, in a half-undetermined manner.

"Stop this work at once, and refuse to advance an inch until the spirit of your original contract is observed on the other side. The dam cannot be finished without your consent. Wing and Wheeler may go on with their mills if they please; but, if the dam remains incomplete, their works are useless."

"I have already expended four hundred pounds," said Mr. Ellis. "Must that all remain a dead loss? I can’t afford it! My future prosperity depends on the completion of this mill."

"Your future prosperity, say rather, depends on the present settlement of this disagreement with Wing," returned the other.

"What great harm can he do me, after all?" urged Mr. Ellis. "Let me dispute one about imaginary rights and privileges more than about real ones? I shall get all the water I want from my side of the dam. Suppose Wing and Wheeler do use a larger quantity—what of that, so I get enough?"

"A great deal of that, if it is used in a determined violation of a contract between the parties; for then, a wrong to justice is done, and an evil-doer is encouraged to trespass on his neighbour."

"But, suppose I am willing to accept the trespass, in order to avoid a quarrel? What then?"

"Two evils will follow. The wrong-doer, thus encouraged to wrong by the benefit received—as the robber who is encouraged on receipt of plunder—will not hesitate at additional wrong in your case, nor fail to regard success as a motive for trespass on others. As a brave, true man, Mr. Ellis, your duty is plain. Security to yourself, and loyalty to justice, demand all the sacrifice of feeling this contest with Wing may require. Let him comprehend, so clearly that he will never fall into the mistake again, that you mean right towards others, and will exact right towards yourself. Let all your operations at once, and give him notice in writing that you will neither lay a stone nor strike a hammer until his arrangement with Wheeler, in violation of the original compact, be set aside."

"That he’ll never do!" replied Mr. Ellis. "I might as well give up for good and all—abandoning everything."

"A great deal better abandon everything in its present condition, than advance a step, if such is the man you have to deal with," said the friend: "for, rely upon it, he will not let one, over whom an advantage is so easily gained, pass free from injury in the future. He will prey on you all the while."

"How that is possible is beyond my ability to see," was answered, "and I’ve studied the case pretty thoroughly."

"As you will," returned the friend, whose ardour now began to cool. "But, my word for it, if you don’t settle this affair now, you’ll only repent it once in your life, and that will be a perpetual repentance."

After this conversation, Mr. Ellis passed a good many days of sober thought. Reason admonished him that his friend was right; but the old cry arose in his spirit—"Anything for peace!"—and he shrank from the impending strife. He was the more ready to shrink, after a brief interview with the Scotchman, for he found him sternly resolved to advance in the way he was going. An intimation by Mr. Ellis that he might suspend operations entirely on his side of the dam, if Wing did not recede from his position, was met by such violence of language, and in such a fierce and threatening spirit, that the peace-loving man was really frightened. He saw, that in any contention which might arise, he would have a desperate and vindictive antagonist—one who would not scruple at any means of annoyance and injury, and he was not brave enough to throw down the gauntlet, and enter the arena of battle.

In a conversation which passed between Wing and Wheeler, immediately subsequent to this stormy interview, the Scotchman said, coolly—"I know my man. You can frighten him as easily as you can frighten a hare."

"Oh, bluff’s the game, with men of his kidney!" answered Wheeler, coarsely.

"I said, when he broke that agreement about the mill site, he’d repel it before long," remarked Wing, in a tone of evil triumph, "and I’m always as good as my word. He shall repent. When a man once breaks with me, we are two for ever; and if he gets a head of me after that, why he’s welcome to all the advantage."

"But, suppose he were to do as he threatens—suspend work on his side of the dam?" Wheeler looked serious as he asked the question.

Wing shrugged his shoulders, but answered, "No fear of that."

"It would block our game," said Wheeler. "Yes; without the dam our mills would be
Not, "Anything-for-Peace."

worthless. But you may set your heart at rest on that score. Ellis will go on with the work. He's terribly afoot of law, and the moment he withdraws his men, I will have him served with a writ to answer for a violation of the contract."

"In case he stands a suit, the chances are all in his favour," remarked Wheeler.

"Perhaps they are; but law is uncertain. Besides, I have a lawyer who knows all the ins and outs, all the quirks and turns of the courthouse—a man who can bully and brag on the outside, as well as work silently and in the dark. I'll trust my case with him, on a good contingent fee."

"And lose it," said Wheeler. "Take my advice, and don't get your case in the hands of a jury; for twelve fair men will say that Ellis is right and you are wrong."

"Twelve fair men might do so; but did you ever hear of twelve clear-headed, honest, fair-dealing men being on a jury at the same time? Even on a jury trial I might win. Still I have no idea of letting the case go into court. Should Ellis get angry and unmanageable, I'll submit to an arbitration. If this is kept off until we get our mills well advanced, the vagueness of the contract, and the largeness of the interests involved on our side, will naturally lead the arbitrators to the conclusion that I clearly understood the existence of a right to put up two mills on my property. It will be argued on my side that no possible harm can come to Ellis by a use of the water, as power, that flows from my wheel."

"And argued on his," returned Wheeler, "that in building a flour-mill on this side his business must suffer loss."

"Yes, that ground will undoubtedly be taken, and with a strong show of reason. But I have faith in being able to keep beyond the law's interference. Ellis is a timid, peace-loving man, and I shall give him a threatening or stormy broadside whenever we meet, just as his mood may happen to require it. One thing is certain: I am not going to back down unless under constraint of law. When I once take a course, nothing but an impassable barrier can stop me. And I have, in this thing, taken my course."

Thus the matter stood on Archibald Wing's side. He knew that he was in the wrong and an aggressor, but meant to hold his position by all available means, fair or foul. For a man like Ellis, he was a hard antagonist; yet this made resistance to wrong, at the very outset, the more imperative. In all such cases, the first conflict of forces is best; for then it almost always happens that right is a nearer match for wrong than at any time afterwards, and able to conquer at the lightest cost.

Stealthily, day by day, the works on each side of the stream went on, and the builders, stimulated by Wing, carried on the dam rapidly towards completion. Ellis was troubled with many forebodings of evil. He felt that he was in the hands of two unscrupulous men, who not only had the power, but the will, to do him wrong; and yet he did not possess the courage to accept at once the struggle which was coming, and conquer a peace ere heavier interests were involved, and larger disasters inevitable. "Anything for peace!" was still his cry, when the question of resistance forced itself upon his consideration.

At last the dam was completed, and the mills on both sides ready to go into operation. By this time the feeling of antagonism between Mr. Ellis and the Scotchman had become so strong that they held no intercourse. If they happened to meet, they simply recognized each other with a distant nod. For months Mr. Ellis had refrained from going over to his neighbour's side of the falls, and knew nothing, by personal inspection, of the interior arrangement and capacity of Wheeler's gistmill. But kind and officious friends kept him posted. One of these came to him soon after the dam and flumes were completed, and said,

"I heard something yesterday that I think you should know."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"It came from one of Wing's millwrights."

"Ah! Well, what is it?"

"It must be taken, of course, with some grains of allowance; but I shouldn't at all wonder if it were true. Wing is just the man for such a trick."

"What trick? Speak out plainly!" urged Mr. Ellis.

"He says that Wing's head-gates are at least fourteen inches lower than yours."

"No, no! he wouldn't dare to do such a thing!" said Mr. Ellis, at once excited.

"As to his daring," replied the friend, "he will dare anything to secure an advantage. If it is true—and you'd better see to it at once—it will enable him to reduce your head of water in dry seasons just that number of inches, to your injury and his gain."

"I will see to it, and that immediately," was the resolve of Mr. Ellis, who was considerably excited by this grave item. But the question as to the means of ascertaining whether the thing alleged were true or not, caused a long and unsatisfactory debate. Wing would, of course, meet the accusation with an indignant denial. Only by a survey, skilfully conducted, was the exact level of the two openings for head-gates to be determined; and as this work involved an open rupture between the high contending parties, the mind of Ellis again fell into doubt, and became embarrassed by hesitation. Seriously did he regret his failure to meet the difficulty at an earlier period, and have it pressed to a settlement when the decision could have been met and accepted with but slight injury on either side. Now, as nearly everything he had in the world was invested in his mill, he was anxious to get to work, and realize some of the advantages for which he had been waiting, spending, and labouring. To enter at this point on a quarrel, with its excitements, delays, and unknown consequences was an alternative which he could not accept. And so, trusting that all would come out right, Mr,
Chap. III.

Ellis's mill contained three pairs of millstones. One of these pairs was designed for grinding of grits; the others for the manufacture of flour, to be sent to market and sold as merchandise. It was in the calculation of Mr. Ellis to keep two pairs of millstones running for about two-thirds of the year in the manufacture of flour for sale, and a single pair running for the same purpose during one-third of the year; or, while the springs were low in summer-time. The stones for grinding grist were to be at all times ready for use.

Two things gave Mr. Ellis concern. He feared lest, in consequence of his neighbour's shameless violation of their agreement, he might have a short supply of water during half the year, instead of one-third; and he also feared so serious a diversion of business from his grist-grinding department in favour of Wheeler's mill, as to materially impair the income he had reasonably calculated on receiving.

Mr. Ellis started his mill early in the month of April, some weeks before either Wing or Wheeler were ready. He had plenty of water, and all things worked to a charm. Farmers brought their grain to sell or to be ground for their own use, and the great mill-wheel kept ever in motion, from dawn until the shadows fell.

By the first of May Wheeler's mill was ready, and then a change was apparent. One morning the water fell sensibly in Ellis's forebay or flume, and there followed, in consequence, a diminished power in all the machinery.

"What does this mean?" was the very natural query of his miller, whose practised ear recognized the feebler motion of his wheels; and he went to look at the head of water. Ellis followed him.

"The water has fallen at least nine inches," said the miller, as he glanced down into the forebay.

"There must be a leak in the dam," replied Ellis, looking away to where the newly-completed barrier stretched from shore to shore.

"Yonder is the leak!" and the miller pointed lower down the stream. The great water-wheel of the new mill was in motion, glistening in the sunbeams.

The face of Mr. Ellis grew clouded. His heart sunk with a feeling of dismay, for he comprehended clearly the evil which had befallen him.

"I was afraid of this," he tried to speak calmly, but his voice was disturbed.

"Depend upon it," said the miller, "they have done what the millwright affirmed—set their head-gates lower than ours." Ellis stood like one half stupefied.

"I am sure of it. See! the water is still falling. I shall have to stop one pair of stones." Only two pairs were running.

And the miller went in to change the gearing, so as to detach a pair of the mill-stones. This being done, the water-wheel regained its usual velocity. For a long time Mr. Ellis stood in deep thought, or walked up and down the floor of his mill, without speaking further to any one; then calling a lad, he said—

"Frank, I want you to go over to the other side, and do an errand for me."

"The boy was all attention."

"Does Mr. Wheeler know that you are working for me?"

Frank answered in the negative.

"I wish to find out how many pairs of burrs he is now running. Cross over at Jackson's foot-bridge, down the stream, and come up on the other side. Look in at the mill, and see what you can see; then come back and report; but don't open your lips on the subject of your errand to a living soul." The lad went off with a bound. In half-an-hour he returned, reporting that Wheeler "had on three pairs of burrs." At this time the head of water was so low on the side of Mr. Ellis that only a single pair could be set in vigorous motion.

"Anything for peace" would not answer now. This issue must be met, and if Wing and Wheeler did not yield to right and justice, war was inevitable. So, by the hand of a messenger, word was sent across the river, giving information as to the effect of starting Wheeler's mill on the head of water, and assuming that Wing had made his opening into the dam at a lower level than Ellis, and in plain violation of his contract. To this an insulting answer was returned, which aroused all the latent fire in Ellis's bosom. He saw, now, that nothing was left for him but to accept a heavy loss, or to meet wrong in a stern conflict. For a little while he cast about for a peaceful escape, but none offering, he braced himself for a contest, resolved to battle for his rights to the end. Such men, when the inevitable strife is begun, are rarely conquered. The justice of their cause gives confidence, and a sense of outrage nerves them with endurance and vigour. No half-way measures; no patched-up compromises will suit them. The battle must be fought until right is fully triumphant.

A second messenger was despatched, and warning given, that unless a survey of the dam were at once made, by consent of both parties, so as to get the actual level of the two head-gates, he would apply for an injunction to restrain both Wheeler and Wing from taking any water from the dam until a survey was ordered by the Court. To this, answer was returned in these words:—

"Tell Ellis to go a-head; two can play at the game of injunction as well as one."

Before the lapse of three weeks injunctions had issued against both parties, and the water
about which they were in dispute went foaming over the dam, while the mill-wheels basked idly in the sun. The farmers brought the grain from far and near, but could neither sell it nor get it ground.

The lawyer whom Ellis had engaged made every effort to procure an immediate order for a survey of the dam; but the counsel on the other side interposed difficulties and technical objections in order to make delays. So the mills stood idle week after week, and the angry owners, chafed in spirit against each other, meditating punishment or revenge.

After two months’ loss of time, and consequent injury to both parties, a survey was ordered. To the astonishment of Mr. Ellis, it was declared in the surveyor’s report that the head-gates on each side the dam were on exactly the same level. The injunctions were in consequence dismissed.

An unjust legal decision, operating to a man’s serious injury, is very apt to stir any bad blood that may happen to be in his heart. The sense of outrage is increased by a sense of weakness. While submission to the decree is felt as a stern necessity, the mind casts about for some means of gaining power over the adversary at whose instance the wrong has been suffered. Ellis was in this state, but with no clearly-seen method of reaction upon his neighbour across the falls, when a legal notice was served requiring him to answer for damages sustained by both Wheeler and Wing in consequence of the injunction which he had caused to be served. Hurrying to his lawyer, he laid the summons before that personage.

The lawyer looked serious, remarking—“I was afraid of this.”

“He can’t get damages!” Alarm was on the countenance of Mr. Ellis.

“You did not sustain the allegation on which the injunction was based.”

“It is true, nevertheless. Mr. Ellis was excited and indignant.

“We do not doubt that. Still the surveyor’s report was against us.”

“Do you know what I think about that?” said Ellis.

“What do you think about it?”

“The surveyor was feed by Wing. Twenty-five pounds would buy him body and soul.”

“Be careful when and where you say this,” suggested the prudent lawyer.

“I will declare it on the house-top,” asserted Mr. Ellis.

“Don’t. It may bring you into trouble with the surveyor.”

“How?”

“In a suit for slander.”

“That for a slander suit!” and Ellis snapped his thumb and finger sharply.

“One trouble at a time. Let us defend the case with Wing and Wheeler before we get involved in one with Justyn, the surveyor,” said the lawyer.

“But you don’t really apprehend danger from this move on the enemy’s side?”

“As remarked just now, you did not show cause for an injunction. Security, as you are aware, was required to cover unjust damages to Wing, should they occur. As the court recognizes no adequate cause for the injunction having dissolved it, an award of damages will most probably lie against you. I see only one way in which you may be saved.”

“What is that?”

“A counter-suit for damages against Wing as enjoiner in your case, may lead him to abandon the action now instituted.”

“Then order the suit at once,” said Ellis.

“Two can play at this game also.”

And it was done. The mills went on grinding and spinning, and the suits went on also, taking more thought than the mills, and wasting as much money as the mills earned.

“Ah, if this had been settled in the beginning!” sighed Ellis, almost daily, amid the anxiety that weighed upon his spirits—what a world of trouble would have been saved! I wanted peace; I would have given anything for peace; and my love of peace has betrayed me into a labyrinth of evil, from which a safe extrication is now impossible.”

In the midst of all this Ellis could run, as the dry season had commenced, only a single pair of millstones, while Wing had water enough for his factory, and Wheeler never kept less than two pairs of stones in motion. The amount of grinding done by Wheeler was so small, that the working of his mill had proved a loss instead of a gain.

At the next term of court both cases came on, and Ellis lost them both. The decisions were based on the surveyor’s report, and awarded two hundred pounds damages to Wing and Wheeler for loss of profit on their two establishments during the period covered by the injunction.

“Take an appeal,” said Ellis to his lawyer, when the decision against him was made. “I will fight them to the death. In for a penny in for a pound. They shall never handle one shilling of my money. I’ll spend every farthing I possess in law, rather than let it go into their hands.”

And an appeal was taken.

The scanty supply of water which Mr. Ellis could get from the dam was only sufficient through the months of July and August to enable him to run a single pair of millstones, and so he was compelled to abandon what had been looked to as the most profitable part of the business, merchant-milling, as it was called, or the manufacture of flour for sale in barrels, and limit itself to the grinding of corn, rye, and wheat for the neighbouring farmers. It so happened, that his mill was better situated for this kind of business than Wheeler’s, being on the side of the stream on which ran the public road connecting with the most thickly populated portions of the country, The waggon crossing
was nearly a mile below, so that Wheeler's mill could not be reached from that side except by a long journey of two miles; equal to four miles going and returning.

It availed little for Wheeler, then, that he sent half-bills all through the country soliciting patronage for his mill, and offering to grind the farmer's grists for a light toll than was exacted by his neighbour. The four additional miles, going and coming, that the farmers would have to drive, barred them from accepting his tempting offers; and he had to content himself with the small custom that naturally fell to his location. He was not content with this, however. Having set out with the "All-for-myself" principle of action, he could not rest in the large advantage already gained, unjustly, over Mr. Ellis, but resolved to leave no means untried for ruining him altogether for the sake of benefiting himself.

An evil purpose stops at the employment of no means that offers a successful result. Wheeler gave himself earnestly to the work of setting aside, by some means, the disadvantage under which he was labouring in consequence of the better location of his neighbour's mill. As he lay pondering the subject one night, the desired suggestion came. He did not sleep much afterwards, but kept awake until nearly morning, looking at the suggestion on all sides, and planning for its safe execution.

Early on the next day, Wheeler saddled his horse and rode to a neighbouring town. Stopping at a small office, on the window of which a sign bore the name of Paul Justin, he dismounted and entered. A short, stout man, with a sallow face, and a head covered with a mop of stiff iron-gray hair met him within the door. They joined hands without much as saying "Good morning," and each looked at the other with perceiving inquiry: as two conscious rogues might scan each other, they stood face to face for several moments.

"Well?" said Justin, first breaking silence.
"I want to talk with you." The tone in which Wheeler spoke showed that something of more than common interest was on his mind.
"Sit down. I am at your service." And the surveyor pointed to a chair.

Wheeler sat down.

"Anything in which I can help you?" Justin was now smiling and courteous.
"The thing does not concern me alone. It is one in which you and hundreds of others are interested. For a whole range of three miles, there is only one road and bridge leading across Broad Creek. The consequence is that many farmers have to drive a long distance out of their way in getting to a point scarcely half a mile in direct line."

"And so find it difficult to reach your mill, ha? Is that it?" And Justin looked shrewdly at the miller, who shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"Of course, I feel the want of another road and bridge equally with my neighbours."

"You are the first one that I have heard speak of it," remarked Justin, seeming to relapse into himself, and putting on a sober countenance.

"Oh, dear, bless your soul! I've heard twenty men talking about it during the past week. Somebody must move first in the matter; and I promised several to open the ball."

"At what point is it designed to cross the creek?" asked the surveyor.

"I've discussed that with quite a number, and all seem to agree on one location."

"Where?"

"About an eighth of a mile below our dam. The hills come down with a gentle grade just at that point, and a road might be cut at a very small expense. The stream is narrow, with close, high banks, and can be easily bridged. All agree upon this."

"Ah, Wheeler! You're a shrewd dog," said Justin, slapping his visitor on the shoulder. "Can't deceive me. I'm too old a fox. All this simply means grist to your mill."

"That's ungenerous," retorted Wheeler, trying to put on an offended air; but the veil was altogether too transparent, as he was himself conscious.

"It wotn't do, my boy," said Justin, laughing away down his throat with an unmusical chuckle.

"I understand it all; so you may as well talk out plainly first as last. For want the road and bridge?"

"Of course I do. What is good for the public is good for me also.

"Say, rather, that what is good for you is good for the public, and then we shall have it rightly expressed."

"Have it your own way," retorted Wheeler, with a forced laugh, yet with repressed impatience, like one annoyed. "So that we can get the new road opened, we'll not chaffer as to who will receive the largest benefit. Will you move in this thing?"

"Me!" with pretended surprise.

"Yes, you."

"What interest have I in the matter?"

"The common interest of every man in public improvements."

"For private benefit, ha? 'Twill not do, friend Wheeler. If you talk from your high position and stand beside me here, on the ground-level. You want this road for your own benefit, and want my assistance in obtaining the required authority. Talk it out, and then we shall understand each other."

"Have it so, then. Anything to get the road," said Wheeler.

"What good will I gain? You see we are on a level now. You want the new road and bridge for grist to your mill. All right—ha'nt a word of objection to urge. Let every man get all the advantage he can in this world. That's my way. Now I don't care three pins whether the road is opened or not—that is, so far as my interests are concerned. You understand. If, then, I'm to move on this track, just show me whither it leads. Where will I come out?"

"Property will rise along the road."

"Not so sure of that; and besides, I don't p
own a foot of land in the neighbourhood of Cypress Creek.”

“You can buy in anticipation.”

The surveyor shook his head.

“There’s a tract of fifty acres, belonging to Tompkins. He wants to sell—told me so yesterday. The road and bridge will add from two to four pounds an acre to its value. Now, if I were dead sure the court would order the road to be opened, I’d take this land, and make a good thing of it.”

Justin did not respond in words, but with a look invited the miller to go on.

“You might have an interest in the purchase,” said Wheeler.

The surveyor shook his head, coldly remarking that he had no money to invest. Wheeler dropped his eyes, and pondered certain things that were in his mind, looking at them from all points of view.

“It won’t do,” he said, speaking slowly, “for me to stand forward in this matter. That Ellis would be sure to get up a counter movement, on the plea that I was trying to injure him and benefit myself; and the allegation would look plausible. But if you took the lead, no one would dare charge an interested motive. Now, I’ll tell you, at a word, what I am prepared to do.”

“Well? Say on.”

The two men were seated. Justin leaned back composedly in his chair, resting his elbows on the two arms, and bringing together his opened hands with the wide-spread fingers and thumbs each against its fellow. He was all attention; yet with a well-assumed air of indifference.

“Do you think, if the application were managed rightly, the court would order the improvement?”

“If it were managed rightly, as you intimate, yes.”

“Of the point; and I’m free to say that if you can’t manage it no one in the county need try. So you have my estimate of your influence, Mr. Justin.”

“Thank you for your good opinion,” said the surveyor, with a bow.

“I’ll make Tompkins an offer for his fifty acres to-morrow.”

The surveyor nodded.

“He’ll take me up.”

“Likely.”

“Ten acres shall be yours on the day the road is ordered to be surveyed.”

“Your hand to that;” and Justin extended his open palm.

“My hand to that!” and the bargain was ratified.

“You will have to proceed with great caution,” said Wheeler. “The moment Ellis gets wind of the movement there’ll be a strong opposition.”

“Oh course. So far as he is concerned, it will be a matter of life and death. After the new road is opened I wouldn’t give much for miller’s property.”

A gleam of evil triumph lit up the miller’s face, as he said—

“The effect on him won’t trouble me.”

“Ellis is not a bad man,” remarked Justin, with a touch of sympathy in his voice.

“No, he is not a devil incarnate; but he’s done his best to injure me, and I’m bound to pay him off with double compound interest. If there is one man alive against whom I owe a deeper grudge than another, it is Tom Ellis.”

“You’ve hurt him already worse than he’s hurt you.”

“He hasn’t hurt me at all to speak of,” replied Wheeler, with a self-satisfied air. “I’m all right. Give me the new road and bridge, and I’ll not regard him as in the neighbourhood. The buzzing of a fly will annoy me more than the clatter of his mill-wheels.”

“You will certainly hold him at a great disadvantage.”

As Wheeler said this, he turned his head with a quick movement, and listened.

“Is there any one in the back office?” whispered the miller, leaning towards Mr. Justin, with a shade of alarm on his face.

“The there is no one,” he said, in a tone of relief. The two men looked at each other with soomi red faces.

“I was certain that I heard a sound in that room,” said Wheeler.

“Sounds are often very deceptive,” answered the surveyor. “It came from the street, no doubt.”

After that, the men drew closer together, and talked in a very low tone. Justin accepted the miller’s offer of ten acres in the lot of ground to be bought from Tompkins, and promised to set himself to work immediately. And he was as good as his word.

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CHAP. IV.

“How is the new road going to affect you?” asked a farmer, who had come to Ellis’s mill. This was about three weeks subsequent to the interview between Justin and Wheeler, mentioned in the last chapter.

“What road?” said the miller, looking curiously at his questioner.

“The new road which is to cross Cypress Creek, just above Harvey Tompkins’s.”

“What?” The miller’s voice cut the air like a whip-lash.

“The new road and bridge near Harvey Tompkins’s.”

“Who said there was to be a new road?” demanded Ellis, a slight paleness visible on his face.

“Is it possible that you haven’t heard of it?” said the farmer, in surprise. “I signed the petition several weeks ago, and am almost sure that I saw your name on the paper;”
Not, "Anything-for-Peace."

"My name!"

"I couldn't be positive. But such is my impression. I thought it a little curious, seeing that a new road would be more apt to feed your neighbour's mill than yours."

"I've never heard of such a petition, much less signed it," said Mr. Ellis, sitting down, from a sense of weakness, on a meal-bag. He felt that his whole position had been steadily advancing upon him had made another approach, and that he was growing weaker for resistance instead of stronger.

"Who had the petition when you signed it?" asked the miller, after the first confusion of his thoughts had passed.

"It was in the hands of Paul Justin."

"Did it many signatures?"

"Yes. Most of the people in my neighbourhood put down their names. We think the road will be an advantage."

"Has the Court made a decree in the case?"

"Yes. It was given on last Monday; and the County Commissioners have ordered a survey."

"And I never knew a word of it!" said the miller, now greatly disturbed. There's some wrong and underhand work in this business."

"I don't know about that. Why should there be? As far as I saw, everything was open and above-board," remarked the farmer, innocently. "It's not an unusual thing to make a new road."

Ellis made no reply to this remark. He felt a stunned sensation. Already, the contest between him and his enemies across the dam had left him weak, crippled, and disheartened. He had not only expended a heavy sum in legal fees, and suffered by an award of damages against himself, but found his head of water so much reduced that only a single pair of millstones could be kept steadily in motion, while his neighbours on the other side maintained both factory and flour-mill in full operation all the while. His only advantage, up to this time, had been the farmer's custom, which his location on the best side of the stream had secured. But a new road and bridge only a few hundred yards below would effectually remove this advantage, and then he would be at the mercy of his opponents.

A feeling of desperation took hold of Mr. Ellis's mind, for he saw only ruin before him. After the farmer had driven away with his bag of meal, he started out to learn all the truth about this new road. He did not have to go very far to obtain the information desired; for, at the point on the creek which had been selected for crossing, he found Justin, with two other men appointed by the county commissioners, engaged in making a survey, and fixing the exact points of location for the bridge. Tompkins was with them, but in no satisfied mood; for just three weeks before, he had sold to Adam Wheeler fifty acres of ground, lying along the creek, on both sides, and through this very ground the surveyor had decided to run the new county road. Too late, he had dis-covered his error in selling. The land was worth £300 more than on the day he passed the title to another.

"Who bought the land?" asked Mr. Ellis, as he and Tompkins drew apart from the men engaged in running lines and taking altitudes and distances.

"Wheeler," was answered.

"Myself!" Ellis struck his hands together, as he gave this ejaculation, in a surprised tone.

"Somehow or other, things don't look right," said Tompkins. "Why should he come to me, just when he did, and make an offer for my land?"

"Simply," replied the miller, "because he knew about the project for opening a road. In fact, he's an underhand mover in the whole business. This road is for his benefit. No one else, in my opinion, cares a farthing about it."

"It will be bad for you," said Tompkins.

"It will ruin me," answered the miller, showing strong excitement.

"Can't you stop it?"

"I'm afraid not. It's too late. A decree from the court has been obtained."

"Have you consulted a lawyer?"

"Not yet. It's scarcely an hour since the news reached me."

"Take my advice, and stir this whole matter to the bottom. There's trickery and underhand work somewhere. Nobody asked me to sign a petition. Why not? Nobody asked you to sign a petition. Why not? Men who work in the dark don't usually have the public good in view. Wheeler is at the bottom of this thing, depend on it. He was very fast to have all the papers signed after bargaining for this land. Couldn't wait a single day. I felt, then, that he must be in possession of information touching the real value of the land of which I was in ignorance."

"All of which makes it clear that he is the moving spirit in this business. I must see my lawyer immediately, and get him to dive down to the bottom of affairs."

The legal adviser of Mr. Ellis had little comfort to give. After hearing all that his client had to say, he declared it as his belief that any attempt to induce the court to alter its decree would be fruitless.

"You can only argue," he said, "an assumed diversion of business from your mill to Wheeler's, and thence injury to yourself. But this will not influence the court. If Wheeler is able to grind cheaper than you, the court will say that here is a reason for, instead of against, the road, as a public benefit. You must adapt yourself to the new circumstances. You must grind as cheaply as Wheeler, and thus retain your business."

"The rates at which he grinds for the farmers won't pay expenses," said Mr. Ellis.

"Then, how can he afford to grind at such prices?"

"Don't you know? Haven't I explained it to you over and over again? He keeps two pairs of burrs going all the time on merchant-
work, while I have rarely had enough to run
more than a single pair, and must stop that
when a girt is to be ground.
"Oh! Ah! Yes. I see now." And the
lawyer shook his head and looked grave; add-
ing, "There can be no question about the truth
of your allegation, that Wing takes water from
the dam at a lower level than you do."
"Not at all. The thing is self-evident.
And yet Justin, after making a survey by order of
the court, declared the levels to be the same.
What am I to do?"
"The lawyer sat musing for some time.
"We might open the case again. Might try
him on a new issue?"
"And have costs and damages to pay as be-
fore. There's no justice to be had in the land.
Cheats and scandrels have all their own way!"
Mr. Ellis was very much excited.
"Law is very uncertain," was coldly answered.
"No man is sure of his case until the decision
is made. I have argued precisely similar cases
on opposite sides, and gained both ways. Law
and justice stand fairly in the same relation,
but the jury gave me the cases. One of them
must have been decided unjustly," And the
lawyer shrugged his shoulders.
"Then I am to be ruined totally," said the
miller, with much bitterness of manner, "ruined
under colour of law! Shall I submit? Shall
I lie down and let wicked men trample me
under their feet? No, sir! I am a peace-loving
man; but there is a point beyond which I will
not be driven." Ellis was strongly agitated.
"There was a time," said the lawyer, "when,
if you had demanded your rights, and stood up
boldly in their maintenance, you could have
secured them—a time when you had the power
to enforce justice. But you permitted these men
to entrench themselves in wrong, and secure
advantages over you, day by day, until they have
become masters of the position. They are too
strong for you, Mr. Ellis. Were I in your
place, I'd get rid of this mill-property at any
sacrifice. Neither peace nor prosperity can
attend you in its possession.
"And you have no better advice to give?"
The miller spoke in a half desponding, half des-
perate tone of voice.
"None," answered the lawyer.
"I will not take your advice," was the sternly-
speaked reply. "If the law withholds justice,
my own strong arm shall wrest it from those
who seek to do me injury,
"Take care, Mr. Ellis," said the other, in a
warning voice. "When an individual sets up
to right himself against the law, he usually gets
the worst of it."
"I shall get nothing worse than what is sure
to come if I sit still, and let ruin close around
me," replied Ellis. "I've done these men no
wrong; but instead, have submitted to wrong.
Not content with gaining large advantages by
crippling my prosperity, they now seek to de-
stroy me altogether. Shall I submit? Never,
sir! Never! If the law will not stand by me
as a just man in the community—will not save
me from the wrongs inflicted by evil men—then
I must fight my battle alone, and with such
weapons as I may chance to possess."
"Again I must warn you," answered the
lawyer. "Nothing but disaster can follow, if
you seek to redress yourself. As I remarked
just now, there was a time when you had the
power as well as the right on your side, a time
when you could have compelled these men to
abide by the spirit of your contract with Wing.
But, you were afraid of trouble—a fear of giving
offence and making enemies—a fear of getting
into law; and so let them gain one advantage
over you after another, until now you are power-
less in their hands. Get rid of this mill prop-
erty on any terms. That is my advice."
But the miller shook his head in a resolute
negative. Though apt to yield under pressure,
even when wrong encroached, growing out of a
natural love of peace, he had a strong sense
of justice, and a large reserve of will. He was not
quick to put himself in the position of an antago-
nist; but the position once assumed, not deeply
imbedded rock stood in the street relation,
but the jury gave me the cases. One of them
must have been decided unjustly," And the
lawyer shrugged his shoulders.
"Then I am to be ruined totally," said the
miller, with much bitterness of manner, "ruined
under colour of law! Shall I submit? Shall
I lie down and let wicked men trample me
under their feet? No, sir! I am a peace-loving
man; but there is a point beyond which I will
not be driven." Ellis was strongly agitated.
"There was a time," said the lawyer, "when,
if you had demanded your rights, and stood up
boldly in their maintenance, you could have
secured them—a time when you had the power
to enforce justice. But you permitted these men
to entrench themselves in wrong, and secure
advantages over you, day by day, until they have
become masters of the position. They are too
strong for you, Mr. Ellis. Were I in your
place, I'd get rid of this mill-property at any
sacrifice. Neither peace nor prosperity can
attend you in its possession.
"And you have no better advice to give?"
The miller spoke in a half desponding, half des-
perate tone of voice.
"None," answered the lawyer.
"I will not take your advice," was the sternly-
speaked reply. "If the law withholds justice,
my own strong arm shall wrest it from those
who seek to do me injury,
"Take care, Mr. Ellis," said the other, in a
warning voice. "When an individual sets up
to right himself against the law, he usually gets
the worst of it."
"I shall get nothing worse than what is sure
to come if I sit still, and let ruin close around
me," replied Ellis. "I've done these men no
wrong; but instead, have submitted to wrong.
Not content with gaining large advantages by
crippling my prosperity, they now seek to de-
stroy me altogether. Shall I submit? Never,
sir! Never! If the law will not stand by me
as a just man in the community—will not save

These men have you at a disadvantage, and more will be lost than gained in further contention with them.”

“If I can’t work the mill nobody else can,” said Ellis. “The property, as things now stand, has no actual value.”

“I think you exaggerate the disadvantage,” returned the lawyer. “During at least nine months of the year, you will have a full head of water. It is only during the dry summer season that a deficiency can occur. Don’t look past this fact.”

“I do look past it,” said Ellis. “What security have I against such scoundrels? They’ll find some means to draw off the head, winter and summer. Honest men have no security. Law is on the side of rogues!”

The lawyer did not answer. Ellis went on:

“I know that I have the right; and yet, in appealing to the law for protection, I am repulsed and punished. It is not enough that I suffer wrong; in seeking legal redress for that wrong I am spurned as the wrong-doer, and penalties laid on my shoulders. In the very effort to disentangle myself from the thraldom of unjust aggression upon my rights, the law steps in, and, binding me hand and foot, throws me helpless at the mercy of my assailants; and then I am coolly advised to accept the humiliating alternative, of an abandonment of all to the wicked men who are seeking my destruction! But I tell you, sir, that while I have power to lift a hand I will not yield! If you were to offer me this day the full cost of my mill property I would not accept the tender. I shall hold it against them. This strife of interest is not of my seeking. I am in all fair and just; but, if fight is the word—if peace cannot be maintained except by giving up all, then I gird my loins for battle, then I draw the sword and fling away the scabbard.”

“Take a word of advice,” said the lawyer.

“Say on.”

“Beware how you fight!”

“How I fight?”

“Yes.”

There was a pause. The two men stood looking into each other’s faces. Ellis understood the warning.

“Thank you,” he said, “I will take heed.”

It was now as late in the season as October; the summer and fall had been unusually dry, and, in consequence, Mr. Ellis had lost seriously through lack of water to grind, while his neighbour’s mill rumbled away under a fair head all the time. But, rains having set in, a fair supply for both mills was beginning to come down, and as the water line commenced rising in Ellis’s furnace, and his great wheels to take a steadier and faster motion, a calmer and more hopeful state of mind began to exist. There was promise of a good winter’s grinding, and, resting on this, Ellis tried to push from his thoughts as much as possible everything connected with the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of his neighbours. But this was no easy work, for, in direct aspect, right over the creek, stood Wheeler’s mill, and he could never lift his eyes without seeing the great waterwheel, which always seemed to glance at him with a spiteful and defiant air. Thus, bad blood was forever being stirred in his heart.

In the meantime work on the new road and bridge was in rapid progress, and it was a thing of almost daily occurrence for the farmers who came with their grists to refer to the period of its completion.

“You’ll not have it all your own way long, friend Ellis,” one would say, as he tried to beat down the miller’s price for grinding. “The new bridge will be ready at Christmas.”

“Your neighbour opposite intends to run you off the track,” another would remark; while from a third would come the annoying asseveration, that in a week after the new road and bridge were completed, he wouldn’t have a grist in his mill.

These things were deeply galling. Ellis pondered them night and day, a spirit of angry desperation gaining a stronger and stronger ascendency over him. Those who had known him intimately for years were surprised to mark the change that had come over him. He was harder, and more irritable. All his cheerfulness of temper was gone. It had given place to a stern reserve that repelled almost everyone. Half of his time he seemed lost amid gloomy thoughts.

At last the bridge was completed, and, according to prediction, the farmers’ wagons, instead of stopping at Ellis’s mill, commenced crossing by the new road. To check this, the price of grinding was reduced to Wheeler’s schedule, which operated as a temporary diversion of trade back to the old channel. But Wheeler was not the man to yield in this contest, which he had resolved not to abandon until Ellis was wholly ruined. So he dropped to a lower scale, and the farmers again took their way across the new bridge. A few days afterwards a handbill was circulated extensively, on both sides of the creek, in which Ellis used some pretty strong language against both Wing and Wheeler, and closed by declaring that he would grind for any prices the farmers might choose to pay. Two things followed by way of retaliation: a libel suit, and an offer to grind without any charge whatever. So the wall of fate seemed to rise higher and close in nearer and nearer upon Ellis every day. Every arrow directed against his neighbours across the creek hurt himself; every blow aimed at them stunned him in its recoil. He grew blinder and more desperate.

(To be continued.)
The Coming Year.

Time hath sped on—another year
Eventful clotheith its career,
Many a pang hath scar'd the heart,
Many a sorrow play'd its part;
Many a cherish'd wish prov'd vain
(Yet cheerily we'll wish again);
Grateful for much, to much resign'd,
May Mem'ry spare the troubl'd mind,
Rascal the pleasures which have flown
And make past joys once more our own.
We'll stay the sigh—suppress the tear,
And greet with smiles the Coming Year.
The staff of Wisdom let us grasp,
As Christians all, our Bible clasp;
There read the page wherein of yore
Those pilgrims read—"Who've gone before,"
God grant us aid! God give us strength
Whate'er our earthly journey's length,
And Faith shall guide, and Hope shall cheer
The steps we tread—the Coming Year!

New Year's Eve. A sleepy.

FIRST AND SECOND CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I met an old and feeble man—he walked with halting pace;
I gazed on him—a vacant smile was playing o'er his face;
I spoke to him—he answered me with purposeless replies;
He showed no recognition in his dim and glassy eyes.
Beside him was a fragile child—its weak and faltering tone,
Its broken words and wandering glance were symbols of his own;
How wondrously the little child the grandsire's part rehearsed!
How closely Second Childhood seemed connected with the First!

Alas, I sighed, for Life's young dawn!—alas for Life's decline!—
These helpless ones can share not in the pleasures that are mine:
The gathered stores of knowledge they desire not to attain;
They do not prize the sage's words, nor feel the poet's strain;

They cannot know the excellence of human faith
and love;
They cannot bless the mercy of the God who reigns
above;
This beauteous world to them appears a drear, unvaried wild—
I know not which I pity most, the grandsire or the child!
Yet, hold! perchance before that child a brilliant future lies;
His lot may happily be cast among the good and wise;
Soon may his dormant faculties awaken and expand
To greet the mighty march of Mind extending through the land:
And he may smile hereafter o'er the annals of the past,
Knowing how each successive age improves upon the last.
Secrets of art and science that to us look faint and dim
May, in the course of future years, unfold their depths to him.

And he—that old, enfeebled man—they tell me that in youth
He walked devoutly in the ways of holiness and truth;
Alas! he is unable now to dwell on themes sublime,
But the cloud that wraps his spirit only wraps it for a time;
His mind will shortly be endowed with more than mortal powers,
He is standing on the threshold of another world than ours;
The glories of the Heavens, that to mortal eyes look dim,
May in a fleeting space of time be clear and bright to him.

Ye feeble pair, though frail your steps—though slow your lingering speech,
How fair appears the destiny apportioned to you each!
The child may gradually become of Wisdom's stores possest,
Pass through the varied ways of life, and learn to choose the best;
The grandsire has a better lot—his happiness is nigh,
The voices of the angels seem to call him to the sky;
One moment sees him faint and weak—a cumberer of the sod—
The next he gains the wondrous gift—to commune with his God!
MIXED PICKLES.

(A Sea-side Story.)

One fine afternoon, about the middle of July, a gentleman of middle height, and rather thin, might be seen climbing up the cliffs at a small sea-side place named Worsley. He had on a straw hat, which had evidently just come out of the water; for, besides being covered with bits of sea-weed, it was still quite wet. In one hand he carried a walking-stick, in the other a large bundle of sea-weeds.

This was Mr. William Thorn. He had been very ill, and had come to Worsley for change of air. He was lodging at a little white house, about two hundred yards from the cliff.

Mrs. Lester, his landlady, was standing at the door, watching him.

"Well, Mr. Thorn," said she, "how do you like Worsley?"

"I don't know: I've not had time to judge yet; remember, I only came yesterday," replied he.

"Mr. Merton called while you were out, and left his card, which you will find on the table in your room."

"Who is Mr. Merton?"

"A gentleman in the neighbourhood. He has two children, who are called Magenta and Solferino."

"Why?" asked Mr. Thorn.

"Well," said Mrs. Lester, "you see Mrs. Merton doesn't like vulgar names, she says, and as those colours were all the fashion when they were christened, she called them Magenta and Solferino."

"Has anybody else been? I expected a letter."

"Only an old beggar, asking for a copper; but I told him he'd brass enough without, and I gave him a piece of bread instead. What time will you have tea, sir?"

"As soon as possible; and can you boil me a crab?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid I can't: our fire is only large enough to hold one thing at once. 'Too many pans spoil the fire' is a good old adage, sir."

Mrs. Lester was very fond of good old adages, as she called them; but she generally either mixed up two together, or else unconsciously made a new one.

Mr. Thorn's room was small, but very comfortable and pleasant. There was a splendid sea-view from the window. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the "Pilgrim's Progress" were on the table, and a large easy chair in a corner.

Mr. Thorn had scarcely been in his room five minutes, when a message came from Mr. Merton, to ask him to go and spend the evening with them.

"Merton! I know the name very well," thought Mr. Thorn; "but I don't remember where I've heard it."

The Mertons lived very near to the railway-station, in a large, but by no means pretty house: the drawing-room window looked into the street; so there was not a very extensive view. On one side of the house there was a good-sized garden, in which Magenta and Solferino were gathering gooseberries, as Mr. Thorn opened the gate leading to the house.

"That's a nasty Thorn," said Magenta, pricking her finger against a gooseberry-bush.

"Hush!" said Sulfa, "it's a gentleman."

"Will you show me the way to the door?" said Mr. Thorn, who saw no way of getting out of the garden.

"This way," said Solferino, walking over an onion bed, and striding over a short hedge at the bottom of the garden. "You shouldn't have come through that gate, the front-door is at the other side."

"Thank you. Is Mr. Merton in?"

"I don't know," said Solferino, who was not the pink of politeness. Just then the door was opened, and Mr. Merton came out.

"How d'you do, Thorn!" said he: "have you forgotten me? We were at school together."

"Oh, to be sure," said Thorn, "I remember; I thought I knew the name."

"Well, come in; my wife and Hector have gone away for a day, and Treacle and Brimstone have run wild."

"Treacle and Brimstone!" said Thorn.

"Yes; didn't you see them in the garden? We used to call Solferino Sulfa, for short; so Hector turned them into Treacle and Brimstone. But why have you changed your name?"

"Because the other was such an ugly one, it always reminded me of cold beef; and though it did very well for school days, I didn't admire it when I went to college. But how did you know I was here?"

"I saw you this morning, trying to catch a crab, and I knew you directly; but I couldn't stay then, so I called in the afternoon."

"There is a carriage at the door," said Mr. Thorn, looking out of the window.

"It is my wife and Hector," said Mr. Merton.

"Where are the children?" said Mrs. Merton, as soon as she got into the house.

Magenta and Solferino immediately made their appearance, their faces and hands covered with gooseberry juice.

"What have you been doing?" said Mrs. Merton.
"Helping the cook to gather gooseberries," said Solfirino.

"What has become of the China doll I gave you this morning, Magenta?"
Magenta pulled it out of her pocket, in a most dilapidated state.

"It looks as if it had gone to pot," said Hector.

Hector was Mr. Merton's brother; he was a tall, good-looking fellow, and a lieutenant in the Worsely rift corps.

"Well, how went the cricket-match, Hector?" said Mr. Merton.

"Oh, we won it," said Hector. "The Merrydale men never played so badly before."

"It was very hot," said Mrs. Merton. "We met a Mr. Pickles, and a very agreeable man he is."

"Is he any relation of yours, Thorn?" said Mr. Merton.

"I believe he is a half-cousin," said Mr. Thorn.

Please 'm, Miss French Merino has broken a wine-glass, with trying to balance it on the end of her finger," said the nurse, opening the door,

"I never saw anything like those children," said Mrs. Merton, rushing out of the room, with a big music-box in her hand, intending to give Magenta a rap with it. She came back in a little time, saying Magenta was lost, and they looked all over the house, and couldn't find her.

"She surely can't have gone to the cliffs, and fallen over!" said Mr. Merton, jumping up and putting his hat on.

Mr. Thorn and Hector set off in different directions to look for her, stopping every one they met, to ask if they had seen a little girl without bonnet, with a torn pink frock. They had looked for her for more than half-an-hour, when Hector suddenly remembered that she had once before been found at the railway station.

"Have you seen anything of a little girl in a pink frock, without bonnet?" said Hector, to the first porter he met.

"Yes, I did, sir, just before the Merrydale train left," said the porter: "she has perhaps got into it."

"You're sure she's not in the station?"

"No, sir, unless she's in one of those empty coal-trucks."

"I'll go and look," said Hector; and in the first coal-truck he found Magenta, cooly sitting on the top of a large coal, eating some squashed gooseberries, which she had found in her pocket. As soon as she saw Hector she screamed.

"How in the world did you get into that hole, Trecacle?" said Hector, hardly able to keep from laughing.

"I gave a boy a few gooseberries to lift me in," said she, with great dignity.

"Were they squashed ones, out of your pocket?"

"Of course not."

Hector lifted her out.

"What did you come here for, Trecacle?" said he.

"Don't Trecacle me, if you please," said Magenta; "I came here to please myself."

"You're not going to have any more gooseberries for a week to come," said Hector, who rather liked teasing her.

"I don't want any; I'm quite sick of them, I'm sure."

"I don't wonder," said Hector.

They had got nearly to the house, when the nurse met them; for Mrs. Merton had seen them from the drawing-room window.

"You are going to have a good flogging, Miss Magnesia," said she, as she carried her into the house.

"I don't care."

Mr. Thorn was very fond of geology, and the Worsely rocks were every full of fossils. He had found two or three on the sands, which had fallen from the cliffs; but, as they were broken, Mr. Thorn thought he would take his hammer, and climb one of the rocks, in the hope of getting some perfect fossils.

"I shan't be home to dinner to-day, Mrs. Lester," said he, one morning, as she was clearing away the breakfast things. "I'm going to a large rock, half-way between here and Cocklebry.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Lester: "then you'll probably see Deborah Broom."

Deborah Broom was a fisherman's daughter, and she had lived for fifty years in a little thatched cottage, just above the rock to which Mr. Thorn was going; she was very eccentric, and sometimes walked to Worsely (which was quite three miles from her cottage) in the middle of the night, with bare feet and without a bonnet she supported herself by selling fish.

"Can you lend me a bag, do you think?" asked Mr. Thorn.

"What for?" said Mrs. Lester.

"To put fossils into."

"Are they some kind of fish?"

Mr. Thorn explained to her what fossils were; and Mrs. Lester provided him with a good-sized coffee-bag; the only bag she had, except her work-bag.

"You'd better take something to eat, sir," said she, as he set off with the coffee-bag slung on the end of his stick in one hand, and a hammer and chisel in the other, and Mrs. Lester stuffed two great sandwiches into his pocket.

"I wonder if any one ever carried fossils in a coffee-bag before?" said Mr. Thorn.

"Necessity is the mother of wiseheads, you know, as the good old adage says," replied Mrs. Lester.

It was a very hot day, and Mr. Thorn walked slowly, going by the sea-shore, for it was low-water; but he intended coming back by the fields. There were a great many people walking on the sands: Magenta and Solfirino were just going to bathe. It was the first time Mr. Thorn had seen them since Magenta had been found in the coal-truck.

"Your hat is covered with flies, Mr. Thorn,"
said Sallerino, who was by no means shy; "they look as if I was making it."

"Perhaps they think it's a pork-pie," said Mr. Thorn, walking on at a quicker pace; but he soon stopped, for he came to a deep pool-fall of sea-anemones and little hermit-crabs. He had never seen such before. He put down his hammer and chisel, and, after fastening the coffee-bag to his stick, he used it as a hallo for fishing them out of the water. "Thinking that they might be good to eat, he filled one of his coat-tail pockets with them, and then went on again. It was nearly eleven o'clock when he came to the rock.

"I may as well eat the sandwiches now," thought he; "and then I shall have my pockets empty for the fossils, for the coffee-bag will only hold the smaller ones."

"What a mistake!" he exclaimed, as he found he had put the hermit-crabs into the same pocket with the sandwiches. Of course they were not fit to eat, so he threw both them and the hermit-crabs away. Mr. Thorn thought he heard some one laughing; so he jumped up, and looked behind him, when he saw a tall, ugly old woman standing almost close to him. She wore a ragged and very short blue petticoat, a faded red shawl over her shoulders, and a large straw hat tied down over her face; she had a small empty fish-hamper on her back, and a few sticks in her hands.

She seized the sandwiches that Mr. Thorn had thrown away, and ate them without even knocking off the sand which had stuck to them. Mr. Thorn looked at her in utter astonishment. Deborah looked at him for some time, as if she had seen him before; at last she said, with great coolness—

"How old are you? What brought you here?"

Mr. Thorn felt sure she was mad, and, without answering her, he began to climb the rock as quickly as he could.

"I know," shouted the old woman: "you are just twenty-seven years old; and your name is Pickles. Come down!"

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Thorn, coming down the rock; but not quite so fast as he had gone up.

"I'm Deborah Broom, at your service; but I thought you were drowned!"

"It was my brother who was drowned," said Mr. Thorn; "he was younger than me."

"Your brother was drowned, was he?" said Deborah. "Who told you so?"

"I don't remember: I was only a little boy at the time."

Mr. Thorn began to climb up the rock again, for he was rather afraid of the old woman, particularly when she rolled her eyes about in a wild way. "Those mad women are not safe," thought he; "she might take a fancy to my hammer, as she did to those sandwiches—she's a sandwich herself, I think."

But Mr. Thorn wished he had asked her how she got to know his name, and so much about him. He soon, however, forgot all about it; for he had come to a splendid bed of fossils: among these was a fine ammonite, which he was hammering out of the rock, when the stone on which he was standing gave way, and he would have fallen to the bottom if his chin had not been caught by the edge of a long, thin stone, which projected out of the rock, and if he had not also been able with one hand to catch hold of a stone. Here he had been suspended for about three minutes, with his hair flying about in the wind (for his hat had fallen when the stone gave way), when someone shouted to him—

"Hold on a minute longer, and I'll bring a ladder."

It was Mr. Merton, who had by chance come that way, for a walk with his sister-in-law, Miss Rose Mary Magnus. Fortunately Mr. Thorn was near enough to the ground to be able to reach the short ladder, which Mr. Merton had borrowed of Deborah Broom.

"Well, and how do you feel?" said Mr. Merton, when Mr. Thorn had landed in safety; "you made rather a comical figure, hanging by your chin. This is my sister-in-law, Miss Magnus; Miss Magnus was very merry, and good-tempered; she appeared to be about sixty and twenty; her hair was very light and wavy, her face was very much freckled, but she was not bad-looking, and had very bright blue eyes.

"How d'you do, Mr. Thorn?" said she.

"I scarcely know," said Mr. Thorn, picking up his hammer, "but I think I shan't fossilize any more to-day."

"What d'you call this?" said Mr. Merton, taking up the coffee-bag.

"Mrs. Lester lent it to me, to put my fossils in," replied Mr. Thorn; "she told me that necessity was the mother of wiseheads. She is very fond of old adages, as she calls them.

"Very fond of cold cabbage did you say?" asked Miss Magnus, who was rather deaf. "But that reminds me that the new gardener came to me very gravely this morning, and wanted to know if the last gardener was insane, as all the cabbages had been planted with their heads in the ground."

Mr. Thorn looked very much astonished.

"They couldn't be growing?" said he.

"No; they were in Magenta's and Sollerino's gardens."

Mr. Merton invited Mr. Thorn to dinner. Mrs. Worsel, the cook, was in a great fuss, for she could not get any salmon, when Deborah Broom walked into the kitchen, with her fish-basket on her arm.

"Have you got any fresh salmon?" said the cook.

"Fresh this morning, Mrs. Worsel, the biggest salmon I've seen this year; it weighs twenty-five pounds, but I shall want a good price for it."

"Last time you were here, you said you knew a grand secret; now you shall have a very good price for that salmon if you'll tell it to me."
Mixed Pickles.

temptuously; “it was something about Mr. Pickles, you said.”
“I know nothing about Mr. Pickles.”
“But you do,” said the cook; “so you needn’t pretend to be so ignorant. Just tell us, now.”
“If you boil bare bones, how much do you get from them?” said Deborah, tying hershawl round her head, and preparing to go.
“As much sauce as I get from you,” said the cook, angrily. “You can take yoursalmon back, for I won’t have it.”
“Very well,” said Deborah; “I shall get plenty of customers for it, I dare say. Goodday, Mrs. Worsell.”
“Stop a minute,” said the cook, for she did not think that Deborah would take her at herword. “I’ll give you fifteen pence a pound for it, and that’s a good price at this time of year.”
“I thought you’d come round,” muttered Deborah. “Have you got company to dinner to-day?” said she.
“Yes; Mr. Thorn.”
“Who was that gentleman that walked home with Mr. Merton this morning? He had agreat hammer.”
“That was Mr. Thorn. Do you know anything about him?”
“Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don’t; but I must really be going now,” said she, as thecook paid her for the fish.
“You’ve never been introduced to Major Deal, Thorn,” said Mr. Merton, at dinner-time;“he’s a very nice fellow. Let us get up a picnic, and ask him and his daughter.”
“Capital!” said Hector; “we were thinking of a picnic to Cockleby, and it would be a greatdeal nicer if you asked them.”
“You mustn’t talk in that way when he’s here, Hector,” said Mr. Merton, “or else you’llhave to cut before you deal.”
“A deal I should care,” replied Hector.
“Is he that ugly man we met this morning, with a scar on his cheek?” asked Miss Magnus.
“The same,” said Mrs. Merton; “that scar was caused by a wild cat flying at him, when he wasnear Delhi; but he never likes it mentioning.”
“I suppose it’s a delicate subject,” said Hector, who was an inveterate punster.
When dinner was over, they all went into the garden—Magenta and Solferrino too.
“Oh dear!” said Miss Magnus, as they were admiring a bunch of scarlet sweetwilliams, “I’ve lost a little cornelian heart off my bracelet.”
Mr. Thorn immediately stopped down to look forit, and in so doing he nettled his hands, for the garden was full of all kinds of weeds.
“What’s the matter?” said Mrs. Merton.
“Only Aunt Mag. has lost her heart among the sweetwilliams,” said Solferrino, sticking hishands into his pockets.
Miss Magnus went very red, and felt very much inclined to pinch him.
“I’ve nettled myself,” said Mr. Thorn, rubbing his fingers.
“Rub it with dock” said Magenta. “That’s the best doctor for nettles.”
“I’ve found it at last!” exclaimed Mr. Thorn, holding up the cornelian heart.
“Thank you,” said Miss Magnus, “I am exceedingly obliged to you.”
Mr. Thorn spent so pleasant an evening at the Mertons’, that he had no idea how the timewas going; and he kept Mrs. Lester up till nearly twelve o’clock, waiting for him; and verycross she was.

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Chap. II.

“May we have a donkey-ride with Aunt Mag., mamma?” asked Magenta, next morning.
“Have you eaten any green apricots lately?”
“No,” said Magenta.
“Very well, then, you may.”
Magenta put on her hat, and ran into the garden to find Miss Magnus; but before she hadcrossed the onion-bed, Tomkins, the new gardener, stopped her.
“Hallo! Miss Treacle,” said he, sticking hisspade into the earth; “is it you, or Master Brimstone, that has put all these cockle-shells on the top of my legible marrers? it really is past everything I wish your ma would give you a good blowing up.”
Tomkins was very much given to grumbling, and he was in a particularly bad temper this morning, because Solferrino had planted a row of nettles on the top of the late-sown peas, because he said Miss Magnus had never tasted nettle-porridge, and he wished her to have some. Magenta did not like Tomkins at all; for, besides being always grumbling, he had dug up her garden one night after she had gone to bed, and, though he said it was a mistake, he did not give her the chance of having another.
“Let me pass, Tomkins,” said Magenta;
“I’m in a hurry!”
And, before Tomkins could stop her, she had got over the hedge and into the flower-garden, at the upper end of which there was a summer-house, with a door at the back opening into a little plantation. Miss Magnus was sitting in this summer-house, crocheting an orange-andblack purse, when Magenta ran to her. “Aunt Mag.,” said she, “mamma says we may have adonkey-ride this morning; come, go!”
Miss Magnus yielded very willingly. On their way to the sands they met Mr. Thorn, whooffered to hire the donkeys, and get one for himself at the same time. Miss Magnus’s donkeywas very lively; Mr. Thorn’s would scarcely go on at all. He patted it, beat it, shouted at it;but it was all unavailing; the donkey would not move a step.
“Can you get another?” said Miss Magnus.
“No,” replied Mr. Thorn; “there is no other. ‘I don’t know what to do.’
“Tie them both together, and then beat the fast one,” said Solferrino.
"Don’t talk nonsense, Sulfa," said Miss Magnus.

Mr. Thorn’s donkey, whose name was Neptune, suddenly turned round, and set off at a gallop after a pony that had just passed them. The other donkeys of course followed, and they had a regular gallop—the contrary way to that which they intended.

"Ho! get out of the way!" shouted Thorn, nearly riding over a wheelbarrow, which he thought was a great fat pig!

"Dear me! I’ve lost my hat!" said Miss Magnus, reining up her donkey with such a sudden jerk that the bridle broke, and she nearly fell off the donkey. "The bridle is quite worthless," exclaimed she, seizing the donkey’s mane. This the donkey did not admire at all, and began to kick. "Mr. Thorn, do stop!" she shouted; "I believe the saddle is slipping round!"

But Mr. Thorn did not hear a word, for Neptune was galloping harder than ever, and Solferino and Magenta were trying to keep up with him; when some one suddenly seized hold of Mr. Thorn’s bridle, and turned the donkey’s head.

"Thank you, sir; I’m much obliged," said Mr. Thorn, who was very much out of breath.

"I’m glad I was so lucky as to stop it," said the gentleman, raising his hat.

Mr. Thorn looked very hard at him. "I believe I’ve seen that fellow before," thought he; "but I suppose I was only at school with him."

"How d’you do, Mr. Moor?" said Magenta; "we’ve just had a delightful gallop!"

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Moor, hastily. "Good morning."

"That is a friend of Mr. Pickles," said Magenta to Mr. Thorn.

But Mr. Thorn said no attention, for he caught sight of Miss Magnus, who was trying to get off the kicking donkey. The next moment he jumped off Neptune, and helped her off the donkey, and then went for her hat, which had fallen into a pool of water, floating at the top.

"Your donkey has run away!" said Solferino; "so what shall we do?"

"I think," said Miss Magnus, "we’d better go back, and send the boy to fetch it."

As they were going back, Mr. Thorn said, "I have had a note from Mr. Pickles this morning to ask me to a dinner-party next week. May I ask if you’re going, Miss Magnus?"

"Yes, I think so. You will go also, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, I intend to do so."

They were coming along very slowly when Mrs. Lester met them. Poor, anxious woman! she had been looking all over the village for Mr. Thorn, for it was more than an hour after his usual dinner-time.

"I’m very sorry I’m late, Mrs. Lester; but I forgot my watch. I hope you’ll agree with me, that, ‘Better late than never’ is a good old adage?"

"Yes, sir; but I think, ‘Behind time go without dinner’ is better."

As they had now reached Mrs. Lester’s lodgings, he said good-bye to Miss Magnus, and went in.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Lester, when she got into the kitchen—"I just left the house while I went to look for you, and someone has stolen the dinner!"

"I’ll go and look after them," said Mr. Thorn, putting his hat on again.

"Stay!" said Mrs. Lester; "I left it on the fender to keep warm, and the dog has got it. It’s an ill wind that blows butter into a dog’s throat!"

"I’ll go and see if I can get a crab, or something," said Mr. Thorn.

Rushing hastily out of the house he ran against Parsley, Mr. Merton’s butler. Their hats both fell off, and they would have fallen themselves if it had not been for the iron railing in front of the house.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Parsley, rubbing his nose; "I brought a note from Mrs. Merton."

Mr. Thorn tore the note open; it was to ask him to luncheon, and to help them to make hay afterwards.

Mr. Thorn told Parsley he should be very glad to come. Mr. Merton was obliged to go to Merrydale on business, and left directly after luncheon.

"When will you be back, Richard?" said Mrs. Merton. "Are you going to walk?"

"Yes: it’s only three miles. You may expect me back about nine."

Magenta and Solferino were in a great hurry to begin haymaking, and at last persuaded Miss Magnus to put on her hat and go with them.

"Will you join us, Mr. Thorn?" said Mrs. Merton, tying on a very large white hat, with blue rosettes at the ears.

"With the greatest pleasure," said Mr. Thorn.

"I came for that purpose."

And they set off.

The men were putting the hay into pike at the lower part of the field, but the upper part was still in lapcock. They had not been long in the field when Major Deal and his daughter came to them. Major Deal was very tall; his face was the colour of leather. He had very bushy, black eyebrows, moustaches, and whiskers. His daughter was tall, very pretty, with very dark hair and eyes.

"Well," said the Major, "are you going to dine at Pickleby Hall on Wednesday?"

"I suppose so," replied Mrs. Merton.

"I believe it will be a very large party. It is impossible for me to go, and I came to ask you to let Ellen go with you?"

"Oh, certainly, with the very greatest pleasure."

In the meantime Magenta and Solferino had buried Miss Magnus in the hay. Mr. Thorn had fallen asleep at the other side of the field.

"Let us cover him with hay," said Solferino; "and when he wakes he won’t know where he is!"
"Will you come into the garden, Major?" said Mrs. Merton. "I wish you would tell us what is the matter with our melons: we can't get them to grow at all."

"What a melancholy fact!" said the Major, putting a nut-leaf into his mouth. He was very fond of chewing nut-leaves.

"Will you come into the garden too, Miss Deal?" said Hector. "It's a wretched place; though Tomkins has made the weeds look rather scarcer since he came."

"Thank you," said Miss Deal. "I wish we had a garden; for we're obliged to buy all our flowers."

When they were in the garden Hector gathered Miss Deal some roses, to the intense vexation of Tomkins, who watched him all the time as if he had been stealing.

Magenta and Solfirino had followed Mrs. Merton into the garden.

"How dreadfully savage your gardener looks!" said Miss Deal.

"Yes, and he is too," said Magenta. "He's the crossest man I ever saw in all my life!"

On returning to the hayfield, "Where can Mr. Thorn be?" said Mrs. Merton: "I thought he was in the field."

Magenta and Solfirino looked at each other; the haymakers had made a pike on the top of the hay in which they had buried him.

"Mamma," said Solfirino, "I believe he's under that pike!"

"What in the world do you mean?" said Mrs. Merton.

"He went to sleep," said Magenta, "and we covered him over with hay, and they have made a pike on the top of him!"

"You naughty, tiresome children!" said Mrs. Merton: "what have you done?"

"Will he be killed, mamma?" asked Solfirino, twisting the buttons off his coat.

Hector went to the haymakers to ask if they had seen Mr. Thorn, and if it was possible that he was really buried under the pike.

"I've never seen him since you left the field," said one of the men; "and certainly, as I said to Dick, there did seem to be a great lump in it! But he said as how it was only the children as had been playing with it; so we didn't look."

"The pike must come down directly," said Hector; "though I can't think it possible that he is there."

The men began to throw aside the hay; Magenta and Solfirino, with very white faces, standing at a little distance, holding each other's hands. Major Deal was telling Mrs. Merton that, if Mr. Thorn was under the hay, he would most certainly be smothered! And Hector was helping to knock the pike to pieces.

"They've nearly got to the bottom," said the Major to Mrs. Merton: "you'd better shut your eyes; it might be too much for you! Shall I go and fetch your smelling-bottle?"

"There is a strange lump!" said one of the men. "I scarce like to go on, sir!"

"Did you ever see a man the shape of a rolled pudding?" said Hector, taking up the lump in his arms, and shaking it. It was nothing but hay, that had been twisted round and round until it had become quite hard.

"O dear! what a relief!" said Mrs. Merton, opening her eyes.

"It is indeed a great thing to be thankful for," said the Major, who had seen Mr. Thorn in the summer-house with Miss Magnus as they came out of the garden, and therefore knew all about it.

"Then, I wonder where he is," said Mrs. Merton.

"Perhaps eating strawberries," said Magenta and Solfirino, running off in search of him, and soon dragging Mr. Thorn out of the summer-house.

"Now we really must go," said the major; and my daughter will come to you about six o'clock on Wednesday. Good morning."

Towards night a sea-fog came on, and it became very gloomy. Mr. Merton was detained much longer than he expected, and it was nearly nine o'clock before he left Merrydale. It would be high water at eleven.

"I shall have plenty of time to get home in an hour," thought Mr. Merton; for he was a very good walker. So he set off at a pretty good pace, and had nearly got half way home when he met Deborah Broom.

"It's a very dark night, sir," said Deborah;

"but I'm glad I've met you, as I want to talk to you."

"Well," said Mr. Merton, "be quick, then; for I'm late as it is."

"Do you remember Mr. Samuel Pickles's two sons being shipwrecked, about twenty years since, and people said one of them was drowned?"

"I remember something about it, what then?"

"It was the youngest that was saved, wasn't it?"

"No, the eldest; because I was at school with him; and he is at my house at present, I believe."

"Yes," said Deborah, "and the youngest is alive, too; unless he's dead."

"Why do you detain me with such stuff as that?" said Mr. Merton. "Good night."

"I might have known there was no good talking to him," thought Deborah; "but I will speak to this Pickles, or Thorn, myself."

It had grown much darker; and Mr. Merton had just come to the worst part of his walk. Until now he had been walking on the sands; but immediately after parting with Deborah Broom, he was obliged to walk over rough slippery stones. He had intended going round by the edge of these, where there was a strip of sand; but the tide had increased so rapidly that many even of the stones were under water. Mr. Merton walked as fast as he could; but it was becoming so dark that sometimes he could scarcely distinguish the stones from the pools; and more than once found himself half way up
Our Paris Correspondent.

MY DEAR C.,—

Winter begins well in point of emotion; event succeeds event, and we have scarce time to discuss one before another rushes in. The death of the King of the Belgians has filled our papers with just tributes of respect to the memory of the good old monarch, so regretted by his own subjects as well as by all Europe. It was only last year that he walked about our streets like a simple mortal, and delighted the loungers on our boulevards by his unceremonious sipping of his coffee on a small table outside a “café comme un vrai bourgeois,” just as his father-in-law, Louis

to his knees in salt-water. If it had not been for the good stout stick which he had brought with him, he would scarcely have been able to get on at all. Fortunately the sea was very calm, but the tide was now rapidly coming in; yet he dare not go any nearer to the cliff, for large loose stones were continually rolling down from the top. The wind now suddenly rose, blowing in his face. The first gust took him so completely by surprise, that he nearly lost his balance and slipped from the stone on which he was standing. The next moment his hat was blown away, and, in stretching out his hands to catch it, he stepped upon some slippery seaweed, and fell. With a good deal of difficulty he got upon his feet again. He had still a large projecting rock to pass, and then his way was easy. But he began to despair of being able to pass it. He looked at the cliff; but it was impossible to reach the top without a ladder—and, even then, it was dangerous. The rock was now more than three feet deep in the sea, as he judged. He looked towards the sea, if by chance there might be a boat; but there was none; and, even if there had been, he could neither have been heard nor seen.

“‘Well, I must try to climb the cliff,’” thought he. “But no sooner had he reached the base, than a large stone rolled from the top, and, hitting him on the shoulder, knocked him down.

Just at this moment there was a loud “Halloo!” which seemed to come from the top of the cliff, which he had been endeavouring to climb.

“Halloo!” shouted Mr. Merton. “Help me, I’m fast in the rocks.”

The next moment a rope-ladder was carefully lowered over the cliff.

“Quick, or I shall be drowned,” groaned Mr. Merton. “Is it you, Hector?”

“Yes,” replied Hector, who was now slowly descending the ladder, while Parsley held a lantern at the top.

“Where are you, Richard?” said Hector, as he got to the bottom. “There, take hold of my hand, for it is very slippery. Have you got hold of the rope? Mind the loose stones.”

Hector held the rope firmly at the bottom; while Mr. Merton slowly ascended the ladder. The waves were now washing against the rock.

“Don’t go too fast,” said Hector: “there’s plenty of time.”

Mr. Merton got to the top; and now Hector began to ascend, and at last, with great difficulty, reached the edge of the cliff. Parsley and Mr. Merton dragged him over it.

In the meantime Mrs. Merton, Miss Magnus, and Mr. Thorn were in the drawing-room. It was growing very dark. Miss Magnus sat on the sofa, her hair ornamented with bits of hay; for they had been in the hayfield again after dinner. Mrs. Merton was near the window, looking out, though it was too dark to see anything. Mr. Thorn was sitting by the table, turning over a book of pictures, and thinking “Beauty and the beast” was a large rock, with a cow underneath. The clock struck ten.

“He ought to have been here an hour ago,” exclaimed Mrs. Merton, starting up; “I really must go and look for him.”

“My dear, you must not think of such a thing,” said Miss Magnus. “Hector could not possibly have brought him back by this time.”

“Shall I go?” said Mr. Thorn, hoping that she would say no.

“Thank you,” said Mrs. Merton, “I should be obliged if you would.”

Mrs. Merton and her sister sat still for another quarter of an-hour, without speaking, when some one tapped at the window; and Mr. Thorn’s voice was heard, saying, “I can’t find my way out of the garden.”

“I’ll get the lantern,” said Miss Magnus, jumping up.

There was a small lantern hanging in the hall; she reached it down, lighted it, and, putting her hat on wrong way first, ran out into the garden.

“Mr. Thorn,” said she, “where are you?”

“I’m here,” replied he. “I’m very sorry to give you so much trouble, but really, I could not find my way out of the garden.”

“Oh, it’s no trouble: that’s the gate. You’ll come back with them.”

“Richard is so careless about the tides,” said Mrs. Merton, nervously, as Miss Magnus came back, “and he said he would be sure to be back by nine.”

They waited nearly another half-hour, when Mrs. Merton exclaimed, “They’re coming! I heard the gate,” and rushed out into the garden. Miss Magnus followed her.

When the gentlemen had related their adventure, “We were only just in time,” said Hector.
Philippe would have done. During that short visit to Paris he called on the Prince Napoleon, and on being told by the concierge that the Prince was out, he said, "Then tell him, when he returns again, that I am an Englishman, passing through Paris, has called on him." The gilded lackeys could scarce believe their ears—a king without a carriage and attendants! His death put a stop to the fêtes at Compiègne, and also deprived their Majesties of the company of the King and Queen of Portugal at their autumnal residence, where the season was more than usually brilliant, and has been the theme of Parisian gossip. The Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern were the chief guests this year; and the other visitors were in raptures with the fair young Princess, who followed the chase on horseback several times, as well as three or four other ladies. At the last stag-hunt there was great excitement; the animal rushed into a farm-yard, followed by the dogs and hunters, just as a herd of cows were quietly returning home. Fancy the pell-mell! The stag, finding no outlet, turned back; the dogs also. The cows rushed about, bellowing in all directions. Carriages, dogs, cows, and horsemen got so intermingled, that it was the greatest chance there was not an accident. However, order was restored, and the cows reasssembled by the inspector of the forest, to the great delight of the farmer’s wife, who declared that monsieur l’inspecteur had more than saved her life in saving the lives of her cows.

At a shooting-party, Lord Dudley seeing that the public were not allowed to approach the place where the game lay on the ground, but were kept back by the police, begged the inspector to let them come. “They will not touch it, I am sure,” said his lordship. “Oh yes, they will,” answered the inspector. “I know from experience that, if they are not kept at a distance, several pieces will be gone when we call them over to-night.” “Well, monsieur l’inspecteur,” said the Earl, “do allow that man in a grey hat, who seems so eager to get a glance, to approach.” And his lordship stepped up to a brave citizen of Compiègne, foremost in the rank of the spectators, and, taking him by the hand, led him, quite bewildered by the honour, into the forbidden circle.

There are three series of guests invited to Compiègne. A special train, paid by the Emperor, conveys them there and back, and nothing can be more curious than to be at the station the day a series leaves Paris. The servants arrive first, with the luggage, and salute each other with the name of their respective masters; an hour after, carriage after carriage arrives—now a grand turn-out, now a modest cab, with the masters and mistresses themselves, who take their places in six saloon carriages, and the servants in ordinary first-class carriages. The day a series leaves, the château is dull, her Majesty wishing to keep all her guests, so that the plan of the house is examined and re-examined, to see if another room cannot be found; and the Empress is radiant with joy if a discovery is made by which a favoured guest can be detained a week longer. She herself generally visits all the apartments before the arrival of a new series, to see that all is arranged for the comfort of her visitors. The morning of the departure the company dress for their journey as soon as breakfast is over, and then assemble in the drawing-room where their Majesties are to receive their adieux—adieux that take a long time, all lingering until the last moment. The bravest of the lot at last makes a stir, and place is made for the series that another train is already bringing.

The second series of visitors this season carried off unheard-of laurels in the “Revue” (burlesque on all that has happened during the year), composed by one of them, and performed by themselves before their august host and hostess. It is called “Les commentaires de César,” composed by the Marquis de Massa, and sparkling with wit and delicate compliments to Napoleon III. The young Prince played a part in it, and the Princess de Metternich, as a “cantière” (song) and a coachman, has not only filled Compiègne with her reputation of a first-rate actress, but Paris also. The Emperor and Empress were kept in one continual laugh all the evening, and frequently gave the signal to applaud, particularly when the young Ambassador of Austria was on scene. She was truly charming as “Song,” with a white petticoat, black lines round the bottom, that represented keys in music, a tulle petticoat with stars all over it; a black velvet bodice spangled with diamonds, an “aigrette” of diamonds and two roses in her hair. The famous mule “Rigolo” was represented in pastelboard on the scene, and at the end of the revue one of the actors advanced and sang a few lines, saying, that when the Roman prisoners entered the arena they pronounced a few words in Latin; that braving that ferocious animal Rigolo he could do the same; and jumping on the back of the mule, he exclaimed—

Et sur son dos m’acier à tue-tête :
Moritur, Cesar, to salutant !

The Emperor laughed to tears at this last trait. I would like to give you a résumé of the piece; but it would be too long. They say it is to be published. Monsieur Sardou’s comedy, “La Famille Benoîton,” did not meet with the same success, but was rather coolly received. The other evenings were passed at the château in the three grand saloons. In one the younger visitors danced; in another her Majesty generally remained conversing with the more sedate. Monsieur de Sacy, member of the Académie Française received from the Empress what is considered a great honour, that is, a hope that Monsieur de Sacy would always attend her tea-parties. The Emperor generally withdrew after half-an-hour’s conversation with some of the company in the other saloon, where cards was the amusement; and at about eight o’clock he was already seated in this “cabinet particulier,” correcting the second volume of “La vie de César,” which is
The wedding of the Princess Anna Murat has been the great talk of the day in the Paris fashion. The jewels offered to her by the young bridegroom are very magnificent, and cost a million and a half francs. One diamond, placed over the ducal crown, they say belonged to Saïd-Pacha, and costs alone 500,000 francs. Then there is a set in diamonds and emeralds, another in pearls and diamonds, and another in turquoises and diamonds; a black pearl necklace, a coral necklace, &c., &c., &c., enough to cause many a young heart to ache with envy. In the "corbeille" they say was a very curious old-fashioned beautifully sculptured box, containing, with a proof of their authenticity, the "langes"—the swaddling clothes of Henry IV—rather a curious present to a young bride, methinks! The civil marriage was performed at Prince Lucien Murat's house. The court carriages were sent to convey the party to the Tuileries, a carriage drawn by six horses for the bride. There the Archbishop of Paris blessed the union in the chapel, before the Emperor and Empress. A grand breakfast followed at the Tuileries, and the Duchesse de Mouchy started for the Castle de Mouchy, near Mony. The Conseil Municipal had voted a sufficient sum to receive the young couple with éclat as they passed through the town. A part of the honeymoon is to be passed there, but they are expected back to Paris for the "Jour de l'An" (New-year's-day). The Princess's cousin, Prince Napoleon, did not assist at the ceremony, for at the same hour on Monday his imperial Highness followed to the grave an ex-minister of the Republic, Monsieur Bixio—a man greatly respected here. In 1848, although he had received several balls at the barricades, he still remained at his post. He was the founder of "La Maison Rustique," and of the "Journal d'Art et Pratique," and the papers are full of his good qualities. Another death, from small-pox, has deprived us of our humorous editor of the "Charivari," Louis Huart, the "bîte noir" of the charitable Louis Veuillot; while, almost worse than death, loss of reason has removed to Dr. Blanche's asylum for the insane, the chief-surgeon to the Emperor, Dr. Joberg de Lambrille. His madness came on from grief at being absent from Paris when the Empress telegraphed for him after the accident in Switzerland. Dr. Nélaton went for him, and Dr. Joberg lost his senses through jealousy. His madness is incurable, and it is supposed that Nélaton will be named in his place, he having been included in the invitations to Compiègne.

Mère Hyacinthe is preaching the Advent at Notre Dame, with brilliant success—as success is now the word for church as well as theatre. The eloquent Father looks extremely well in his large white flannel garment, which he wraps round him with becoming effect; four thousand persons nightly flock to listen to him, though certainly more than half that number cannot hear a word. The men, as usual, are separated from the women, and are accorded the best places—nearest the pulpit; it is almost impossible for a lady to hear, in the places destined for them. The newly-converted wife of the Minister of Public Instruction, Madame Duruy, is very assiduous. I imagine that the good Father deems women angels, and so less in need of his exhortations; though why reserved places are kept for the numberless priests that nightly surround him I cannot tell, while so many men cannot approach surely the unconverted are more in need of his eloquence than the converted! and why those serviteurs de ville? it seems so odd to have the police to keep order in a church. He preaches on "independent moral," a new moral, I believe, or so it appears to me, never having heard it named until lately; but then I am very ignorant of the numerous morals now in vogue. By the way, it seems that the actresses in the new piece at the Châtelet "La Lanterne Magique" have been rather too independent in the morality of their costume; so much so, that our guardian of public morality, the Préfet of the Police, has just sent orders to the directors of the theatres in general, and to that of the Châtelet in particular, to lengthen their actresses' dresses and to thicken their transparency. Imagine what it must have been, to have given umbrage to a Parisian public!

Another police order forbids a master of a café to allow a solitary female to sit down outside a café for refreshments. A fair customer being too often a kind of cobweb spread out by the cunning vendor to attract passing flies. I should think that the late trial of Mdlle. Bertier, alias Madame Court, is the cause of this sudden fit of severity on the part of Monsieur le Préfet de la Police. He has a son of about the same age of the young Debrusse, the amorous minor, who has spent 200,000 francs (£2,000), for which he is in debt, on this public "lorete," in the two years that he has left college, where, after ten years' assiduity, he has not been able to learn to spell, as letters read at the trial proved. The lady is condemned to six months' imprisonment, to the great anguish of her boy-lover, who shed tears on hearing the sentence. Of course the woman has appealed to a higher court, but in all probability the sentence will be confirmed. Her husband, who has not lived with her for years, has also petitioned for a separation, though that she regards with the greatest indifference: her only fear is that her beauty will be impaired by being obliged to have her hair cut off. Another trial has called to Geneva one of our cleverest barristers, to plead a nullity of marriage against a false Baron de Lancy, who, under pretence of being rich and noble, obtained the hand of a noble young lady, Mdlle. Blanche Fleury de Malecane. The baron turns out to be a peasant of Lancy, employed in a circus in Paris, and, for the moment, lodged at the expense of the Government for not knowing what was his own. A very short time after his marriage he treated his young wife as he had
been used to treat his horses, and forced her to receive his mistresses at her house. It seems that there are many implicated in the affair for having given false references to the young lady’s family before the union.

**Apropos** of marriage, the public—that indefatigable match-maker—has again married Monsieur Émile Ollivier. Last year he was to have espoused Mlle. Meyerbeer; this year it is Mlle. Bouvet, the charming “lectrice” to the Empress; but the papers have again denied the news. What is the meaning of these frequent reports? M. Ollivier saw the young lady when he presented to the Empress his “rapport” on the young prisoners de la Roquette, this autumn, and found that she very much resembled his “poor dear wife.” That looks very suspicious; though, after all, the young lady may not have been as sensible to the charms of M. Ollivier. *On dit* that M. O.’s father-in-law, l’Abbé Listz, is soon coming to Paris, with a mass just composed by him for St. Eustache, where it will be chanted for the benefit of the poor.

Verdi has been in Paris some time. They say that his presence here is not only for the repetitions of his “Horza del Destino,” but he has also been asked to compose an opera for the opening of the New Opera House, and he desires to have for subject the drama “Marion Delorme.” He was seen the other night at the Bouffes-Parisiens, clapping with all his might the new operette of Offenbach, “Les Bérgeres.”

The new comedy, “Heniëtta Maréchal,” by the brothers de Gounod, has at last been taken off the affiche at the Théâtre Français—the famous “Pipe-en-bois” has triumphed. Do you know who Pipe-en-bois is? He is a kind of mysterious person now in vogue—some say a student, whose occupation it is to smoke a long pipe in wood, and to hiss at the theatre when a piece or its authors do not please him; others say that it is a phantom invoked by those who assert that the “row” made on the first representation of “Heniëtta Maréchal” was a cabal to put down the comedy, because the Princess Mathilde had taken it under her protection. Let that be as it may, the comedy has fallen, after exciting all Paris either for or against. The hissers certainly went on purpose to hiss; for it was impossible for the impartial public to hear a word at any of the representations. Mollière’s house never before saw such a scene as has been exhibited there for a fortnight. The critics are far from agreeing on its merits. There is a scene of a bal de l’Opéra that very much disgusts the purist as defiling the stage where Racine and Mollière reign. For my part, I think the piece a disgusting thing altogether. A heroine of forty years of age (a married woan, of course), with a daughter that is sixteen, to fall in love with a boy of nineteen, and—you may guess the rest. Is it possible for so monstrous a passion to excite sympathy? I say that a shower-bath would do them both good; for it is nothing but great sensuality. **Apropos of this piece,** there has been a deal said about what we call the *claque*: that is, men or boys employed by the administration to applaud. They have several picturesque names: “les romans,” “les chevaliers du lustre,” because they are always seated in the pit, under the lustre. They have a chief, and he alone is remunerated; his soldiers receive a certain number of tickets, which they sell for their own profit. Public opinion has tried to put them down, and M. Montjanze, of the Théâtre-Lyrique, dismissed them his service. They revenged themselves by causing such a tumult in the house for a whole year, that he was obliged to negotiate peace with them. “You require our services again,” said the captain, malignantly; “very well. But we are dearer now. You must pay us the lost year, and double what you paid us before.”

The director was obliged to submit.

There is a great commotion amongst the law-students. Seven of their comrades have been expelled the Law-school, for having gone to the Congress at Liège, where, it seems, they made very violent speeches, declaring that no less than three hundred thousand heads in Paris must fall before liberty could reign. Instead of laughing at the hallucinations of a set of boys, the minister—to please Madame Benoîton (the name of a personage in *la famille Benoîton*, but by which the students designate the Empress)—has rendered a decree that has exasperated the whole school—those even who disapprove the Congress: they say it is not legal, and there was a regular uproar at the first lesson after the decree. The police were called in, and more than twenty arrests took place.

As we are in the Latin quarter, just notice the decree that is to deprive that part of Paris of its most beautiful ornament—the Garden du Luxembourg, and the Senate-house. Monsieur de Girardin and Monsieur Plot are at the head of a company to buy it of the Minister of Finance, who is sadly in want of money; and our lovely trees are to be cut down, for houses to be built in their places. The coffers must be very empty for such Vandalism to have been imagined! There is not a public garden, or walk, in Paris that equals it. There is an avenue of trees not to be surpassed anywhere, and all is to be destroyed. It is like cutting up Regent’s Park, in London. The press, with the exception of M. de Girardin’s paper, protests, and the indignation is general, while lawyers declare that the measure is unconstitutional. We shall hear what the chambres say at the meeting of representatives. A quarantine is circulating on the question, that is rather witty:

> "Quoique très habile en finance, Fouds, si tu veux ne pas faire foin, Ote le Senat à la France, Mais laissez lui le Luxembourg."

Mdlle. Stella Colas, the young actress and coquette, for whom the young and brilliant
Leaves for the Little Ones.

The Mice.

By Isa Bell.

Two mice (one mild, amiable, and elderly, the other young and frisky) met one night outside a large store, close to the city of C——. At first they did not recognize one another, and only saluted in the usual fashion of mice under the circumstances.

As my young readers may not know their ways, I may as well explain it to them. On a first introduction, each mouse raises its nose three several times in the air; should they meet again and desire further intercourse, they lay their ears together, but old friends encircle each other with their tails.

The two mice in question, after a moment’s glance, found their families had lived near each other in the country.

“Ah!” said the elder one, addressing his companion, who had only just arrived in town, “allow me the pleasure of entertaining you in my quarters; they are near at hand.”

The young one gratefully assented, and both speedily found themselves within the store.

“Welcome to my home,” said the kind host.

“Undisturbed I can range all night through this vast building; anxious and careful, only, that I shall do no mischief to the property of its kind owners. Experience has shown me we suffer more from our own failings than from anything inflicted on us by the so-called great enemies of our race. To-night the young mice of this neighbourhood intend to hold a meeting to discuss some means of diminishing the number of cats recently imported into the houses around. In confidence I may tell you it is all got up by a few luxurious young mice, who, disdaining the simple habits of their sensible fellow-townsmice, wish to live daintily and to take no pains to earn their livelihood. However, we shall attend the meeting, and you shall see for yourself. I said to you I might range all night through this large building; but how could I lay up a provision for my family did I do so? It is time for me to introduce you to them. Come in.”

They entered through a very small opening into a space in the wall seven or eight inches in width and about twenty in length. The visitor was led up to his host’s wife, a lovely white mouse, who had been brought over from Genoa, and was much esteemed by all who knew her; her young ones, five in number, were also presented to him. Supper was shortly after proceeded with. It consisted of small pieces of bacon, toasted cheese, nuts, almonds, bread, biscuits, &c. To the country mouse it was a splendid repast.

“How do you get all these nice things?” said he to his host; “I have been quite feasted.”

“Come out, and I will show you. Do you perceive that grating? Over that every day the servant shakes the supper cloth; and do you know I have sometimes seen a sweet little girl peering curiously down, and once when my wife came out here, the little lady gave a scream of delight. Now, I am very careful whom I invite to my home; for, would you believe it, one time I asked a young fellow to stay with me, and early in the morning, when we had all retired to rest, he crept up into the dear child’s room, and went into the cage of her canary! She was quite startled; and when her parents heard of it at breakfast, they said they must send a cat into the store! I heard the conversation repeated by the parlour-maid to a friend of hers, as she shook the cloth. I trembled all over; and when I told my wife and little ones they nearly died of terror. You may be sure I rejoiced when my visitor left, which he did the same day; for though a giddy fellow he had quick perceptions, and knew his presence was unwelcome.”

Midnight having arrived, the two friends went to the meeting, which was held in an out-house of an old mansion, adjoining which was a large pantry. About fifty mice had assembled. Before the cat-question came on, a few stupid speeches were made on the various grievances under which mice suffered; for instance, the hardness of the woods now used in houses, and the toughness and strength of the new sorts of paper, &c. One very smart young fellow complained that nibbling the paper for his nest had injured his teeth, and it was his opinion all should combine to destroy these strong papers, and then their cruel masters would probably get some of a softer kind; he forgot having mentioned the injury done to his teeth.

The great question of the night then came on. Each mouse was allowed two minutes to speak. The first who got up, a cross-looking discontented fellow, declared it was pure wickedness on the part of the house-owners to introduce so many cats into the neighbourhood. Another said he was sure it was the rats who had done
the mischief, though the mice had to bear the blame; they spoke, however, was quickly silenced, for all feared the rats. Several other speeches were made by wild young fellows; and then a serious, dark-haired, bright-eyed, intelligent elderly mouse—my readers will easily guess who he was—got up. He said it might give offence to the meeting if he were to say all he felt—— When he had got thus far, all the mice closed their eyes to signify they would listen to anything he wished to say, for he was looked upon as quite a grand proprietor. He then said he should no longer hesitate to tell them it was to the increase of luxury the increase in the number of cats was to be attributed. Formerly mice were contented to get enough to eat, and they used to work hard to do so; but they were healthy and happy, and there was little interference with their pursuits. But now they must have creams and blanc-manges! Must lie softly and eat luxuriously, and it was not to be expected their masters could allow their property to be destroyed. Thus far had he gone, when various loud signs of disapproval were heard, and, great disorder ensuing, all the sensible part of the community, after trying in vain to stop it, went away. About forty young mice remained, full of glee and excitement, saying they might as well visit the neighbouring pantry. A few advised against it, but they were hurried off through an opening in the wall, which had unfortunately been discovered. The smell within was truly appetising. They rushed hither and thither, hoping every moment to find the good things from whence it proceeded; but in vain! One, more daring than the rest, declared his intention of entering a large cupboard placed high on a shelf. Several tried to dissuade him; but up he went. With wonderful difficulty he gnawed his way through, and a scream of delight was heard by all his companions. Several tried to follow him, but could not, he being one of the cleverest among them. They had to stay outside, their mouths watering, and their minds full of desire for the delicious dainties they supposed their companion was now devouring. Suddenly a strange sound was heard. Some said he called for them to come in; but others were full sure something dreadful had happened—perfect silence followed. Two or three proposed to work together at the opening, but as that would have made it visible to any one entering the pantry, it was negated.

At length one smart young creature was entreated to try her chance; she did so, but her horror may be imagined, when she beheld at a little distance the object of their anxious inquiry stretched lifeless on the floor! It was evident to all that the house-owners had known of their being in the neighbourhood, and that a novel mode had been tried to entrap them. In a few minutes she came out trembling all over, her eyes pale with terror; but when the others heard it they commenced blaming the folly of the victim, and in a few minutes his fate was forgotten, except by a few. They played about for some time, picking up various morsels; but, at length, the night wearing away, they determined to depart. They ran to the spot where they had entered—no opening could they find! Some of them, alas, too late! recollected having heard several short, sharp sounds a little time before. On examination it was found that a trap-door had been fitted to the aperture. They endeavoured in vain to open it, and then rushed frantically from side to side to find another opening—they could not. Despair seized on them, and loudly they deplored the misfortune; when just then, a mouse who had strayed away from the rest came back to say he had smelled good things in the farthest corner of the pantry. Great excitement ensued, and all except the few who had been hurried into the affair, and the little thing who had seen the dead mouse in the cupboard, darted off in search of the dainties, laughing disdainfully at those who remained to search for some means of exit. The giddy creatures found a large tray evidently laid by for supper, and covered with a beautiful cloth. To nibble holes in it was the work of a few minutes, and meanwhile various witty remarks were made on the anger of its owner when the morning came. Just as they caught sight of delicacies to which the greater number were utter strangers, a frightful noise was heard, and into the pantry were let down from a window two enormous cats! Alas! for the poor, foolish little mice! one after another they were seized by their terrible enemies, who teased and tormented them, trampling on some, and devouring others. In a short time not one of the poor wifful victims was alive.

During the process of destruction the two cats cast various glances towards the spot where a cluster of trembling little creatures were awaiting the result of an expedition undertaken by the one among them who had previously got into the cupboard, and who was now endeavouring to force her way through a slit so small that her sides were severely squeezed. It was hoped she would be able to find their kind friend, and that he would endeavour to discover some means of escape. Just as they had given up all idea of ever again beholding their homes or relatives, a grating sound was heard, and on looking up they observed a piece of the wall near the trap-door crumbling away. Some bits of mortar fell, and presently a mouse’s paw was seen, and just before the domestic tigers had concluded their repast, and were contemplating a further bon bouché, the entire number were able safely to escape. They were joyfully received outside, and their pleasure was none the less on hearing the scream of rage given by the disappointed grimalkins. They thanked again and again their kind preserver, and humbly asked his pardon for their behaviour towards him. He willingly forgave them. From that time forth they led a pleasant, good, industrious life, and never again attempted to nibble the private apartments of their entertainers.
The New-Year's Day-dream of Your Bohemian, 1866.

On fine summer evenings they might be seen frisking about the yards and gardens, carefully warning their young ones not to disturb the valuable articles they saw around them. Thus they lived and died in peace. Contented with little, they enjoyed much.

THE NEW-YEAR’S DAY-DREAM OF YOUR BOHEMIAN, 1866.

We will put into rhyme, for the third and last time,
A strange dream, with no more rhyme than reason—than reason,
The notion being worn out, a fact which is borne out
By our feeling the same at this season—this season,
As to harp on one string appears hardly the thing,
This shall be our last fling in our slumbers—our slumbers.
We think some one before — was it Rory O'More? —
Has observed, "There is luck in odd numbers"
—"odd numbers."

So may we once again of the nightmare complain,
And a feverish brain that don’t scan well—don’t scan well;
Our muse taking a flight when we put out the light,
A flight that is quite worthy of Hanwell—of Hanwell.
"Your Bohemian," erratic on all points dramatic,
Being considered well versed, then in bed, sir—in bed, sir,
Where the harm, if at times some nonsensical rhymes
Will (plague take them!) come into his head, sir—his head, sir?

Since the trees at this time should be covered with rime,
We believe it no crime that we dream here—we dream here,
And put into some verse lines sufficiently terse
All the way from the world of Bohemia—Bohemia.
With our head in a whirl, be it—pork, punch, or purl,
Pictures, pantomimes, plays, it don’t matter—don’t matter; Though we cannot now pause to consider the cause,
The effect is quite clear in such patter—such patter.

There is so much to see now-a-days, one should be Caut least into three or four pieces—four pieces!
And full drive the whole day, then at night to the play,
Tis no wonder the fever increases—increases.

Such confusion sets in when to dream we begin,
Our poor head seems to spin round, and round it—and round, it Is quite dreadful to bear, without wishing to swear,
With a top we declare we confounded it—confounded it!

Though, confounded it! a top at last comes to a stop,
And in time there’s an end to its twirling—its twirling:
Our unfortunate head, when we get into bed, Without ceasing continues its whirling—its whirling.
Like a horse in the mill, we are hard at it still.
Though our business to some may be pleasure—be pleasure.
We have had quantum suff of Theatrical stuff,
And in dreaming devote all our leisure—our leisure.
Having nothing to do for the first hour or two,
We thought we might well earn our salary—salary,
By enjoying a stroll, whilst devouring our ro l, Just as far as the National Gallery—Gallery;
Where, said Mr. Millais, to Sir Edwin, R.A., "In the fire you have so many iron—many irons,
That the town, much distressed by the sad Rinderpest,
Must still feed for some time on your lions!—your lions!"

Said Landser, Sir Edwin—"The slow, it is said, win Sometimes; you won’t surely deny it—deny it!
Then one day I may place all four beasts at the base.
If you growl you will not get much by it—much by it."
We continued our stroll, and we saw every toll Around London at last was demolished—demolished;
Till we came to a block in Cheapside—Bennett’s clock!
Which we heartily wished was abolished—abolished.
We set fire to a cone, and we lit it—alone.
Of those poisonous Serpents beware, oh—be beware, oh!
We exclaimed, "Cone—y hatch! you are mad with a match
If you let children play with a Pharaoh—a Pharaoh!"
The "Star’s Butcher Poet" then said to us "Go it! We don’t care for sense or for metre—for metre. If you’ll only by me take a pattern, d’ye see, Your ideas, if not Bright, will be neater—be neater."

We met Rip Van Winkle, who said, with a twinkle, "Come, what do you think of my Dutchman—my Dutchman? I have done very well, and so here’s your good hel’!

May you live long, and prosper as much, man—as much, man."

Mr. Henry Dunbar exclaimed, "Galway-gobrach!

L’Africaine ate a surfeit of mangoes—of mangoes. "My husband’s ghost," sobbing, cried, "Who kill’d Cock Robin?"

Which was followed by "Fans and Fandangoes—Fandangoes!"

We observed "Brother Sam," who exclaimed, "Here I am!"

And to whom we replied, "This is folly—is folly!"

You’ve had more than your fling, and ‘all that sort of thing’

Makes old playgoers feel far from jolly—from jolly.

It is owing to you that the drama’s a ‘do,’

And you give all the grumblers a handle—a handle.

I’ve heard some of them say, and good judges are they,

They still cling to the old "School for Scandal—for Scandal!"

Next we welcomed again, from the great Planche’s pen,

A travestie well polished and pointed—and pointed.

We’ve wished him often back (I) We too often, slack!

Have heard nothing but doggerel disjointed— disjointed.

And the Countess d’Anois appeared pleased that Rouge Croix

Had resumed, now, his former vocation—vocation;

Although he has ceased, for the present at least, To make fun of a fairy narration—narration.

Said that tiresome young cab Aladdin, "There’s the rub."

For which statement there seemed some foundation—foundation,

Since Anak, alias Brice, starting up in a trice, Quite confirmed that Shakespearean quotation—quotation,

He cried "What will you have? Behold I am your slave—"

For to go, for to fetch, for to carry—to carry."

Adding "Ri-fum-ti-fum," likewise "Ka-foozle-um!"

When up came Howard Paul, with John Parry—John Parry.

Lucia di Lammermoor danced an "imperfect cure;"

Which was really a charming variety—variety, When some person cried out—the conductor—no doubt—

Since it sounded so like TULLY—liety—liety!

To some popular air, in a pantomime there

Clara Morgan came merrily tripping—ly tripping,

When a scene transformation brought down approbation,

And ensured the success of King Pippin—King Pippin.

We disliked "Christmas Eve," caring only for Grieve.

We admired the pencil of Beverley—Beverley;

We perceived "Lamps of Day," burning brightly away;

And young Percy Roselle acting cleverly—cleverly.

We fought like poor Sayers, with our coat all in tears,

Boxing-night has its cares, and a few ills—a few ills;

When, not being immaculate, we loudly execu late—

"Bother Grieve, and his 'Garden of Jewels—of Jewels!""

Then the gallant Stodare made the audience all stare,

His Sphinx being a regular mystery—mystery,

And Vasco di Gama observed: "A good drama Is almost a matter of history"—history.

A fair "manageress, in a fix," said, "I guess As to pantomime I won’t have any—have any; But, mind you fail not to "Remember the Grotto,"

Although ‘oysters are not two a penny—a penny."

"It is never too late," said George Vining, irate, "To mend" my prison scene, and sensation—sensation;

And on that being done, I believe Reade may run

For at least three or four months’ duration—duration;

Though I think I can still represent the treadmill,

And thus give you your fill of the horrors—the horrors,

Your Bohemian replied, 'Put it all on one side. In real life there are plenty of sorrows—of sorrows.'"

It is never too late, at a quarter to eight,

Since the first piece commences at seven—at seven;

And "there’s no place like home," when the carriages come,

Which we’re told they may do at eleven—eleven.

At the end of our drive, much more dead than alive,
We called out for a tankard of beerful—of beerful;
Mary brought in the tray, when, forgetting the play,
We were quickly for getting more cheerful—
more cheerful.

When the “Watch Cry” was heard, and to us it occurred
We’d been robbed, which caused us some anxiety—anxiety.
But said “la belle Helène, “You can hardly complain,
You will go into such low “Society”—“Society.”
She had seen the “Owl’s Roost,” and, of course, not being used
To such places, a lady of breeding—of breeding,
Thought the pipes and the beer and the company queer.
And the whole a disgraceful proceeding—proceeding.

J. L. Toole, as “Joe Bright,” with a fireman’s might,
Was at work—how the water did pour down—
did pour down!
When the breakfast-bell rang, and we fancied that Chang
Said “Hot water,” and then knocked our door down—our door down.
It was Mary, instead, so we jumped out of bed,
As we towelled our head we felt better—felt better;
But imagined, alas! as we looked in the glass
To our bed we were not much a debtor—a debtor.

At noon we corrected the proofs we expected,
And which, having soon run our eyes over—eyes over,
Sung out “Yoicks, tally-ho!” let us anywhere go.
As we put our proof-sheet in the cover—the cover.
We sent all devils blue, and the printer’s boy too,
To a place—the least said’s soonest mended—
soonest mended.
Quit of both quire and ream, then our New Year’s day dream
And our labours together were ended—were ended.

Scarcely ended either, so far as our prosaic labours are concerned, although it is “holiday time,” “Home for the holidays!”—surely that cry has most a glee-some sound. We always think that the boy who wakes up on the first morning of his holidays is infinitely more to be envied than that proverbial, but mythical individual who “wakes up and finds himself famous.”

Just fancy! no horrid school-bell to clang you out of bed at six o’clock of a winter’s morning; no cross usher poking an unreasonable mushroom-topped flaring tallow candle into your sleepy eyes; no scrambling for precedence in the matter of basins and towels; no uncomfortable tasks to be performed in a somnolent manner before breakfast! You have just heard the clock strike eight, and still you have not been called! you turn round and luxuriate in your comfortable feather bed, and presently the old servant, who has been in the family before you were born, knocks at the door, and says, “Here’s your hot water, sir”—hot water! rapture. Up you get, and you are soon conscious of a savoury smell pervading the house, and my! what a breakfast your good mother puts on the table that morning! the eggs, broiled haddocks, fried sausages! to say nothing of pickled pork, and brawn, and hot buttered rolls! It was enough to spoil your digestion for the rest of the holidays. But the digestion of boys is proof against anything. Then, best of all, there was everything to anticipate. You looked forward to Christmas dinners and unlimited gorging; to New Year’s Day and New Year’s gifts; to Twelfth-night parties, where you fall madly in love several times during the evening; to kisses innumerable under the mistletoe, given and taken with an insouciance only compatible with extreme youth. Then, too, there was all the golden glory of the pantomime to come. Just fancy “The Realms of Refulgent Rapture!” “Harlequin Chalks and the Dissipated Doldrum of the Dolomite Mountains!” In those days we believed in fairy-land and knew nothing about fairyies at all! We envied the sparkling Harlequin, for ever pursuing the graceful Columbine; we pitted the tottering senility of the Pantaloon, though we heartily applauded the vigorous attacks made upon him by our old friend the Clown. Ah! that was a clown. None of your stiff-walking, fiddle-playing, modern innovations, but the real thing and no mistake—plenty of butter-slides on the pavement, attacks on the police ad lib., gigantic strings of sausages, and above all the red hot poker! Ah! clowns were clowns in those days; and the pokers were red hot; there was no mistake about them.

“Why this wandering and meandering?” we think we hear our readers remark. Why? good friends, the reason is this: It behoveth your Bohemian, in common with all his race, to say something of the joys of Christmas—to be joyous and festive with all the rest of the world—“to assume a joviality though he has it not,” as is the case with editors of illustrated papers and Christmas annuals, managers of theatres, and writers of pantomimes. Bending thus to the spirit of the age, we beg most respectfully to hope that you have passed a merry Christmas, that your pudding was properly cooked, and your roast beef free from rinderpest; that your turkey was succulent, and your chine well boiled; we further trust that your kisses under the mistletoe have been frequent and satisfactory, that your hampers of game and barrels of oysters have been many and good; that amid all the eating and drinking and reveling at a season so eminently consecrated to kindliness and charity, you have done your part, according to your means, towards clothing the naked and feeding the hungry; that whilst feasting with
The Ladies' Page.

your friends you have not forgotten the poor at your gate, nor sent the wanderer empty away. Furthermore your Bohemian wishes you, on this first of January, eighteen sixty-six, A very happy New Year.

We have seen the first number of the Argosy. It is indeed a bulky sixpennyworth. We say bulky advisedly; for, to tell truth, it is rather heavy. Mr. Reade's tale opens uncommonly well: it is very forcible.

The Christmas Number of Fun is admirable, and one of the cheapest twopennyworths it has been our good fortune to read. Especially good are the tales by the editor Tom Hood, T. W. Robertson, and W. S. Gilbert. The verses by E. L. Blanchard and H. S. Leigh are admirable. We are glad to say our old friend Mrs. Brown is still to the fore, and as amusingly obscure and garrulous as ever.

Messrs. Macmillan have just issued an edition of Lady Chatterton's charming poem of "Leonore," which, in its present handsome shape, is exactly suited for a Christmas present.

Mr. Walter Donaldson, comedian, in his "Recollections of an Actor" (Maxwell), has made some strange blunders; for instance, on glancing through the work we find the celebrated Familiar Epistles attributed to Crofton Croker, when it is generally known that John Wilson Croker was the author of the lines in question, and Richard ("Gentleman") Jones is stated to have made his début at Covent Garden as Square Groom, in "Love à-la-mode;" but it was as Goldsmith, in "The Road to Ruin."

We should record the deaths of Dr. Barth, and Captain Fowke, the designer of the Brompton "boilers;" also that of Van Amburgh, the renowned wild-beast tamer, which event took place at Philadelphia.

Your Bohemian.

The Ladies' Page.

Geometrical or Honeycomb Netting.

Materials.—Boar's Head No. 2 Netting Cotton, of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., Derby; a flat mesh a quarter of an inch wide.

This is adapted for sofa pillows, tidies, or for straining over the top of a bedstead.

1st row. An even number of stitches, and make a plain row.

2nd. Net the 2nd stitch first, and the 1st second, throughout the row.

3rd. Plain row.

4th. Net 1st stitch, then 2nd first, and 1st second, net a plain stitch at the end.

5th. Plain row.

6th. Same as 2nd.

Baby's Knitted Bib.

Materials.—Two ounces of Boar's Head knitting cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby, No 16, pins No. 19.

Cast on 30 stitches; knit 8 plain rows.

1st row. Bring the cotton forward; knit two together to the end of the row.

2nd. Plain knitting.

3rd. Purled.

4th. Plain knitting.

Repeat these four rows, increasing at the beginning and ending of every plain row, and you have 80 stitches.

Thread 30 stitches off from each end of the pin, on a coarse cotton, and cast off the 20 centre stitches. Take up the 30 stitches, and knit the same four rows, decreasing the centre side of every plain row; repeat this until you have but 8 stitches left; then knit 50 plain rows, cast off and join it to the side of the bib; this forms the shoulder-strap. Take up the 30 stitches on the opposite side, and repeat this. Knit a piece of simple lace, and sew all round the edge. Finish it with one and a half yard of ribbon, to tie it round the waist.
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ADRIENNE HOPE. By Matilda M. Hays.
(T. Cauley Newby, Welbeck-street, Cavendish Square.)—Miss Hays has ventured on the dangerous plan of exploiting the secret of her plot in the fourth chapter of her first volume. We say dangerous, because in the hands of nine writers out of ten the interest of the story would be likely to suffer, and that of the reader to flag even from the first.

"Is brotherhood of her own?" ala I could that tender mother have foreseen the future which awaited her during, she would have wrestled in prayer with God that one grave might hold them both; or, that she might be spared to watch over and protect her.

In these few lines we have the key to Adrienne Hope's story, and know her fate to disappointment and sorrow, and it may be shame even, at this early stage of it. The book opens with the marriage of the hero, Lord Charles Luttrel, and closes with his death— anomalies sufficiently striking to give individuality to Miss Hays' story, and remove it out of the crowd of novels which the usual stereotype beginnings and endings in love and marriage. His marriage is a mariage de raison; for his lordship is an ambitious man, and marries to advance his ambition, somewhat privately and very hurriedly, a Scotch heiress of twenty-five—"a woman of whom a husband might make a friend and find his surest happiness by so doing—"a woman whom if a husband chanced to make his enemy, you might find implacable to the last degree." The pair have extended their wedding-tour to Rome—a locality which enables the writer to introduce her personal impressions of the City of Seven Hills, and her readers, to some of its resident celebrities. From Rome our author turns to England and Devonshire, and introduces us to the interior of a quiet parsonage, and a scene that dates twenty-five years before—this is the home of Adrienne Hope, the youngest child of the village rector, a gentleman by birth, a student by nature, a parish priest by vocation.

So many years was Adrienne from her brothers and sisters that all of them have left home—the girls as wives, her twin brothers as colonels—before she has attained her fifteenth year, when her mother dies of consumption, and thus at the period when maternal care is most requisite, Adrienne is left to the combined care of her father and Peggy, their old and faithful servant.

A bright handsome girl, tall and stout, with more of the development of a woman than is usually met with at that age. A broad square head; regular features, a fair florid complexion, with blue eyes, and a magnificent head of golden hair, gave to her a noble and commanding presence. Power was in every look and attitude—power and wildness; for the pet and playing of the family had grown to love and exercise the influence she wielded, and, on the heart of a large and loving heart, she threw its shield around her. Adrienne Hope would by this time have developed into a selfish and spoiled character.

The loss of her mother preys on the fond and sensitive girl, who, subdued by her loss, develops into a staid young woman, prematurely thoughtful, taking her mother's place in the household, and becoming henceforth her father's friend and companion. At this period the Heir to the neighbouring Hall takes possession of his estate, and with the hunting season a crowd of visitors arrive, amongst them the young squire's particular friend and college chum Lord Charles Luttrel—"wine parties, and horse-flesh being the bond of sympathy between them. And here, in order to introduce the hard, ambitious, worldly Lord Charles to the rector's pretty daughter, the author falls back upon the hackneyed device of a fall on the hunting-field, and a broken leg, which necessitates the carrying of the injured man to the parsonage, as the nearest house, and his remaining there for many weeks, dependent on the care and attention of her young mistress and Peggy; an intimacy of an affectionate nature springs up between Adrienne and Florence Luttrel, who also takes up her abode at the parsonage during the period of her brother's illness. All this, of course is en train for what follows. The squire falls in love with Lady Florence (both charming characters by the way), and the young lord believes himself passionately attached to Adrienne, whose fresh young beauty and unsophisticated manners bewitch him, yet never so thoroughly as to make him forgetful of his own interests. It is the old story: the girl loves, believes, trusts, and finally submits to a secret marriage. Immediately the intimacy and opportunities for love-making are increased by the attachment of Lord Charles's sister for Adrienne, and her consequent visits at the castle. Here we are introduced, amongst other characters, to a very clever lady, Miss Reay, whose ideas, upon most subjects, are worth listening to, and who, though occasionally didactic, is never intrusive. It would be unfair to Miss Hays to give an outline of the story, which, as far as the heroine is concerned, is a sad one. In the course of it, however, we arrive at the conclusion that Miss Reay embodies and reveals the personal ideas and opinions of the author; and though we cannot always accept them, we respect her for
the earnestness with which they are set forth. Like all women, Miss Reay is illogical in her reasoning, but acute in her criticism; and so we like her criticism best. As a whole, we regard Adrienne Hope as no ordinary novel; there are thoughts in it to make a reader pause and re-think them. The moral, if indeed a moral was intended to be deduced from this interesting story, turns on the imperative ne-

cessity of a woman walking only in the broad and open paths which society has laid down, and that devious ways to wedlock, however holy in the victim's sight, can only bring her to grief. Adrienne pays the penalty of her surreptitious marriage with her life.

[We regret that want of space compels us to defer our notice to "Sketches and Studies of the Watercolour Society."—Ed.]

THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

BALL AND EVENING DRESSES.—FIRST FIGURE.—Toilet for a young lady: Pink silk dress, veiled with pink tulle, puffed up to the knees. White tatarian body, plaited and accompanied by a black silk corsetlet and black silk sash. On the hair a coronet of roses, placed à la Pompadour, near the top of the comb, which is put rather high.

SECOND FIGURE.—White silk dress, veiled with puffed tulle, as high as the knee. White silk corset. White tatarian under-body with a bow of lace, and a cluster of roses on the shoulder. Ball cloak of white cashmere, bordered by a band of Indian Cashmere. Ponceau roses on the hair.

THIRD FIGURE.—Toilet composed of a first skirt of blue satin. The second skirt is blue Imperial velvet. Imperial velvet body, very low, and terminating in slashed lappets. The hair is decorated with daisies, scattered separately among the hair in front, and by a wreath of the same flowers behind. The skirt of this dress is ornamented at the bottom with puffings of tulle, interspersed with daisies.

FOURTH FIGURE.—Dress composed of a first skirt of white satin, and second of Algerian guaze, striped with gold. The body is pointed behind and before, and is made with hanging sleeves. Antoinette coiffure, sprinkled with roses, and accompanied behind by a long train, which reaches half way to the waist.

The waterfall is ebbing away; indeed it has quite disappeared in coiffures for dress, and the hair is now dressed high on the forehead, and tied very high behind. The long curls known as French curls, many years ago, but which are called by the French marteaux, or hammers, are again in vogue, and are arranged in the Marie Stuart style, upon the temples. Behind, the hair is worn in loops, separated by flowers.

Here is the description of a gentle toilet for indoors: It is made with two skirts; the first of plain Foulard; the second of the same tissu, but presenting black stripes; the top of the sleeves and the ends are embroidered with black or white braid. Head-dress composed of several rows of velvet, the colour of the first skirt, which may be of any shade desired.

A pretty negligé toilet for indoors consists of a robe de chambre, made of either pou de soie, poplin, or cashmere. It is cut in the style of a half-tight basquine; but is left very full at the bottom. A small black velvet fichu, pointed in front and behind, is worn over the body of the dress. Sleeves tight. Head-dress, catalane of puffed muslin, trimmed with valenciennes. Black velvet jackets, exquisitely embroidered by Wheeler and Wilson's machines, either with soutache, white silk, or steel beads, and at other times trimmed with Cluny lace, promise to be much in favour. Slippers that might vie with those of Cinderella, also ornamented by those wonderful machines, and mounted on the red heels of a hundred years since, are amongst the elegant novelties for Christmas.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY accepted, with thanks. — "Beech Coppice;"
"Lines;" "The Meaning of Marriage;" "The Lonely Mother"—with some alterations this shall appear.

DECLINED.—"Scorning and Being;" "The Guardian's Marriage;" The grammatical errors in the compositions of this contributor give us a great deal of trouble. The prose article on hand is chiefly delayed because, on looking it over preparatory to sending it to press, we found it would require to be rewritten in many parts, and we have no time for such grave corrections.

T. B., Cork.—We shall always be happy to hear from this lady.

"The Old Cathedral;"—We have either read the manuscript of this tale, or have seen the story in type. Which is it? The writer shall hear from us at our earliest leisure.

J. C. B.—We congratulate this contributor and ourselves on his improvement of style. We shall always be glad to hear from him.

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

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

CHAP. XII.

Betsy came up, one afternoon, breathless: I was standing at the nursery window, from whence I had been looking at Lady Laura, who, accompanied by Mr. Castlebrook on horseback, had just departed in her barouche for an airing.

"Oh, miss, there is such a nice young gentleman asking for you—the footman called me—and he sends his card, and a request to speak with you if possible."

Of course Vincent was first in my thought; but, on looking at the card, I saw a name too well known and esteemed to be forgotten—it was that of Russell Thornmead.

"Indeed, Betsy," I said, "I must see this gentleman; but do not show him in any room where we shall be interrupted."

"The back drawing-room, then, miss," said the girl, "is the place; my lady don't go there often, nor master neither. I'll tell him you're coming, miss."

I felt no little emotion when I beheld the kind being who had so often befriended me. On his part there seemed considerable agitation. I observed that he was now, also, in mourning, and I hastily asked if he had lost any member of his family. "Is dear little Mary quite well?" I added, in fear.

"Quite well. It is not a relative I am in mourning for. Dear Miss Castlebrook, are you kindly treated—are you happy? Nay" (seeing me change colour), "forgive such pressing questions; I have scarcely a right to ask them; but my business in London has unexpectedly come to a termination, and I shall return with Mary to Manchester, unless"—lowering his voice—"I have any inducement to remain here."

I remained silent, for I had no clue to understand his meaning. He became strangely embarrassed.

"Are we likely to be interrupted? After so stormy an introduction, Mr. Castlebrook might probably resent my intrusion in his house—but there was no other way to see you. I have a good deal to say—nay, do not be alarmed—only about myself."

"Mr. Castlebrook and Lady Laura are both out; they have not long gone; so I think we shall be safe. I am sorry to receive you with any reserve; but you know, now, how severely my family regard all my proceedings. I will call my servant—I call her mine, though she is in reality the nursery attendant; but she is devoted to me."

"I am glad of it; you need some devotion—some one of your own sex, to be a consolation."

Betsy entered. I spoke to her in a low tone: "See that no one comes here, or let me know if your master or mistress return. Pray be seated," I said, as she left the room, to Russell who stood hat in hand all this time.

"You wonder what I am about to say. Oh! Isabella Castlebrook, if I did not believe you above the paltry feelings in which your sex so often indulge—if I did not deem you intelligent and higher-minded than most women—if I did not think you capable of imagining a man, differing from the puny, feeble-minded, and hypocritical beings, women are so fond of creating into heroes, I should not dare reveal the history I am about to tell you. Strong passions, deep affections, Isabella, are at the root of most men’s faults—so have I erred; but I have also suffered and repented."

He paused a moment, and, much interested, I waited while he collected himself, and continued—"Though my parents came from a poor stock, my own boyhood was far from a neglected one. I had a plain education, but one suitable for a business life; and even the elements of poetry and imagination were not wanting in my existence. At eighteen my father determined on admitting me into his business—now become an important one in the commercial world. I commenced by gradations, and at last became overseer of the workpeople. You know many children and girls are employed in factories; one of the latter, about sixteen years of age, who worked at our looms, had already acquired a kind of celebrity in her native town. She was, indeed, of that order of perfect beauty which shines through all the disadvantages of obscure station, low birth, and even ignorance. I have never seen her equal yet. You cannot suppose it unlikely that a youth of nineteen soon became powerfully attracted by this lovely, illiterate being. I found little opposition from her to the
declaration of my deep and earnest passion. The blankness of her mind, indeed, startled me; but, with the fervid eagerness of youth, I saw nothing but increase of happiness in the attempt to mould the intellect of a being so outwardly charming. I swear to you, Miss Castlebrook, that no thought of sin came across me as I worshipped the beauty which was paramount even in the factory-girl's cotton gown and coarse apron. I knew my parents might oppose the marriage I contemplated; but to a virtuous girl they would not be inexorable: and I saw few obstacles in the future which love and perseverance might not ultimately conquer. Well—how shall I proceed? There happened the old, old story. What are youth's resolutions? The master and the pupil! What occurred in the earlier pages of the world's history occurred to us—I tempted: we both sinned; and when did sin ever produceught but the most intense suffering? When Mary Anne gave me a daughter, I knew how much more gladly I should have held the little creature in my arms if I had not, in betraying the mother, inflicted indelible disgrace on the child. I will not represent myself better than the kind. When I resolved on reparation, it was not without a hard struggle. I had to reflect on the seeming hardship and injustice of woman's lot—that she must bear the largest portion of retribution! while her tempter may walk forth unscathed, and the most scurrilous virtue will hardly throw a stone at him. I did battle with my own repugnance, and I conquered. Mary Anne Fielding had returned, as beautiful as ever, to the factory. I told her my resolution, and, indeed, was only waiting a fit opportunity to place it in execution, although I knew the consequences might be serious, for my father and mother were strictly moral persons, and I risked even my participation in the business. One day we received an intimation that the factories—become famous through some mechanical inventions of my father, aided by my more modern scientific attainments—would receive the honour of a royal visit. One of the royal dukes, visiting in the neighbourhood of Manchester, desired to see our factory as a portion of the wonders of Lancashire. There were garlands and devices, the workpeople in holiday attire, and my father and myself in attendance to explain the processes of manufacture and the recent improvements. The illustrious individual for whom we took so much trouble, hurried over everything with the rapidity and impatience of detail which characterize the English princes; and at length we came to the room where the young women worked. The Duke of —— instantly picked out Mary Anne from a host of girls far from uncomely. 'What—what—a beautiful creature!' he said, with the quick speech of his race. 'Don't think I ever saw her equal! Only a factory-girl! Shame! shame! See what can be done for her. Tell me her name. What—what is your name? Mary Anne Fielding, eh? Good name, Where do you live? No mother? Ah! Very good.' So he passed on to other novels. Mary Anne's perfecions, however, broke from his lips ever and anon, greatly to my annoyance, which I was obliged to control, less easily because I had seen at one glance the extreme delight which the mother of my child testified at the royal admiration. "I will not dwell on this miserable story longer than I can help, Miss Castlebrook; why I do so at all you will soon know. In one month from that day both mother and child had disappeared! The landlady of the house told me that a gentleman had called on Mary Anne several times; and a letter—the fruits of the education I had given her—enlightened me still further. It told me that, sooner than accept marriage as a favour, she had consented to receive the protection of one higher in station than she could ever have dreamed of captivating—that she and the child were lost to me forever. She warned me that the rank of the man she had chosen was too high for revenge, and besought me as a personal favour never to think of her more. At first I believed that the Duke was himself my rival; I soon traced out, however, that one of the Prince's vile emissaries had made proposals to her for his profligate and unscrupulous master. It was only a poor factory-girl—only a low cotton-spinner's son, whose hearts were wrecked, and whose happiness was sacrificed. You have never felt the sting of betrayed love—for I did love this girl with the strong, deep attachment which would have yielded all to her. You cannot tell the bitterness of my heart, when I found that my love had been surrendered for the ill-gotten luxuries of a life of infamy. It was to the recovery of my child that I then turned all my thoughts. I confided all to my parents, and no word of anger or reproach passed their lips. To my mother, with all the prejudices of her sex, I believe Mary Anne's infidelity came with a welcome shock—she has since confessed she could not have taken cordially to her heart and love, a daughter who brought a dowry of shame. My mother is a good woman, Isabella; yet I could never persuade her that mine only was the crime, and that my unhappy victim's guilt arose solely from her love. 'You were the first, to be sure,' she has said; 'but anyone else would as soon have prevailed on her to do wrong. You have done very, very ill, my son; but women have two duties in this world—to endure and to resist. If we were all weak, what would become of the world? How many children would have to curse their mothers for an inheritance of shame? No: a woman's strength is man's honour. If men must tempt, let them learn that we know how to deny. Ah! men and women share the evils of this world pretty evenly; only, if we remained strong always, you could not be so weak!' "To recover my daughter, now about three years of age, has been the object of my residence in London. Believing the mother to be still with her royal paramour, my efforts were directed to ascertaining her abode. I was pass-
ing, about a month ago, one evening, down one of the great thoroughfares of London, when I was attracted by a mob which had gathered round a woman who, some of the bystanders said, was intoxicated, others in a fit. No one seemed to know what to do. Her unhappy class was evident by her tardy and inappropriate attire. I made my way through the people to see if I could render help; and in the wretched creature before me, who was writhing in an epileptic fit, I recognized the object of my search—Mary Anne Fielding. I placed her in a cab, and engaged lodgings for her. The rest of her wretched history is soon told. Her royal lover had soon wearied of her; she became transferred from one to another of his satellites, till she had sunk into the frightful life of the streets from which I rescued her—rescued her only to die. Every trace of beauty had fled from her. The once-prized rose, faded, crushed in the mud and dirt, was a fit emblem of her. My own deep self-reproach will haunt my life. She is dead; and the child, whom she had placed with some poor woman in the suburbs of London, has been restored to me."

He became greatly agitated.

"Isabella, since the time of that first shock, when the woman I loved forsake me, I have been sensible of the wide difference between the fervent passion of youth, and the deep, earnest veneration for woman, which forms the love of man—love which must have esteem, confidence, and trust for its basis, or die speedily. Such love has grown in my breast for yourself! I deemed it right, before I offered it, to tell you all. I am inferior to you in birth, but you are unhappy at home; you have no ties of kindred to obscure a husband's deep, true regards. We are wealthy: I have prospects of elevating myself in the world, and I ask you to share in those prospects, and trust your future happiness in my hands. I have done. Now mine depends on your words; it would be vain to say."

And at this unlooked-for termination to his history I stood aghast, stupefied, confounded. I had listened to his recital with the keenest interest. His character had always excited that feeling; and interest from subsequent events had resolved itself into gratitude: there I stopped. There was no love for him in my heart; not a thought of it had ever come across my mind, except when Mrs. Candy rallied me; and then I banished the idea of his attachment almost directly, and it seldom afterwards recurred. If a woman feels as she ought to feel, she derives the greatest pain in rejecting the love of a man she esteems. In such a predicament I now stood; and, of all the trials and sorrows I had hitherto felt, I avow this to have been the most bitter."

"How can I be crushed in such a heart, what consequences might not the event produce? I think, in general, women have too little regard for the pain they must inevitably inflict on the least-feeling of men, when they refuse an offer of affection. It is the keenest sting of which a man's life is perhaps capable. No wonder that, in inferior natures, love so often turns to gall and bitterness, inducing the pettiness of revenge. I was, however, sure of the noble spirit of him with whom I had to deal. How perverse is woman's affection! How often we cling to the untrue—unreal, and accept the false, staking our lives and hearts on its vitality!"

He stood, diffident, but—I had a keen perception—certainly not unhopeful. How the first cold words of denial came from my lips I scarcely know. Spite of his tribute—conceived in the halo of a lover's imagination—to my superior nature, a feeling of annoyance that, with such poor encouragement, he had allowed himself to hope, lent me a firmer voice than otherwise I might have found.

"I am very, very much grieved indeed for what you have suffered, still more so that"—he sprang forward—"that you have mistook with regard to myself! If I had had an idea of this, I should have confided in you, as I must do, now that confidence comes too late. I have long been attached to—to another—my stepmother's brother—Lord Tarragon. My family are averse to it. You know how little they regard my happiness. Had I not had a previous possession, I am sure you must have inspired one. Although you committed grievous wrong with regard to—to the person you spoke of, few are blameless. We all need mercy. I could not have refused repentence so sincere, knowing I need mercy for my own shortcomings in good. But such love as you merit, is not mine now to give. I live in hopes of becoming the wife of one who, though I must say I fear he is less good than you, is dearer to me than saint or hero;" I sank down into the nearest seat; tears came fast and unbidden as I spoke. Every word I had spoken I knew was a dagger. I tried next minute to heal the wounds I had made. "I esteem and respect you more than anyone I ever knew, save and except Mr. Benvolere."

"Oh, talk not to me of respect, esteem—lifeless skeletons of love and trust. Can it be? Isabella, you do not know what you say. I thought you were above the everyday cant of your sex, who think men's hearts are playthings, offered for them to amuse themselves with for an idle hour, and then to be thrown by in any dark and out-of-the-way corner, to decay or harden as the case may be?"

"Mr. Thornmead, do not speak so harshly: I never meant to trifle with you: but all the time you thought I encouraged you, my heart and soul were filled with another image!"

"That will do: torture me no more! Isabella Castlebrook, I shall remember you as long as I have life; and, when I am dying, you will stand between my God and me! You will forget me soon enough; but I tell you, that you are the real passion of my manhood—the hope of my futurity on earth; and, wanting your existence blended with mine, I shall sink into nothing. Farewell! I do not tell you I will always be your friend. Let him you have chosen stand—as I would have done—between you and mis-"
fortune. We shall see: meanwhile, God bless you!"

He was gone; and I sat staring at the place where, a moment before, a man—full of the faults, impulses, the good and evil of mankind—had stood, resenting with his whole soul the stubborn fact that I could not love him!

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**CHAP. XIII.**

I had nothing to rest on now, with satisfaction, but Vincent's love. If that in reality failed, I said to myself, life was at an end for me—I must endure it; but it would be loathsome. When I reflected on all the crowded events of the few past months I trembled to think on the future. As for occupation I could settle down to none. Betsy had quite an idle time of it, for Marcus was seldom out of my arms, and the little fellow had, by this time, become greatly attached to me; and, baby as he was, I had pleasure in teaching him little lessons, which even infants can be taught. His mother seldom noticed him, indeed, at all, and when she did for a moment appear in the nursery, the child usually screamed so, that we were glad when she departed. By fits and starts I had composed two or three songs and a set of quadrilles—just then come into fashion—which I sent by Betsy in the form of a parcel, and for which, a few days afterwards, I received the handsome remuneration of fifty guineas; I was therefore easy about money matters, though I could not shut out the fact that our house was daily besieged by importunate creditors. The servants, indeed, made such complaints about this, that it was more than likely to come to my ears, and Betsy, I fancied, knew much more about my father's affairs than the good-natured and good-mannered girl cared to mention. In this particular I existed in daily dread. His domestics made no secret that Mr. Castletbrook nightly returned from his club or the gaming-house in a state of brutal intoxication; and often in the dead of night I woke up to hear snatches of drunken songs proceeding from my father's apartments. How different to the quiet temperate life of the dear Brompton Cottage, where all was harmony and comfort!

Lady Laura told me one day that Mr. Castletbrook was becoming quite unbearable; that at the Regent's table he had got intoxicated, and quarrelled with a gentleman, so that the Prince—offended when liberties were taken in his presence beyond a certain point—rose up abruptly, and left the room, and the guests together; that but for her intercession Mr. Castletbrook would have been denied the future *entrée* to Carlton House, where for so many years he had been a favoured guest. My stepmother was so taken up with her grievances that I fancied she forgot for a moment to whom she addressed these confidences. I could have told her how freely her servants remarked upon her constant visits to, and influence in the coteries of Carlton House; but no warning would have been of service to that obdurate disposition, especially from me. No allusion to her brother ever passed her lips; indeed, in general she studiously avoided my society, and it is certain I was in no wise inclined to intrude it on her.

My interviews with Vincent were very rare; but like most stolen happiness, very precious—perhaps because they were so very rare.

We were to meet, one day, at our accustomed tryst in the Green Park. Vincent himself made the appointment, concluding his note in the following words: "I wish you, my dear Isabella, to see some choice paintings, which are at the private residence of a friend of mine, who is absent from his town-house just now. You must let me conduct you thither, and I know your love of Art will receive a high treat."

How kind of him to provide these little pleasures for me! Of course it would not be improper for me to go: Vincent would never propose it if it were. I contemplated, for an instant, taking Betsy, but abandoned the idea, first as implying a doubt of Lord Tarragon's honour, next because Betsy could not leave the child as well as myself. Marcus was just arriving at the age when all infants are deeply interesting and excessively troublesome. I returned an answer, agreeing to meet Vincent, adding that by five I must return punctually.

He met me as joyously as usual; and after we had walked and talked for some time, he proposed that as it was at least half-past three, we should proceed to view the pictures. We went from the Green Park into St. James's Park, and talking and walking, Lord Tarragon stopped before what appeared to be the private entrance of a nobleman's mansion. A servant in undress livery opened the door, and without any questions ushered us inside. Presently a dignified person in black full dress, approached, and bowing said to Vincent—"I will show the young lady, my Lord, into the room where the new pictures are, if you will walk this way: I have a message for your lordship." This person might himself have been a nobleman by his bearing and manners. I was utterly unsuspicuous, and merely saying to Lord Tarragon "Do not be long" I followed my dignified guide. He conducted me through many passages, into an apartment costly in the extreme, the walls of which were hung with paintings whose exquisite character attracted me immediately. My guide smiled—"I see, Madam," he observed, "you are a connoisseur: pray examine them at your leisure: here is a catalogue," placing a little book bound in purple velvet in my hand, which mechanically I opened. Bowing, this gracious-mannered personage left the room. The extreme magnificence of the apartment then attracted my notice. What made me start, as I glanced down on the cover of the little book I held in my hand? It was emblazoned with the Royal Arms. Whose house was this, then? why did not Vincent himself come to display the treasures he had brought me to see? who was the owner of this strange
The Commoner's Daughter.

house? and— These rapid mental questionings were interrupted by the door opening and the re-entrance of the person in black, who ushered in another, about whose appearance there could be no possible mistake. There, in the elaborately curled wig and frogged vestment, in which his portrait is so well known to the present day, stood before me the Prince Regent of England, the bitterly-hating husband of a poor foolish musied wife, the stern parent of a generous-souled daughter—I may add now, perhaps, without much fear of treason, the habitual voluntary, who disregarded all ties, all obligations, to please his own sated fancy. I think I turned very pale, for a mirror opposite showed me a face which must have been my own though so white and scared, I scarce knew it. Yet, as I have said, I possessed, at this time, a tolerable spirit of my own, and I would not believe that a Prince, who professed to be so complete a gentleman, would detain me in his presence one moment longer than I chose to stay. I was never more mistaken.

Of course I stood in that Presence. His Royal Highness himself brought a chair, which he begged I would occupy. I declined courteously, apologizing for my intrusion, and adding that Lord Tarragon must have made some strange mistake in causing me to do so. The Regent smiled. His command to seat myself, was not to be disobeyed.

"Beautiful Miss Castlebrook," he said, "to secure this interview I would have forfeited my succession, if necessary" [there are no bounds, I have heard, to Royal dissimulation] "The opportunity I have so long sought, has at length occurred: could you only guess the pains I have been at to compass it?"

If I was pale before, the blood now rushed to my neck and brow in torrents. What! had I been betrayed? Was it all true then? Oh! most true, most true! He loved me as Judas, the vilest, the most despicable of human beings. How I bore up under the blow of that sudden revelation, I know not. I rose to my feet. The Prince rose too.

"Your Royal Highness will forgive me?—I must ask the question. You will not refuse an answer to a poor helpless, deceived girl?"—bitterly—"yes deceived, oh! how terribly! Did Lord Tarragon, my betrothed husband, bring me here, knowing that I should meet your Royal Highness?"

The Prince bit his lip, and, under the pretext of taking a pinch of snuff in a graceful manner, was silent.

"I beseech your Royal Highness to answer me."

"Rather," said the Regent, in a constrained manner, "let me ask the reason of so much surprise, when I understood you were prepared for this meeting."

"Your Royal Highness! Oh no! I was brought here, I repeat, under a mistaken idea of viewing pictures. If this is Carlton House I knew it not. You will, Sir, suffer me now to retire, convinced indeed by your Royal Highness's silence that I have trusted to one utterly worthless."

But by this time the Regent had seized my hand, and testified very little inclination to release it.

"Hear me, beautiful girl," he said. "It is of little consequence who brought you here, or on what pretext: I have long adored you. I know that you are oppressed and ill-treated in your family. Wealth, title, happiness, love, and constancy, may be yours at one single word. Say it, most charming Isabella, and you need not depart from Carlton House—unless, indeed, you prefer amore secluded residence."

"Oh, shame! oh, horror! Had I my true sense of hearing! Is a woman less disgraced by proposals of infancy because they proceed from Royalty? There were many women of that time who thought so—women of ancient lineage, of ample fortune, of hitherto unsoiled reputations. Well might the Regent deem the conquest easy, when he had only a poor oppressed girl to attack."

"I have heard," he pursued, "of your trials and misfortunes, when the brutality of your father forced you to fly from home. Ah! Isabella, I would have rescued you, when I found out your abode. Believe me, the attempt which possibly offended and annoyed you, was but undertaken to place you in a happier position—personally undertaken, too," said the Prince, with an air of the most ineffable condescension, and as if he deemed me under infinite obligations because he had individually endeavoured to abduct me from respectable protection.

But, speechless as I was, from the surprise and disgust I had experienced, I felt it was time to speak in earnest, my silence having evidently the effect of convincing the Prince that I favoured his views.

"With regard to the proposition made by your Royal Highness, I deem myself dishonoured by the insult offered me."

"Insult! dishonoured! Love and adoration, Miss Castlebrook, from a Prince, are not usually designated by such terms."

"In plain language, I would no more submit to be degraded as the mistress of your Royal Highness than I would be, as that of one of your menials."

"Madam, remember I am the Prince Regent."

"I cannot forget, your Royal Highness, that I am a woman of virtue—a distinction quite as great and noble, I believe, as any conferred by Royal birth."

"Virtue—the text of your sex. The woman who is virtuous is a fool to herself."

"As I cannot enter into your Royal Highness's reasoning, I must again demand permission to leave your presence."

A smile of derision played upon the Prince's face.

"Where can you go, Miss Castlebrook? Lord Tarragon, feeling convinced you would be reasonable, has long since gone. Come, come, Isabella, leave heroicks, sweet girl, to silly moon-struck maidens. By Heaven you shall be a
Duchess if you please; that brow would well become a coronet."

"Heaven help me! Has your Royal Highness any notion of the feelings of a man—I will not say gentleman—and can you thus offend the ears of an innocent girl?"

"Can you prefer unkindness and coercion to homage the most devoted?"

"Let your Royal Highness regard your own daughter: would you choose her to be thus insulted?"

"By Heaven this is too much! My daughter, madam, is of the Blood Royal of England—above insult, blame, or reproach."

"And I, Sir, am the daughter of an honest man."

"Silence, girl!"

"I will protest still louder if your Royal Highness detains me against my will. I am no Mary Anne Fielding, to bow to a Sultan's whim."

White, white as winter snow, was the Regent's face at that audacious speech. He knew well (for princes have memories—stinging ones, too, sometimes) to whom I alluded.

"I find my affairs are well known to you," he said, sarcastically. "To so very virtuous a young lady, I should have supposed the name you have just pronounced, utterly unknown."

"O, Sir! reflect for one moment; that wretched creature, who for your admiration might have been happy, died but the other day, almost in the streets. Nay, it would have been so, but for the intervention of the man, whose confidence she betrayed."

"What is the woman to me?" [pacing about the spacious room] "Miss Castlebrook, you are very wrong to bring up this subject. Princes are not bound by the rules applicable to other men—their affections are never lawfully to be indulged. I grant they are more erratic—but—Pshaw—I own, young lady, I sought this interview in the hope that you would consent to exchange an irksome and constrained existence for one of splendour and competence. I may have been deceived—and if so, believe me I am the last man, whatever my enemies may affirm otherwise, to seduce real virtue. But I have been led to believe that you would eagerly embrace an opportunity of emancipation." Even the polished and self-possessed Regent became embarrassed here, and stammered and hesitated.

"Princes, you know, madam, use tools; though secretly they despise them."

"Your Royal Highness will not refuse to confirm my doubts—doubts which indeed must be relieved from suspense—did Lord Tarragon lead you to this most causeless, groundless supposition?"

"He did" [seeing me ready to drop]. "Nay, let me tell you all: I was deeply attracted—first by your portrait, next by your appearance, when—well—" [and remembering the episode of his visit in disguise, he paused] "at the drawing-room, and when Lord Tarragon, who had formerly been an opponent of mine, became, through his sister's influence, a frequent visitor at Carlton House, I mentioned my fascination, and prayed him, as a connexion of your family, to procure me an interview. He was reserved on this point for some time; but I do not deny that, being willing to confer anything in my power on those who oblige me, I more than hinted at preferment and place. I was not, indeed, aware till the other day, that Lord Tarragon had yielded his own attachment to an idea of loyalty."

"Perish such loyalty!" I said; for no presence could restrain the disgust which filled my heart at the vile treachery of the man to whom I had given my first deep, true affection! "O, Vincent, where was your loyalty to God?—to me who loved you so? What! conspire to render me a creature despised by the good? Degrade me?—and all, that place and power might be yours. Can it be possible?"

"You doubt me, I fear, Miss Castlebrook," said the Prince. "Read this note, then; doubtless you are acquainted with Lord Tarragon's handwriting."

A note addressed to the Regent, in Vincent's own hand! I read, though fire flashed from my eyes and the hot blood of shame rose in my cheeks:

"If your Royal Highness will deign to remain at home this afternoon, I have it at last in my power to procure you the interview we have so long endeavoured to effect. Miss C——will accompany me to Carlton House about four this afternoon. Once there, doubtless your Royal Highness will know how to persuade the young boy to study her own best interests."

"I have the honour to be "Your Royal Highness's "Faithful, humble servant," TARRAGON."

"After that," said the Regent, "how could I doubt you came in free will, and prepared to hear the proposal I have made to you?"

"Sir, I repeat what I previously said: A proposition was made to me to see some choice pictures. Unfortunately, I easily fell into the snare. But I acquit your Royal Highness of blame. One question more, if you will condescend: Did Lord Tarragon inform you of my residence in Brompton?"

The Prince hesitated for a moment; but princes seldom spare their base minions; so he answered, "He did, Miss Castlebrook. Such a lover, I own, is unworthy of you."

"Your Royal Highness will allow me now to retire. I acknowledge the consideration with which you have heard me. I entertain forgiveness for my boldness, and beg you will believe that to forfeit my own esteem, would to me be a heavier trial than the deepest poverty—the most cruel oppressions."

The Prince stooped forward, and raised my hand to his lips, with an air of profound respect. "Fair girl," he said, "I do believe you. Ah! Miss Castlebrook, you women could make of us what you pleased. If you always thus respected yourselves, we must persecute respect you."
Strange that an old woman, and a mighty Prince should have uttered the same sentiments on the same subject.
“But how can you go?” said the Regent.
I looked at my watch. It was past five.
“If your Royal Highness will permit your people to call me a hackney-coach.”
“Why, really that is unsuited for a young lady of your condition; but, to say the truth,” said the Prince, really embarrassed, “it is not advisable that any of my people should see your exit. I will call Tracy.”
He touched a handbell, and the obsequious person in black entered.
“Get a hackney-carriage to the private door, as quick as possible, and accompany Miss Castlebrooke home yourself.”
“Tracy is as secret,” said the Prince, turning to me, “as an African mute. Farewell, Miss Castlebrooke—remember me. And when you hear the Regent viliﬁed, bear in mind that, when he really recognized virtue, he knew at least how to respect it.”
With that speech, and a graceful and digniﬁed bow, the Regent left me alone in the room. I was only so for a few moments. The person called Tracy, with a soft stealthy step, reappeared, and, in a respectful tone, informed me the hackney-carriage was waiting. I again traversed the passages covered with velvet-piled carpet, and without seeing a single person except my guide, who rode on the box, I was speedily set down at home, where I found Betsy waiting my arrival, in no small trepidation.

C H A P. XIV.

Lady Laura had returned from her drive, ill with a complaint to which she was often subject—a spasmodic seizure! The whole house at such times was thrown into confusion; and as the housekeeper (the renegade Hannah) was of very little use in her capacity, the only reliable head, and the only serviceable hands, were those belonging to Betsy; for Lady Laura’s own maid was a Frenchwoman, who, beyond making bonnets and caps, and dressing her lady, knew nothing on earth that could possibly beneﬁt any human being. Of course I had been asked for; for, though my stepmother treated me with at best a civil sort of contempt, she was ready enough to avail herself of my assistance in any time of need. Betsy, not, indeed, knowing more than I had told her—that I was going to walk—could not say where I had gone. And when, after my arrival, I went to Lady Laura’s room to ask how she was, I was instantly assailed by her with interrogations as to where I had been, and what I could possibly have been doing—two questions which it was entirely inconvenient to answer. I did the best that suggested itself, not choosing to have recourse to positive falsehood. I said I had been out, and detained.

“Mr. Castlebrooke shall hear of your conduct!” she said, who at all other times was almost oblivious of my existence in the house.
“Commend me to your reserved, prudish young ladies for walking about London unprotected, since it appears that you do not take even a servant when you go out. The flacon, Mirabelle—good heavens! you have no thought. The pain in attacking me again! Miss Castlebrooke, you gave me last time I was ill, something which relieved me directly. It is very strange you should be out of the way when you are wanted! Do go and get it.”
I fetched the remedy, which was one Madame Theresa had prescribed for me, and which I kept in case of illness. It had the desired effect, and Lady Laura fell into a gentle dose, which happily allowed me to escape, and collect my wretched thoughts.

Who that ever pinned their faith on the sincerity of a human heart, and at one blow saw the object of their love and reliance, unmistakably converted into a being to be shunned and abhorred, but felt that earth and all its views and aims, had faded into dull hopelessness? Yet my sufferings at that time were even terribly acute. My ideas were still in chaos, such was the confusion into which they had been suddenly plunged by the unexpected revelation of Vincent’s real character. It is perfectly true, I had suspected him once; but I was not of a nature to be suspicious, especially where I loved. It is also true that I had been warned; but one word from Lord Terragon’s false lips, one smile of his, one look of deceptive love from his eyes, were enough at any time to dispel doubts and fears to the wind. Now, even to doubt was forbidden. Vincent’s own hand had endorsed his treachery. At least, when he learned the result of his vile scheme, he would never attempt again to see me! See him! my soul itself sickened at the very thought. I could not palliate, could not invent no excuse: neither did I wish to do so. Weak to a certain point, when once convinced, I was weak no more. Had I detected love or tenderness in my heart lurking for this traitor, I could have torn it out rather than shelter such feelings. Many women who read this avowal will perhaps believe me unﬁnemine, vindictive; but, in my mind, to persist in loving evil is to be evil, as many a poor woman has found out to her sorrow. A man who has attracted to himself the regards of a virtuous woman, and who would basely sell her for place and power, is deserving alone of unmeasured scorn and aversion. As I recalled his looks and words that very afternoon, but a short time before he himself conducted me to what he must have reckoned on as certain dishonour—for he did not anticipate that the Prince would so easily surrender his prey—I stood amazed at human falsehood, human treachery! I remembered his frank, noble sentiments when first I knew him, and could indeed even yet scarce believe that such a change could have come over the hero of my youthful fancy.

How many have thus been undeceived—have
read for the first time that black page of the human heart, wishing that they had never opened it!

I had no sleep that night. In the morning I was aroused from a kind of lethargy into which I had fallen, rather than a slumber, by a knocking at my room-door. It was Betsy’s voice, that bid me wake up. I sprang out of bed, and, hastily putting on my dressing-gown, opened the door. The girl came in, her usually rosy face, pale and anxious. Just as she entered, the clock in the hall chimed the hour. I remember feeling surprise, for it was not more than seven o’clock, and I was by no means a very early riser. The morning itself wore that cloudy, lead-coloured appearance which, in London, is often assumed by the first period of the day, I shivered.

“What is the matter, Betsy?” I asked, anticipating a renewal of Lady Laura’s spasms. But Betsy, usually gib and profuse of speech, made no answer. “What is all that bustle below?” I inquired. The thought came suddenly like an ice-bolt—“Oh, great Heaven! the creditors! have they come to seize my father’s property?”

“No, no, miss. Hush!” said Betsy. “Oh! Miss Isabella, the most dreadful thing—don’t shake so, dear; it is nothing about you or yours; but the poor young gentleman—they are bringing him here, and my lady and him not friends—though the servants do say she never loved any one but he. The news came at daybreak.”

“For heaven’s sake don’t torture me! What do you mean?”

“Oh, miss, he has been murdered!”

“Once more, whom? Not—”

“Lord—Lord Tarracon, miss! Yes, that’s the name—my lady’s only brother. Well, only to think, and the other young lord only just dead! Dear me, Miss Isabella, you ain’t able to stand! I wouldn’t have told you, only I couldn’t help it. They knew nowhere to take him, it seems, and some one recollected his sister lived here, and here they brought him!”

“Vincent! Vincent! not dead—not dead! Do not say so—and in all his sins! Oh, my God!”

“It is shocking, miss! but don’t take on so. He warn’t no relation of yours—and a racketey young feller he must have been. Many a poor girl, the servants say, he brought to shame. And the quarrel was in a gaming-house.”

“Not dead! No—not dead! Do not tell me that!”

“Dear heart, Miss Isabella, I tell you he is—shot in a jewel, which I calls murder, let who will say to the contrary!”

“Where is—the—where is he, then?”

“In the library, miss; they have just taken him there; and the housekeeper is gone to tell my lady.”

“Where is my father?”

“Don’t, miss, don’t look so! You frighten me; and I am sure I have been frightened enough. Master, for sure, is not come home yet. La bless you, Miss Isabella, that is nothing. Often and often he comes home just as the milk comes to the door! I daresay he’ll be here directly. Where are you going, miss? Why you ain’t dressed?”

“To the library. Do not stop me!”

I remember tottering down the stairs, clad in nothing but my white dressing-gown, my hair unbound, my face white as my dress, and my blood curdling in every vein. Betsy fruitlessly tried to stop me. I made my way through the mob of persons who filled the hall. There were servants and strangers, hackney-coachmen, porters, all talking and advising. As I rushed into the room, I dimly perceived a group round a large old-fashioned couch at the end of the apartment. Lady Laura, in the same dishabille as myself, her hair wildly thrown back, her hands clenched and upprised, was kneeling by the side of the sofa; and one or two persons—who were evidently medical men—were talking in a low voice. The housekeeper and lady’s-maid were trying in vain to calm Lady Laura, who rocked wildly to and fro, uttering the most fearful exclamations of mingled grief and upbraidings. All these things struck on my outward senses; and I can even now, in years far-removed from that time of horror, recall the room and the exact position of everyone in it—though my brain then seemed on fire, and every faculty was absorbed in one vague sense of overwhelming terror and fear. I remember falling on my knees by the side of the mute, half-undressed form recumbent on the couch. There needed no doctors to explain the presence of death. I gazed in awe on the face, over which the icy finger had been so lately drawn, that the paleness of mortality had scarcely set in. There was no trace of his violent end, save that on the left side of his white vest a small round circle of blood, coagulating fast, showed where the fatal ball had penetrated. I uttered no scream, no cry like those my stepmother thrilled the ears of the bystanders with. I could not have shed a tear, even if tears would have brought back the life into the veins of the dead man before me. Were the white closed lips the same which only a day before had vowed vows of the fondest, falsest love woman ever was beguiled by? Was that lifeless arm, which had dropped, and stiffened as it dropped, by the side of the couch, the one which had led me into the very den of the royal libertine, and on which I had leaned in fondest security? Even so. Yet in that hour no indignation was in my heart—no scorn came from my lips. I forgave freely and fully, and a prayer arose from the depths of my soul, that where he had gone, he might be forgiven. All the acute suffering of the past night was over: an unnatural calmness came upon me—a deep sense of the insufficiency of worldly joys or sorrows to shake the mind of an immortal being.

From this torpid condition I was aroused by the angry voice of Lady Laura, who had suddenly become alive to my presence. “Wretch!”
she screamed; "this has been your doing! I know it! I said from the first you were fated to bring ruin into our family. I hate you! I hate your name! Cursed be the hour when first I took it! You alienated us: he loved me before he saw your waxen face! Then you turned him with your affection of virtue and presence of mildness. I tell you, now, I care not what becomes of me! I never loved any creature but him in the world! Oh, Vincent! my handsome, noble, darling brother! Take her from my sight—monster!"

The women about her strove in vain to silence her by remonstrance. She would not be pacified. An idea possessed her that he had perished in some dispute about me. He could not utter a word, nor could I leave the place where I stood now, for I had risen to my feet in fear at her outbreak. At that minute there was a noise outside the room, and some one entered in spite of apparent opposition by the servants.

A voice too well known said, in thick accents, "Oh! why what the devil is it? Not go into my own rooms! I tell you I will! Eh! sounds! Laura! Why, what! are you playing; acting? Who the deuce is this? Are you all committing murder? uttering one of his habitual oaths. And my father, his neckcloth loose, and tied awry, his hat on, but crushed and on one side, his lips blackened with excess of wine, and his coat half-off one shoulder from the efforts of his servants to prevent him entering the room, stood suddenly in the middle of it. One glance was enough. He was exceedingly intoxicated, and very much disposed to be violent; and the more the people around sought to restrain him, the more turbulent he became.

"Stand off, you hounds! I'm—I'm a gentleman!" (another oath more frightful even than the first). "Don't you see I'm a gentleman, sir?" (to the officer who interfered). "What are you all doing here? Dead! who's dead? Who's dared to die in my house?"

He had risen by that time. Her almost insane grief found its vent in sudden fury. She flew at him—he seized the end of his cravat, and tightened it in her madness of passion, till he was crimson in the face.

"My lady! my lady!" the women screamed: "Oh, for God's sake don't!"

"Come, come, ma'am"—from the officer—"we can't allow violence! Clear the room. The body will have to be viewed here by the coroner; let everyone not concerned with this business quit the house. Come, sir; you had better take advice and go to bed."

That advice had the immediate effect of removing Mr. Castlebrook to the house. He now saw me.

"You here, too, madam! Get out—out, I say! What business have you to come here and kill a man, and urge on Lady Laura to murder me? I shan't go—I'll send for a magistrate! I'll have you fined! I'll appeal to Government! I'll—"

And raving thus, his ravings mingled with dreadful oaths, my father was carried out of the room by his servants and the officers. Lady Laura having fallen into the arms of her attendants in violent hysterics.

One of the medical men addressed me, who still stood like a statue, gazing on the face of the dead. He was a grave, elderly man, who had been called up as the body was borne to our house. I suppose, at the moment, as I was the most quiet, he took me for the most rational of our unhappy family. "Do you know, young lady," he said, "how this fatal accident occurred?" I looked at him, and shook my head.

"Can you bear me to tell you?" (a sign of acquiescence: I could not speak). "This poor gentleman was in a gambling-house, as I understand the fact from Mr. Tressel here, who professionally attended the disputants, and who alone had the courage to accompany the ill-fated man hither, for there was no address about his person, and no-one seemed to know what to do, the Bow-street runners deciding at last to bring him to his sister's house. Some person—a foreign count, I believe—accused him of unfair play; words, and a challenge, ensued. It was near daybreak, and with seconds, and Mr. Tressel, who was present, the whole party adjourned to some fields near Pinmico: they both fired, and you know the result. All, I believe, was fairly conducted. The other persons have fled. I am deeply concerned, madam, for the grief occasioned, and if my professional services can be of any use—"

"No, no, thank you; I need nothing! Lady Laura has her own medical adviser. I cannot tell what is to be done until my father awakes. He—he will decide. Oh, sir!" in a wild agony, clasping my hands, "are you sure nothing more can be tried?"

"My dear young lady, the question can only arise from your disturbance of mind. Look here—all the skill and knowledge of surgery in Europe combined, can restore the spirit to its habitation of flesh when once the separation has been effected."

I did look, and shuddered. Presently a hand was laid on my shoulder; it was Betsy's. Kind girl! she had been obliged to attend to poor little Marcus, and now she came to guide me to my own room. I submitted to all she asked, and with the tottering step of an aged woman, rather than the light one of a girl, I ascended the staircase, step by step, and reached at last my own room.

"Bless you, miss!" said Betsy; "let me bring you some tea; I am sure you need some thing."

"No, no; nothing—rest for this aching heart, only. Pray for me, Betsy! Close the shutters. Let nothing be here but darkness! Go, now; leave me. I must be left—with myself alone—with my God!"

I threw myself on the bed, which I had quitted for that terrible sight an hour before. As Betsy left the room I could hear her mutter, "After all, I am afraid what the housekeeper says was all true—poor dear!"
UNDER THE SNOW.

The Spring had tripped and lost her flowers;  
The Summer sauntered through the glades;  
The wounded feet of Autumn Hours  
Left ruddy footprints on the blades,

And all the glories of the woods  
Had flung their shadowy silence down,  
When, wilder than the storm it broods,  
She fled before the winter’s frown:

For her sweet spring had lost its flowers;  
She fell, and passion’s tongues of flame  
Ran reddening through the blushing boweres;  
Now haggard as her naked shame.

One secret thought her soul had screened  
When prying matrons sought her wrong,  
And Blame stalked on, a mournful fiend,  
And mocked her as she fled along.

And now she bore its weight aloof,  
To hide it where one glastly birch  
Held up the rafters of the roof,  
And grim old pine-trees formed a church.

’Twas there she spring-time vows were sworn;  
And there upon its frozen sod,  
While wintry midnight reigned forlorn,  
She knelt, and held her hands to God.

The cautious creatures of the air  
Looked out from many a secret place,  
To see the embers of despair  
Flush the grey ashes of her face.

And where the last week’s snow had caught  
The grey beard of a cypress limb,  
She heard the music of a thought  
More sweet than her own childhood’s hymn.

For rising in that cadence low,  
With “Now I lay me down to sleep,”  
Her mother rocked her to and fro,  
And prayed the Lord her soul to keep.

And still her prayer was humbly raised,  
Held up in two cold hands to God,  
That, white as some old pine-tree blazed,  
Gleamed far o’er that dark frozen sod.

The storm stole out beyond the wood;  
She grew the vision of a cloud;  
Her dark hair was a misty hood;  
Her stark face shone as from a shroud,

Still sped the wild storm’s rustling feet  
To martial music of the pines,  
And to her cold heart’s muffled beat  
Wheeled grandly into solemn lines.

And still, as if her secret’s woe  
No mortal words had ever found,  
This dying sinner draped in snow  
Held up her prayer without a sound.

But when the holy angel-bands  
Saw this lone vigil, lowly kept,  
They gathered from her frozen hands  
The prayer thus folded, and they wept.

Some snow-flakes—wiser than the rest—  
Soon faltered o’er a thing of clay,  
First read this secret of her breast,  
Then gently rob’d her where she lay.

The dead dark hair, made white with snow,  
A still stark face, two folded palms,  
And (mothers, breathe her secret low!)  
An unborn infant—asking alms.

God keper counsel; cold and mute  
His steadfast mourners closed her eyes;  
Her head-stone was an old tree’s root,  
Be mine to utter—“Here she lies.”

BEECH COPPICE.

BY ADA TREVANION.

I know a copse which Autumn fills  
With shining berries, black and red;  
Two rustic bridges span the rills  
By which its deep-struck roots are fed.

The path its quiet course pursues  
‘Mid mottled beech-boles and grey moss;  
Late blowing violets, wet with dews,  
Just peep through the dead leaves across.

But when to that lone copse the Spring  
Comes with the blessing of her smile,  
And green buds burst, and small birds sing,  
The grass is jewelled for a mile.

Wine-flowers fair and open-eyed  
Lift bended heads, and gaze around,  
Fragile wood-sorrel blooms, pearl-dyed,  
And silken primrose stars the ground.

Ah me! ah me! how many a mile  
I leave that copse behind! yet still  
In dreams I lean on the near stile,  
And of its sweetness take my fill.
SHEIKH SADI, OF SHIRAZ;
AN ORIENTAL POET.

During the thirteenth century of our era lived and died Sheik Sadi, of Shiraz; one of Persia's most famous sons. While Europe was sunk in barbarism, or rather was just beginning to emerge from her long sleep, as "the ten dumb centuries" which were to make "the speaking Dante" drew to their close, Sadi, with his keen sense and poet's heart, was wandering in his der- vish dress from city to city throughout the Mohammedan world, everywhere studying manners and mankind, and everywhere gathering wis- dom and experience. He travelled in Barbary, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Arabia, Tartary, and India; fourteen times he made the pilgrimage to Mecca; and this wide knowledge of the world leaves its traces in every page that he wrote. "Long," he tells us in one of his poems, "have I wandered in the various regions of the earth, and everywhere I have spent my days with everybody; I have found a grain in every corner, and gleaned an ear from every harvest." His long life* was chequered with every variety of fortune; for in those days war was abroad in the earth, and rapid changes were sweeping over the face of Asia. The Franks still held part of Palestine, though the enthusiasm of the early Crusades had long since passed away; and the fierce hordes of the Tartars and Mongols, which had burst forth under Zinghis Khan from the wilds of Scythia, were laying waste, under his generals or suc- cessors, the fairest seats of Asiatic civilization, and in 1258 his grandson, Holagou Khan, took Bagdad by storm, and put to death the feeble Motsam, whose name closes the long and glorious line of the Abbasside dynasty of the Caliphs.

Amidst this shaking of empires, individuals of course could not escape. Life and property were fearfully insecure, and a shadow must have darkened every home. Sadi, who long resided at Bagdad, where he held a fellowship in the Nizamiah College, has commemorated in one of his elegies the devastation of the city by Holagou; and in his travels in Syria he fell into the hands of the Crusaders, who set him to work with other slaves in repairing the fortifications of Tripolis. But Sadi carried a brave heart in his bosom, which no threats of adverse fortune could subdue. The dangers of travel but added a keener zest to his enjoyment; for the world in those days was still fresh to the traveller, and every forest and every hill had its adventure and its romance. Science had not then mapped out sea and land, and stripped travel of its wonder and danger; and Nature rewarded her votary with a far deeper relish for her charms. Life to the traveller was fuller and richer, and his feelings were stronger and deeper; nor was it merely the hills and the woods that breathed their fuller life into his heart, but he learned a deeper sympathy with his fellow-man. The fellow-travellers of the caravan were linked by their community of hardship and danger, and heart answered to heart in their intercourse; for the desert soli- tudes annihilate fashions, and leave men bare as Nature around them. These influences wrought deeply on Sadi's character, and it is these which lend such a living charm to his books.

Sadi has written many works, but the two on which his fame chiefly rests are the "Gulistan" (or rose-garden) and the "Bostan" (or orchard). The former, to which we would invite our readers to accompany us, is one of those books which are thoroughly Eastern in every part. Its form, its matter, its style, its thoughts—all wear an Oriental colouring; everywhere we breathe in an Oriental atmosphere. In itself it is a book of morals; but this description could never convey to the reader the faintest idea of its real character. It is a book of morals, but written for the story-loving East, that native home of romance in every age; and instead of laboured disquisitions and logical systems, we have everywhere life and human in- terest. Morality descends from the universal to the individual; she steps from the schools to the bazaar; and, instead of dealing with words and abstractions, clothes her thoughts with flesh and blood in the forms of living men.

The work is divided into eight sections, seven of which are so many series of stories and apologues to illustrate some leading point which gives the title to the section, and unites as by a thread the otherwise unconnected series of which it is composed. The book is written in prose; but diastichs and tetraets, and sometimes longer poems, are continually intro- duced to vary the narrative, and also to give force and piquancy to the lessons which it may be intended to convey. In no other book is the beauty of the Persian lan- guage so fully displayed; no other author has ever wielded the instrument so well, or tried, like Sadi, all its capabilities to their full. And yet the style is generally simple, and singularly free from that rank luxuriance of ornament which in later times disfigured Persian poetry, and which indeed is the chief characteristic that the bare mention of Oriental poetry, alas! too often suggests to the English reader. From this fault Sadi is generally free, and his language is usually pointed and concise; indeed, one of his peculiar characteristics is the poignant brevity of many of his sayings, which stamps them with a kind of proverbial significance. His poetry is always graceful and easy, with no great power of imagination, but an inexhausti-

* Sadi was born at Shiraz, A.D. 1175, and died there A.D. 1290.
ble flow of imagery and fancy; and we frequently find that tender paths which wins its way to the reader's heart by no forced appeals of rhetorical art, but by its native simplicity and home-felt truth.

But one great charm of the book, as we said, is its being so thoroughly un-English and new. The characters who fit before us in its stories, and the scenery which forms the background as they move, are alike Oriental; the moment we open the volume we find ourselves in another clime. It reminds us of the view which Mr. Curzon describes from the window of the Alexandrian hotel, when he gazed on the street and bazaar below: "Here my companion and I stationed ourselves, and watched the novel and curious scene; and strange indeed to the eye of the European, when for the first time he enters an Oriental city, is all he sees around him. The picturesque dresses, the buildings, the palm-trees, the camels, the people of various nations, with their long beards, their arms and turbans, all unite to form a picture which is indelibly fixed in the memory."

To Sadi, indeed these were but the every-day scenes in the midst of which his life was passed; and much that now charms us with its beauty may have been but commonplace to him, for the distance of time and space alike "lend enchantment to the view;" and the very events and scenes which were so familiar to him, it requires now the true poet's imagination to recover from the past:

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free In the silken sail of infancy, The tide of time flowed back with me, The forward-flowing tide of time; And many a sheeny summer-morn Adown the Tigris was I borne, By Bagdad's shrine of fretted gold, High-walled gardens green and old; True Musaulman was I, and sworn, For it was in the golden prime Of good Haroun Al Raschid."

Yet not the less did it need the seeing eye in Sadi to pourtray so vividly these familiar scenes around him—to catch their evanescent features as they flitted past in life's quick procession, and daguerreotype them for ever in his book. And not the less was it the poet's insight which detected under this everyday disguise the latent beauty and truth, and thus made "The barren commonplace break To full and kindly blossom.

* Curzon's "Monasteries in the Levant," p. 3.
† Tennyson's "Recollections of the Arabian Nights." Perhaps in "Maud" we have a still more striking instance, where the hero is recalling that dreamy memory of infancy, and hears his father and Maud's projecting a marriage between their children:

"Is it an echo of something Read with a boy's delight, Viziers nodding together In some Arabian Night?"

The "Gulistan" is one of those books which are never written but by the poetic temperament when saddened (shall we say darkened?) by a deeper insight into life and the world. The glowing visions of genius in its youth have faded in life's cold daylight; the Philoctetes, with his chivalrous generosity, has himself become the Ulysses, whose voice he once refused to hear; yet with the cold wisdom of the world some gleams of his former self still linger, and shed a softening hue on what would else be stern and repulsive in his character. It is not the old age of one who has never known a genial youth, for this were indeed gloomy to the heart's core; but here, under all the mask of cynicism, if we pierce through the incrustation which years have left, we shall find the warm true heart beating as of old. Thus the Horace, who in his youth had sung of Lalage and Cinara, in his riper years writes of man and the world: the poet's gift of insight, which had once seen Bacchus and his satyrs among the hills, now turns to life and society, and gazes with an Apollonius-like eye on the Lania phantasmas of the world. Yet how wide is the difference between the fierce Lucilius ("quoties Lucilius ardet") and the genial Horace, who

"Admissus circum præcordia ludit;"

between the stern declamer with his rhetorical indignation, and the kindly poet with his human sympathies, which soften all the rough teaching of his knowledge of life! Can we not trace a somewhat similar course in the highest instance of all—Shakspeare? It is, we believe, a remark of Schlegel's, that Shakespeare's genius grew harder with years; he passes on from the warm and glowing world of "As you Like It" and "Twelfth Night," to the colder region of "Lear," "Coriolanus," and "Timon"—plays which, with all their splendour of poetry and thought, are yet deeply tinged with a subjective gloom.

In a lower degree it is the same with Sadi. The "Gulistan" in every page bears the impress of a mind which had long looked with a keen insight into life, and read its characters with an experienced eye. The picture is tinged with a somewhat sombre colouring; the hue of youthful hope is gone, for grey hairs have come—to quote an eastern poet, "the messengers which bid hope to cease." Yet this sombre hue is not unrelieved gloom, for the poet's warm heart is still alive, to soften the angry satire with genial humour; nor has the poet's eye forgot its power, but its self-created "light which never was on land or sea" still glows with something of its ancient glory even on these stern realities,

"And colours Life's dark cloud with orient ray."

We now turn to the volume itself, to support our remarks by extracts. Where these are in prose, we shall chiefly follow the very faithful translation published by Professor Eastwick;
but the occasional verses we have ventured to render into prose, unless his verse (as is sometimes the case) is peculiarly terse and elegant, so as to be no mean equivalent for the original.

The "Gulistan," as we said, consists of eight chapters, each of which (except the last, which consists of maxims) is a series of apologies, all intended to illustrate, however remotely, some moral lesson which is the subject of the chapter. These subjects are as follows:

1. The manners of kings;
2. The qualities of dervishes;
3. The excellence of contentment;
4. The advantages of taciturnity;
5. Love and youth;
6. Decrepitude and old age;
7. The effect of education;
8. The duties of society.

In none of these chapters have we any laboured disquisitions on the nature or grounds of morality; Sadi's philosophy (like that of Horace's father) always teaches by example—not the dead general formula, but the living man. When we open the book, we step at once into life and action, far away from the disputations and logic of the schools, into the street and the bazaar: we are no longer talking of abstractions and shadows; we are face to face with living agents; we are jostled in the crowd. Behind Sadi's book rises in perspective Sadi's own long life of adventure and travel; and it is this which gives to it its freshness and reality. The old man, as he writes, recalls the past scenes in which he himself has felt and acted; every desert journey, every night adventure, every caravanerai's guest have added some figure to the long succession of images which his memory calls up from the past. His childhood and its quiet home, his studious youth, his restless manhood and settled age are summoned in turn to "the sessions of sweet silent thought," and each brings its store of memorials. We cannot refrain from quoting from the "Bostan" the following touching incident of his childhood:

"Well I remember my father's lifetime—
The rain of God's mercy every moment be on him!—
How, in my childhood, he bought me a tablet and book,
And he bought me, withal, a ring of gold.
Lest suddenly a buyer came, and won
With a date that ring from off my hand.
Little the child knows the worth of a ring,
And a sweetmeat will bribe him to yield it up.
And thou, too, knowest little the worth of life,
Who cannot fling it away in sweet pleasure."

Nor can the lines have a fitter accompaniment than the following parallel from the "Gulistan," (li 7):

"I remember that in the time of my childhood I was devout, and in the habit of keeping vigils,
and eager to practise mortification and austerities. One night I sat in attendance on my father, and did not close my eyes the whole night, and I held the precious Koran in my lap, while the people around me slept. I said to my father, 'Not one of these lifts up his head to perform a prayer; they are so fast asleep that you would say they were dead.'

"Life of thy father,' he replied, 'it were better if thou too were asleep, rather than thou shouldst be backbiting others.'"

STANZAS.

"The bragart sees only his own self;
For he draws close the veil of conceit before him;
If they but gave him an eye to see God,
He would see no one weaker than himself."

Or this from the sixth chapter:

"One day, in the ignorance and folly of youth, I raised my voice against my mother. Cut to the heart she sat down in a corner, and, weeping, exclaimed:

'Perhaps thou hast forgotten thine infancy that thou treatest me with this rudeness!'

Sadi ever seems to turn with a peculiar zest to the various scenes which he had witnessed in his days of travel; the figures of old companions in the caravanserais rise up before his mind's eyes and bygone hours of social intercourse are recalled in the silence of thought. Thus how vividly does such an incident as this from the second chapter depict the dangers and hardships of the caravans, while the sturdy robustness of the dervish stands out like the Antaeus beggar in Elia's essay.—

"A man on foot, with bare head and bare feet, came from Kufah with the caravan proceeding to Hijaz, and accompanied us. I looked at him, and saw that he was wholly unprovided with the supplies requisite for the journey. Nevertheless, he went on merrily, and said:

VERSES.

"I ride not on a camel, but am free from load and trammel,
To no subjects am I lord, and I fear no monarch's word;
I think not of the morrow, nor recall the bygone sorrow;
Thus I breathe exempt from strife; and thus moves on my tranquil life."

"One who rode on a camel said to him, 'O dervish, whither art thou going? Turn back, or thou wilt perish from the hardships of the way.' He did not listen, but entered the desert, and proceeded on. When we reached the palm-trees of Mahmud, fate overtook the rich man, and he died. The dervish approached his pillow and said: 'I have survived these hardships, and thou hast perished on the back of thy dromedary.'"

COUPLET.

"A watchman wept the livelong night beside a sick man's bed;
When it dawned, the sick was, well, and the mourner, he was dead!"
Sadi delights in such antitheses as these—those unexpected contradictions of life, which mock the calculations of prudence, and so often force on us the conviction that life has an element of “time and chance” which we cannot eliminate: that, in spite of all our forecasting, “the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.”

Another story from the third chapter gives a different phase of these contradictions of life, and will remind the reader of the scene in “Robinson Crusoe,” where he finds the doubloons on board the wreck.

“I once met an Arab amid a circle of jewellers at Basrah, who was relating the following story: ‘Once on a time I had lost my way in the desert, and not a particle of food was left, and I had made up my mind to perish, when suddenly I found a purse, full of pearls. Never shall I forget my joy and cattasia when I thought that they were parched wheat, nor again the bitterness and despair when I found that they were only pearls.’”

From the second chapter we extract the following very interesting glimpse of his own dervish life: for Sadi himself was a wandering dervish, and in the picture adjoining his tomb Colonel Franklin found him represented as wearing a dervish’s kirikah, or long blue gown, with a pilgrim’s staff in his hand.

“I once in the principal mosque of Baalbek addressed a few words, by way of exhortation, to a cold congregation, whose hearts were dead, and who had not found the way from the material to the spiritual world. I saw that my speech made no impression on them, and that my fire took no effect on their green wood. I grew weary of instructing brutes, and holding up a mirror in the district of the blind; still the door of utterance continued open, and the chain of my discourse kept lengthening, as I dwelt on that text of the Koran, ‘We are nearer to him than the vein of his neck.’ I had brought my discourse to this point, when I exclaimed:

VERSES.

‘The Beloved is closer than 1 to myself; Yet strange to say, I am still far off. What shall I do, and to whom shall I tell it? He lies on my bosom, and still—I am parted from Him.’

‘I was drunken with the wine of this discourse and the remainder of the cup was yet in my hand, when a traveller passed by the edge of the assembly, and the last round of the cup, which I handed, went to his soul. He gave such a shout that the others, also in sympathy, joined in the excitement, and the most apathetic shared his enthusiasm. ‘Glory to God!’ I exclaimed, ‘those afar off who have knowledge of Him enter into his presence; while those near at hand, who have no vision, are kept aloof!’

* The outer mark of a dervish is a patched garment and shaven head; but his essential qualities are a living heart and mortified passions.”—Gulistan, h. 47.

† Koran, ch. 1, verse 15.

VERSES.

“If the hearer comprehendeth not what is spoken, Look not for vigour of genius in the speaker: Wide be the field of the willing attention, That the orator may strike over it the ball of eloquence.”

Sadi’s narratives often wear such an air of life and reality, that they almost involuntarily stamp their essence into a proverb; in Persia many of them have become “household words.” How completely the following is a proverb disguised:

“Once a king of Persia had a very precious stone set in a ring. On a certain occasion he went out with some of his favourite courtiers to the Masella of Shiraz to amuse himself, and he bade them suspend the ring over the dome of Azad, that the ring might be his who could send an arrow through it. It chanced that four hundred professed archers of the royal train took their aim, but all missed. But a stripling at play on the terrace-roof of a monastery was shooting his arrows at random; and lo! the morning breeze carried his shaft through the circle of the ring. They bestowed the ring upon him, and loaded him with numberless gifts; and the boy forthwith burned his bow and arrows. They asked him ‘Why did you do so?’ He answered, ‘That my first glory might remain unchanged.’

VERSES.

“It may sometimes chance that the clear-headed sage Shall offer mistaken counsel: And at times peradventure the untaught stripling By mistake may hit the target with his shaft.”

Nor is the next story inferior, with its barb of keen worldly wisdom at its close. In the plate of the first volume of Sir W. Ouseley’s “Travels in Persia,” there is a curious representation of the scene, copied from a Persian MS. in his collection.

“A certain man had become a master in the art of wrestling; he knew three hundred and sixty first-rate sleights in this art, and every day he wrestled with a different throw. But a corner of his heart conceived a liking for the beauty of one of his pupils, and he taught him three hundred and fifty-nine of his sleights—all he knew save one, the teaching of which he continually deferred. In short, the youth was perfect in skill and strength, and none could stand up against him; until at length he boasted before the Sultan, ‘My master’s superiority is but from his superior years, and my reverence for all he has taught me; else in strength I am nowise his inferior, and in skill I am fully his equal.’ This want of respect displeased the king, and he bade them wrestle together. A vast arena was selected, and the great nobles and ministers of the king attended. The youth entered like a furious elephant, with a shock that, had his adversary been a mountain of iron,

* Alluding to the game of Chogan, like the Golf in Scotland, but played on horseback.
would have upturned it from its base. The master perceived that the youth was his superior in strength; so he fastened on him with that curious grip which he had kept concealed, and the youth knew not how to foil it. The master lifted him with both hands from the ground, and raised him above his head and dashed him to the earth. A shout of applause arose from the multitude. The king bade them bestow a robe of honour and reward on the master, and heaped reproaches on the youth, saying, "Thou hast presumed to encounter him who taught thee, and thou hast failed." He answered—"Sire, my master overcame me not by strength or power, but a small point was left in the art of wrestling which he withheld from me; and by this small point he had downed the victory over me."

The master said—"I have kept it for such a day as this; for the sages have said, Give not to thy friend such power that, if he one day becomes thy foe, he will prevail over thee." Hast thou not heard what once was said by one who had suffered wrong from a pupil of his own?

STANZA.

"Either gratitude itself there is none in the world, Or none in our generation practise it; None ever learned from me to shoot the arrow, Who in the end made not me his target."*  

We trace in the above story what in truth is so common in all the practical moral writings of the East—that deep sense of the need of caution and suspicion which long ages of irresponsible despotism have branded into the very heart of the people. It was indeed no casual equivocation through which, "by degrees, the name Frank, which may originally have indicated merely a national, came to indicate a moral, distinction as well;"† the personal freeman stood out from among a degenerate race by an independence of character and proud scorn of defeat. It is not in the east, amid a world of slaves, that the chivalrous generosity implied in Frank takes root. Tyranny and oppression run down from rank to rank; concealment and suspicion darken and chill every heart, and the finer feelings are stifled by their influence.

It is strange to note how all Persian poets feel bound, on every plausible occasion, to convey indirect exhortations to the governors against tyranny and extortion towards those beneath them; and if we view these passages in the light of the poet's present, how deeply affecting is their significance! The ever-reiterated praises of Nushirwan the Just will come home to us with a new meaning and power, if we think of the living viziers and pachas whom the poet would have branded by name had he dared.

We have one or two curious stories in the "Gulistan" which exemplify the mode of administering justice in the east, and show that the "law's delays" are not found only in the highest states of civilization.

"Two derivations of Khurasan travelling together in companionship. One was weak, and used to break his fast after every two nights. The other was strong and made three meals a-day. It happened at the gate of a city that they were seized on suspicion of being spies, and were both imprisoned, and the door closed up with mud. After two weeks it was discovered that they were innocent. They opened the door, and found the strong man dead, but the weak man safe and alive. They were still wondering thereat, when a wise man said—"The opposite of this would have been strange; for this man was a great eater, and could not bear the want of food, and so perished. But the other was in the habit of controlling himself; he endured, as was his wont, and was saved."

STANZA.

"When to eat little is one's natural wont, If hardship cross us, we easily bear it: But if we pamper ourselves in our hour of ease, Whoe want comes, we of hardship die."

We have many stories to illustrate the vanity of worldly grandeur, the nothingness of earthly prosperity, even at its highest estate; and thoughts like these must indeed have often forced themselves on Sadi's mind when he saw the devastation of Asia by the scourge of the Mogul invasions.

"One of the Arabian kings was sick in his old age, and the hope of surviving was cut off. Suddenly a horseman entered the portal, and brought good tidings, saying: 'By the auspicious fortune of my lord we have taken such a castle, and the enemies are made prisoners, and the troops and provisions in that quarter are entirely reduced to obedience.' When the king heard this speech he heaved a cold sigh, and said, 'These joyful tidings are not for me, but for my enemies, that is, the heirs of my crown.'

VERSES.

"In this hope, alas! hath precious life been passed, That what was in my heart might enter in at my gate; My long-hoped hope hath come—yet what profit withal, Since hope is none that life passed can return!"

"The hand of death hath struck the drum of departure: Eyes of mine, ye must bid adieu to my head; Palm of my hand, wrist, and arm, Ye too must bid farewell to each other.
On me hath fallen Death, the enemy of desire, And you, O my friends! must at last pass from me.
All my days have passed in folly, I have failed, and do you by me take warning!"

The old legendary splendours of Persia are ran-
Sacked to bear a similar testimony, in the inscription over the portico of King Feridun's palace.

"The world, O brother! abides with none; Set thy heart on the world's Maker—let that suffice thee. Rest not thy pillow and support on this world's domain, For many a one such as thee hath she fostered and slain. When the pure soul prepares to depart, What is death on a throne, or death on the bare ground?"

He reads also a like warning, "written in letters of gold, upon Kai-Khusraw's crown."

"What generations of mankind shall tread, What ages roll above my buried head! For hand from hand to me descends the crown, And hand from hand to others shall go down!"†

We have the following wild story about the great Mahmoud of Ghazni, the conqueror of India, and the iconoclast hero of the temple of Somnath:

"One of the kings of Khurasan saw, in a dream, Sultan Mahmud Sabuktakin, a hundred years after his death, when all his body had dissolved and become dust, save his eyes, which, as heretofore, moved in their sockets and looked about them. All the sages were at a loss to interpret it, except a dervish, who made his obeisance, and said, 'He is still looking about him, because his kingdom is in the possession of others.'"

**VERSES.**

"Many are the heroes whom they have buried under the ground, Of whose existence above it not one vestige is left; That old carcasse which they committed to earth, Earth hath so devoured it that not one bone remains. Still lives by his justice Nashirwan's glorious name, Although long ages have passed with no Nashirwan here. Do good, my friend, while thou canst, and seize thy life as a prey, Ere the cry rises in the street—'Such an one is gone!'"†

This insight into life runs through the "Gulistan;", no tinsel deceives him for an instant. Hear how he weighs the lot of the despot and the dervish in this life and the next:

* To this ancient hero of Persian romance, the discoveries of comparative philology have lately added a new and deeper interest. He has been identified with the Traitan of the Vedas, and forms one great link between the ancient Persian and Hindoo mythologies.
† We have given these fine lines in a friend's translation.
‡ Compare what Jeremy Taylor says, that one day the bell shall toll, and it shall be asked for whom, and answered for us.

"A king was regarding with a scornful eye a company of dervishes. One of them, acute enough to divine his feelings, said—'O king! in this world we are inferior to thee in military pomp, but happier in our enjoyment; in death, thy equals; and at the day of judgment, if it please the Most High God, thy superiors.'"

A similar feeling appears in the following, and how deeply beautiful is the couplet which closes it:

"A king said to a holy man, 'Dost thou ever remember me?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'whenever I forget my God.'"

**DISTICH.**

"To every side shall he wander whom God drives from His gate; But him whom He calls to His gate, He will never let go to another's."

Connected with the above, we find in the first chapter a very striking parallel to Wolsey's dying words:

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies."

"A vizier went to Zu'l-nun of Egypt, and requested the aid of his prayers, saying—'I am day and night employed in the service of the Sultan, hoping for his favour and dreading his wrath.' Zu'l-nun wept, and said—'If I had feared the Most High God as thou fearest the Sultan, I should have been of the number of the just.'"

**VERSES.**

"Could he cease from all thoughts of earthly ease and pain,
The dervish's foot would touch the sky; And if the vizier but feared his God As he fears his king, he would be an angel."

Nor are Sadi's stories drawn only from human experience, as seen in others' lives or his own; the resources of fable are also at his command, and many a charming specimen may be quoted from his works. Fable indeed has been always native to the East, since the days of Pilpay and Lokman; and its graver writers have not scrupled to employ it (like Dryden in his "Hind and Panther") in the service of philosophy and religion—forgetful that these must lie beyond its sphere, since no effort of the imagination can suppose beasts to share in their interests. Two of Sadi's are too well known to need quotation—the clay that gained its perfume by association with the rose, and the drop of rain that fell into the sea and became a pearl. The following are less familiar:

"I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom, With bands of grass suspended from a dome; I said—'What means this worthless grass, that it Should in the rose's fairy circle sit?" Then wept the grass, and said—'Be still, and know The kind their old associates ne'er forgave; Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true! But in the garden of my lord I grow!'"
SHEKHZADI, OF SHIRAZ: AN ORIENTAL POET.

"In the leaves of the Koran I found a peacock’s feather;" "This place," I said to it, "is higher than thy worth." "Silence," it made answer; "for to the beautiful, Wheresoever they set foot, all cross their hands in service!"

One translator remarks that "Sadi in wit is not inferior to Horace, whom he also resembles in his *curiosa felicita*." Without, however, claiming for him so eminent a place, there can be no question that Sadi’s sparkling wit lends a great charm to the "Gulistan." Beside the varied interest of the stories, the sudden turns of thought and quick repartees of the dialogue add an air of great lightness and vivacity, which is heightened by a profusion of lively antitheses and ingenious conceits. We have selected a few of these scattered sayings, some of which have quite the point of proverbs:

"Though a Guebre keep his fire alight an hundred years, If he once fall into its flame it will burn him."

"You must bear with patience suppliants like me, For none throws a stone at a tree that bears no fruit."

"The deep sea is not turbid from a stone; The rage that is vexed is a shallow brook still."

"If the king declares that the day is night, You must answer — ‘See, there are the moon and the Pleiades!’"

"Neither the merchant with both his hands gathers gold into his bosom, Or else the wave one day tosses him dead on the beach."

Some of his shorter stories display a good deal of caustic humour; as that of the doctor, who gives to his pupil the following advice to get rid of his friends, when their visits took up too much of his time: "Lend to such as are poor, and ask to borrow of such as are rich; and neither will trouble you any more;" or that of the dervish, who had been struck on the head by a stone, and having no power to return the blow, had carefully laid the stone by, until, years after, finding his enemy in a pit, where the king’s displeasure has thrown him, he creeps stealthily up, and returns the old blow with the identical stone!

Sadi’s poetry is of no very high order, yet it is always light and graceful. A vein of real feeling runs through it; all, like a little silver thread; and there is plenty of fancy in the images and thoughts. Moreover, his verses in the "Gulistan" are always short; the subject is handled with so light a touch, and the transitions are so rapid from theme to theme, that the reader is never wearied, but is lured on from story to story, verse to verse, with an ever-fresh variety.

How beautiful, and yet how thoroughly Oriental, is the following tetristich:

"The muezzin* unseasonably raises his voice from the minaret, For he knows not how much of the night is gone. Ask the length of the night from my eye-lashes, For not one moment hath sleep passed on my eyes!"

Or these lines on youth and age:

"When thou art old, let go thy childishness; Leave to the young sport and merriment. Seek not from the old man the gladness of youth; For the stream that hath flowed by shall never return; Now that the corn is ripe for the sickle, It waves not in the wind like the young blade."

There are some striking lines on Jacob and Joseph, with a mystical reference under them to the changing state of the holy man in his communion with God, "for the vision of the pious is between effulgence and obscurity;"

"One asked of that once desolate father: O old man! bright of soul and wise of knowledge, Thou didst smell the breath of thy son’s garment from Egypt, Why then sawest thou him not in Canaan’s pit?" "My state," he answered, "is as the lightning, Which one moment gleams and the next disappears. At one time I sit on heaven’s highest pinnacle, At another I see not my own feet for darkness, If the dervish remained at one stay forever, He might wash his hands of both worlds."

The following lines might almost suggest the thought that Sadi had read the words of St. Paul, that "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it;" and it is at least singular that they occur in a story where Sadi represents himself as offering prayers at the tomb of Yahya, or John the Baptist, at Damascus:

"The sons of Adam are members one of another, For in their creation they have a common origin; If fortune bring one member into pain, To the other members remain no rest; And thou who feelest not for another’s sorrow, Hast no claim to the name of man."

Sadi was a man of deep religious feeling, and there are ample proofs of it in his books. Like most Persian authors, he adopts the mystical phraseology of the Sufis; but we find in him far less of this style than in most of his contemporaries. It is confined chiefly to scattered verses, and incidental allusions, which just serve to

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* There is an untranslatable play on the two meanings of *kandâr*, "the bosom" and "the shore."

* "I was awakened this morning, about an hour before sunrise, by the crowing of cocks and the voice of the muezzin, heard beautifully through the stillness of the night, as he summoned all true believers to the house of prayer, proclaiming that “prayer is better than sleep.” —*Pashley’s "Crete,"* I. p. 185.

† That is, attain his reunion with God.
give a shade of deeper colouring to Gulistan's varied picture. Such are lines like these:

"Knowest thou what that nightingale of dawn said to me?
What man art thou who art ignorant of love?"
All that thou seest is loud in extolling Him.
The heart, that is an ear, well knows the mystery:
'Tis not the nightingale alone that sings His praise to the rose,
For in His praise its every thorn is a tongue!"

A deep feeling of natural piety breathes through such lines as the following, which express a sentiment such as one would hardly have looked for in a Mahomedan:

"I have brought an excuse for my defect of service,
For in my obedience I have no claim.
The wicked repent them of their sins,
But the holy seek forgiveness for their worship."

Sadi, although a dervish and recluse (for the latter years of his life were spent in retirement), had too deep an insight into character to be deceived by the hermit's exterior; and his true estimate of seclusion is thus given:

"If every moment thy heart be wandering,
Even in solitude thou wilt find no purity;
And though wealth, rank, fields, and merchandise be thine,
If thy heart be with God thou art still a hermit."

The idea in the following lines is a favourite with him, and occurs several times in different forms:

"Should the creature injure thee, sorrow not;
For from the creature cometh neither joy nor pain.
Know, from God is the contrariety of friend and foe.
For the heart of each is in His disposal.
What though the arrow speeds from the bow?
The wise of heart know that the archer gave it aim."

Sadi’s addresses to the Deity abound with striking thoughts. Witness these fine lines from the opening of the "Gulistan":

"O loftier than all thought, Conception, fancy, or surmise! All vainly thou art sought, Too high for feeble man's emprise: Past is our festive day, And reached at length life's latest span; Thy dues are yet to pay, The firstlings of thy praise by man!"

Nor must we forget, when we would estimate Sadi's true character and position, that these thoughts and feelings have been the product of Mohammedanism's sterile soil. With all its grave errors, by its unwavering acknowledg-

ment of the divine Unity, Mohammedanism has been an immense advance on the paganism and idolatry which it superseded; and may we not affirm that it is by this amount of truth involved in its system that it still keeps its ground as it does? Contrasted with the literature of a heathen nation—even of Greece or Rome—how far more noble and elevating are the moral ideas of the Arabs and the Persians!

Sadi may have met with Christians in his various wanderings, especially with Nestorians and Armenians, but in his day the deep-hearted burnings which the successive invasions of the Crusaders had raised were not yet quelled; and in his own case, the treatment which he had received at their hands at Tripolis was little likely to propess him in favour of their doctrines. Sadi's travels, in truth, except so far as they led him in contact with individuals, were exclusively confined to the Mohammedan world. Within that wide circle he wandered "with hungry heart," like Ulysses of old, and his keen eye read with intense interest the ever-varying pictures of human character; but beyond that sphere all was hid from him in Cimmerian darkness. Dim rumours may have reached him of Europe and its kingdoms, like Homer's "great river Aegyptus;" but it was in Asia that he was at home. It was to the Mohammedan world that all his sympathies were bounded. Europe, with all its rude strength and energy, is non-extant to him. The decaying feudal system and the rising municipal towns lay beyond the Mohammedan's gaze: modern Europe was slowly bursting into life, but he knew it not. The decrepit Byzantine empire still lingered at Constantinople, and its shadow hid the substance from his eyes. Little did Sadi dream that during his very lifetime Asia's sun was finally setting, to rise with fresh splendour in the West. He could see and mourn the shadows which were fast gathering over the East, in the fall of dynasties and the ruin of empires; but it was not for him to see, beyond the horizon, modern Europe slowly gathering together her latent elements, or to hear the herald of modern thought (Dante) singing his first song.

Conscience.—Conscience is a sleeping giant, but his starts are terrible when he awakes.

Night.—How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible. From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half sound, a half whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in the great miracle of nature; decay and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending; the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of time!

* "Odyssey," iv. 447.
MRS. T—'S STEP-DAUGHTER.
BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

CHAP. I.

I am not amiable, nor have I ever affected the character. Why need I? I am only the lodger, and, as such, require civility and attention to be offered to me, instead of offering them. Besides, I pay for being made comfortable, and if I do not find myself in one house, have only to pack my trunks and jett to another. I am an elderly maiden lady, with a life-annuity quite sufficient for my wants; but the fact of its being only a life-annuity happens to be very well known, and so I saved the annoyance of being "fooled to the top of my bent" to-day, by people who, hoping for a place in my will, wish that my last hour may come to-morrow.

Thus, being elderly, blunt-mannered, and plain-looking, and the few odd pounds, articles of plate, and old-fashioned trinkets in my possession, not being worth the committal of the second deadly sin, Covetousness, I have no reason to suppose that anyone wishes me out of the world particularly; unless it may be, perhaps, the maid-of-all-work where I lodge, who, I am sure, considers me anything but an angel, however she may deny this herself, and say that, although I am "queer," I am "very good-natured;" yet I think she is chiefly influenced by this opinion immediately after I have given her one of my gowns, caps, or something of that sort. Being, however, as I have already said, plain-looking, elderly, and blunt, I am, as a natural consequence, only fit society for myself, and, like Goldsmith under similar circumstances, "the world lets me enjoy that society in great abundance."

I have been an inmate of a number of boardings-houses, great and small, in the course of my unprotected womanhood; but at the date of the circumstances which I am about to relate I was the sole lodger in the house of a Mr. T——, a commercial traveller for a firm in a large way of business, in Newcastle o—— T——, where (that town being his head-quarters) he had a very neat house, his family consisting of a second wife, her child (about two years old) little Lizzy, and a grown-up daughter, Barbara, who was within three or four years of being as old as her step-mother—that is to say about six or seven and thirty.

Mr. T—— had married and become a widower very early in life; and, as immediately after her young mother's death, Barbara had been adopted by an aunt who brought her up, and at her death had left her all she possessed (about three thousand pounds), her whole life had been spent in a Welsh town, where she had known little of her father, and nothing of the wife whom he had married, after being a widower for long long years, during one of his business-visits to Dublin (the matter being arranged there for him by a match-making mutual friend). Up to that period of her existence Mrs. T—— had held the post of companion to different ladies, old and young. Heaven help her! I suppose this accounted for her not presuming to call her soul her own on any occasion. She and her step-daughter never quarrelled. How should they, when, if Barbara thought fit to assert at one moment that the moon was one of her own Welsh cheeses, and the next that it was the hoop of her ear-ring, Mrs. T—— would agree entirely with her to both propositions. For my own part, her uncertain nervous manner sometimes almost set me crazy, and she would come asking my advice about the most silly things, in a frightened inconsequent way, in spite of the discouragement I gave her.

The one absorbing passion of her life (for, after all, like every person, she had one absorbing passion) was her love for her little girl, and it was something wonderful to see the submissive, almost broken-spirited woman fire-up and assert herself about anything relating to her small interests or comforts. Nothing should interfere with them—nothing—not even her father, during his brief visits to his family in the intervals of his journeys: indeed he—good, easy man—gave himself very little trouble about them, coming home merely in the way of his business almost as to any other house at which he was in the habit of calling; and always reminding me of Washington Irving's ideal of Wisdom, making due allowance for difference of sex—namely, "a plump jolly dame, who sits in her arm-chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life, and takes the world as it goes."

Barbara had a slight resemblance to him—not much—and she never looked as old as she really was, though her prim little figure was always attired in garments two or three fashions behind the time, and she wore a cap too evidently of her own manufacture over a very palpable brown front, as her own hair had always been scanty and of a bad colour; but her face was pleasant-looking, very fair, with large blue eyes, and a frank smile, which showed beautiful white teeth. Her temper had not hitherto been tried, as I have already stated; but I could not help fancying that if ever she should be seriously thwarted, the blue veins in her smooth forehead would cord ominously; and although her hands were small, as suited her size, the finger-joints were strongly marked—a peculiarity which I have never observed in anyone who had not a will, in the carrying out of which they might die, but never, even remotely, dream of yielding.

I did not board with the T——'s; I only occupied the drawing-room floor, with attendance; and, as the child was rather quiet, I had
bargained that she should be kept completely out of my way, I was pretty comfortable there for some time, when, one forenoon, after I had taken my morning-walk, breakfasted, and given my orders about dinner, I had just settled myself comfortably to read for the second time a letter received the previous evening from a dear friend of mine in Australia, when I was disturbed by a knock at my door, and on my saying, in a not very inviting tone, however the words may be, "Come in!" Mrs. T.—made her appearance, nicely dressed and ladylike-looking, as she always was—I suppose from old associations—and with even a more than usual deprecating expression on her pale subdued countenance. Little Lizzie was clinging to her skirts, and, knowing well she was on forbidden ground, half hiding behind them, as her mother asked if she could speak to me for a few minutes.

I replied, grimly enough, "Yes, if you can manage to get through whatever you have to say without that child."

She smiled, and, stooping to the little one, whispered something to her about being good and going down to sister, when I cut the matter short by giving her some lemon-drops I was using for a cough, when she went off peaceably; and then asking her mother to sit down, I prepared to listen to her communications, in which, to confess the truth, I did not even affect to take an interest. Nor was I to be blamed, she had come to me so many times with feeble complaints about the servant, or violent, ungrounded fears about Lizzie's health, that it was a great stretch of patience on my part to bear with her at all; but when, for the first time since she had done me the honour of selecting me as confidante, she opened the conversation by saying that she was very uneasy about Barbara, I confess I was surprised into asking eagerly what about her, adding, "I saw her this morning: she seemed much as usual"—which is to say very well. "Has anything happened to her since?"

"Oh, it is not her health," she replied, "that I fear. I fear—" and she paused, in her nervous way.

Determined that, whatever she came to tell should be told without my aid, I gave her none, but waited in suppressed irritation until she went on again, hurriedly, as if to get it over.

"I fear she is going to be very foolish."

"In what way?" I demanded. "Wearing thin shoes in damp weather, or going without her cap?"

"Oh no," she answered, "nothing of that sort; but you know how careful I was of her, how very attentive for my little girl's sake, and how fond she seemed to be of Lizzy, and what a nice fortune she has."

"I do not understand what one of these facts has to do with the other," I said. "And as I happen to have known them before, if you have nothing else to tell me, perhaps it would be as well to let me read my letter."

"Oh, but I have something more to tell you," she exclaimed, eagerly, and losing her nervousness—as she always did when Lizzie's interests were at stake—"I fear my little darling will be ruined; for I think Barbara has some foolish ideas in her head of getting married. You know her little sister is her nearest relative, and I was quite sure all that she possesses would be hers eventually."

"And how did you dare to think so?" I burst forth, in a most outrageous passion at her calculating cold-heartedness towards her step-daughter. "These are dangerous thoughts to dwell on, Mrs. T.—, such as have led before now to much wrong!"

"Oh, hush! hush! I beg of you, Miss Wilson; do not speak so loudly; do not be so violent!" she whispered, tremblingly. "You know I would not injure a hair of her head; but I thought it so hard."

"Hard?" I repeated; "what do you call hard? She is not older now than you were when you married her father; why, then, should she not have a girl or boy of her own, to inherit her fortune, as well as you—that is to say when she has had a fair turn of enjoyment out of it herself?"

"Yes, but the man on whom I fancy she has set her affections is much younger than her, and cannot possibly like her for herself—a cousin, Martyn Smythe, who has not long returned from Australia, where he has been for years."

"Oh, is that the bearded man I meet in the passage sometimes?" I asked. "If he is younger than she is he does not look it. She's her primness and her cap, she looks the younger."

"My reason for troubling you in the matter," said Mrs. T.—, passing over my last remark altogether, "is, that I know she has great confidence in you, and will certainly consult you before she makes her final decision; will you, then, promise me that you will advise her to remain as she is with me? I love her so!"

"And her three thousand pounds!" I interrupted. "I shall promise nothing of the kind. If she comes to me for advice I will give her an honest one, as I give you now, and that is, to cease thinking of other people's property in connection with a child who has no possible claim to it, and who, even if she had a fortune of her own, may never live to enjoy it."

A sudden flush covered her entire face, and she half-rose from her chair as if frightened back into her nervousness at my mention of Lizzy. She was about to rush off and see that there was nothing wrong with her treasure, when she checked herself and said, quietly, "You are probably right, madam, in what you say; but do, at least, give me credit for feeling some disinterested anxiety about Bab's future happiness. You have alluded to my marriage with her father, but that was quite different: my friends knew him and how he was situated. Now, Martyn Smythe has but just returned, after twelve years' absence, and how those twelve years were spent, or whether he is not
already married, is more than any one here can tell. I have reason to know he does not consider himself well used, that some of Barbara's money was not left to him, as he was nephew to the old lady, as she was niece, and he was once a great favourite: he may think any means justifiable to get possession of it: his cousin cannot be too cautious.

"Set a thief to catch a thief" was the adage which occurred to me as I listened, but I only said to her—"Well, why not make her father say all this to her? I confess it sounds reasonable enough, but what have I to do with it?"

"Her father went off on one of his long journeys this morning, she replied, "and, beside, even if I had anything certain to tell him, he is so careless that he would simply let things take their chance. My great hope is in you."

I was about to interrupt her with an exclamation, when she checked me with uplifted finger, and continued: "It is in this way—I know you have a friend in Australia, with whom you correspond; you have just received a letter from her: will you answer it by the mail which leaves this week, and make inquiries about him? People go about so much in the colonies, that if she never met him herself she may know some one who has. He will be with us this evening; come down and see him, when you will know better what to write. On receipt of your friend's reply I shall be satisfied, and never interfere again; but so far setting my own child's interest aside, I think I am only doing my duty, as her father's wife, towards my husband's motherless daughter, in seeking this information."

I hesitated for a minute or two before I replied; for though I knew all she said to be perfectly reasonable, strangely enough the very quiet earnestness of her manner made me suspect her sincerity. I fancied her anxiety that inquiries should be made concerning this man was merely a ruse to gain time for some purpose of her own. I would have trusted her more had she been nervous and spoke in broken sentences, as was her habit; her shallow, light grey eyes, too, had usually a shifting glance; but to-day they met mine fully, as if she was sustained by some secret but fixed determination; and, on the whole, the only reply she could get from me was that I would take tea down-stairs that evening, and decide, according to what I observed, whether or not I should write to my friend as she desired. However, she assured me she was perfectly satisfied with this, and immediately, after apologizing for having intruded on me so long, bade me good morning, and left the room.

Chap. II.

A dainty tea-table, laid out in the front-parlour, which looked all the more comfortable this bleak March evening that it was furnished in rose-coloured damask, and had a bright fire burning in the grate. Mrs. T—presiding at the urn, fluttering about everything; Barbara, in the newest of home-made head-gear, and snowiest of prim collars, sat on one side, and Mr. Smythe, moustached and sulky-looking, at the other, wondering to himself, I felt certain, what that dreadful old woman (that is myself) did there; while I, who had the seat of honour between them, kept wondering, on my own account, whether I most resembled

Jove, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord Mayor,
or Jack Bunsby, the "chap as wot could give an opinion," winding up my cogitations by assuring myself that my doage must certainly have commenced; or, that I, a woman, who had never been in love in my life, or had had love made to me, should not be thus mixing myself up in the matrimonial affairs of an elderly young lady, of whose existence I was perfectly unawares twelve months before, and a discontented looking gentleman, in a beard of true colonial growth, with regard to whose identity and concerns I was in a similar predicament, even long after that period. I do not consider I am in the least whimsical, although I know some people say I am; however, if my mind ever took a turn in that direction it certainly was on that evening, for, instead of getting cross, as most people do when they find themselves where they more than suspect their presence to be un coveted, at least by some of the party, a sort of perverse inclination to amuse myself by forcing Mr. Smythe into conversation came upon me. This I effected, not by smooth, round-about observations, which might have been replied to by any one present, but by sharp, direct questions, addressed to him personally—"In what part of Australia were you, Mr. Smythe," was my first demand—I will not call it question. He did not raise his eyes from the morsel of teacake with which he was tripping on his plate, as he replied:

"In many parts."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated. "Would you mention some of them?"

"The diggings," was the answer, in the same indifferent tone as before.

"There are several diggings in Australia," I persevered: "which of them did you happen to visit?"

He looked up at length, impatiently, as if about to make some sharp reply, when, meeting my eyes, in which, in spite of myself, I suppose some malicious fun was gleaming, he burst into one of those genial, pleasant laughs in which one is compelled to join by the mere force of its heartiness, and said:

"Upon my word, madam, your leading questions made me fancy, for a moment, that I had mistaken a witness-box for a seat at Mrs. T—'s tea-table; but now that I see it is you, and not Serjeant Buzfuz, whom I have the honour of being before, I have no objection to say that I have been in Ballarat, Bendigo, and Inglewood
Mrs. T——'s Step-daughter.

diggings, at Melbourne, Sydney, Geelong, and other places through the country.

"Oh, then you know the colony well?" I remarked.

"Yes," he said, carelessly, "pretty well; I have travelled nearly through the entire of it."

He handed me my cup, which had just been refilled, and as he did so I continued my remarks by saying, although without any hidden reason just then: "Then you must have been in the Victoria Bush; I have friends there.

Did you ever happen to meet the G——'s? when he coloured to the very roots of his hair, the hand which held the cup shook, and a portion of its contents went over my nicest silk dress and black lace shawl. He immediately apologized profusely for his awkwardness, and was very much confused; though, that all the confusion was to be attributed to the accident I was not at all sure. I, however, made nothing of it, as I was anxious to return to our interrupted conversation; although at another time it would have really fretted me lest the silk should stain. Barbara, however, to my great annoyance, would fuss about me with a napkin, unheeding her step-mother's unusually self-possessed request that she sit down, that she was merely disturbing Miss Wilson, until

by the time she was quite satisfied my skirt was rubbed dry, her cousin's confusion had quite passed away, and returning, unasked, to our late subject: he told us many amusing stories of his adventures at the antipodes, but never, as I observed, laying the scene of them in the place I had mentioned, neither did he answer my question as to whether he had known the G——'s. However, his avoiding to do either, unconsciously to him, defeated his own purpose; as, taking his whole manner into consideration, I was now fully determined to write to my friend for information concerning him, and to request a speedy reply, which I trusted would arrive soon enough to prevent the marriage, were there any good reasons for doing so, as it was not to take place for four months, Barbara insisting on wearing mourning for her aunt until that time.

As Mrs. T—— rose to leave the room, having some household affairs to attend to, I saw, by her flushed cheek and the triumphant glance she stole at me, that she considered her cause all but gained; and when, soon after, Mr. Smythe asked Bab to sing some of her Welsh airs, which she did in her native tongue very sweetly, and after that got whispering to her in the same language, I also, seeing them so well occupied, withdrew, and was soon in bed, to which I always retired rather early; not, though, until I had been waylaid on the stairs by Mrs. T——, who addressed me in her broken way:

"No, Miss Wilson, pray don't you think—don't you—"

"If you want to ask if after the agitation Mr. Smythe exhibited to-night, when I spoke of Victoria and the G——'s, and his evident avoidance of the subject afterwards, I think it would he well to get some information concerning how he had spent the time of his absence, I think it would, and I will write by the mail going out, as you desire."

"O thank you!—thank you!" she began.

"No need for you to thank me," I said, shortly. "I do it for poor Bab's sake, although I suppose she would give small thanks for my pains, if she knew. I like him too." I added, "and hope sincerely nothing may come out likely to part them."

"Ah! but I fear there will," she said—"I fear it."

If she did, her fear seemed very pleasant to her, for there was a smile on her thin lips, not often seen, unless when she was looking at her child, to whom she was going up now, she told me, as I passed on to my room, when I heard her mutter to herself—"Time! if I could only gain time.

Martyn Smythe had gone home; he had a lodging a short distance off. The house was closed for the night, and I was lying awake an hour after, with Barbara sitting beside me, telling me, in every sense, her somewhat late love-tale. She had come to me under pretence that her light had been accidentally extinguished, looking for a Lucifer; but I, knowing as well as if she had confessed as much, that her coming in the darkness was only "a bashful art," lest I should see her while she spoke to me about what lay nearest her heart, told her, as I was not inclined to sleep, she was not to mind her candle just then, but to stay awhile and chat with me. Poor thing! how obedient she was.

I had scarcely ceased speaking, when she had found a chair, and was leaning on the side of the bed. I did not quite like that, as I feared it would give the clothes a tendency to fall off, and I immediately felt a fidgety desire to bid her sit up; but for once I did not put my thoughts into words, but waited silently until she should speak. At length she said:

"It was very kind of you to come down to us this evening."

When, not deeming, at her time of life, that it was necessary to be very round-about with her, I said: "I always mean to be kind to you, my dear: I like you. And now tell me all about Mr. Smythe and yourself; for I think there is some understanding between you."

"Oh, Miss Wilson!" she exclaimed, at once giving utterance to what I suppose most troubled her. "Oh, Miss Wilson, if you think I am very foolish. Would such a marriage be very unequal?"

I intentionally affected to misunderstand her, so I said: "Is he not as respectable as yourself? I thought you were relatives." "Oh, that is not it," she replied: "we are near relatives, but I am four years older than him. I do not know what to do; he gets indignant when I allude to this: disparity, and, on the other hand, Mrs. T—— (so she always called her step-mother) is always hinting, in her odd way, the certain misery of marriages where the wife is the elder —the interested motives which must of nece-
MRS. T.——'s Step-daughter.

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say lead to them, and insists so much on my age that I am very miserable sometimes; yet Martyn need not sell himself for mere money either,” she added, a little proudly; “although not rich, he has sufficient to stock a farm in dear old Wales, where I was so happy and so healthy. No one ever tried to persuade me I was old or delicate there.”

“Does your stepmother say you are delicate?” I asked.

“Yes,” she replied, “impressing on me to put my marriage off for a year at least, on that pretence; but I will not,” she said, decisively and with temper (I thought of her finger-joints and blue veins). I do not feel old, and though I do not look very strong, I do not recollect ever having been seriously ill in my life. I am sure, too, dear madam, it was she who set you asking all those questions about Australia to-night, as if Martyn had anything to conceal—anything he would not tell me; he, who was truthful from his very boyhood.”

“Wild Wales, indeed,” I remarked, mentally; “little use preaching prudence to this lady, or insinuating anything against her lover. You have known him a long time, then,” I said, aloud.

Her manners softened as she answered: “Yes, he was an orphan when he came to live with my aunt, who was his only—a fine frank-hearted lad of nineteen, when,” she continued, sadly, “I was a woman of twenty-three; but then I do not think I looked that age. I had been allowed my way in everything, and had never known a care in my life. Naturally gay, too, I entered into all his pursuits as eager as a child; while his character, being even at that time, grave and earnest, I was governed by him in many things, and influenced by his opinions in all. We were very happy for over a year, at least I was, and he has told me since that he loved me then as he does now, though he did not dare to say so; but my aunt was a woman of peculiar temper and high spirited; though gentle, he refused to be as abjectly submissive to her as she would have him be, so, after some unpleasant scenes, he left us, to seek a living in Australia. She never acknowledged it, though I know aunt grieved very much when he was gone; and I am sure, but for an apparently well-authenticated account of his death, which we received some time before her own, she would have left him at least half of what is now mine. This is another reason which inclines me to this marriage; I have no other way in which to do Martyn justice.”

I was getting sleepy, or I would have reminded her that she was deceiving herself in that latter idea. What was there to prevent her dividing her money with him now, which would set everything right, even if she afterwards thought it to marry some one else, or did not marry at all, in which last case, she could bequeath him the remainder if he survived her; but I did not, merely said, drowsily, “Well, my dear, I hope all will be right in the end, when you are both happily settled down in life in the place you seem to love so much.”

“I do love it!” she replied, enthusiastically. It was there I first knew Martyn, and spent many happy days with him, as I trust I shall do again. He wishes for our immediate marriage,” she added, “but I shall not consent to that; there must be no weddiug until my full time of mourning be out: that is the least tribute we can pay to poor aunt’s memory.”

I felt dozingly obliged to Bob’s old-fashioned ideas of respectful sorrow, on hearing this, as I knew it would give me ample time to receive the desired intelligence, and was about to bid her good-night, when she effectually aroused me from my half-somber by laying her head on the end of my pillow, and bursting into a passion of weeping, which absolutely shook the bed on which I lay.

“What is all this over-wrought feeling about?” I exclaimed, fretfully, vexed at having my rest destroyed as it was, as if we were two school girls, romancing over a first-love story.

“Oh, have patience with me, dear Miss Wilson! have patience with me, I beg, for a little while,” she sobbed out; “it is my very dread of being silly which makes me so, and I have a presentiment that there is some trouble before us— I mean Martyn and I; and then since I came to you to hear what you would say, I have kept talking myself, and do not yet know what you think.”

“Well,” I said, more kindly, for there was a simplicity about her which softened me, “talking about yourself was a sort of relief or comfort to you; and if you must know what I think, I think that, although there is nothing silly in this projected marriage, but, on the contrary, everything rational and natural, yet it is a world-without-end bargain that you are about to make; so I would advise you to abide by your decision, and not marry until the four months are up.”

She had by this time controlled her almost hysterical tears, and said, firmly, “Such is my intention. Thank you for the interest you take in me, dear madam. I will not tease you any further for the present.”

And, after arranging the pillow (not quite as I wished, indeed, although I am sure she had good intentions for my comfort, if she had been tranquil enough just then to carry them out), she bade me good night, and, without going through the form of looking for the lucifer she had affected to come for, groped noiselessly away.

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CHAP. III.

The letter was written, posted, and probably already in the hands for which it was intended, while the unconscious object of its inquiries (Martyn Smythe) was bearing his probation, at first impatiently, but latterly with more good humour. He had grown to like me, and was attentive and obliging to me in many ways, offer-
ing me several good-natured civilities, spite of the gruff manner in which I frequently received them; for although I had also learned to like him very much, and to admit him daily with Barbara into my own drawing-room, still the idea that I had been privately interfering in his concerns (although Goodness knows with what a good motive) made me feel myself such a hypocrite that I often revenged on him my discontent with my own conduct. I never made him angry; though, as he usually remained silent under my cross speeches, or turned them off with a merry word, it is miraculous to me, now, how well I kept my secret; nor can I see what great necessity there was for my making a secret of it at all, when I mused over it: but there is a difference between thinking calmly and being bewildered by Mrs. T——’s entreaties and hints, and my own fear of exciting Barbara’s easily-aroused feelings; so I let things take their course—rather unfortunately.

As time passed on, the marriage was spoken of openly. Mr. T—— had come home, and, on being told of the engagement, made arrangements not to leave again until after the wedding, which he highly approved of, saying it was “the best thing of all, under the circumstances” (whatever those were I did not ask); declared that Martyn was “an honest, honourable fellow,” whom he had no doubt would “make Bab happy”; laughed at what he called his wife’s nonsense about age; and hoped, as he tossed the delighted Lianie in his arms, that she would, when her time came, get as good a husband; the only thing puzzling him in the whole affair being that their marriage did not “come off at once, instead of dawdling over it” as they did.

Barbara’s resolution was sorely shaken by his words, as well as by Martyn’s renewed entreaties; and I think she would have yielded but for the half-sisters of her stepmother, and I suppose I must confess a little sly advice from me, to keep to the time fixed on originally.

Listening to the conversations between the betrothed pair, as the weeks passed on, I grew every day more sanguine for their future content in each other’s society (to use a sober word, although I should be perfectly justified in using a far more genial form of expression). Even when at the other end of the world, it would seem that Barbara had been to her lover-cousin the embodiment of home, as she ever was his standard of kindness and truthfulness; and, viewing her through his love-tinted imagination, he even still thought her far fairer than she could really have ever been. He was prejudiced in favour of her very dress; for when I foolishly proposed to have it modernized a little, he said No, to make it otherwise than it would be to take his own Bab in some degree from him; and as they intended, on their marriage, to go back to their aunt’s old farm, they would have no one’s taste to please but their own, and her present mode of adornning herself was his.

So the wedding garments were all made in the old style—aye, and brought home and packed in her travelling-trunks; for it wanted but a few days of the time, and Mrs. T—— was making fidgety preparations for the quiet feast which was to celebrate their union, and, under pretence of consulting me about its details, darting unexpectedly into my room several times in the day to wring her hands and assure me that she knew something dreadful was going to occur, or to ask me could I discover when the mail was to be in; or to pity Barbara at one time, and at another to declare she hated her as the destroyer of her child’s prospects.

At last I was obliged, for my own health sake, to forbid her speaking to me at all; as she had so upset my nerves by her way of “taking on” that I caught myself more than once moving stealthily (although quite alone) towards the looking-glass to see if I was really myself, or whether I was not rather Portia waiting for news of Brutus from the Capitol. Then Martyn confided to me that he “could not make her out, somehow.” Now she was very cordial, and again she scarcely spoke to him; then he had surprised her weeping wildly over Lizzy, to the little one’s evident terror, when she either would not or could not give any explanation of her emotion, and, on the whole, he was glad they were to be off so soon, as he rather feared she was going mad.

I, who knew better, but was hopelessly involved in my “good-natured villany,” feared to speak, only forcing a smile as I listened, and mentally resolved, over and over, never again, for any consideration whatsoever, to engage in any underhand business of any kind if I could only once get well out of this disagreeable situation in which I had placed myself.

How anxiously I watched the papers, to learn when the Australian letters were expected, while Martyn and Barbara both laughed at me; the letter very gay and happy now, all her doubts were charmed to rest, and told me I should soon be as great a politician as Hogarth’s; bidding me take care and not burn the border of my cap. And yet I was not long¬ing for the arrival of news from any misgiving of Martyn—that was all over and gone: it was impossible for anyone to live in daily intercourse with him, and doubt his thorough good faith; only that, teased as I was by Mrs. T——, I had a vague wish that the letter should arrive before the marriage took place, and the intervening days to it had dwindled down to five, when at length, immediately after my ears had been warned by the usual sharp notice which announces the arrival of that important personage the postman, Barbara herself put the long¬looked-formissive in my hand, which unknowingly to her, had so much to do with her future prospects.

On her leaving me (which she did imme¬diately, that her presence might not interrupt my reading), I, according to a habit old as letter-writing itself—a custom which has been commented on myriads of times—sat turning the letter over and over in my hand, speculating
on its contents instead of opening it and satisfying myself at once concerning them. However, at length the envelope lay on my lap, and the thin foreign paper was cracking in my hand. It was a very long letter, full of the—true—interesting details which my dear friend always sent me of herself and her young family’s pains and pleasures; but for once my eyes glanced over the pages without resting on them, searching for the name of him of whom I had requested her to send me information; and at length I found it on a half-sheet written after the letter was finished and put loosely in, running as follows:

"I was near forgetting telling you about Martyn Smythe, after all your charges. How you have come to know him I cannot guess, but the last I heard of him was at the Ballarat diggings, where Richard [her husband] met him last season, when there on business. He did live in our neighbourhood before that with a friend of ours, Mr. R——, a wealthy bush-farmer, who was forced to part with him (though he was an excellent land-steward) in consequence of his reckless disposition, and, I have heard it said, not very strict honesty. It was generally believed here that he was married; but when, or to whom I cannot say. Poor creature! Whosever she is, she is much to be pitied; as his total want of principle makes it but too probable that, as you say he is in England, he has now altogether deserted her. I liked him very much when I knew him first. He is so plausible, and it was only after repeated proofs of his delinquencies that I could be made to believe in them; however, they became too plain at length, and I was forced to yield. I do not know how you made his very undesirable acquaintance; but shake him off again as quickly as you can, as it is best you should have nothing to do with such a person."

I was completely confounded by this intelligence. To doubt the veracity of my dear correspondent would be to doubt my own very existence; nay, his story must be very badly told, or she, who was Kindness herself, would never write so harshly. Yet how could I doubt him either whose every word and act seemed open as day, with the one exception of his confusion when I mentioned Victoria and the G——’s, for which the letter before me showed there was such unhappy cause. But for that circumstance I should say her writer had mistaken him for another, but now I could not do so. Never was an old lady, having a strong desire to avoid assuming the responsibility of other people’s difficulties, so puzzled before. How was I to show this communication? or to whom? I shrank from wounding poor Barbara with its contents. The young man himself I would never again meet, if possible; while I disliked very much giving the stepmother the triumph I knew she would enjoy so keenly; yet as I was not very intimate with the father, there was no help for it but to tell her.

So, with a heavy heart, I descended the stairs, that I might see her in her own parlour, and take her into my confidence, when she could afterwards act as she thought fit. But on going down, to my disappointment and a little to my surprise (as she always lately watched me closely when I received a letter), the servant told me she had gone out; but Miss Barbara was in the front room with Mr. Smythe, shold she call her?

"No," I replied; "I can wait. Has she been long gone?"

"Not long, ma’am," was the answer; "just as the post came. She took the letter, as she was at the door, and gave it to Miss Bab, who was in the hall, to take up; so I suppose she won’t be back just yet."

She was wrong, however, in her surmise; for she came almost on the instant, admitting herself with a latch-key, and gave one of her exceedingly uncomfortable nervous starts on seeing me seated in her own domain before her.

She took a chair near me, without removing her shawl or bonnet or veil, which was down, and asked, without raising it, and in a firm tone, "Did you want me, Miss Wilson?"

"Want you?" I repeated. "Yes, I want you—and it is only wonderful that you have not wanted me before this, when you must have known that the long-expected letter had arrived."

"I had it scarcely a moment in my hand," she said, hastily; "I gave it to Barbara, without delay."

"Poor Barbara!" I said, in my distress, not noticing the strangeness of her manner; "it contains sad news for her."

"How—how—is that?" she hesitated; "is he—is he—already married?"

"My friend says as much," I answered, shortly. "Here, read it for yourself."

She took the portion of the letter I handed her, but without eagerness, and commenced reading it through her veil. When she had got through its contents, however, she threw the thickly-worked lace up, and, with flushed cheeks and a strange glitter in her eyes, said, "Bab must be told at once. I must send for her father to the warehouse. I knew she was about to be very foolish. Will you tell her—or shall I?"

All her nervousness had vanished now, and the same look of determination I had noticed when she first spoke to me of her step-daughter was in her face.

I declined the unpleasant task, telling her I thought it was her office, not mine, and went upstairs that I might not be present even at what I felt would be the terrible scene which would too surely follow. Yet I was not destined to escape it, after all. I never knew how the news was broken to her; but I had scarcely seated myself, trembling all over, (although I am not easily alarmed) in my own room, when the door was flung violently open, and Barbara herself stood before me, a perfect sight to see. Her face was white to the lips, and the features already drawn like those of a corpse, while the blue veins in her forehead stood out relieved from its smooth surface like cords, the fingers of one clenched hand closing convulsively over the scrap of paper they held, as, with the other leaning on the table before her, she pantedy out: "It is a lie,
a base foul invention. Who is this woman you call your friend who thinks to separate Martyn from me?"

The first thought that struck me was that she would fall at my feet, and in my fright I was about to call aloud for assistance; when Martyn himself, who had followed her up-stairs, was quickly beside her, with his kind restraining hand on her shoulder, and his calm words sounding in her ear: "You must leave this to me, Barbara; it is a thing to inquire into, not to quarrel about."

"But they shall not part us, Martyn—they shall not part us," she exclaimed: that seemed to be the point upon which all her terror turned—that they should be parted.

"At worst but for a time," he replied; while unconsciously, as I believe, quoting the words of the Gospel, he added, "some enemy hath done this; and until the charge is disproved, nothing can induce me to become your husband even if your father permitted it, which of course he will very properly decline to do."

"What is my father to me?" she exclaimed impetuously: "he is almost a stranger to me, you I have loved for years. Do you think I would weigh his word—the word of the whole world—against yours? You will hasten our marriage, Martyn: they must not part us."

"My dear love," he replied, with many tenderness, as, perceiving her tremble violently, he placed her in a chair beside him, "we will speak of this by-and-by; at present I want to ask Miss Wilson a few questions. Give me the paper you hold."

"No," she cried, "I will tear it to atoms: no eye shall again rest upon those written lies."

Excited as she was, and busybody as I felt myself to be, I could not hear her a second time accuse my friend of falsehood without contradicting her. So I said: "The lady who wrote that letter is incapable of misrepresenting any one, even if she had a motive in doing so, which, in this instance, she cannot possibly have had. If your cousin knows her at all, he must know something of her worth."

"I do know her well," said Martyn frankly, "and that is why the whole thing is so utterly incomprehensible to me."

"Perhaps she loves you herself, and would wish—" commenced Barbara, when she was interrupted by her lover, who said, authoritatively, "Hush, Bab; Mrs. G—is the good mother of a large nearly grown-up family."

"But," I questioned, after a moment's silence, during which we all seemed equally perplexed, "might I ask why you became so confused, on the evening I first made your acquaintance, at the mention of Victoria, and the G—s?"

"A silly piece of Celtic pride of mine," he replied, "which I explained to Barbara that very night, she can testify;" but, on turning towards her, we both perceived she was just then incapable of testifying to anything, as the excitement had proved too much for her slight frame, and lying back in her chair, with her head resting against his arm, the poor thing was totally insensible. On calling for her step-mother, which I immediately did, to assist in restoring her, I learned she had gone out again. Strange how fond she was of being out to-day—she who so seldom left the house at all! However, her absence on this occasion was soon explained by her arrival with her husband, a little time after Barbara had recovered from her swoon.

"What is all this my wife tells me?" exclaimed Mr. T——, in his loud good-humoured tones, "something about your being already married, Martyn! But your friend must forgive me for doubting her, Miss Wilson: she probably mistakes my nephew for some one else."

Bab's pale face brightened, and she was about to say something eagerly, when Martyn extended his hand, and said, clasping that of Mr. T——, "Thank you, sir, for your trust in me; but whatever is Mrs. G——'s motive for writing as she has done, she could not have mistaken me for another; as I lived with her husband as shepherd for seven months at a time, when I was very poorly off indeed, although I afterwards pulled up a little at the gold-fields. It was an absurd dislike to its being known here that I had served in such a capacity (though my betters have there done so) which first excited Miss Wilson's suspicions, and caused her to make the inquiries concerning me, which have been replied to so strangely. I may add I know no such person as Mr. R——, nor do I believe a man of that name lives anywhere in Mrs. G——'s neighbourhood.

"Not so," I hastened to say in self-defence: "at all events I must declare it was Mrs. T—— who first requested me to write about you to my friend, otherwise I should not have dreamed of doing so."

"The thing commenced with you then, I am to understand," said her husband, looking curiously at her. "Where is the epistle itself? I have not seen it yet."

It was immediately handed to him by Martyn, who, during Bab's faintness, had taken it from her; and we all remained silent while Mr. T——, with a face which became graver and graver as he read, got through its contents. "Where is the envelope this came in? he asked at length. I quickly produced it from my pocket, when he examined it minutely, looking closely at the different postmarks, and glancing still in what seemed to me a suspicious manner at his wife, who had lost the determined expression from her face, and seemed rapidly relapsing into nervousness.

Tearing a piece of paper on the table before her into fragments as she spoke, she said in a sharp quick tone: "I gave it direct to Barbara, when I got it from the postman; no one could have meddled with it in so short a time."

"Certainly not in the space of time necessary to bring it up-stairs," he replied, with a sort of forced calmness, and speaking through his set teeth. "However, as the Australian mail was delivered at our office last night, there would have been ample time for me to tamper with
any one or even all of the letters before this morning, were I base enough to do so. But no one has spoken of meddling with this one but yourself: how came you to think of it?”

My heart beat violently, and my breath came quick: I had a feeling that all was about to be made clear, and rose from my seat, as did Martyn and Barbara, just as Mr. T——, springing up from his, in a voice, the tones of which rang through not even the room, but the house, demanded of the miserable woman, who had already sunk upon the carpet, clinking round his knees, “Where is the real page of the letter? or if you have destroyed it, what were its contents? speak!”

But that she could not do; for, though her bloodless lips moved in her effort to obey him, no sound came from them, such was the extremity of her terror, and she remained there gazing helplessly upwards at her husband, as if, while expecting each moment he would kill her, she had no power to avoid her doom. But after a minute or two the broken words came, and in a whisper——“For Lizzie! Barbara unmarried! Leave her all!”

“Fool!” exclaimed Mr. T——, as he shook her off; while Martyn, in pity of her abject distress, assisted her to rise. “Fool, as well as criminal, did you not know, that, even if your weak, shallow plot remained undiscovered—which it was impossible it could, against the plain, common-sense inquiry which would, as a matter of course, be made into it—did you not know, I repeat, that you would have destroyed my daughter’s happiness for nothing? as, did she die unmarried, she would have no power to make a will. By that of her aunt the money you covet so much would go to the charities of her native town.”

And so was Mrs. T.’s—— feeble wickedness, in taking a share in which she had so cunningly beguiled me, defeated. In my first resentment at being made the unwitting instrument of her unprincipled scheme, I was for quitting the house at once, but was half-coaxed, half-swarmed into staying until after the wedding, by the two men, Martyn assuring me I should always figure in his memory as a flighty “young lady of three-score and ten!” if I took such a sudden departure; instead of the sensible, good-natured friend he had always taken me for.

“But which,” I added, although he would not stay to listen, “I had not exactly proved to be.”

Mrs. T—— confessed afterwards that she had really, as her husband said, received the letter the evening before, when, opening the envelope (a gummed one unsealed), she succeeded in imitating my friend’s writing so well, as even to deceive me, who was in the habit of seeing it frequently. The original page she destroyed, (it was really put in loosely after the letter, which aided her plot amazingly), and was a most cordial testimony to Martyn’s high character, when, as has been already stated, the rest was easily managed. I asked her what she meant the night she muttered to herself, “Time—if I could only gain time!” She replied that she forgot having done so; but of course she only meant, that if she succeeded in separating them for a time she could find some means of breaking their engagement. God grant she meant nothing more.

Well, men are more large-minded and generous than women, after all! For, although I have since then paid more than one summer visit to Barbara in her Welsh home, and seen a couple of her children tumbling with their young Aunt Lizzie in the new-mown hay, her father and stepmother looking on, I am convinced that, long after her husband had forgiven, and almost forgotten, my share in his brief trouble, she, spite of her affectionate attention to my comforts, continued to think of me—aye, and does still occasionally—as the meddling old woman, who had once assisted in nearly separating her from Martyn!

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“I SHALL BE SATISFIED.”

BY MYSTIC.

I gathered daisies and the honied clover;
I brimmeth my acorn-cup till it ran over
With water from the spring;
I left the sunlight where the shadow crosses,
And in deep woods sought where the greenest mosses
And feath’ry lichens cling.
I learned the song of robin and of swallow,
And only wanted wings that I might follow
The meadow-lark in flight;
Ah me! but wings the restless heart o’rereaching,
The honied blooms sprang up, with swift beseeching
For things beyond the sight.

The years crept by; and as they passed me slowly,
From clovered meadow-paths and daisies lowly
I turned my feet away;
And mystic lore I conned from morn till even,
Until the trembling stars grew pale in heaven,
And night died into day.

Nor yet content, I builded dreams of glory,
And looked afar to eastern hill-tops hoary,
To see the morning dawn;
What though the burning sun drank up the fountain?
What though the flowers should wither from the mountain,
When all the dew was gone?

The years fled by me swift, so swiftly flying,
That when I caught a ray of sunshine dying,
I smiled, and called it day;
But when I asked for treasures in their keeping,
They hung back laughter, mocking all my weeping,
And casting prayers away.

Not yet content, from out the gloom I borrow
A hope, that I may find some better morrow,
The boon to-day denied——
That, loving, longing for the grand ideal,
In trustful, calm possession of the real,
I shall be satisfied.

My years go on, but now I softly listen
To catch the flutter of white wings that glisten,
Asswift they downward glide;
Night darkling falls, the shadows nearer creeping,
When, in the morn, they wake me from my sleeping,
I shall be satisfied.
ONCE ROUND THE CLOCK AT OXFORD.

It has become mighty fashionable now, when a man wishes to declare his ideas concerning places, to write those ideas on paper, and forthwith despatch them to the magazine or review which his genius illumines. One can scarcely open a number now of any current magazine without seeing "A Summer Day at Birmingham" (such summers as they have there, poor dwellers in the country of toil), or "An Autumn Day at Brighton," or "A Rainy Day at Little Pedlington" (a paper in which you may be sure the scenery is blamed because it is insignificant, the hotel is anathematized because it is dear, and the landlord abused because the chops were burnt; the hapless author, meanwhile, being wofully obtuse to the fact that people are laughing at him for a discontented grumbler). Then if these litterateurs go from home—if they "peregrinate," as good schoolmaster Holofernes calls it, they generally limit their stay to a fortnight, and then are we startled by seeing "A Fortnight’s Run through Carpathia," or "Fourteen Days among the Ural Mountains," not to mention the cut-and-dried tour through all seaboarding Europe, fast as a rocket or Mazeppa’s steed, which all Englishmen do religiously incline to perform, and as religiously endeavour to write a book about afterwards: the style of which book is either intensely funny, or morosely savage, in proportion as the traveller has been pleased or fleeced. Now I flatten myself that the subject which, in imitation of these popular writers, I have taken up for description—Oxford, its varying scenes from morn until evening—will not be such as will bore you; always allowing that your mind, dear reader, be properly constituted. Should I be fortunate enough to have old University men among the perusers of this scribble, I know that I am on safe ground; for, spite of all the troubles and cares and carking losses of life, the old Oxford man will look back to the halcyon days when he rowed "six" in his boat, played a good hour’s innings for his Eleven, and did his "First" quietly and scientifically as a scholar should. Sure am I that at the mere mention of the dearly-beloved place he will prick up his ears and listen, as an alien on a foreign shore when he hears from strange lips the word "home." Sure am I that in fancy he will be back in the crowded, picturesque "High," with its ever-changing colours; or will throw himself once more prone on the sward of John’s garden, and drink in the glorious perfume of the chestnuts, and glance with critical eye at the fairy figures which are promenading there; or will be down among the barges once more, with his foot to the stretcher, his hand to the oar, and his eye on the coxswain, while the even sweep of the oars and the clicking of the rowlocks make glorious music in his ear. Happy times, Messrs! Alas, that, in after-days they should come but as a bright vision, or the last echoes of well-loved music, when hand and heart are strung to face misery and want and wickedness in the "Master’s business!" And, as regards the people who have never enjoyed these advantages, I feel sure that they will like to see a picture, however imperfectly limned, of the way in which the "rosy hours" are spent in Oxford—that they will feel interested in these pages when they reflect that within the grey walls of the colleges are being trained the future statesmen and men of letters who shall guide the common weal.

And now, "to make a beginning," as they say on the Turf, we will commence devotionally at any rate, as perhaps in the course of the day and night the reader will be led into scenes which will not strike him as being of a very devotional character.

Past seven of the clock, a.m.—This is the hour at which the serious business of the day in college commences; then does every undergraduate hear at his bedroom door a tap, and the following words from his scout—"Half-past seven, sir; breakfast in your room, sir?" And the undergraduate turns himself round in bed, yawns in a careworn manner, and mutters in a sleepy undertone, "All right," and then turns round—to sleep again, think the uninitiated. Ah, no! there are other words, which to the freshman the scout adds, "Chapel at eight, sir;" and at these words all further ideas of rest are banished, and the sleeper sighs a sigh of deep import, then casts despairing glances at his washing-tub, and with a mighty effort is up and dressing. How differently do these words strike on different ears! One, man awakes in the morning with his head seeming to weigh a ton, his mouth parched and burning, his eye glazed, and as he turns to the scout, murmurs, "Get me some soda-water, Harry, for God’s sake!" This gentleman is in what is vulgarly called a state of "coppers." The festive wine and noisy supper of the past night have joined to produce this pleasurable feeling, and the wild freshman is disagreeably reminded that—

"The song was on his lip, The wine-cup in his hand, When Bibo went down Because he couldn’t stand."

Let us leave this repentant gentleman, and intrude into the room where dwelleth the very
Once Round the Clock at Oxford.

The bell is summoning in its loudest tones, and hurried footsteps rush down the stairs, and the motley crowd of freshmen; senior men; men in spotless gowns; men in ragged objects; Dons portly, and Dons intellectually thin; stalwart boating men, and hard-reading scholars—all throng through the fretted screen into the beautiful chapel. Reverently and soberly is hushed every loud laugh and gibe; for I will do these my young friends the credit to say that, wild lads though they be, exuberant with joyous health and strength, still in the Master's house they deport themselves reverently, and if they do not pray they at least assume the semblance thereof. Look at Snaffle! the young villain hath donned the face of a martyred Saint Ignatius, though his mind probably is running on the splendid run he is to have with the Pychley on George Simmons's tallest rag, and underneath his great coat peeps the regulation buckskin and tops.

Well, "assume a virtue if you have it not;" outward decency does very well for a college chapel. Lord Byron said he always felt more religious on a sunny day. Nature did for him what good singing and brilliant lights and chanted litany do for others; but pour moi, commend me to your college chapel, when in the summer's evening the warm sun comes streaming in through the stained window, all a-glow with blazoned gules and heraldry; and the choristers, "those nice little boys in nice white gowns," peal forth the anthem through the long-drawn aisles; and a certain dim, mystic, religious feeling pervades every worshipper therein—that same feeling which we blame so in a benighted Roman Catholic, but deem quite spiritual and becoming in a Protestant; and above all, there exists the pleasing consciousness that a good dinner is awaiting in the noble college hall, where the table is groaning with such dainty cates as a college alone can provide. Let not the reader deem me material in ending my rhapsody in so common a strain; for if he were but to try the experiment of feeling religious when his inner man craves for food, he would make but a sorry figure.

The last note of the service has streamed through the "long-drawn aisles" of the chapel, and the last response been uttered by the undergraduates, the sleepy porter has thrown wide open the doors, and out they flock into the Quad., the pompous Master followed by the bowing Vice-Principal and the solemn dean, and the laughing, chatting crowd of men making up the rear. Busy with life is the Quad. now. The servant waitresses as he is taking down master's shutters, and the scouts are hurrying with the early "breads and butters." Lo, in the middle, the postman, overwhelmed with the question, "Anything for me?" It is interesting to note the varying demeanor of each man as he receives his letter; one soberly and sadly, for the deep edge of black round the envelope tells its own eloquent tale of some dear one taken to the shadows—the bread-winner, perchance, of the family, "home gone and ta'en his wages;" or the gentle mother, angel in the house to cheer and comfort; or, God pity him, perhaps the light of his life—his heart's true love—gone. Delicate missives, too, in pink and blue; slim, suspicious-looking notes, which the happy recipient takes with a smiling blush, half of bashfulness half of pride, and immediately pockets, lest his rude genial friends, catching the import thereof, may chaff him. The lady-readers will guess whom these are from. Young Loveworth, there, has got his first love-letter, which he made the pretty Maude promise to write ere the groundswell of passion, the proud panting of the bosom after the first waits, had subsided; when the happy pair, delirious in the first blush of love, had retreated into the handy conservatory. "You'll write, won't you, Maudie darling?" had the infatuated youth whispered; and the maidens had cast down her eyelids, as all maidens have done from the beginning, to hide the brilliant laughter of her blue eyes, and had made answer, "How very naughty of you, Freddy, to keep my hand. Well, perhaps I will, if you'll promise not to be wild and all that horrid sort of thing." (N.B.—Innocent maidens always cherish the idea that what Mr. Dick Swiveller calls "doing the rosy,"
always ends in the hapless victim being led insensiblement to bed. This is a fallacy, for the number of confirmed drunkards in college is, thank God, very small. And then did the infatuated youth, incited thereto by the maiden's prayer, make a rash vow to abstain from the cider-cup that ennobled the heart of man on long summer evenings, and to treat the genial wine-party—where in the night ariseth the echoes of "Slap Bang, here we are again!"—as an invention of the Evil One. Ah, foolish vow! for as soon as his perjured footsteps tread the trim college Quad.—whether it be that of Trinity with its many poplars, or Christ Church with its sparkling fountain—the promise made in the scented conservatory is forgotten, and he is full ready to sit in the well-known window, to watch the westering sun as it gilds in setting glory the turrets of Lincoln, and once more to quaff the cool tankard, and once more to send the smoke curling upward from the meerschaum—darker and dearer than any maiden's eye. Could we but glance into the contents of these home-sent letters, what a varied budget should we see! no "Diable Boîteux" ever was treated to a sight more piquante. See here, young Spendthrift opens, with an ill-concealed sigh, his father's angry letter, and reads therein that this is to be his last chance; for this last time are his debts to be paid off, and the yelping crowd of creditors assurred for this last time. If the school's grim portals let him out unpassed, he is to abandon all hope, for never more shall he re-enter therein; and for ought his enraged parent cares, he may go to Colombo or Hong Kong or any other enterprising colony. So young Spendthrift sighs wearily, and applies himself to Aristotle's mystic page with something like interest, and tries, hapless youth, to master the Stagyrite's puzzling treatise. With an equally weary and despairing gesture does poor Lackland open his, and glance over the old, old tale—the story of a father's sorrow, and the grime where poverty and care guard the threshold. Hard, full hard has he tried, poor heart, to keep up manfully against the adversity that seems souring ever darker, and shutting out the sweet star of Hope for ever. Too well does he know that the money which barely keeps him going at college is wrung from the hard-gotten gains of his father, and that his sisters toil and strive and wear the same old threadbare dresses from year to year, that the pride of the family may be kept at college, and fit himself for that ministry which it was his mother's dying wish he should adorn. He has learnt many a bitter lesson in the school of adversity, and he feels it hard, when the men of the college flout their happiness and wealth before his eyes, not to repine and be discontented. Still he hopes on, and looks for the day when he shall at last tack the hard-won letters B.A. to his name, and shall be in a position, out of his salary, to buy his sisters new dresses and glisten his old father's ears by the fervour of his eloquence.

"But, surely," I fancy I hear some critic exclaim, "this must be overdrawn; the universities are for gentlemen alone!" True; I had forgotten that gold will command respect; ay, though it "gild the straitened forehead of a fool."

But the audience waxes impatient, and I must crave their pardon for thus lottering to morale. The musical chimes of St. Mary (which always seem to convey warning in their tones) are ringing out ten, and from mutlitudinous bell-towers the same fact is proclaimed, from the melancholy peal of Magdalen and the stentorian clang of Christ Church. The business of the college is now in full play. Men are beginning to wake up to the fact of early lectures, and hurry hastily across the Quad, to their various tutors, the reading men to shine and display their points of scholarship, the "ne'er-do-wells" to conjure the lecturer with their well-meant but useless endeavours to fathom the meaning of the sages of antiquity. I will not detain you at a lecture, 'tis not a very amusing sight—simply school-days over again, save that the men seem more stupid. The plan is to make the man who has read his lecture up hold forth for the benefit of the rest, occasionally varied by a little judicious baiting of some idle man who makes many "muckers" (a word by which the youth of Oxford express a mistake), and finally loses his head altogether, to the grievous wrath of his tutor. Passing by the time-honoured tower of Brasenose, now gorgeous with the noble arms of the founder, and the mighty dome of the Radcliffe, into the schools, we behold a motley scene—a scene that reminds us of the "Seven Ages," for at the one door are streaming in the white-tied, white-faced under-graduates, to their first fearful ordeal, ycleped "smalls," while through another door another crowd of white-tied men are proceeding to take their degree, and, as they pass a moment, look with pity upon the beginners in the race, just as grim-scared bull-dog, carrying the marks of many a battle, might look on a puppy as yet innocent of the "grandia certaminis." Extremes do meet, for here Abbot Joannes é coll. Exon, proceeds to face his first paper on his first examination; and then "Yonge Jacobis exe deo Christi," having "fooled" his last paper, goes in to don his pretty bachelor's gown, and finish his course. Let us follow the happy man, and see what the ceremony is that he is to partake of. At the door of the room are congregated a great number of aspirants, and servilely following them a great company of scouts, keenly alive to a tip and the cast-off habits of the under-graduate. In the room a sprinkling of ladies, looking pleased—and they always do in Oxford—and lighting up the sombre degree-room with their witching hats à la Tyrolienne, and their heart-breaking dresses à la Eugenie. Elderly matrons, too, with a kindly twinkle in their eyes, as they follow the favourite son's progress up the room; and elderlly fathers too, right glad that the last "tick" has been paid
Once Round the Clock at Oxford.

and Charley sure of his gown at last. But who are these so withered and so weird in their attire? 

Mystery in the eyes of the inexperienced freshman, dread of the inquisitive senior man, who can they be but the proctors? Stern of visage, lowering of aspect, with fines and impositions lurking in the lines of their faces, the ill-omening officials, they stand like pillars each side of the Vice-Chancellor, and as the different men come up to the chair, their eyes twinkle with the remembrance of many a game of billiards played in forbidden hours, of many a tandem driven stealthily to Abingdon, of many a "stramash" on Folly Bridge, when the unwashed cad went down under the well-directed hit from the shoulder.

The proctors play but an indifferent game in this imposing ceremony after all. They have only to walk down the room in a frantic and expeditious manner, with seemingly no earthly object in view but a constitutional. However, there is a reason for this, as for most things, and it is the following: In the early days of the University, tradesmen congregated together in the degree-room, and as the proctor passed them in his hasty promenade they plucked his gown, thus signifying that among the list of would-be bachelors some had not paid their debts, and were debarred from passing; and, curiously enough, from this the word "plucked" came to be applied to the men who failed in their examination. The ladies cannot possibly make out the proctor's eccentric walk, and simper with delight, and seek for explanation from their initiated escorts.

Leaving the newly-made B.A.s in all the glory of their flowing gowns, we sail out from the school into the High-street, passing the noble horse-chestnut, planted of yore by Reginald Heber, so by the beautifully-tapering spire of St. Mary's, and emerge into the "High" just time enough to see the youth of Oxford setting off for their afternoon's amusement. Close by us, a drag with two college elevens flashes by, driven in capital style; these will be content to toil and labour in bowling and batting through the hot day to uphold the honour of their college. And next, on foot, a variety of boating-men in their pretty jerseys, to win renown upon the crowded isis. Then, steadily and with measured tramp, some riflemen, to compete for the Wimbledon shooting; and in twos and threes the poorer men, who can only afford to walk, and can scarcely afford the time for that. We cannot help envying the luck of these young English gentlemen, replete with health and strength, busy in laying the foundation of good, strong-minded men, who will sit at the helm of State, and steer with pruine d'or, though the waves of political strife rage never so wildly — men who will in the thick of the battle march steadfastly on to death or victory with equal nonchalance — men who will fill country pulpits, and preach the good tidings with simple, solemn grace. And yet a misguided writer not long since describes them as having "fluff instead of whiskers, blushes instead of aplomb."

Pictures drawn from imagination are not always the truest to life. And now, reader, for these next four hours, till the chapel-bells "ring for even-song," I could show you a diversity of sights, I could initiate you into Oxford still-life perfectly, were my space not limited. I could take you round the reed-fringed banks of the Cherwell, and show you "ye clerkes of merrie Oxenforde" dispensing themselves in puns with Miss Braddon's last novel, while the poplars whisper overhead, and the more adventurous endanger their precious lives in a canoe. Then, if we walked quickly round the pretty winding brook, and got to the barges in time, we might be lucky enough to see a slim, long boat, with eight beautifully-built, stalwart young giants to lift it from the water, and the blue flag fluttering in the stern. Cyno-sure of every eye is this boat, and not a little excitement is displayed as the coxswain rises in his seat, and shouts, "Are you ready? Forward all! Row stroke!" And with a mighty sweep the lithe boat dashes over its course.

"The Varsity is in splendid form this year," says an admiring spectator, and we know now that we have seen the Oxford Eight start on their course to Newnham.

Six o'clock, and the cupolas of the different colleges announce the dinner-hour. And now do I earnestly wish that mine were the pen of Brillat-Savarin, who, in his "Physiologie du Goût," has handled this difficult subject in so fascinating a manner. I feel almost tempted to digest even now, to accord this pleasant writer the meed that he deserves; but it will not do. I can only endorse Mr. Sala's encomium, who says that reading the conspiracy to make Brillat "tight" cured him of the comito at Havana. Not that dinners in college differ very materially from public dinners anywhere. You sit at the same dishes and the same cheerful appreciation thereof or discontented grumbling thereat as you do at the table d'hôte of any large hotel. Most of the men care not particularly what they eat, for "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both," and a scout on all three. It is only the lazy, fastidious man who grumbles at his food; and this type does not go down at all well in the University. A man must do something. Let him read, boat, cricket, play billiards, all well and good; but let him be a lounging, aimless creature, and he is generally despised, save by those faithful and devoted few, the toadies, who cannot afford to despise anyone.

Pleasing enough is the sight which the noble college-hall presents, especially in the winter, when the glow of the gas-burners is reflected upon the multitudinous array of beautiful silver tankards which the love or ambition of past students has prompted them to present. Never ceasing is the hum of conversation and the din of knife and fork, occasionally broken by a hearty laugh as some event of the day or lud-
crous mishap is related, for these wild college-
lads have in them a good fund of chaff and hu-
merous sarcasm, and there are “butts” here as
everywhere else. As we look on, imagination
travels back to the old Cavalier days, when Ox-
ford was foremost among the loyal cities, and
pictures the swash-buckler young Cavalier,
with love-locks and sword, retreating to his
amused audience Rochester’s last gibe, or
Charles’s last piece of extravagant folly, swear-
ing roundly at the waiters, and saying, “What
ho! Will Tapster, a pint of thy strongest, and
with what speed thou mayest?” and drinking.
perchance, from the self-same tankard which is
now lifted to the lips of the pea-coated boating
man of modern days. At the top of the hall
there stretches a long table occupied by the
Dons, and called from this reason the “high
table;” here, and in the common room, where
they adjourn to wine, one may hear all the
tittle-tattle and scandal of the University, for a
Don’s ideas are rather circumscribed; Oxford
is the limit within which they are all confined.
Dinner over, and the long Latin grace hurried
through by the Bible-clerk, the men pour out
to their different vocations; if the time be sum-
mer, then to the river, to enjoy the cool of the
evening in a punt; if winter, then to their cozy
room, to enjoy a glass of wine. With them let
us go; and as we have seen young Oxford devo-
tional, let us inspect young Oxford convivial.
A large room, furnished with the characteristic
knick-knacks of a college room, unfailing
features in which are—a reading-desk, a decent
book-case, and probably some cups, won in
various athletic contests; pictures, generally of
a sporting tendency, sometimes Pre-Raphaelite
—Millais’s “Huguenots,” and Delaroche’s
“Martyre Chretienne,” being great favourites;
a long table, covered with different wines, the
good old-fashioned red and white, flanked by
the lighter vintages of the Rhine; a well-
selected dessert and sundry boxes of cigars—
such is the place. The men come loafing in by
twos and threes, welcomed heartily by the cheery
host, and they soon address themselves to the
object in view, that of making wine and dessert
vanish. If the reader expects an uproarious
scene let him dismiss the idea immediately, for
there can be nothing more orderly than this set
wine party. The harmless pleasantry, the chic
which characterised the dinner-table is in full
flow here of course, and perhaps some adventu-
rous youth essays a pun, which is hailed with
shouts of pretended disgust. “Turn him out!”
or “This is really too much!” being the pre-
vailing plaint. Should the giver of the feast be
in “Varsity parlance, “a coinny man,” he engages
a band to enliven the company, and these musi-
cians, generally foreigners, play very tastefully
the favourite airs from “Faust,” or “Masaniello,”
ever and anon breaking out into a comic lay,
such as the “Organ Grinder.”
An hour generally completes the entertain-
ment, and the men disperse to cricket, or pool;
the steady men to read, especially if the en-
nation be near, and drink a quiet cup of tea. If
Thursday night, some of the men declare their
intention of going to the debate at the Union:
and thither we shall follow them, and listen to
the display of Oxford forensic eloquence, and
watch the fiery young debaters who shall figure
at some future day at the head of the Opposi-
tion, when the whole world is disturbed by some
political difficulty. Let us enter the large de-
bating-room at nine o’clock. The debate has
just commenced, and the mimic parliament is
conducted with quite as much solemnity as the
more important one at St. Stephen’s. The style
of declamation varies. One debater is steady,
cool, collected, referring now and again to a slip
in his hand, and carefully dissecting every point
in his adversary’s speech, reminding us of a
youthful Gladstone. Another is borne along in
an irresistible tide of eloquence, wit, and satire,
and we seem to be listening to a young
Palmerston. Ever and anon a nervous youth
rises to address the House, forgets what he
meant to say, gets confused, blushes, and
resumes his seat, amidst derisive cries of “Well
said, sir!” “Can’t you give us a little more,
sir?” Decidedly Conservative are the views of
this House, for on referring to the minutes of
past debates, we see that “this House upholds
church rates, objects to the ballot and the exten-
sion of the franchise, and feels dissatisfied with
Mr. Gladstone.”
And now I must performed draw to an end. I
cannot help feeling conscious of the fact that a
reader’s patience may be exhausted long before
the author’s subject; there are other scenes yet
undescribed—a noisy supper in one room, and
men reeling home through the moonlit Quad.;
in another room a weary man racking his brain
over the Stagyrite’s page, and working his way to
honour and distinction, till the quiet stars go
out, and chill dawn surprises him at his work.
And so, ‘midst revelry and work, the day is
finished, and night broods darkly over Oxford,
the city of colleges.

B.-N. C., Oxon.

H. J. S.

The annexed rendering of the Lord’s Prayer is
verse, from whose hand we know not, is certainly
very felicitous:

Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer:
Thy name be hallowed everywhere;
Thy Kingdom come! Thy perfect will
In earth, as heaven, let all fulfill.
Give this day’s bread that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us by Thy hand.
Now and forever unto Thee
Thy kingdom, power, and glory be!
NOT, "ANYTHING-FOR-PEACE."

BY T. S. A.

CHAP. V.

About this time the appeal case was to be argued in court. For several days before it was reached on the docket, Mr. Ellis was in a state of such nervous excitement that he could hardly eat or sleep.

"I shall lose it of course," he said: "everything is going against me!"

And his prediction was verified: the decision of the lower court was affirmed. The two hundred pounds damages, with additional costs, had to be paid. Unhappy man! All things seemed conspiring to his ruin!

The offer made by Wheeler to grind for nothing kept his grist-mill in full operation all the while, and left that of Ellis nearly idle. There were a few, of more just and manly character, who were not to be influenced in the mean and cowardly way that distinguished the many, and those came to Ellis; but their number was too small to be of much service. To some of these Ellis talked freely, giving his own side of the case, and exhibiting his wrongs. He denounced the law as made for the benefit of scoundrels, and darkly hinted his purpose of taking the law into his own hands. Some advised prudence, while others led him on to talk as freely as he list, and encouraged a spirit of retaliation.

"There'd be a fire in this neighbourhood," said one of these less considerate friends, "were I the owner of your mill. I don't say where, but I'm sure of one thing—it wouldn't be in my premises." And he looked meaningly at Ellis. This man's name was Porterfield.

"Where would it be?" inquired the miller, who very well understood what was in his neighbour's mind.

"I don't say; but one thing is certain—no man should drive me to ruin. If the law failed to protect me I'd protect myself. I had a neighbour once who was the owner of a troublesome steer; the animal had a trick of opening gates and taking down bars. There was no security against its depredations. One day my cornfield suffered very much; I sent the owner a bill of damages, and he refused to pay it, giving me some impudence. When I go in I'm bound not to come out second-best; so I gave the bill to a solicitor, and told him to sue. Well, as luck would have it, I lost the case through some defect of proof, and had costs to pay. I was angry, and no mistake; but, as I had gone in, wasn't coming out so—not I. I swore revenge against the old steer—and that was bad for the steer. One day his owner found him with a broken leg, and had to shoot him. I think he understood the case; but I had taken care that no evidence should be at my door. Ellis cast his eyes upon the ground, in a thoughtful way, and stood for some time without making any answer. The neighbour eyed him closely, and with something of a sinister expression.

"Good-day," he said, as he jumped into his waggon.

Ellis started, and a slight flush came into his face, as he looked up at the farmer.

"Don't be driven to the wall: self-preservation is the first law of nature," said the latter, as he took up the reins and gave them a jerk. "I know very well what I'd do, if I were in your place."

"What?" asked Ellis.

The man glanced across the stream in a peculiar manner, not to be misunderstood, and then speaking to his horse drove away.

The next man who came to the mill found Ellis so deeply immersed in thought that his approach was unheeded.

"Asleep!" said he, touching the miller with the end of his whip.

Ellis started up like one affrighted, his face crimsoning, his air confused. His appearance, for a moment or two, was that of a person trying to conceal something.

"Only day-dreaming," he answered, affecting an indifference that caused the other to wonder at the contrast of calmness in the tone with the strange excitement of look and manner.

"Rather a hard customer to deal with over there," remarked the man, as he sat waiting for his corn to be ground; and he tossed his head in the direction of Wheeler's mill.

"Rather," was coldly responded.

"I never liked him," said the man, who was inclined to draw out the miller.

Ellis did not answer: his mind was too much oppressed by many thoughts to be at all inclined, just then, for conversation.

"Nobody likes him." The man was more emphatic.

"Why, then, does nearly everybody go to his mill?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"O, as to that, if something can be had for nothing, nearly everybody is willing to accept the accommodation."

"Which doesn't say much for nearly everybody's sense of justice and independence."

"Of course not; but you can buy one-half of the people around here for a crown—their self-respect, I mean. As for Adam Wheeler, he can't grind for me at any price, while there's another mill within a distance of ten miles."

This drew Ellis a little out of himself, and he replied, with considerable warmth, "His mill wouldn't stand where it does for twenty-four hours, if justice were done."

"That's a fact," replied the other. "I understand the case thoroughly. A more shame-
less violation of an individual’s rights has not occurred in this community. Why don’t you come down on him with a strong hand, and wrest by force the justice denied by law? I would do it.”

“It’s easy enough to talk,” said Ellis, fretfully.

“Only a little easier than acting,” answered the man.

Ellis looked at his customer steadily for some time, trying to read his face; but he could make out nothing satisfactory.

“One thing is certain,” went on the other—

“I would never stand it, to see that mill-wheel flaunting itself in the sunshine day after day. It should stop, and at any cost.”

“How would you stop it?”

“I’d find a way.”

“Show me the way.”

“Can’t; you must find it out for yourself.”

And the man, who was standing in the door, looking across the creek, turned back into the mill, and sat down on a bag of meal, lightly humming a tune.

“I’ve tried law, to my sorrow,” said Ellis.

“Law!”—the man snapped his fingers in contempt. “Honest men usually come out second-best in law.”

“What other safe recourse is left?”

“One thing is very plain,” was answered—“if you sit still, and let your enemy gain one or two more trifling advantages, it is all over with you!”

“I know that as well as you.”

“And you’re going to sit still?”

“Me?”

Two red spots came out on the cheeks of Mr. Ellis, and there was a flashing light in his eyes.

“So I understand you.”

“Don’t.”

“Ah! then you are not going to sit still?”

“Perhaps not, unless my hands and feet are tied.”

“That’s talking like a man! When you have justice on your side, fight to the bitter end!”

“What I intend doing.”

“Desperate diseases require desperate remedies; and this case is a desperate one.”

“That’s so,” replied Ellis, with knit brows and a clenched hand, that was shaken menacingly towards his neighbour’s mill. “There are reserved forces, with every man, and he is a coward who fails to use them in extremity.”

“And elements quite as potent as law,” said the tempter.

“Exactly.”

“I thought it was in you. Now, do you know that Wheeler and Wing think you a coward—a man who will go down rather than fight in mortal desperation?”

“How do you know this?” demanded Ellis in a fiery manner. The remark had stung him.

“Some things are said and some things are heard. Men talk out as they think when they feel safe in regard to listeners. Wheeler talks now and then, and so does Wing. I’ve heard them.”

“What do they say?”

“I don’t know what they say now; but I have heard them talking in my time.”

“About me?”

“Yes.”

“And they intend driving me to the wall, I suppose?”

“They do; and not only driving you to the wall, but pinning you there. Now you understand just what you have to expect from them, and must govern yourself accordingly. It has come to be a case of life and death, friend Ellis; and you’ll have to look it steadily in the face. They are bound to destroy you, root and branch! Strike first, and destroy them—that’s my advice!”

“Strike first,” said Ellis to himself, when alone—“where shall I strike? How shall I strike?”

He sat down in a dull, abstracted way, but did not long remain so. In a few minutes he rose up hurriedly, and, as if by a forced effort, gave himself to the work around him; now examining the flour as it came from a pair of mill-stones to see if the grinding was right, and slightly altering the pressure; now looking down into the cog-pits, and listening to the jar and rattle of the great iron wheels; now passing to the upper floors, and examining the grain-garner; and now, guided by the creaking of a dry joint, giving to the heated machinery a needed supply of oil. In this way Mr. Ellis occupied himself for more than half-an-hour; then leaning from one of the upper windows that looked across the creek, he fixed his eyes upon Wheeler’s mill. There had been a partial lifting of the clouds from his countenance while he moved about, and gave thought to the common duties that lay around him; but now the shadows fell over it again. Nearer than the tempting neighbour had stood to him a little while before stood a subtle enemy, whispering of revenge, assault, and destruction. Questioned the fiend tauntingly, “Are you going down without a last fierce struggle?”

“No!” ejaculated the miller, clenching his hand. “By all that I hold dear and sacred, no! I will not be swept down and leave him secure and triumphant. For the sake of peace and neighbourly good-will I gave way in the beginning, when right admonished me to stand firm. I put weapons into the hands of mine enemy, and now he pursues me to utter destruction! Shall I not, being at bay, fight with mad desperation? Shall I not destroy this enemy to save myself?”

“If you are a man!” whispered the fiend.

Then a vision passed, for an instant, before the eyes of Ellis. Suddenly flames broke out, and, leaping upwards and around the mill opposite, held it in a fiery pall. The miller caught his breath as the vision passed, and turned from the window with a pale, startled face.

“It must come to that.” The fiend was still at his ear. “It must come to that. There is
Not, "Anything-for-Peace."

no other way of safety. If he stands, you fall. One of these mills must go down; shall it be yours?"

"It shall not be mine!" answered the miller to himself, sternly.

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CHAP. VI.

In the evening, when Mr. Ellis came home, his wife noticed a change in his appearance.

"Are you ill, Thomas?" she asked, with some anxiety in her voice.

He turned his face aside, as he answered, with what seemed to her embarrassment and erasion. "No, I'm very well!" And, passing her with unusual quickness, he went to one of the chambers, and remained there until called to supper, then he came down and took his place at the table.

"You're not eating anything, Thomas," said his wife, after a little while.

Ellis, who had fallen into an absent state, ral-
led himself with a slight confusion of manner, and lifting his yet untasted cup of tea, drank it off at a single draught.

"I don't feel much appetite," he answered, and pushing his chair back from the table, got up and went away to a shaded part of the room, where he sat with his face more concealed.

"Does anything trouble you, Thomas?" asked Mrs. Ellis, coming to his side a little while afterwards, and laying her hand upon him.

"Yes, something always troubles me," he answered, gloomily. "Can I smile, and be at peace, when I see a gulf opening at my feet?"

"Don't talk so, husband; it distresses me," said Mrs. Ellis; "all will come right in the end if you continue to do right."

"It's coming right very fast, isn't it, now?" he answered, in a tone of irony—"coming right very fast! What is my mill proper-
ty worth to-day? Nothing! Just nothing at all. Have I done wrong to anyone? Have I not been just in my dealings? If I continue to do right! No, no; that assurance goes for nothing. Rogues have it all their own way nowadays; honest men are at a discount!"

"That I should live to hear you say so, Thomas!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, tears falling over her cheeks.

"That I should live to say so!" was answered gloomily.

"Something has happened to make you despond; but you'll see more clearly in the morning."

Mrs. Ellis tried to speak cheerfully.

"In the morning!" he turned his head with a quick motion, and looked for an instant intently at his wife.

"Sleep calms the mind, Thomas. We lie down at night with troubled hearts, and when the morning breaks all is again peaceful. Still trust in God, and be not afraid in the right. The wicked may flourish for a season; but, like flowers with a worm at the root, they wither often in a day. Though all looks dark around you, dear husband, the sun will come forth again."

"I cannot hope against hope," replied Mr. Ellis, with an air of impatience. "Every struggle that I have made in the effort to disentangle myself from the toils of my enemies has only given them a new power over me. But," and his manner changed, "one thing is certain—I am not going down without a last struggle. They shall not destroy me wholly, and yet dwell in safety!"

He gnashed his teeth, and clenched his hands, in a way that caused a low, creeping chill to pass along the nerves of his wife. She tried to remonstrate; but he waved his hand with increasing impatience, and said, "Don't talk to me, Margaret! I can't hear it just now."

Mrs. Ellis moved away from her husband, a sad look falling over her patient face. Rising, the unhappy man went from the house. It was a clear, starlit night. Across the creek, that flowed a little way from his dwelling, the flour and woolen mills of Wheeler and Wing loomed faintly out from the surrounding darkness. Mr. Ellis stood still, gazing at them for a long time, then he passed down to the side of the stream, by a road leading towards his own mill, and getting close to the water, bent forwards, and examined certain rocks and large stones that lay in the creek. Apparently not satisfied, he moved further down, and once more strained his eyes into the murky air. To all appearance, his design was to cross over to the other side, for he now stepped carefully from the shore upon the broad rock that stretched for several yards into the shallow stream, and after getting to the end of this, jumped across to another and smaller rock. Beyond this, at short but irregular distances, and ranging up the stream, were a number of projecting stones and points of nearly submerged rocks, around which the water rushed and foamed noisily. From one to another of these Ellis passed, slipping now and then, but maintaining his erect position until he gained the other side. Here, with his heart beating in great audible throbs, he stood still, and for nearly five minutes scarcely stirred from the spot. All was silent, save the rain-like seething of the dam, over which a thin veil of water was falling.

Why was he there, and at that hour? What was passing in his thoughts? Never in his life before had he been there at that hour and alone. Miserable man! How was the tempter gaining over him!

Suddenly starting, he listened with strained ear, and eyes searching into the surrounding night. Something was moving not far off. He saw a form but half defined, and heard the dropping of feet among the grass and leaves, but could not make out whether it was that of a man or an animal. Whoever or whatever it was, the form soon lost itself in the darkness, and the sound which had startled him was no longer heard.
A nervous trembling now seized upon Mr. Ellis. His limbs shook, his knees bent under the weight of his body, his teeth rattled. Slowly and cautiously he commenced the difficult task of recrossing the stream. When near the centre, his foot slipped from the side of a slimy stone, and one leg was buried knee-deep in the water. Recovering himself, he made the rest of his way across without further mishap, and when safely on his own side, sat down upon a stone weak and panting. As soon as he had regained a degree of calmness, Mr. Ellis arose and returned to his house. Avoiding his wife, he went upstairs, and removing his wet shoe and stocking, concealed them in a dark closet. Then taking a pair of dry stockings, and another pair of shoes, he laid them with his clothing, which he removed, and went to bed.

An hour afterwards, when Mrs. Ellis came up, she spoke to her husband, but he did not answer. Holding a candle near his face, she looked at him with eyes full of tenderness and pity, murmuring to herself as she did so—"I'm glad he's sleeping."

But did he sleep? Two hours later, he stood over her, candle in hand. But the light did not send a beam through the closely-shut eyelids. Silently withdrawing, Mr. Ellis, who was only partially dressed, shut the chamber door, and in the next room fully attired himself. Then putting out the light, he felt his way down stairs, and left the house. The same road, taken earlier in the night, was taken now, and in a few minutes he stood by the starlit stream, that gurgled, and seethed, and murmured through its rocky obstructions. There was no hesitation of manner now. With bold strides the miller dashed across from rock to rock, and in a few excited moments, stood upon the opposite shore. The point was several hundred yards below Wheeler's mill, the outline of which cut sharply against the moonless sky. Picking his way along the shore, Ellis approached the mill, moving with increasing caution as he drew near. He was not over a hundred feet distant, when a light, as if a great meteor had suddenly streamed across the sky, lifted the whole landscape out of darkness, making even the smallest objects visible. Turning his eyes upon the mill, near which he stood, he saw a volume of flame that filled the whole of an upper window, pouring out like a devouring flood. Surprise and fear paralyzed him. He stood immovable for several moments, the light growing stronger and stronger all the while, as the flames spread, reaching to other windows, and leaping forth into the air, until, within a wide circle, it was luminous as day.

An instinct of danger caused Mr. Ellis to glance hurriedly around him, here and there, for a place of concealment. He dared not venture to recross the stream, lest some neighbour, aroused by the conflagration, should discover him in the passage. To be found away from home at midnight, and in such near proximity to the burning mill, would surely lead to his arrest as an incendiary. He shuddered at his peril, while great beads of cold perspiration stood upon his face. Intense the light grew; the rays seeming to draw around him as a focal centre.

"Fire! fire!" The cry broke wildy out of the deep silence. Ellis turned and saw a man springing down the bank on the opposite side of the creek, and dashing into the water. To run for a clump of trees that stood a few hundred feet from the stream was to act from a natural perception of danger. Gaining this sheltering point, and crouching among the underbrush, he looked out, fearfully upon the scene.

"Fire! fire!" The wild cry, given at short intervals, kept thrilling the air. Soon it was repeated, first singly and remotely, but soon in multiplied responses, and in the nearer mingling of excited voices.

"Fire! fire!" It was just behind him. Mr. Ellis crouched lower to the earth, actually creeping under the closely-matted leaves and branches of a large hawthorn. The man who had uttered the cry passed within a few feet of where he was lying, and encountered, a little way beyond, another man, who asked, in an excited voice, "Did you see a person running?"

"No!" was answered.

"He went in just where I saw him, as I came down on the other side. He was out in the glare of the light, and ran off at my cry of fire. What was he doing here? Why did he not give the alarm? Why did he run?"

At this instant a cry that made all hearts shudder rang out from the mill, and a man appeared at an upper storey stretching forth his hands for succour. It was Wheeler. Below him, the storey was on fire, and the flames beginning to crash through the windows, from which dense volumes of smoke belched forth. The men who had paused near to where Ellis lay concealed now dashed off towards the mill. Creeping forth from his hiding-place, Ellis retreated further away, until he reached the skirt of a dense wood, into which he retired quickly, running until at so great a distance from the burning mill that he was in no danger of discovery. Here he found opportunity to rally his bewildered faculties, and to let reason take the place of blind fear.

A little clear thinking soon made it plain to Mr. Ellis that the only way to avoid suspicion was to hasten to the scene of conflagration, and join in with his neighbours in their effort to save life and property. But was there not danger in approaching the fire from the side opposite that on which he lived? Might not the man who saw him fleeing for concealment recognize him? But, how was it possible to gain his own side of the creek without being discovered? As Mr. Ellis debated, time passed, every moment increasing his perplexity. The roar of the conflagration, and the confused mingling of many voices, grew louder and louder. To hesitate long was fatal.

Desperately breaking forth from the wood, Ellis at length dashed forward in the direction...
of the mill, determined to reach it by the shortest way. As he sprang over a fence that separated a field from the common road, he came upon a man who was running at full speed towards the fire.

"Why, Ellis!" examined the man. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh! Porterfield! Is this you?" responded the miller, in a voice that betrayed his agitation.

"I crossed by the bridge and took a short cut through the wood."

"A short cut! I should call it a long cut," answered the man, as they ran forward, side by side.

"It proved a long cut," answered Ellis, driven to find some plausible explanation, "for I got bewildered and turned out of the way. This is a bad business."

"What?"

"This fire,"

"Do you think so?"

There was a meaning in Porterfield's voice that did not fall pleasantly on the miller's ears.

"Of course I do. Fire is always a great disaster."

"It will hardly prove a disaster to you in the present case, I'm thinking," said Porterfield. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

By this time they came into the open space that surrounded the mill. A large number of persons had already reached the scene of conflagration, and hundreds more were flocking thitherward from all directions. But fire was absolute monarch for that night. The pale crowd that stood helplessly gazing up at the madly leaping and quivering flames, had no power to stay their progress; and when the roof went crashing in upon the consuming floors, an answering groan of pain and horror fell upon the air, for beneath that falling roof was the body of Adam Wheeler!

For nearly two hours the mill burned; and then the fierce flames went down, dying amid heaps of red coals, that lay between the walls like furnace fires.

As Mr. Ellis stood among the crowds of people drawn to the scene of destruction, halted, stupefied and bewildered, his ears took in many sentences that made his heart sink and tremble. Two men talked thus, not knowing that he was near them:

"There's been foul work here, I'm afraid," said one of them.

"Why do you think so?" was inquired.

"I have my suspicions," vaguely replied the first speaker.

"Whom do you suspect?"

"There have been two or three law-suits about this mill-property."

"With Ellis?"

"I didn't mention any names."

"You might as well have done so," said the man with whom he was conversing.

"Other people may call names. I never do," was answered.

"But you really think the mill was set on fire?"

"I can tell you what I saw."

"What?"

"I was the first man who cried 'Fire!'"

"Were you?"

"Yes. The light shone into my window and awoke me. I ran out and gave the alarm. As I came down on the opposite side of the creek I distinctly saw a man just below the mill. He escaped from the circle of light, and hid himself among the trees."

"Is that so?" Indignation mingled with surprise in the man's voice.

"It is.

"Then he must be discovered. Did you recognize him?"

Mr. Ellis held his breath. But the man did not reply.

"Was it Ellis?"

"God forbid that I should accuse any one!"

No, I do not believe it was Ellis."

It did not take long for the fact that a man had been seen near the mill, when the fire was first discovered, to reach every person in the crowd that stood around the smouldering ruins. And this fact was conclusive as to the incendiary origin of the fire. That settled, the next thing was to direct suspicion towards an individual. From lip to lip the name of Thomas Ellis passed in whispered utterances. Some believed and some rejected the charge; nearly all were shocked and sorrowful—for Thomas Ellis stood without reproach among his neighbours. All knew him as a man of integrity and kindness. Instinctively men shrank from him in the crowd, or glanced at him furtively, and with suspicion or accusation in their faces.

As the fire in the burning mill fell lower and lower, and night stole back again, spreading her dusky mantle over the hills and valleys, despair settled down in the heart of Mr. Ellis. He felt that he was doomed. As he moved, men drew back from him. Returning over the stream, at the point where he had twice crossed it that night, he went with slow steps back to his home, feeling like a criminal with the law officers close upon his track.

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CHAP. VII.

The white face of Mr. Ellis startled his wife like an apparition.

"Oh, Thomas!" she exclaimed, taking hold of him with a sudden grasp as he came in. "Are you sick or hurt?"

"I am sick, Margaret," answered the unhappy man, in a voice so changed to the ears of Mrs. Ellis that it did not sound like the voice of her husband. And as he said this, he laid his head down upon her shoulder, and sobbed once or twice. A strong shudder ran through his frame—then he was calm and self-possessed.

"Margaret," he said, speaking in an even tone, "it is better that I should tell you all, that you may know exactly where I stand. I shall be charged with the crime of burning this mill,
and the life of Adam Wheeler will be laid upon
my head.”
Instantly the form of his wife fell away from
him, as though she had been pierced with
lightning. He grasped her, clutching her
garments, and just saving her from a heavy fall.
“But I am innocent, dear wife! My hands
are clean!”
Mrs. Ellis caught her breath, shudderingly,
and regained her half-extinguished conscious-
ness.
“I am sure of it, Thomas,” she murmured,
faity, “and no one will believe the cruel
charge.”
“All believe it now, Margaret. This I want
you clearly to understand, that you may be pre-
pared for the worst. There is no time for
softening this announcement. The calamity
is at our door. I am in God’s hands, and He
alone can save me. An hour from this time,
and I shall, without question, be in the hands of
an officer. Before separation I must lay bare
some things which it will be best for you to
know, in order to save the possibility of a mis-
judgment of your husband. The evidence will,
I fear, be strong against me; for I was near the
mill when the fire broke out.”
“You, Thomas! You near the mill?”
“Yes, Margaret. Don’t shiver so! I am
innocent.”
“Oh, my husband! my husband!” Mrs.
Ellis wrung her hands wildly.
“I am innocent, Margaret—innocent in act,
but not innocent before God! Crime was in my
heart—maddened by desperation; and I meditated
the evil thing which has come.”
“You will kill me, Thomas!” exclaimed Mrs.
Ellis.
“It had been better for us if we had died a
year ago, Margaret.” Mr. Ellis was strangely
calm now, even as the surface of the sea is
calm under the pressure of a heavy storm. “An
evil power has been at work against me. All
hell seems to have leagued itself for my de-
struction. I have tried to live at peace with my
neighbours; I have tried to be just in my
dealings towards all men—but even my virtues
have been used as instruments of ruin. God
help me!”
“Oh, my husband, God will help you! Re-
member what the Bible says—‘I am a very pre-
sent help in time of trouble.’”
“I cannot look up in any hope, Margaret.
Hush!” And Mr. Ellis glanced towards the
door, bending his head in a listening attitude.
“I don’t hear anyone,” said Mrs. Ellis, after
hearkening for a moment.
Rising, the wretched man went from the room
where they were sitting into one that adjoined,
shutting the door so as to exclude the light. In
a few minutes he came back, saying, as he re-
jointed his wife, “It is as I supposed: men are
guarding the house to prevent escape until a
warrant for my arrest is obtained. And now, in
the brief time that we are to remain together, let
me open the door of my heart, that you may
look in, Margaret, and know just what manner
of man I am. As I told you just now, I am
not innocent before God, for I did purpose the
thing which has occurred. Driven to despair
by the wrongs I have suffered, seeing only ruin
before me, in an evil hour I yielded to the
tempter. ‘If I must go down, he shall go down
also,’ I said. You can never know how I bat-
tled with this temptation. But the darkness
of midnight gathered around me. I saw the light
only in one direction—a path only in one way—
and towards that lurid light, along that dreadful
path, I at last consented to go. After you were
asleep I left the house, and crossed the creek,
fixed in my determination to set Wheeler’s mill
on fire. It had, I reasoned, no right to be there.
It was built in fraud, and stood in violation
of my rights. It must either be destroyed or
my ruin was certain. I had appealed to the law;
but the law, instead of giving relief, had actually
punished me as a transgressor. ‘Self-protec-
tion,’ I said, ‘is the first law of nature;’ and so
I pressed blindly forward, resolved to do a deed
the bare thought of which now fills me with
shuddering. I had gained the other side, and
was approaching the mill, when a light glared
up, and all objects around me became visible.
Lifting my eyes, I saw flames bursting from the
windows. My feet stood still: I was like one
paralyzed. A strange thrill quivered along my
nerves; my hair lifted itself; my flesh seemed
to creep. It grew lighter and lighter. Day
was not more intense. And there I stood, in
the broad, revealing glare, unable to stir!
Even while I stood there the cry of “Fire!”
came ringing out upon the air, and, turning,
I saw a man leaping down towards the creek from
this side. The instinct of impending danger
gave life to my feet, and I started for a hiding-
place in the woods. There I lay concealed for
awhile, and then came forth, intending to join
in the crowd, which had by this time gathered
near the burning mill, trusting that I had not
been recognized by the man who had seen me
in the circle of light made by the flames. But,
as I came from the woods into the road, John
Porterfield happened to be just at that point
running towards the fire. Recognizing me, he
put curious questions as to my being just there,
which I did not answer satisfactorily. Strange
union of suspicious incidents! This very man,
not twelve hours ago, was a tempting devil at
my ear. His suggestions gave fire to the half-
formed purposes in my mind. He helped to
lead me out of the right path, and, no sooner
was I astray, than his eyes saw the departure!
Margaret, it seems to me as if I were God-
forsaken! And yet I have one great consola-
tion — the retribution which has fallen upon
my enemy came not from this hand. Though
evil was in my heart, there was a limit to the
act. Before God I am guilty, but not before
men. If men condemn and punish, their sen-
tence will be unjust—I shall not suffer for evil
doing, Oh, my wife! believe me in this. I
have told you all.”
“Oh, Thomas! My husband! If all men
condemn thee, yet will I not.” Mrs. Ellis drew
her arms around his neck. "Thank God that you are innocent of this dreadful thing! Thank God that you were saved in the last bitter moment of overwhelming temptation. Let us take it as an assurance that these floods, which roar so fearfully, will not overwhelm us."

"And you do not doubt me, Margaret?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"If you doubt me, I am lost. If your faith fail not, I may have strength to bear up, though my heart be cast out as evil. I shall be tried, and there will appear strong evidence against me. Even your faith may be shaken."

"No—no—no!" Mrs. Ellis flung back, almost indignantly, the suggestion. "My faith cannot be shaken. Has my head rested so long against this heart that I should not know it? You are innocent!"

"In just so far as I have said, Margaret. But, if destruction had not preceded my ready hand, the guilt of an awful deed would have been on my head. I was, for the time, no longer myself, Margaret. An evil spirit had taken possession of my will, and was driving me on to ruin. A few minutes, and I would have been lost. But my soul is yet safe. I can and do repent of the wicked purpose that was in my heart. I loathe it! I abhor it. Rather than have that sin fixed on my conscience, I would accept of death in any shape."

Both started and listened, and the faces of both grew paler. The sound of coming feet had reached their ears. A few moments of suspense, and then a hand was laid on the door. It was fastened; but Mr. Ellis walked firmly across the room and drew back the bolt. Three men entered, one of them a county constable. The latter, placing a hand on Mr. Ellis, said, sternly. "You are my prisoner, sir!"

"On what charge?" Mr. Ellis did not falter in the least.

"On the charge of setting fire to Wheeler's mill," answered the constable.

"Of which I am innocent." The prisoner spoke in a firm voice, and looked into the officer's face with so steady an eye that the latter dropped his gaze.

"No man will be more glad than I when your innocence is made clear," said the constable; "but my duty is to make the arrest."

"He is innocent!" The white lips of Mrs. Ellis bore this testimony. Then, as she came to her husband's side, and laid her hand upon him, she said—

"Go, Thomas! He who knows your innocence will make it appear. Man's extremity is his opportunity. It has been growing darker and darker with us for some time, and now it is midnight. But the day will come. Even now it may be nearer at hand than you or I imagine."

She kissed him very tenderly, and then laid her head for a few moments on his bosom. All hearts were touched. There were unbidden tears in the eyes of strong men.

"Go, my husband," Mrs. Ellis stood up, strangely calm, in this trying moment. "Go, but fear not. A just God has you in his keeping."

And there they parted, he going forth into the dark night a prisoner, charged with a great crime; and she sitting down in the shadow of an impending calamity of such fearful magnitude, that no hope was left but in God. Stunned and despairing, Mr. Ellis spent the hours until morning in the narrow boundaries of a cell. On bended knees, in tearful supplication, the same hours were passed by his heart-stricken wife. The gray dawn found them both asleep—he on a prison bed, and she bowed in the attitude of prayer.

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**CHAP. VIII.**

At the preliminary examination, held before a magistrate on the next day, Porterfield and others testified to remarks of a threatening character, used by Mr. Ellis in regard to Adam Wheeler; one of the witnesses declaring, on oath, that the prisoner had, in his hearing, sworn vengeance against the latter, at the same time indicating fire as the means. The person who saw Ellis near the mill as he ran down to the bank of the stream could not swear positively to his identity; but his evidence was given in a way to strengthen suspicion. Porterfield's statement about meeting Mr. Ellis emerging from a wood on the side of the creek opposite to that on which he lived, after the fire was some time in progress, with his unsatisfactory answers on being questioned, were so strong against him in the chain of evidence, that he was remanded to prison. Here he lay, bail being refused in consequence of the capital nature of the crime charged, for three weeks, or until the next session of the Grand Jury, when a true bill was found against him for arson, and also for murder in causing the death of Adam Wheeler. The Criminal Court being in session, the trial came on almost immediately.

Two parties, strongly prejudging the case, were soon formed in the neighbourhood; the one for, and the other against the prisoner. Of those most active and bitter against Ellis was the Scotchman, Archibald Wing, who set himself to hunt up evidence with the keen scent of a bloodhound. Leading the opposition, and in favour of Ellis, was Harvey Tompkins, the man from whom Wheeler had bought the fifty acres of ground lying on each side of the stream at the point where the new bridge was located. The disgrace of her husband's position, and the fearful calamity that impended, instead of paralyzing the energies of Mrs. Ellis, developed latent resources that surprised her friends. She thought only of her husband's vindication and safety, and to this end bent all the powers of her mind. There dwelt with her no shadow of doubt touching his entire innocence of the crime with which he stood accused. Assuming this, the difficult thing, in the face of so many cir-
cumstances that pointed to him as an incendiary, was to discover the actual cause of the fire, and the true criminal, if the fire were not accidental. She did not waver in her belief that her husband's entire innocence would become manifest.

While many sympathized with Mrs. Ellis, few gave her encouragement. Even those who doubted her husband's guilt, saw little chance for his escape from conviction. In the brief period that elapsed from the time the Grand Jury found a bill of indictment until the day of trial, no facts came to light on which any sure defence of the case could be made. This circumstance alone stood out from the blank obscurity. A stranger had called at the house of Mr. Tompkins on the night of the fire, and asked for food, on receiving which he further asked the privilege of sleeping in the barn. To this request a negative was given, one or two fires having been occasioned in the neighbourhood during the year through the carelessness of strollers in using pipes or matches. The man grumbled and went on his way. A neighbour, living between the house of Mr. Tompkins and Wheeler's mill, very well remembered seeing a man go along the road, on the same night, in the direction of the mill, smoking. Passing near him in the road, he saw that he was a stranger, and set him down, at the time, as a "tramp." This was all. No other person remembered having seen this man.

The day of trial came, and the prosecuting attorney set forth, in opening the case, the facts which he said they were prepared, by competent witnesses, to prove. The heart of Mrs. Ellis scarcely moved during the fearful recital; and her blood seemed like ice in her veins. Then witnesses commenced giving their testimony, and circumstance after circumstance was brought forth, one after another, each arranging itself as a new link in the evidence, until a chain of facts, one binding on another, held the accused in a dreadful bondage to apparent guilt that seemed impossible to be broken. Friends grew sad and pale; and even the judge's eyes turned, grieving, away from the wife's ashen face, as she sat near her husband and leaning towards him. If others' faith in him wavered, hers did not.

After the testimony for the prosecution had closed, Mr. Tompkins was called for the defence. He could bear clear testimony to the previous good character of the accused; but what of that, in the face of so many condemning circumstances? No impression was made on the jury. Then he related the incident of the strange man who had asked for the privilege of sleeping in his barn, and who was afterwards seen going towards the mill with a lighted pipe in his mouth. This last fact was corroborated by another witness; but it proved nothing. Then neighbour after neighbour took the witness-stand, and under the carefully-directed questions of Mr. Ellis's counsel, gave the strongest kind of evidence touching the social and moral qualities of the accused. He was just, humane, law-abiding. In the whole community, no man had shown himself a better citizen. He had stood among the people blameless, suffering yet not doing wrong. But nothing was offered that gave any satisfactory explanation of the circumstances on which the prosecution rested for conviction. There were threats proved, and absence from home at or near the time when the fire broke out. A man was seen escaping out of the circle of light thrown from the burning mill, and Mr. Ellis appeared a little while afterwards, emerging from the wood into which the man had disappeared. At that wood lay on the opposite side from Mr. Ellis's dwelling, the circumstance was strongly against him. Mr. Porterfield testified to the prisoner's confusion of manner on meeting him, and to the improbable reason assigned for his presence in that particular location.

The case being closed on both sides, counsel for the prosecution commenced summing up the facts which appeared in evidence, setting, in a strong light, their character as conclusive of the prisoner's guilt. As he pressed, all saw the hopelessness of Mr. Ellis's case, and even those who had, up till this time, held fast to their faith in his innocence, now wavered, while some gave him up as guilty. On closing, in a powerful appeal to the jury, that sounded like a knell of despair, Mrs. Ellis gave a low cry of anguish, that thrilled through the hushed court room, and sinking forwards, was caught in the arms of her husband, by whose side she had remained sitting during all this fearful trial.

Then a stillness as of death reigned through the crowded audience. The prosecutor sat down, a shadow of pain gradually displacing the flush of enthusiasm with which professional ardour had lighted up his face. In this pause the lawyer for the defence was about rising, when a man of poor appearance stood suddenly forth, separating himself from the crowd, and advancing within the bar. In a quick, agitated voice, he addressed the judge, pointing at the same time to the prisoner. His words were:

"If there is guilt anywhere, your honour, it rests not with him! I am the man referred to by witnesses as having been seen going towards the mill, and the mill was burned through my carelessness. I crept in at an open window, and lay down on some shavings under a workbench, where I fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept; but, on waking, I lighted a pipe, and in doing so dropped a match among the shavings, which caught instantly. In trying to put out the fire, I scattered the burning shavings around, and spread the flames so that I could not extinguish them. Alarmed at what I had done, I escaped from the mill, and fled away in the darkness, not stopping until I was miles distant. I knew by the great light in the sky above where the mill stood, that it was all in flames, and would be consumed, but I did not know for days afterwards that a life had..."
been lost. Fear kept me pressing onward, and in a week I was nearly a hundred miles away from this place. I have returned because an innocent man is in danger. If punishment must fall upon any one, let it fall on me."

He ceased speaking, and stood bending forwardly toward the judges. Mrs. Ellis, who had sunk down under the pressure of a suddenly overwhelming despair at the conclusion of the prosecuting attorney's speech, started up like one awakened from a dream, when this unlooked-for witness commenced giving his testimony. The death-like paleness of her face changed as the man proceeded, until its ashen hue was lost in the flush of a new-sprung hope.

"I said he was innocent, and here is the proof! Thank God!—thank God!"

Above the silence that succeeded the vindication of her husband, the clear voice of Mrs. Ellis thrilled in these brief sentences, all the strained cars and oppressed hearts in that crowded courtroom. Upon only one face rested doubt and dissatisfaction, and that was on the face of Archibald Wing. There had been light and triumph on it a little while before. Rising in the pause that followed, he moved to where his lawyer sat, and bending close to his ear, whispered a few words. All eyes were turned to him, and all noted the expression of his countenance. Immediately his counsel arose, and addressing the Court, said, with some sternness of manner—

"This is irregular, your honours. Will you order the witness to be sworn?"

"The clerk will swear the witness," said the presiding judge.

The usual oath was then administered, and the witness placed in the witness-box. With a clear voice he repeated his former statement, only with more particularity, yet not varying in the slightest degree from the main facts at first given. All the cross-questionings of the prosecution only made his evidence the clearer and more coherent. On a final submission of the case, the jury, without leaving the box, rendered, almost instantly, a verdict of "not guilty."

Only one man expressed dissatisfaction—Wing, the Scotchman; and his language had in it so much of ill-will towards Mr. Ellis, that people were shocked and disgusted.

In the pause that followed this agitating trouble, with its sense of security and peace, Mr. Ellis folded his arms and sat down. So fearful a calamity as that which had threatened to destroy him utterly being turned aside, it seemed to him for a little while as if he were in an ark of safety. But his enemy was neither sleeping nor powerless. Open antagonism had produced undying hate. Wing had accepted his destruction as certain, and enjoyed, by anticipation, a fall from which there could be no rising: but at the very moment when he saw the bolt descending, and held his breath for the stroke, a hand unseen before turned it aside, and it fell harmless.

"He shall not escape me so!" Thus he spoke in his secret thought.

Only a few days elapsed before men were set to work upon the ruins of Wheeler's mill, and a contract entered into with a millwright by Wing for its reconstruction. When this was told to Ellis, the old trouble came back again into his heart. The fierce battle through which he had fought his way to a brief peace, left him only the more in love with peace. "Anything for peace!" was the despairing cry of his heart, as he saw the enemy again marshaling his forces. If that mill were suffered to be re-erected, he could save him from the ruin which had well nigh been accomplished. A little period of hesitation, a brief submission to an oppressive sense of weakness, and then, nerving himself for a new, and, if possible, a more determined struggle, the miller called to his aid two of the best lawyers in the county, and commenced the war, with an injunction to restrain Wing from proceeding any further in the work of rebuilding the burnt mill.

Now the tide was turned. Wing had betrayed his malignancy at the trial, and the eyes of people were opened to see things in a different aspect from what they had formerly appeared. Ellis's true character and situation were more clearly seen. Many who, from a superficial or prejudiced view of the case, had permitted themselves to espouse the side of Wing, were now satisfied that the was the aggressor and Ellis the victim. A new survey of the mill-dam was ordered by the Court, and the wrong, as charged, in the lower level of Wing's flume, fully established, and the Scotchman required to elevate his flume by some eight or ten inches. Another and an authoritative reading was given to the contract entered into by Ellis and Wing for building the dam, and its true intent and limitations established by the Court, which forbade Wing, or any person acting under his authority, using water for purposes beyond what the contract evidently contemplated.

"Peace and hope at last," said the miller, as he went back to his work again, with the protecting and defending arms of the law safely cast around him—"Peace be his hope at last, but through what a fierce and dangerous conflict! In the time to come, I will give no place to the enemy—admit none of his encroachments—accept the conflict with evil when it first moves against me, and stand by the right. If I had done this in the beginning, when I held the advantage of a secure position, what loss, what trouble, what peril might have been avoided! It shall be no more. Anything for peace,' but 'Anything for the right,' for only in the right is man assured of safety."
MIXED PICKLES.

(A Sea-side Story.)

CHAP. III.

"Squibs," said Mr. Pickles, putting his head in at the kitchen door, "how's the dinner getting on?"

"All right," said Mrs. Squibs, who did not like being interfered with.

"Have you arranged the flowers nicely, and seen that there were no insects in them? because last time an earwig dropped upon the blanc-mange, and all the ladies screamed; don't you remember?"

"Yes," said the cook, gruffly; and Mr. Pickles put his head out of the kitchen door and went up-stairs, to dress for dinner.

In a little time the carriages began to arrive: in the first were Miss Eyebrighth and her brother Sir Peter. Miss Eyebrighth was very sentimental; her large grey eyes seemed to be always looking into infinite space. She was very little, with a very large head, which was ornamented with scarlet geraniums and feather grass: she seemed also to be rather absent, for her gloves were odd ones—one primrose, in holes at the fingers, the other white.

"Ah! my dear Miss Eyebrighth, I'm delighted to see you," said Mr. Pickles; "do take a seat upon the sofa, and look at this lovely flower; but it has very quickly faded."

"Most pretty things do fade quickly," said Miss Eyebrighth, looking at it through her eyeglass, and sighing.

The Mertons were almost the last, and Mr. Thorn, who sat fidgeting by the window, thought they never were coming.

No accident happened during the dinner; no earwig dropped upon the blanc-mange.

There was a conservatory opening out of the drawing-room. "Are you fond of flowers, Thorn?" said Mr. Pickles, opening the conservatory door.

"Yes, rather; particularly rosemary and sweetwilliams."

"I don't know whether there are any here," said Mr. Pickles; "but I don't know the names of any of them, except the orange-tree."

"I'm afraid I don't know much more," said Mr. Thorn: "I suppose a cigar won't spoil them?"

"Not a bit," replied Mr. Pickles; "it will only help to kill the earwigs, and I've a horror of them. What do you think of Moor?"

"He seems a very nice fellow; but I think I must have been at school with him, his face seems so familiar."

"That is unlikely, I think; for Moor went to France when he was about twelve years of age, and has been there nearly ever since."

"Why did he go to France?"

"He was shipwrecked when he was a child, and Captain Moor saved his life; and as he never could find out who he was, nor anything about him, he kept him altogether, and then sent him to school in France."

"Very kind of him, but did'nt the child know his own name?"

"No; he said they called him 'Best Pickles,' because he was not so mischievous as his brother."

"What became of his brother?—Oh, here's Miss Magnus," said Mr. Thorn, as Sir Peter and Miss Magnus came into the conservatory.

"I don't see," said Mr. Pickles aside to Sir Peter, as Mr. Thorn walked off with Miss Magnus, "why rosemary and sweetwilliam should not make as good a couple as hoof and marigold."

"To be sure, to be sure," said Sir Peter, twisting his long moustaches with one hand, while he pulled off the head of a geranium with the other. "And you should remember at the same time, Pickles, that there is no rose without a Thorn. But here is my sister, and as I know she will bother me to tell her all the names of the flowers, if you've no objection, we'll just cross over to the other side."

"By all means," said Mr. Pickles, who was not at all sorry to escape a long lesson on botany.

Miss Eyebrighth had come into the conservatory with Hector. They were walking up and down, Miss Eyebrighth alternately smelling at the flowers and looking into space, Hector thinking what an intolerable bore she was, when they heard a great clatter at the other end of the conservatory. Miss Eyebrighth was terrified; she thought that a great cat must have got in, or else that they had found a snake coiled round one of the plants.

"Would you rather stay, while I go and see what it is?" said Hector, hoping to get rid of her; but Miss Eyebrighth was determined not to be left.

In trying to reach a bit of heliotrope from the top row of flowers for Miss Magnus, Mr. Pickles had slipped, and come to the ground, bringing half-a-dozen flower-pots with him.

"You're in a very nice pickle, to be sure," said Sir Peter, stretching out his hand to help Mr. Pickles.

"What did you say?" exclaimed Mr. Pickles, who had got a knock on his head, and did not feel particularly good-tempered. "Intolerable puppy," he added in a lower tone.

"I'm sorry you've had a misfortune," said Miss Eyebrighth; "that lovely fuchsia is quite spoiled."

"Somebody's temper is worse spoilt," muttered her brother, as they returned into the drawing-room.

Here they found Miss Dale singing the treble and Mr. Moor the bass of a fashionable song.
Mixed Pickles.

It was a dreadfully wet day. Mr. Thorn was sitting in his lodgings, trying to read the only novel that he had been able to get out of the Worselfy library. He sat with his feet on the fender; for Mrs. Lester had taken up the carpet, lest dirty footsteps should spoil it. Mrs. Lester was in the kitchen picking gooseberries for tarts.

"Dear me," thought she, "how it rains, and I'm afraid Mr. Thorn will get his feet wet, for the rain does come into that room. I'll just go and offer him my clogs."

Mrs. Lester threw down her scissors, and knocked at Mr. Thorn's door, with the clogs in her hands.

"You're the very person I wanted," said he. "Can you light a fire? for it's very cold."

"I'll see about it in a little time, sir; I've brought you my clogs to keep your feet dry."

As she was speaking, there was a loud knock at the door. Mrs. Lester went to see who it was; it was Deborah Broom.

"Why, woman, you're half drowned," said Mrs. Lester. "Come in, and dry yourself."

"I want to see Mr. Thorn," said Deborah; "but I'll stay by the fire a few minutes first."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Lester, as Deborah picked up a gooseberry; "I never waste anything. Take care of the plums, and the pies will take care of themselves. Have you heard of Mr. Deal's accident, Deborah?"

"I should think I have," replied Deborah; "I was there at the time, and caught the horse myself. The Major's much worse this morning, I hear."

"I'm very sorry; do sit a bit longer," said Mrs. Lester, as Deborah got up from her chair, "No thank you, I want to see Mr. Thorn."

Mr. Thorn looked very much surprised to see Deborah, and not altogether pleased, for he thought she was mad.

"Well, my good woman, what do you want?" said he, putting his book on one of the bobs of the fire-place.

"To tell you, sir, that I believe your brother is alive."

"Indeed; keep away from the window, or you'll get your feet wet."

"I'm accustomed to it," said Deborah, stamping her foot on the floor.

"To be sure," said Mr. Thorn, getting his hand a little nearer to the poker.

"It seems to me," said she, "that you don't care whether your brother is alive or not!"

"It's possible that he may not be drowned," thought Mr. Thorn. "I wonder if this mad woman knows anything about him!"

"Do you know anything about my brother, Mrs. Broom?" said he aloud.

"I know he wasn't drowned!"

"Then, where is he?" said Mr. Thorn, jumping up; "I'll go and look for him this minute. Is he in Worselfy, my good woman?"
"I don't know; all I know is, that if he is the youngest, and his name is Arthur, he is not drowned."
"Can you prove it?"
"Of course: I saw him after the shipwreck."
"I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Thorn, taking out his purse. "Here's something for you," he continued, putting a new farthing into her hand, which he thought was a sovereign; "and I'll give you fifty, if I find him."
"That's just one shilling and a halfpenny, sir," said Deborah.
"Poor thing, she is mad!" thought Thorn.
"Where do you suspect my brother is?" said he.
"There's a man called Arthur Pickles at Cockleby; he's apprenticed to a wholesale dealer in cheese, tobacco, and soap; perhaps he's your brother."
"There's a train to Cockleby to-night, at half-past seven," said Thorn, seizing a last year's railway guide; "I'll soon buy him off his apprenticeship, and send him to school."
"Only don't pay his master in farthings, as you've done me," said Deborah.
Mr. Thorn again pulled out his purse, and gave it to her.
"Now, are you satisfied?" said he, forgetting that he had given her all the money he had in hand.
"Thank you, sir," said she, going towards the door. "Then I'll say good morning to you."

The rain had abated a little, so Mr. Thorn thought he would go down to Worsley House, and tell Mr. Merton of his good fortune. But, when he got to the house, Parsley was standing by the door, quite out of breath, fast hold of Magenta, who was trying hard to get away from him.
"Your Ma said you wasn't to go into the rain, Miss Magnesia."
"But I will go and get some gooseberries."
"Your Ma said I was to take particular care of you, and I thought you said you didn't like gooseberries."
"I don't like Parsley sauce," said Magenta, breaking loose from him; but she saw Mr. Thorn, and stopped.
"Is Mr. Merton in?" asked Thorn.
"No, sir; they're all gone to Merrydale, except Miss Magnus, and she's gone out somewhere."
"Very well; will you tell them I'm going to Cockleby to-night, and most likely I shall be away for a few days!"

About half-past six Thorn set off to go to the station, having borrowed money for his ticket of Mrs. Lester.
"As he passed Worsley House, he met Miss Magnus—"
"How's the Major to night?" asked he, shaking hands with her.
"He's rather worse to day—are you coming in?"
"No, thank you; I am going to Cockleby; I believe I shall find my brother there."
"I didn't know you had one."
"Neither did I till this morning. I thought he was drowned; but I find he was not. But, I must not stay, or I shall be too late for the train. Good night."
"Good night, Mr. Thorn," said Miss Magnus, digging a hole in the ground with her umbrella.

When Mr. Thorn reached the station, he found that the train for Cockleby was not due till eight; so he had to walk up and down the platform for half an hour; and Worsley station was not the most interesting place in the world. There were two seats painted white, one on each side of the railway. The station house was very small, and papered on the outside with long dirty bills; the one which seemed to have been last stuck up was an offer of five shillings' reward to any one who should find and bring to the owner a little brownish-yellow dog with a short tail and blind of one eye; the owner's name was at the bottom—Arthur Pickles, of Cockleby.
"That's my brother," thought Thorn; "and now I think about it, I passed a little dog as I came along, answering to the description, only it was lame of one leg."

Mr. Thorn went back part of the way; and was just returning to the station, thinking he would not have time to go any further, when he saw a dog rush out of an eating-house, with part of a leg of mutton in its mouth, followed by a little boy with an umbrella.
"If you catch that dog, and give it to me, I'll give you sixpence, my boy," said Mr. Thorn, in a great hurry.

The dog being lame, and having to carry the mutton in his mouth, was not able to run very fast, and was therefore easily overtaken by the boy.
"Thank you, my boy; here's the money," said Mr. Thorn, taking the nasty little dog in his arms.

He was obliged to walk very fast to the station, and he was only just in time.
"That dog don't seem very friendly, I think, sir," said a man, who sat opposite to Mr. Thorn in the train.
"No," replied Thorn, pulling his hand away, for the dog was trying to bite him. "You'd better tie something round his neck, sir; or he'll be off."

Thorn pulled out his handkerchief, and then tied it round the dog's neck.
"Cockleby!" shouted the porter; and Mr. Thorn jumped out.

Cockleby was a small town, consisting of only one long street, with a good sized hotel at the top.
"Two doors below the hotel Mrs. Lester said," thought Thorn; "then, this will be the door. Yes, I am certainly right, for I smell the cheese. Now, I shall soon see my brother." He slowly opened the door; at the counter, tying up an ounce of tobacco, was a young man, with a terrible squint, and very much marked with the small pox.
"That surely isn’t my brother!" thought Mr. Thorn, in disgust, as the little dog jumped out of his arms, and, getting upon the counter, began to lick the man’s face.

"I suppose this is the dog belonging to Mr. Pickles," said Thorn.

"Yes, sir; I’m the identical chap, myself; and if you’ll sit down a minute, I’ll fetch you the brass."

"You!" groaned Mr. Thorn, sinking down into a chair, and shutting his eyes.

"Yes, to be sure; did you think I was someone else?"

"Oh, dear! what will everybody think?" thought Thorn. "I’m sure Miss Magnus would never look at me again, with such a brother; but, however, as he is my brother, I shall be obliged to let him know; and, after all, if he was decently dressed, and sent to school for a year, he might do—there are squinting gentlemen."

"Well, sir," said Arthur, perceiving that his visitor looked a little absent.

"Can I talk to you alone?" said Thorn.

"Certainly, Jim!" shouted he, and a little ragged Irish boy made his appearance. "Jim, just mind the shop a minute, while I speak to this gentleman. Now then, sir, please step this way; Mr. Duckberry won’t be at home for an hour."

"Duckberry! what a queer name! I’ve often eaten gooseberries; but I never heard of Duckberries before."

"Well, sir; what was it you wanted?"

Mr. Thorn didn’t know how to begin. "This is a nice little room," said he, thinking he must say something.

"I’m thinking you want to buy the shop," said Arthur.

"I really never thought of such a thing," said Thorn; and then, thinking he had better come to the point at once, he said—

"Mr. Pickles, were you ever shipwrecked?"

"Yes, I was, sir, when I was quite a little chap, and all my relations were drowned; but I don’t remember nothing about it."

"Had you an elder brother, called William?"

"I had a brother; but I don’t know what they called him."

"It must be so," thought Thorn; "everything agrees. Oh dear!"

"I’m afraid, sir, you’re not well; shall I get you some brandy?"

"No—no," said Thorn; "you’re my brother!"

Arthur opened both his eyes and his mouth in astonishment.

"The poor gent’s out of his mind," muttered he.

"No, I’m not," said Thorn. "I wasn’t drowned; there isn’t a doubt we’re brothers; it’s as clear as daylight."

Arthur did not look at all as if he believed it; at last he said, with a grin—

"There isn’t much family likeness, I’m thinking!"

(To be continued.)

The Meaning of Marriage.

The Meaning of Marriage.

By Mrs. Abdy.

"Mother, what does marriage mean?" "It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter!" —Longfellow’s "Spanish Student."

"Daughter, methinks thou art wise to ask What are the troubles of married life? List to my answer—A long, long task Falls to the lot of the weary wife: She must daily scheme, and save, and plan, She must sew and spin with thirsty care; Leisure is often obtained by man, But toil must ever be woman’s share.

"Daughter, the days may be yet more drear, When children crowd round the weary wife— Children to watch, to teach, and to rear, Children to trust to the snares of life; And whether their path be rough or smooth, When in worldly contests they engage, They will little heed in their reckless youth Their mother’s need in her feeble age.

"Daughter, the wife, through these anxious years, Must hope not her husband’s heart to keep; Men flee away from the sight of tears, And woman’s province is ever—to weep! Daughter, be warned, and continue still In the quiet path of maiden life; Thus shalt thou escape from the grief and ill Clouding the days of the weary wife."

The Daughter’s Reply.

"Mother, why picture this scene of gloom? Why should I prove an unhappy wife? When did I shrink in my girlhood’s home From the thrifty duties of household life? Am I for labour unformed, unmeet? "Tis labour that gives a charm to rest; And labour, methinks, must be doubly sweet When we toil for him whom we love the best.

"Mother, if children our home should bless, I would watch and teach them with tender care; Theirs should be ever the soft caress, The cheery smile, and the whispered prayer: Let their after-life be rough or smooth, It could not wholly their heart engage, They would think of my care in their helpless youth, And care for me in my feeble age.

"Mother, we all must have griefs to bear; Yet methinks the burden of distress Must lighter fall on a wedded pair, Since divided sorrows, we know, are less. My heart is hopeful: I covet not The weary toil of single life; Mine be the higher and better lot To toll as a loved and loving wife!"
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

It may be in the recollection of our readers that on or about the corresponding day of last year we had similar weather to that which so suddenly attacked us on the 11th ultimo, a few hours' fall of snow covering us ankle-deep, and causing a general outcry at the disgraceful state of our streets, which rendered the progress of the wayfarer hazardous and uncertain. Brompton omnibuses, and others whose proprietors evidently dreaded Piccadilly hill, and would not put on extra cattle, ceased running altogether for a day and a-half, and cabmen made hay while the severe weather lasted. The General Omnibus Company having established a monopoly, left the public in the lurch, and even regular riders were reduced to the necessity of tramping it into town. One of the conductors of a Bayswater omnibus, on arriving at the Marble Arch, or therabouts, mildly suggested that his passengers should be driven to the "Underground"; but this was not carried by the majority, who preferred remaining on the surface as long as possible, and thus crawled into the City half-an-hour, or more, after their usual time. Telegraphic wires have been derranged by the weight of the snow, and altogether our "Mems," were we so disposed, might be literally nothing but a chapter of accidents; but, to quote the old glee, we may say, "Spring's delights are now returning," or rather we have foreshadowings of their return. Already we remark a perceptable lengthening in the days; our hyacinths and crocuses, which we have tended so carefully in-doors, have at last begun to bloom. We have met with a plate or two of early radishes; and despite the assertion of sundry weather-wiseacres, that we shall have two feet of snow and the Thames frozen over before the month is out, we begin to look forward to the pleasures of spring with some satisfaction, and even we have thoughts of relinquishing our overcoat—a garment dispensed with by some Bohemians for other reasons.

More plentiful, however, than radishes, more abundant and more gaudily-tinted than even crocuses and hyacinths, is the crop which will spring up in our shop windows during this present month—a crop which Mark Lane wots not of, and to which the repeal of the Corn Laws made no difference whatever, albeit it derived considerable benefit from the abolition of the paper duty. We allude to the crop of valentines, in every possible variety, to suit the taste and the means of all, from the halfpenny ill-printed garish daub, to the elaborate combination of lace, white satin, orange flowers, and looking-glasses, at seven guineas. What a fluttering and a blushing there will be, when some of these precious missives, in commercial parlance, "come safely to hand!" How young ladies, who never come down in time for breakfast, will be up on St. Valentine's Day long before eight, to receive the postman, and deceive poor innocent old Paterfamilias! And then if the postman is late, after all! When Mary, the maid, comes in with a double-armful of letters, with two suspiciously-large envelopes for herself sticking out of her pocket, what a sparkling of eyes and a pouting of lips and general confusion reigns at the usually-quiet breakfast-table. It is impossible to imagine the amount of love to which this day of St. Valentine acts as a sort of safety-valve; and it is not only love that is the coin passing current during the day devoted to the worship of our saint: all kinds of little spites and jealousies are paid off. Clerks take the advantage of giving their masters a bit of their mind on this occasion, by sending gross caricatures, with satirical observations underneath. A similar interchange of compliments is effected between the employers and the employed in all branches and classes. If we cast our eyes over some of the assemblages of cheap valentines, we shall see that not only the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker have their specialties amongst the collection, but also the tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, plough-boy, thief, and other learned professions. Should our readers, however, desire any hints as to the more elegant form of composition, we would refer them to a neat pocket-volume which has recently been compiled by Mr. Davidson, the music publisher, of Peter's Hill, entitled, "Heart's-ease, a Bouquet of Love Lyrics."

But to pass from the region of love and satire, from hearts and darts, from temples and torches of Hymen, from golden Cupids and silver lovers'-knots, from the groves of fancy and embossed stationery in which we have been wandering, and to which our usual mention of St. Valentine's Day caused us to soar—to pass from all these to the serious business of every-day life, to the wear and tear, to the hopes and fears, to the sorrow and joy, the life and the death, the ebb and flow of the tide in this great world of ours: at sea there have been (as was the case at the same time last year) some very heavy gales, causing serious losses; the report of casualties at Lloyd's far exceeding the usual number, the most appalling being the foundering of Messrs. Money Wigram and Sons' Australian steamship "London," in the Bay of Biscay, with the loss of more than 200 lives (including that of Mr. G. V. Brooke, the celebrated tragedian), nineteen only being miraculously rescued in a small boat. There appears to be little doubt that the ship was over-laden. Some of her passengers were wrecked in the "Duncan Dunbar." The details received from the survivors are most heart-rending. We may
also mention the utter destruction of the “Amalia,” also in the Bay of Biscay; but happily attended with no sacrifice of life. The F. and 0. S. N. Co.’s steamer “Euxine,” which left Southampton on the 6th, was in the same gale, and possibly not very far from the “London,” when she went down. The “Euxine” sustained considerable damage from the tremendous sea, which appears from her log to have raged most furiously on the 9th and 10th. Inundations, fires, and the increasing ravages of the cattle-plague, swell the list of misfortunes, so that the new year has indeed been merciless to life and property, and a record of events must of necessity be a sad one.

It is rather a remarkable circumstance that upon the first day of the inauguration of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade a fire of unusual magnitude should have occurred. It broke out in warehouse D at the St. Katherine’s Docks, and was considered for several days before it was entirely extinguished, and it was estimated to have caused about a quarter of a million sterling. Captain Shaw and his men were promptly in attendance, and assisted by the river and land steam and other engines, did all that was possible to try and keep under the devouring element; but notwithstanding their greatest combined exertions, the fire raged with only diminished force for the space of seventy-two hours, and broke out again a few days after. Much extra trouble and annoyance were caused to the police who were sent to keep the crowd of onlookers in order, and out of harm’s way, by some foolish persons who would insist upon pressing forward even into danger, after being warned, and were very properly taken into custody, and brought before the magistrates, who, in every case, fined the delinquents.

That a night train on the London and North Western Railway should leave Euston-square, in spite of the protests of the passengers, without lights in the carriages, indicates the grossest and most reprehensible carelessness somewhere. The directors and managers cannot be supposed to have given instructions for such a proceeding; but have they brought to book the man or men on whom the responsibility rests? If the correspondent of the Times may be believed, the porters and guards, instead of seeking to remedy a monstrous neglect, appear rather to have indulged themselves in the sport of somewhat broadly “chatting” their victims; and this at a time when plans are being brought forward to ensure the safety of railway passengers by means of signals between themselves and the guard, one of the most efficient and simple being that patented by Mr. C. W. Howell, the secretary of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and which consists of a tube running the whole length of the train, with flexible joints between the carriages. In this tube a vacuum is maintained by every beat of the engine, when running, or by the steam jet, when approaching a station. In each compartment of every carriage is a cord fastened under the roof, any passenger pulling which opens the air-tight lid of a small box under the seat, and in which is kept a numbered ball corresponding to the class and number of the carriage. Immediately the whistle on the engine is blown, the ball is propelled by the vacuum to the guard’s van, where it is delivered. The action of this communication is almost instantaneous, the operation before described being performed in a few seconds, and is equally effective day or night, which is not the case with other signals; or, if a carriage becomes uncoupled, the whistle will at once sound the alarm. The experiments have been conducted by Mr. Edwin W. Drussell, a young gentleman in the office of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, we observe that Professor Owen defended M. Du Chailiu from the attacks of his reviewers. We observe that traveller announces he is about to give us another volume of travels and African experiences.

Mr. Moens has published his adventures among the Italian brigands in two volumes (Hurst and Blackett).

“The White Favour” is the title of a new novel, by the author of “The King’s Mail,” to be published immediately, by Sampson Low. The period in which the scene is laid is 1745.

The graphic description of “A Night in the Workhouse,” reprinted from the Pall Mall Gazette, has created a sensation; and the authorship is a mystery, though wildly attributed to various writers. Here is a chance for more dramatic horrors, Mr. Vining, to succeed your present attractive play, which we perceive has just reached its hundredth night of representation, the treadmill being cut out.

We have seldom welcomed an old friend with a new face with greater pleasure than the new series of the Family Friend, which commenced last month. This magazine has, after an existence of eighteen years, taken, so to speak, a new lease, being now under entirely new management and editorship. In its new form, it certainly is a most wondrous sixpennyworth, consisting, as it does, of eighty pages, the size of the Cornell. It contains, also, two full-page illustrations, besides many minor woodcuts. The literary matter has been carefully considered (not always the case, by the way, in illustrated magazines). We would call especial attention to a “Christmas Carol,” by W. Justyne; and a graphic and lively paper entitled “With a Friend in Paris,” by William Sawyer; the latter being the first of a series, and will, we are glad to see, be continued from month to month.

Mr. Halliwell, having completed his large and valuable edition of Shakespeare, now proposes, in a series of folio volumes, to accumulate a collection of materials illustrative of the details of the poet’s life and works, aided by Mr. Fairholt and other accomplished draughtsmen. From the prospectus, we learn from Mr. Halliwell that the wood-blocks will be destroyed as the work pro-
Memos of the Month.

cesses, which is the only step he knows of to
effectually preclude their being used hereafter
in a cheaper work. The work is for subscribers
only; and we are informed that the subscription
to each volume will be four guineas; and no
more than one subscription-volume will be
issued in a year. There is already a goodly list
of subscribers to the work, which cannot fail to
be of great interest to the antiquary and all
Shaksperean scholars. Communications re-
specting it, we may add, should be addressed
to Mr. Halliwel, 6, St. Mary's-place, West
Brompton.

The election for president of the Royal Aca-
demy will have taken place ere these lines are
before our readers. There seems to be no
doubt that the choice will fall upon Sir Edwin
Landseer, should he deign to accept the proffered
honour, although other Royal Academicians have
been named as "favourites." Death has been
busy lately amongst the ranks of the Academy.

It was only the other day we received news
of Sir Charles Eastlake's death (an event which
would seem to have been hastened by the treat-
ment of the Italian doctors), and now we have
to chronicle that of John Gibson, undoubtedly
one of our finest sculptors, who quietly passed
away in his beloved city—Rome. We have
also to record the death of William Harvey, the
well-known artist and draughtsman on wood,
who was buried on the same day as Sir Charles
Eastlake. "Mr. Harvey," observes the Tele-
graph, "may be fairly said to be the father
of our present school of draughtsmen."

In literature, art, and science, we have also
lost the Marquis d'Azezgio; Mr. Palmer, the
editor of the Law Review (who went down in the
"London"); Frederica Bremer, the cele-
bated Swedish novelist; and Dr. Petrie, the
great Celtic scholar of the age. We have already
alluded to the "untimely fate" of Mr. G. V.
Brooke, an actor with whose impersonations
we were tolerably well acquainted. In Othelo,
Sir Giles Overreach, Master Walter, Virginius,
and Richard III., he was deservedly esteemed
some years ago in London; and it is worthy of
note that he played latterly with success some
of poor Tyrone Power's Irish characters, the
end of Power being similar. Our recollection
of G. V. Brooke dates from 1850, and his per-
formance of Othello particularly was very fine.
On his first appearance, in 1848, he took the
town by storm, and when we saw him after-
wards we were struck by many points he made—as, for instance, in the well-known
line of "Oh, fool, fool, fool!"

"Othello."

—The first conversazione this season of the
Langham Sketching Club was held the oth-
er evening. These are certainly some of the
pleasantest reunions it is our good fortune to attend.
One meets with so many artistic and literary
friends, and enjoys such an amount of pleasant
gossip, that it is impossible to see all the good
things with which the walls are covered. We
were unable to give more than a passing glance
at the many portfolios literally crammed with
sketches and water-colour drawings. Amongst
the many pictures, which we hope to meet
again on the walls of the British Institution, we
were especially struck with the charmingly
fresh sea-pieces by Hayes, which seem to do
you as much good as a toss on the ocean itself,
and without the risk of sea-sickness too, which,
by the way, is a great desideratum; the dashing
spirited cavalier subjects by Cattermole, the
lovely fairy pictures by the painter-extraordinary
to the Court of King Oberon, J. A. Fitzgerald,
and the admirably real views of Chamouni
and the Matterhorn by Petitt.—Miss Emma
Harding, whom we remember as an actress of
small parts at the Adelphi some ten or twelve
years ago, has returned to this country, after a
long residence in America. The lady is now
delivering orations at St. James's Hall, and her
oratorical powers are considered great.—We are
occasionally asked which is the best Pantomime.
The Era, in answer to a correspondent, says,
"Go the round, and then judge for yourself;"
which it must be admitted is not a very satis-
factory reply. We have seen none; but from
all we have heard the palm may be awarded
to Covent Garden and Astley's. Certainly
Covent Garden has the best pantomimists
—the Paynes—who are a host in them-
selves.

We heard Planché read his "Orpheus in the
Haymarket," before it was produced, and it was
a great treat; but somehow or other in perfor-
mance it fell far short of our expectations.
Public Opinion, as read by the author, seemed
to be the best part in the piece; but as acted
by its representative at the Haymarket, it goes
for nothing. Mr. William Farren, as Jupiter,
a part altogether out of his line, does his best
to throw some life into the dummies dressed up as
deities, who surround him. Mr. Watts Phil-
lips's piece we believe will not be produced, in
consequence of the difficulty of obtaining an
actress who is fitted for the character of the
Duchess of Marlborough.—Bravo! Messrs. Hop-
wood and Crew: that enterprising musical firm
announces Mr. Maccabe's "Early in the Morn-
ing" as "the most popular song that has ever
been written," and "I'm happy as the Day is
long," as "the prettiest song ever composed;"
and as "good wine needs no bush," why should
the manager of Drury Lane forward to every
house one or more copies of their play, bill, fol-
lowed in the course of a week by "opinions of
the press"?

Yours BOHEMIAN.

* * *

The papers seem to have been in a monstrous
hurry to kill poor John Gibson—indeed the Daily Tele-
grapb went so far as to write an elaborate leader on
the event. The latest accounts, up to the time of our
going to press, are decidedly favourable, and some hopes
are even entertained of his recovery. We sincerely
trust that this great genius may be spared for some
time longer to delight the world with his wondrous
creations.—It has been stated in a Belfast paper
that G. V. Brooke did not sail in the "London," but
went overland—a report for which we fear there is
but little foundation.
O U R  P A R I S  C O R R E S P O N D E N T.

My Dear C.—
The Spanish Revolution has infused joy in the democratic camp, and Prim is the hero of the conversation in the political world. Will he be victorious? or will he be shot for rebellion?—these are the questions current for the moment, and both sides seem to consider either sequel possible; for few put any faith in the peaceful telegrams from Madrid. Madame Prim has arrived in Paris, where most probably she will be a lionne this season, the General having numerous friends in our capital, where he resided for many years before he rose to fame, and our papers are full of anecdotes of his bravery and generosity. There is another question that has a gloomy aspect for the friends of the Pope, and which will not doubt be discussed again in the Senate: they say that everything is ready for the union, as soon as the last French soldier’s back is turned from the holy city; and, if the Pope will but die at that moment, it will be done without the least difficulty, so tired are the Romans of Papal government.

Oh! that those even who are determined to shed their last drop of blood for the temporal power have lost all hopes. Well, I suppose that God will not abandon poor humanity if the Pope is no longer king, so it will be all right in the end, and we do not intend to dine or dance less here for what evil may be looming in the distance.

The Parisians, indeed, seem to vie with each other in their desire to drive away dull care and to enjoy the present. The demi-monde and the monde tout entier have no other souci just now. They say even that some dames du monde, curious to see how things pass in their rivals’ saloons, have asked for invitations to the soirées of the demi-monde. I should think that Fate made a mistake in separating those ladies from their rivals. It is quite disgusting to think what importance a set of prostitutes have here. Half the journalists seem to be proud and flattered in being able to publish that they are in the intimacy of this courtisane and that courtisane. At Compiegne this autumn, after a representation of the “Famille Benoînt,” the actors and actresses of the Vaudeville Theatre dined at the Château, the Emperor having appointed a gentleman of his household to do the honours of the table for him. Among the four actresses present, were two virtuous and clever women—Mesdames Fargueil and Esser; the other two (Mademoiselles Manvoy and Le Blanc) scandalous creatures. Of course the places of honour were given to the latter on either side of the representative of the host, who was all attention to them, scarcely perceiving the presence of the other two. This very much displeased the actors present; and, as the dinner advanced, the conversation of the trio became so scandalous, that one of the actors (Lefèvre) got up in a rage, and exclaimed, “Monsieur, if you are here to represent his Majesty, just remember, if you please, that there are two ladies present,” pointing to Mesdames Fargueil and Esser. This cast a damp on the scene.

The first ball at the Tuileries was given in honour of the King and Queen of Portugal, the mourning for the King of the Belgians having been laid aside for one night. The young Prince Imperial was present, dressed in black velvet and red stockings, and wore for the first time an Order, which, of course, was that of Portugal. A few days after he entertained to dinner three of his young friends—Dr. Conneau’s son, General Fleury’s son, and young Espinasse. Report says that the Prince is on the eve of having a governor, and that Monsieur Duguey, curé de la Madeleine, is already chosen; but I do not believe that a priest will be raised to that dignity.

Apropos of the King of Portugal, he quite cast aside royalty during his stay in Paris, and visited as a simple mortal everything strangers love to see here. Thus he dined at the “restaurants in vogue, went to the balls de l’Opéra and to the “café-chantant” to hear Theresa; sang at Rossini’s several pieces of Verdi’s music, Verdi himself accompanying him on the piano, and was even invited by Devisme, a gunmaker, to eat a “chop” at his country-house, at a short distance from Paris. It is true that Devisme was not aware that he was addressing a King. His Majesty had entered the gunmaker’s shop to purchase a gun, and expressing a wish to try it, Devisme invited him to breakfast in the country, where he might do so. The King accepted, “Your address, if you please.” The King took up a pen, and wrote “The King of Portugal, Grand Hotel.” “Oh! mille pardons, Sire.” Dom Luis smiled: “I accept the chop all the same, and I will fix the day.”

The French papers say that both the King of Portugal and the young King of the Belgians are so delighted with the French Court that they are determined to remodel theirs on it. I wish them joy and success.

The ball at the Tuileries on the 17th was very magnificent—more than two thousand persons; but the rooms were too crowded to be agreeable. Her Majesty was in white, with wreaths of dead leaves winding all over her dress. The Morocco Ambassadors were there, and appeared to appreciate European beauty, if one may judge by the sparkling of their eyes. There was also a doctor from the University of Oxford in his black gown and square cap. It was remarked that a very few gentlemen wore “la culotte courte!” trousers predominated. During the evening, an old lady in deep mourning, Madame Cunegonde Giedroï, formerly maid-of-honour to the Empress Josephine, was allowed to present her grand-daughter, Mlle. Marie Wielogowska, to the Empress. The old lady had lived in great retirement ever since the death of her daughter, for whom she still wore mourning, and her Majesty graciously
permitted her to appear at Court in black, although against Court etiquette. Four grand fancy balls are announced for the season: the first at the Tuileries, on the 7th of February; one at the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs; another at the Presidency of the Corps Législatif; and the fourth at the Baron Seillière's; besides all the balls and dinners at the Hotel de Ville: it makes one's feet twinkle in thinking of them!

However, can the Duke and Duchess de Mouchy tear themselves from such delight to go and spend the winter in Rome! without counting the skater's club that has been formed this winter, which promises us lots of fun, if it would but freeze. The Prefet de la Seine has accorded a certain part of the Bois de Boulogne to this new society; a Swiss cottage is built, a "pavillon" for the Emperor all ready, a "buffet" for refreshments, a "restaurant" to breakfast or dine if you think fit, an electric light for night fêtes, as well as apparatus to illuminate all round the basins: director, inspectors, under-directors, and under-inspectors named, and yet it will not freeze. Her Majesty has even inspected, and pronounced all ready: no matter, the weather is abominable: it rains and snows, but it will not freeze. On the contrary, our trees are budding, and we shall soon be in full spring, if the heat continue. Provided we do not get a return of cholera is all that we can hope! By the by, a lady, Madame de Castelinau, declares that she has discovered the animal cause of this epidemic. She gives it the name of "sagged leech"—only to be seen through a microscope: she has preserved a few which she offers to the inspection of the Academy. This learned body smiled at the commencement of the lady's speech, but became serious as she developed her observations. Gracious goodness! if people go on discovering like this, why, we shall be eaten up alive. The other day it was the trichines that threatened to devour us; now it is the sagged leeches. I tremble at what will be next discovered. En attendant Madame de Paiva continues the construction of her marvellous hotel on the Champs Elysées, of which every one is gossiping. The first artists in Paris are employed in decorating its walls, and fabulous sums are daily expended to lodge comfortably Madame de Paiva, whom malicious epoquists beg us not to confound with Monsieur de Paiva, it not being the same thing! And these same writers are very indignant with Madame Olympe Audouard, because she is on the eve of publishing a book entitled "Guerre aux Hommes" (War to Men), in which book it seems the authoress proves men to be monsters, and women suffering angels, as if that was not a known fact! They also cast some very malicious slurs on the sixteen ladies assembled a little while ago to discuss the urgency of forming a Woman's Club, to spend the evening at when husbands are at their club. Let us hope that the babies will get up a club also, then it will be all right.

Monsieur Franz and Monsieur Henri Favre have just announced that they have discovered the way to turn silver, copper, and lead into gold. Now that is what I call a first-rate discovery, and I wish the gentlemen would step into my kitchen and touch with their wand a whole row of copper saucepans that I should be delighted to see gold: it would be an act of charity on their part. Monsieur Guillaume Guizot, son of Monsieur Guizot, delivered his first lecture the other day at the Collège de France, where he has just been named professor. There was a great concourse of friends, all delighted to be able to applaud the father in the son. The illustrious ex-minister was also present, and his entry was greeted with enthusiasm. It appears that the young Guizot inherits a great deal of his father's talent. The name of Monsieur Guizot reminds me that the party Coquerel has just received another check in the Reformed Church of France, and the party Guizot triumphs. Monsieur Martin-Paschod, an elegant old gentleman, for many years pastor of the Church rue de Grenelle, has just been superannuated on a pension of 6,000 frs., although pastors are named for life. The democratic papers have espoused his cause, and ask the Minister of Public Worship to interfere. Monsieur Martin-Paschod preached undisguised Unitarian doctrine, and I believe is a thorough good man; but I really cannot think that he had a right to preach in a church a doctrine that the members of the Reformed Church of France cannot admit. If so, why not allow free-thinkers to expound their doctrine in the same pulpit?

The Duchess of Colonna, a grand lady at Court, is sculpturing a beautiful bust, they say, of the Empress, destined for the Hotel de Ville; and the Marquis de Massa has just had represented at the Opera a ballet-pantomime, "Le roi d'Yvetôt," a "bonhomme" celebrated by Beranger. Apropos of the Opera, Madame Scribe has forbidden Monsieur Bager, one of the Italian Opera, to speak to Miss Seillière under the title, or on the subject, of the "Sonambula," that being the literary property of her late husband; and yet the charming Amins, Mademoiselle Patti, is here. So the opera is to be called "Amina," and the subject is to be changed a little, to escape Madame Scribe's griffes." "Martha," that was so disdained a year or two ago at the Italian Opera, is now filling the Théâtre-Lyrique with enthusiastic admirers, and places must be hired a week beforehand. The "Lion Amoureux," by Pousard, that has been so much talked of, was represented the other night at the Comédie Française before their Majesties and all the grand personages now in Paris. It was a complete success, and is quite the event of the month in the theatrical world.

I must not forget a new fashion in the world "des élegantes," Certain ladies carry black velvet masks in their hands, which they capriciously put before their faces with a graceful movement that "amateurs" consider very charming, I am told. There is no accounting...
for taste. I think you will imagine that I am inventing after that, but I assure you that I only relate facts. I have just assisted at a lecture on a new system of telegraph, the most extraordinary thing possible. The inventor, an Italian, l'Abbé Casseli, was the lecturer. His telegraph not only conveys dispatches, but transfers by electricity fac similes of everything, writings or drawings. His telegraph is to be adopted in France next year: it is truly marvellous. With kind compliments, yours truly, S. A.

O U R  L I B R A R Y  T A B L E.

THE GREEK PASTORAL POETS. Theocritus, Bion, Moschus. Done into English by M. J. Chapman, M.D., of Trin. Coll., Cam. Third Edition Revised. (London: Saunders, Otley, and Co.) — The classical translations of the present day widely differ from those of the past century. We are no longer, in reading a modern English rendering of Homer, “danced to death with antithesis and rhyme.” The translators of our day pique themselves on a close adherence to the text, and promise us a truer representation of the poet as he wrote, than we could find in the polished but untrustworthy verses of Pope or Dryden. The question is, do they fulfil their promises? In most cases they present us with volumes which may prove valuable to the school-boy as a “crib,” but which are unfaithful from their very faithfulness. The body of the poem is there, but the soul is departed, and to a large proportion of English readers the grand classical poems are in reality sealed books. It requires a poet to translate poetry, but those who were equal to the task have cared to do little more than interweave the ideas of the ancients in their own poetry. Perhaps the best translations we possess are those of Shelley, himself having little critical knowledge, but possessing that deep sympathy with the Grecian mind which brings his readers into so close a contact with it. Had he lived, our literature might have been enriched by good translations from the Greek dramatists; but we only find a few fragments among his poems and prose writings, whose beauty but makes us regret the more the early death which blighted such fair promise.

Among the many unsatisfactory translations of the classic poets it is pleasant to find one here and there which renders justice to the original, and such is the case in Dr. Chapman’s “Greek Pastoral Poets.” The volume is the work of an elegant classic, and a man of poetical talent. The translator has given us the most beautiful and characteristic poems of the bucolic triad, but has wisely omitted those which a purer taste would reject, making it a volume which a reader may put into his daughter’s hand without mistrust, while the printing and binding make it a very tasteful-looking gift-book.

Of the easy and graceful versification the following rendering of “Τών δέλτι τών ηλικίων” will prove a fair example—

When on the wave the breeze soft kisses slings
I rose my fearful heart, and long to be
Floating at leisure on the tranquil sea;
But when the hoary sea loudly rings.

Arches his foamy back, and, spooning, swings
Wave upon wave, his angry swell I see.
Then welcome land and sylvan shade to me,
Where, if a gale blows, still the pine-tree sings.

Hard is his life whose nets the ocean sweep,
A bark his house, shy fish his slippery prey;
But sweet to me the unsuspicous sleep
Beneath a leafy plane—the fountain’s play,
That babbles idly; or whose tones, if deep,
Delight the rural ear, and not affray—(p. 283).

In the “Theocritus” we have a spirited translation of the “Pharmaceutria,” a poem which is interesting, as showing the various forms of witchcraft resorted to by the Grecian maidens. In these, of course spinning had the pre-eminence—a superstition which held its own, in one form or another, till this utilitarian age overthrew at once the instrument and its magic. The “Adonisaeus” (p. 119) is well rendered, as it deserves to be. Gorgo, a Syracusan woman, but settled in Alexandria, calls for her friend and compatriot Praxinoe, in order to accompany her to the festival of Adonis, celebrated by the queen, Arsinoe. An animated conversation ensues, during which Praxinoe abuses her husband—

The man whose wit and sense are aye at war,
Bought at the world’s end but to vex my soul,
This dwelling—no! this serpent’s lurking hole,
That we might not be neighbours. Plague o’ my life,
His only joy is quarrelling and strife.

GORGEO.

Talk not of Dinon so before the boy;
See! how he looks at you!

PRAXINOE.

My honey-joy!
My pretty dear! ’tis not papa I mean.

GORGEO.

Handsome papa! . . . .

The dialogue continues with great spirit during the friend’s passage through the streets.

“You look with their eyes upon the crowds that swarm like ants,” through which they are elbowing their way with might and main; and sympathise with their fright at the prancing of the royal horses. There is a terrible squeeze at the palace, thrown open for the day to the people. Praxinoe’s cloak is torn in two—not without some Syracusan Billingsgate from her. Now they are through at last, and admiring the
imagery and ornaments with true feminine enthusiasm. After this follows the Adonian song (p. 127), a beautiful composition, of which we give a few lines—

(KÔRPIOAΔΩΝΑΙ, TOV MICON ΑΔΩΝΙΟΣ ΑΠΟ ΘΕΟΝ.)
Cypriote's daughter! Thou, through portal Of death, 'tis said, hast mortal made immortal, Sweet Berenice, dropping, ever blent! Ambrosial dew into her lovely breast, Wherefore her daughter, Helen-like in beauty, Arsinooë, thy love repays with duty; For thine Adonis fairest show ordains. Bright Queen of many names and many fames! All seasonable fruits: in silver cases His gardens sweet; and alabaster vases Of Syrian perfumes near his couch are laid. Here are green shades, with azure shaded more; And the young Loves him ever hover 'er, As the young nightingales from branch to branch Hover and try their wings before they launch Themselves in the broad air.

And we once more see our heroines for a few minutes as they hasten home to prepare the long-delayed dinner for their husbands.

In translating "Castor and Pollux," Dr. Chapman has, we think, been very fortunate. When the Argos arrives at the Bebrycian shore, the twin brethren wander alone into the land (p. 172)—

寅ειφεσον Θυρευμενον, Θυρευμεν ταυτον.
On a high hill a forest did appear;
The brothers found there a perennial spring, Under a smooth rock, filled with water clear, With pebbles paved, which from below did fling A crystal stream like silver glistering: The poplar, plane, tall pine, and cypress grew Hard by; and odorous flowers did thither bring
Thick swarm of bees, their sweet'rt to pursue, As many in the meads, when spring ends, bloom to view.

There lay at ease a bulky insolent
Grim-look'd; his ears by gauntlets scored and marred: His vast chest, like a bastion sturdier stood; His back was broad with flesh like iron hard, Like anvil-wrought Colossus to regard; And under either shoulder thaws were seen
On his strong arms, like round stones which, oft jarred In the quick rush with many a bound between, A winter torrent rolls down through the cleft ravine.

How the Bebrycian champion fared in the fight Which ensued, and what further befell the brothers, must be left to the reader of the book, to whom we also strongly recommend the Infant Hercules, who must indeed have been an enfant terrible.

It is pleasant to linger among the pastoral scenes of Theocritus—

寅ειφεσον Θυρευμενον, Θυρευμεν ταυτον.
Here are oaks and galinglee, And round their hives the bees, soft humming, sail: A deeper shade and singing birds are here, And from aloft her nuts the pine-tree throws.

But time and space will not allow of it, and we pass on. The first idyll of Dion is of course the beautiful ΛΙΩΣΩΤΟΥ "ΑΔΩΝΙΙ άπολετο κολασ"' ΑΔΩΝΙ;
This poem, and the lament for Dion himself by Moschus, are at once the most beautiful and the least easy to translate of all. What can be done for them Doctor Chapman has done; but the tender beauty of the poetry loses much in the English, and we may despair of ever having the music of the Greek words echoed in our language. It is impossible to give in a translation the repetition by which the Greek expresses the frantic anguish of Venus—

寅ειφεσον Θυρευμενον, Θυρευμεν ταυτον.
But when she saw his cruel cruel wound, The purple gore that ran his waist round, She spread her arms, and lowly murmured, "Stay thee, That I may find thee as before I found,
My hapless, own Adonis! and embay thee, And mingle lips with lips while in my arms I lay thee.

Up for a little! kiss me back again The latest kiss—brief as itself that dies In being breathed." . . . . . (p. 241).

What Shelley thought of the two poems is clear from the large use he has made of them in his "Adonais," paraphrasing the ideas, and thus giving us a better insight into them than any translation could afford. The passage relating the grief of the "Loves" is so beautifully paraphrased by him that we cannot resist giving it He speaks of the "Dreams of Poetry mourning for Adonis"—

One with trembling hand clasps his cold head, And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries, "Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead; Sec, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes, Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies A tear some dream has loosened from his brain." Lost Angel of a limited Paradise! She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain She faded, like a cloud which had outworn its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them; Another elipted her sature locks, and threw The wreath upon him, like an anadem, Which frozen tears, instead of pearls, began; Another, in her wilful grief, would break Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem A greater loss with one which was more weak, And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

There are many more instances, as for example—

寅ειφεσον Θυρευμενον, Θυρευμεν ταυτον.
Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains, And feeds her grief with his remembered lay.

And the beautiful lament at the end of the elegy for Dion—Ai al, τοι μολισίν ἔρχεται κατά καινόν καὶ ΤΕΛΕΩΜΕΝΟΥ Κ. Τ. Λ., with which Shelley has made a still more beautiful lament for Keats. But this is straying from the point.
Here is a graceful little epigram from Moschus—

His torch and quiver down sly Eros flung,
An ox good took in hand, a wallet slung,
Then yoked strong bulls and made the plough to train,
And as he went the furrow scowled with grim
And looking up, he said to Zeus, "Make full the harvest, or I'll yoke Europa's Bull."

And here we must end our extracts. The notes are copious, and very good, giving illustrations from various authors.

We cannot close this review without expressing our deep regret that the author of these elegant translations did not live to see this edition through the press. The failing health spoken of in the short preface entirely gave way, and he died a few weeks before the publication of his work.

The Household. (London: Groombridge and Sons, 5, Paternoster Row.)—This is a new, and, judging from the first number, a worthy candidate for a place in family literature. It is, in the best sense of the phrase, a domestic magazine, aiming at once at amusement and utility; and offering, at a price which renders it available in humble circles, an amount of useful and agreeable matter treated in a manner to ensure it a welcome in the most refined homes. A story by the authoress of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," and articles by Mrs. C. A. White and Shirley Hibberd, occupy a portion of the present part. The publishers appear resolved to make their venture true to its supplementary title, "A Magazine of Domestic Economy and Home Enjoyment," and, in order to ensure the perfect carrying out of their plan, have secured responsible writers for the various departments of their prospectus. Thus we find "Dining-rooms" and dinners in the hands of Mr. George Warrener, while men of science have undertaken a course of papers on "Food Products," "Household Economics," &c., &c. We shall watch the progress of this publication from time to time. It is the first monthly we believe published at twopence.

Odd-Peckers' Quarterly. (Manchester.)—An admirable number. This magazine never appeared in so healthful a condition as under the present management. The papers in the January part are varied and of general merit. We regret that want of space will not admit of our particularizing or enlarging on them.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

WATCH-POCKET.

Materials.—Boar's Head crochet cotton, Nos. 30 and 4, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby; and two yards of narrow amber or rose-colour satin ribbon.

Make a round foundation of eight stitches.

1st round.—2 long, 2 chain, 2 long worked in one stitch, miss 1, 1 chain; repeat three more times.

2nd.—2 long, 2 chain, 2 long worked in the space formed by the 2 long stitches, 2 chain, 2 long in the 1 chain, 2 chain; repeat three more times.

3rd.—2 long, 2 chain, 2 long, as before, 2 chain, 2 long in the first chain and 1 long, 3 chain, 2 long in the second long and chain, 3 chain; repeat.

4th.—2 long, 2 chain, 2 long, as before, 5 chain, 2 long, 3 chain, 1 double crochet in the centre chain; 3 chain, 2 long, 5 chain; repeat.

5th.—2 long, 2 chain, 2 long, as before, 5 chain, 2 long on the last chain and first long, 5 chain, 1 double crochet in centre of chain, 5 chain, 2 long in last long and first chain, 5 chain; repeat.

Continue working thus, increasing the number of sections of 5 chains in each round for ten more rounds.

Work one round in double crochet, one round 1 double long, 2 chain, miss 2, and finish with the following edge:

Edge.

1st round.—Chains of 5, united to every alternate stitch.

2nd.—4 long in 2 centre stitches of chain, 5 chain, 1 double crochet in centre of next chain, 5 chain; repeat.

3rd.—2 long above 2 centre long, 7 chain, 1 double crochet in double crochet, 7 chain; ren, 1

The front is now completed. Work the back in a similar manner, but omitting the edge on two sides, which are sewed to two corresponding sides of front to form a pocket; the other half of front is folded over, the edge of lace being on a line with the round of double long stitches. Pass ribbon through the spaces formed by double long stitches, and place small rosettes at the four corners.
EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

GALLERY OF THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION, 9, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET.

With industry and perseverance on the part of the associates and exhibitors, all that is needed to render this society successful is encouragement. This, of course, rests with the public, and may be afforded in two ways—either by subscribing to the funds of the society, or by patronizing the artists and purchasing their pictures.

The society itself has been re-organized, and some names of considerable weight and influence have been added to the list of patrons; while the executive appears to be in earnest and practical hands. The walls of the gallery (a great improvement on former places of exhibition) are well covered, but more rigid weedling of the pictures would have benefited the show. Without any conspicuous examples of excellence, either in drawing, colouring, or composition, the collection possesses some meritorious pictures, and a general improvement is visible upon the exhibitions of past years.

Madame Bodichon’s “Carnac Brittany” (43)—the real stones of a Druidical circle on a wild moor—is a striking picture; the texture of the gant, weather-stained stones is firm, and there is real feeling in the artist’s treatment of the scene.

Another picture by the same lady, “A Hilltop, North Wales” (126), is a grand subject cleverly treated.

“Braubach, on the Moselle” (34); Mrs. Oliver. A pleasing picture, both for colour and composition.

Miss R. Place exhibits three pictures: “Roses” (10), “Kingfisher and Water-lilies” (36), and “Gloxinias” (89)—all of which show an advance in drawing and colouring on the part of this painstaking and improving flower-painter. These qualities are particularly observable in “Roses.” We, however, take exception to the background of this latter picture—a hedge-row, with its dry sticks, moss, and wood-ivy, is not in keeping with the beautiful group of highly-cultivated flowers.

“Blackberries and Mosses” (13); Marian Chase. An unpertinacious, but very true transcript from nature.

“The North Cliff, Tenby” (22); Emily Upton. Exhibits much promise.

Miss Louise Rayner sustains her reputation for architectural effects. “The Market Scene, Chester” (56); “South Side of St. Joseph’s Chapel, Glastonbury Cathedral” (41); “Entrance to the Crypt of Wells Cathedral” (70); and other pictures, show great facility in the treatment of the forms and texture of antique buildings, and interiors, which the hand of time has armed, and frescoed with sombre tints.

Mrs. Backhouse, with her usual feeling for domestic subjects, has put the almost living head of a kitten in the doubled-up pinafore of a little girl, whose looks express the title of the picture—“The Pet” (21). Never was there a much shrewder-looking little tabby; and we can appreciate the wisdom of her young mistress in muffling up her small but expert claws: the mixture of complacency and mischief in the little feline face is inimitable.

Miss Gastenau’s “In the Pass of Glen Cloe” (48), is worthy of the name she bears, and shows a fine sense of the sublime in Nature: the rocks and mountain peaks are boldly drawn, and the perspective excellent.

“Windermere” (364), by the same artist, is very charmingly rendered.

Miss James adorns the walls with flowers that show a true appreciation for the forms and habits of her exquisite models.

Miss Lane exhibits some good specimens of “Rhododendrons” (83), boldly drawn and excellent in tint and texture.

While on the subject of flowers, we must not forget to mention Mrs. Harrison’s “Chrysanthemums” (52), nor the charming “Camellias” (152) of Mrs. Withers.

Miss Adelaide Burgess contributes the often-repeated subject of “Boulogne Fisher Girls” (154), and “Boulogne Shrimper” (163), both drawn with spirit, and good in colour; but in both instances a repetition, in treatment, of other shrimpers and fisher-girls.

Miss Mary Tilbury’s “Castlebury Park” (155) shows considerable feeling for sylvan scenery.

Miss Emma Walter, in her companion-pictures—“Spring” (134), and “Autumn” (125) exhibits careful study, and attention to detail.

Amongst the oil-paintings we have some pretty bits of “River Scenery in Canada” (165), (165), by Mrs. Hopner Meyer.

Miss Emma Brownlow’s pictures—“A Ghost Story” (166), and “Between the Acts” (225), are both noticeable—the first for reality of expression in the faces of the group of listening children. The face of one of the children—the girl to the right—is charming, and contrasts finely, in its intelligence, with that of the staring terror in the face of the young woman on the opposite side of the fire, which throws its glow upon the group. Miss Brownlow’s second picture tells its own story—a poor actress, dressed for her part, in velvet robe and mimic jewels, playing with her child, who clutches at her glittering ornaments; while the equal room exhibits all the bareness of poverty, and the wretched habiliments and worn-out boots littering the floor and table are eloquent of sad realities.

Miss Fanny Assenbaum’s “Source of the Elbe” (225) shows careful drawing, a knowledge of atmospheric effects, with good foreground and distance.

Miss Kate Swift has several genre pieces on the wall.

“An Old Donkey” (in pastel), by Mrs. Newcomen (295), claims regard.

“The Professions” (340), by Miss A. Claxton, are full of character and talent.
"Fourteen, John-street, Adelphi."

"Lost" (357), a pen-and-ink sketch, by Miss Bobb, shows much originality of conception.

Miss Fitzjames exhibits a large number of studies of flowers, and there are some noteworthy portraits by Mrs. Goodman, Madame Nee, and others.

"Children Fishing in the River Spraughton"

(60), by J. F. Pasmor; a sunny little picture, nicely treated.

We have noted several others on the catalogue, but our space will not admit of particularizing them. We are glad to see that Mrs. and the Misses Thornycroft contribute sculpture; but we miss the contributions of Rosa Bonheur from the Exhibition.

C. A. W.

"F O U R T E E N, J O H N - S T R E E T, A D E L P H I."

BY WILLIAM READE, JUN.

"Well," says the reader, "and what of 14, John-street? Is there any antiquarian aroma about the house? Is there any dark scene of history to be unveiled which has happened there? Is there any untold legend, of which this magazine is to have the benefit?"

Neither of the above questions can I answer in the affirmative, though possibly the charming "Book of the Town" may contain records of interest unto 14, John-street. But that house has its chief interest, apropos of this article, in being the office of the Lifeboat Society, which has for its work one of the noblest aims—that of saving the life of those imperilled on the sea.

During the past year the society's boats have saved four hundred and forty-four lives. It is a grand total, this, of philanthropic and gallant endeavour; and the expenses connected with keeping, stocking, and maintaining lifeboats in the English ports and at the fishing-villages is enormous. Need it be said that all donations will be gladly received?

I write with no official knowledge of the society whatever; but I am not perhaps presumptuous in reminding my readers of the existence of this noble institution. I have not the slightest acquaintance with it, or its working, beyond that derived from the printed records open to all; but I am sure that the Lifeboat Society should have the support of everyone, according to his or her means. The dreadful storms with which our coasts have been visited speak trumpet-tongued, to those whose life is care and safety, of the dangers and sorrows of the sea.

The barometer shifts and falls in a manner which the meteorologists tell us betokens continued stormy weather. We read the announcement in the papers, and we see in inland places trees blown down, tiles swept off, rivers overflowing their banks, and the inky masses of cloud scudding before the driving storm; but at its greatest, what is the aspect of the storm inland compared with the spectacle it presents at sea? Those who seek to picture vividly the need of a lifeboat, and the benefits conferred by this society, should think for a moment, as they contentedly hear the wild blasts sweeping round their quiet homes, of what a storm and a shipwreck are. Have you ever, my readers, seen the two together? None who have will ever forget it—the scene too sadly true, of late, along many an English coastline—the tossing, bursting, raging waves flinging sheets of foam on the wind, and boiling round the black rocks to leeward; the thunder of the surf on the shore, and the powerless unresisting weakness with which the dismantled wreck is alternately dashed toward shore and sucked back by the returning wave, amid the incessant roaring of the storm and the terrible echoes of the waves: "the sound [as Dante says] which bellows."

"Che mugghia com fa mar per tempe," &c., until the ship strikes and goes piecemeal into the terrible waters, with the poor wretches clinging to the spars, and doomed before the very eyes of the powerlesse crowd on the beach.

Let anyone picture this true scene, or think of the latest and most dreadful catastrophe on the ocean, and he will perceive acutely the terrors of the blue sea, and the fearful doom it works. Nothing on record is more awful in its horror, or more pitiful in its intense pathos, than the story of the foundered steamer which went down only a few days ago. Is there not, in the account of the London's sinking, with her two hundred and twenty human beings, in the midst of the Bay of Biscay, "the sea running mountains high, and the engine-fires washed out," something which touches the hardest hearts? Men, women, and little children, the brave, good, faithful captain, and those of his crew who stayed on board, all went down without a chance of aid. Stern foremost the great steamer "raised her bows in the air," and then settled down into the awful waters. We are told how the captain had to tell his passengers that there was no hope, and how they quietly prepared to die. We are told (and it would melt a soul of adamant) that the children clung to their parents and wanted to know the reason of the tears and sobs around them; and that all grouped in the saloon, where the preacher exhorted them and united in prayer, and thus calmly and slowly there came over them all the shadow of Death. And then the last dreadful, engulfing rush of the waves, and the story is almost too awful and too pitiful to be told.—Thinking of this; of the widows and orphans lately left desolate; of the wild storms that sweep round our coasts; of the constant need of the lifeboat, and of the poor fishermen, who, in their humble way, volunteer like heroes to man the boats, can anyone be not impressed with the "perils of the waters," and the value of the Society towards whose benefit this humble effort is directed? The smallest donation helps.
THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Indoors toilet composed of a first skirt of green satin, closed with gold buttons, and a second of plain velvet, of the same colour. Body in the form of a Hungarian jacket, open in front, and accompanied by a satin waistcoat. Satin sleeves. Linen collar, with guipure stars in the corners, and cuffs to match.

SECOND FIGURE.—Visiting toilet, consisting of a broad-striped moire antique dress. Chinese corselet, forming three points behind at top and bottom: three points in front at top, and two at bottom. For outside garment a long black velvet jacket, like a coat behind. Sleeves tight-fitting. Empire bonnet, made of white Imperial velvet, with a violet front, on the middle of which is laid a feather of the same tint. White bandeau curtain, surmounted by a bias of violet velvet. Inside, a violet velvet bandeau veiled by narrow insertions of Cluny guipure. A snow of tulle down the cheeks.

Long basques are being worn again: they are made to slope off very suddenly in front, and are quite long behind, with much the effect of a tunic skirt.

A new muff has appeared, not unlike a haversack in shape; the back is flat, and formed of velvet, or leather, and contains a pocket for money—a convenience you will allow, and also a security. The front, which is of fur, has a lap, formed of the head of the animal which, on being raised, discloses another pocket, lined with satin, and intended for the pocket-handkerchief. This elaborate affair is suspended from the neck by a rich cord, with tassels, which falls over the front. Our Correspondent describes this new muff as the prettiest and most racissante affair possible. It is used with the most fur collar, for ladies and children, which consists of a straight band the entire skin of the animal, (mink, or ermine) with the head at one end and the tail at the other, the former just buttons over the latter, and looks, in the highly poetical phraseology of professional fashion, “as if the little animal had curled itself round the fair neck of the wearer.” Chaque un a son gilet in dress, as in everything else; but in our estimation there is something savage in the return to this primitive mode of wearing the skins of animals.

The winter wrappers consist of short and long sacks, the latter with wide flowing sleeves, which, by the way, are exceedingly cold, and uncomfortable, and tight or half-tight fitting palets.

Buttons make a very prominent figure as a fashionable trimming: they are very elegant and fanciful in form. Sometimes silk buttons have a gold sequin attached to the centre, sometimes they are of gold, or silver filigree, sometimes of crystal, steel, &c. Everything that glitters is in good taste, notwithstanding what lovers of neatness may think to the contrary.

Gored dresses continue popular, and the double skirt, especially for dress is much worn. I have seen a charming robe composed of gaze de soie, the first skirt violet, the second black; the first, stitched only, half-way down the seams, has the other half looped up with cords and tassels at each seam: the second, or under-skirt, being trimmed with medallions of white guipure. The corsage, of violet silk, was made high, and was accompanied with a Greek habit of black velvet, without sleeves, and with very small epaulettes. Neck-ties, veils, sashends, bonnets, head dresses, not only in full dress, but for ordinary in doors and out of doors wear, are ornamented with spangles, beads, drops of pearl, gilt, steel, or crystal. Gilt sequins are equally fashionable in the hair, on the bonnet, or the veil. The most fashionable form of the latter is the Sultan, though what on earth that potentate has to do with it I know not. It should be one yard long by three quarters wide, and when not over the face is thrown on the side of the bonnet: it is usually made of plain or figured net, bordered with lace, or edged with pearl, or other gimp.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received, with thanks.—"In Memory," &c.; "Lines," "Home from India." Prose declined, with thanks.—"The Blue Bonnet;" "An Adventure in 1802;" "School Days;" "The Bowling Alley at Hampton Court;"—a capital subject; very badly treated; "Fishing;" "Ladies' Bonnets;"—not bad, but unsuitable.

Prose accepted.—"Mr. and Mrs. Leslie;" "Vancouver's Island." Received, but not read.—"Miss Hargrave's Marriage;" "The Weeping Tower at Amsterdam;" "Modern Advertisements;"—the authors shall hear from us if these manuscripts are accepted.

"The Old Cathedral."—We have received two chapters, but cannot decide till the whole is in our hands.

"Shirley Gerard."—We regret that the objection to the novel applies to both magazines.

"Leaves for the Little Ones."—We have a number on hand, though without room for any appearing in this month's part.

MSS.—It is cruel of authors to urge us on the acceptance of unsolicited manuscripts, with the knowledge that we are overstocked with accepted articles, and then complain of delay in our use of them. Our rule is to use our material in the order in which we receive it.
THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

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

CHAP. XIV.

And that was the only exclamation of pity I heard from any one. Poor Betsy's silent sympathy was all the consolation I had in the hour of that most bitter trial. No woman who has ever loved will imagine that I sorrowed less, because I had discovered so recently, beyond all doubt, that he I loved was wholly unworthy that I should love him more. The horror and the burning which had then filled my soul, was now strangely mingled with the grief and bitterness of knowing he was in the same house, cold and murdered—that his pale lips could offer no excuse, no exculpation, could entreat no forgiveness. In vain, reason suggested that excess would have been ineffectual—that to forgive, would have been on my part as base and dishonourable as was his conduct; that is, supposing forgiveness to have led to reconciliation. Then again, I saw that in pardoning his offence, the woman and the Christian must have strangely varied at variance; for I could only have dared forgive the man on the condition of forever estranging myself from the lover.

How strange is life!—how puzzling death!—how mysterious and apparently irreconcilable even the precepts of religion itself sometimes appear. Strong minds reel under inevitable thoughts; what wonder, then, so many weak ones succumb and give way entirely?

I do not for a moment intend to convey the idea that I possessed the former. In all trials which death had brought to my heart, there was left the consolation of knowing that the departed had lived good lives, and had died with the trust of salvation in their hearts. Now—shouldering and terrible idea—how was he to meet the mystery which awaits all? filled with hate, revenge, implicable thirst for the blood of the man who had proved his own assassin, my own intended betrayal, soiling the soul which had so recently escaped. To lie, and think thus, would have led to madness and unutterable thoughts; besides, was I not giving way to selfish indulgence? At this time a controlling power must be visible in our ill-regulated household. In a few hours my unhappy and dissipated parent would be able himself to order affairs; till then I must prepare to meet the perplexities which it was obvious would arise at such a crisis.

Although, when I got up from my miserable couch, I could hardly stand, so great was my nervous tremor, I forced myself to dress, and then, for the first time (I was ashamed to think so), reflected on my poor little brother, left to pine for his usual nurse and playfellow. I felt satisfied, however, that Betsy would take good care of the child. Looking at my watch, I found the day had deepened into noon. I rang the bell, and Betsy presently answered it.

"Oh, Miss Isabella, I am so glad to see you up! I wouldn't disturb you, poor dear; but, oh, miss, the house is in dreadful confusion—two doctors have been with my lady,"

"But, your master—is he up?"

"Oh yes, miss, I believe so: in his own room, of course. He recollected very little they say about this morning. The Bow-street runner, miss, has been here all day; and to-morrow is the inquest, and the poor young gentleman mustn't be touched or laid out, miss. It will be in all the morning papers, they say."

"I must see my father, Betsy. How is little Marcus?"

"Whining and pining dreadful, miss: after you, I suppose. I've had work enough to keep him quiet, I assure you."

"And is she—my—I mean Lady Laura—better?"

"Dear! no, miss; she rages and raves so, that the doctors say she'll drive herself into a fever. They gave her laudanum at last, and now she dozes and wakes up, and dozes again. Do let me get you something, miss. Why, you seem hardly able to stand."

"Get me a glass of wine, Betsy; I can eat nothing. Go now, and then take a message to Mr. Castlebrook."

She returned quickly enough with the wine, and when I had drunk it, I desired her to say I wished to see my father; but when she had gone with the message, and I had ascended into the nursery and sat down by the child's cot—for the little fellow had fretted himself to sleep—I began to wonder what I had to say to Mr. Castlebrook. Before I could reflect on this question Betsy came hastening back. Mr.
Castlebrook's man told her his master would be glad to see me without delay. He was breakfasting, she added, in the back drawing-room; and, in some surprise at so civil a message, I hastened thither, without, indeed, having definitely made up my mind what I was going for. But my father himself began the topic, the very one which fluttered in my heart and brain, and yet from which my soul recoiled. There was no assumption of delicacy in the way Mr. Castlebrook, who was now sober, rushed into the theme which had awed and shocked me for so many dreadful hours.

"This is a fine business, Isabella," using his usual profane oath, yet with a something in his tone more familiar and less unkind than that in which he usually addressed me. "Gave you a sudden shock, I suppose. You must treat it as a cold-water bath: first shock over, your nerves will rebound and be the stronger. These things constantly occur in life. For your sake I can't be so sorry as I might perhaps. I know, and have known a long time, that he was a thorough rascal."

I burst into tears.

"For God's sake, girl, don't begin to cry. You'll drive me mad among you! A man among a houseful of women is to be pitied, by Heaven! Whimpering and weeping always instead of acting. As for Laura, she has, of course, some right to fret. Her brother—"tine young fellow too—her favourite. You made the first breach between them; but really, Miss Castlebrook, you ought to control your feelings; women always should. That's their cursed folly, they never can. As for my wife, the doctors must bring her round; but you, madam—you're my daughter; and I am not going to be disgraced before the world by allowing people to see that she frets for her lover—a lover who disowned and disparaged her."

He missed his aim there; I knew more than he himself on that point, and did not, as he hoped, fire into resentment. He got into a rage himself, as soon as he perceived he could not lash me into passion.

"Confound your everlasting tears!" Then, in the vain hope to coax: "Now, Isabella, be reasonable; you who pride yourself so much upon duty. You shall go out more, you shall indeed. Never mind expense. Try to be reasonable."

"I hope I am so, sir. What do you wish me to do? Only pray let all mention cease between us, of one who has departed far from our censure or praise. What I feel on the subject shall be for my reflection only. I do not wish, father, to trouble you with any sufferings of mine."

He was evidently relieved by that assertion.

"There will be an inquest. It's a deuced bore; but, you see, if I display any repugnance to have him remain here, those infernal newspapers, which are always busy about every gentleman's affairs, will get hold of it: in short, you must see that all is arranged properly. Ask Hannah to tell you what should be done. And—and the funeral can go from here—yes, that will silence all reports of our differences."

"Have you anything more, sir, to suggest?"

Let me see. No, Nothing."

I turned to leave the room. He recalled me.

"Oh! by-the-bye, Isabella, when this affair is over, I have some business to talk to you about. Don't look so startled, girl; nothing very terrific. How, by-the-way, is Marcus—better?"

"Yes, the little boy is going on very well. I can listen now, if you wish it."

"No, no! one thing at a time. The bills, by-the-bye, I suppose, must be sent into me. I don't imagine there is any will; however, the estate of Tarragon will be charged with those expenses—that is, what there may be left of it."

With that, Mr. Castlebrook rang the bell, and, accepting the hint, I left the room. I had, however reluctantly, to summon the housekeeper, Mrs. Hannah, or, as she was now called, Mrs. Morris, to my aid. She suggested a consultation with the butler, and finally matters were entrusted to that functionary, after a few directions of mine to guide him.

I desired that Lord Tarragon might be interred in his own family vault, and wrote myself to the housekeeper at Odtrée, enclosing a formal letter to the aged Earl at the castle, who was—so I had always understood—in a state of childish imbecility. I had little doubt that in so doing I should incur Lady Laura's anger; but to ask her at that time to undertake such details was, I knew, fruitless; for my father's wife was really very ill, and the doctors had strictly forbidden her to be disturbed. Her ravings, at times, were more resembling those of hopeless insanity than the mere aberrations of grief. All the affection of which her character had ever been susceptible, had been centred on Vincent; and I believe his engagement to me was, in her eyes, the sole crime she could not pardon.

The inquest was held at a neighbouring tavern. Heavy, uninterested jurymen tramped about the rooms, when they came to view the form still lying on the library couch. There was a verdict of manslaughter returned against Vincent's opponent, who, a foreigner of high birth, but most vitiated morals, had escaped to the Continent. And then came the preparations for conveying Lord Tarragon's corpse to its last resting-place.

I had daily to report all these harrowing proceedings to my father, who, compelled to seclude himself at home by day, used in the evening to leave the house, to which he never returned before daybreak.

The eve of that day which was to consign Vincent Tarragon to his grave came at last. Before the undertakers arrived, to close all communication between him and the living world for ever, I spent an hour, alone, in the library, in prayer, in humiliation—forgiveness; then I placed on the fourth finger of the occupant of the coffin an emerald ring, which till then had
never quitted my hand, and on the lips of the
death I left a kiss, the seal of pardon for all sins
against me.

CHAP. XV.
The funeral cortège, which wound away next
day from our house, amid the gaze of a
great crowd attracted to view it — from the
violent death of the deceased, and the details of
the fatal duel in the newspapers — was no unapt
illustration of the extinction of Love and Hope
in my soul. Much against his inclination, my
father found himself compelled to follow, in the
capacity of chief mourner, the corpse of the man
to whom, in life, he cherished the bitterest en-
emy. I remember being shocked at this en-
forced hypocrisy then. In the course of years
how often have I seen the same hollow mock-
eries acted — the show of grief, the weepers, the
funeral speckled with tears for those whom, liv-
ing, we detested and despised, and to whom we
would not have vouchsafed the smallest show of
courtesy, neither conferred the smallest favours
on! We carry these deceptions to the very
verge of the grave itself, and then tell ourselves
and each other that "it is not right to pursue
our resentment towards the dead." If the de-
parted spirit of the family foe is perchance to re-
gard these pranks of the creatures he leaves be-
hind, how must it recoil from such acted lies?
I fell now into a state of apathy, which bade
fair to sacrifice both body and soul. Betsy
tried vainly to arouse me from this deep dejec-
tion and vacant listlessness into which I had fallen.
She told me tales about the creditors who
daily besieged our house, and to whom we
were, alas! soon to capitulate. But to any threatened misfortune I was insensible.
I believed that life could yield no sterner trial
than the last one I had met with. I would rather
have died than have lived, yet never had I been so
null for death. I was, paradoxically speaking,
at this phase of my existence, submissively re-
bellious. I told myself I was bound to bear my
grief; and I said in my daily prayers, "Thy will,
not mine, be done," with my lips; but my heart
had no share in the sentiment. All that pious
fortitude, which as a girl had characterized me,
had fled from the soul of the woman. I knew
my heart, once so true and loving, was harden-
ning fast; yet I could not melt. Little Marcus,
with his baby ways and infant fondness, alone
saved me at this time from absolute wickedness.
Oh! if we would but attend to such lessons,
what an earnest, truthful teacher is a little
child! This child's mother had revived by this
time from her bodily indisposition; but her mind
seemed, if possible, more diseased than my own.
She never saw her little son: she lay in bed till
evening, and then rose, and moaned and fretted,
harassing all about her, till midnight came. Mr.
Castlebrook pursued his usual mode of life.
Once or twice I strove to shake off my own
sorrow, and endeavoured to console and sympa-
theise with Lady Laura; but she repulsed me so
fiercely, that I had no inclination to repeat these
experiments. The fires of Love and Charity burned
dimly enough in my own breast: a very little
served to quench the dim sparks entirely, and
I left my stepmother to pursue her own bent.
Selfish indulgence, however, was not allowed me
long. About noon, one day, Betsy rushed into
the nursery, where I sat vacantly watching
Marcus pull his toys to pieces, and I was speed-
ily made aware that she was not alone. Two
men common in appearance, and mean in their
appearance, followed her into the apartment. I was
roused into some anger by the intrusion, and
rose up, demanding to know the reason.
"Beg pardon, miss," said the biggest of the
two, "but duty must be done. Werry painful
it is, miss; sorry to inconvenience you—all
business with Stilt and partner; isn't it Joe?"
Joe, who was a remarkably surly-looking
personage, responded to this query with a grunt,
and, taking his pencil from a greasy-looking
waistcoat-pocket, deliberately proceeded to set
down the articles of furniture contained in the
room.
Betsy hastened to explain. "It's an execu-
tion, Miss Isabella, from Cayenne and Log-
wood's, the wine merchants. They're afraid
another will come in to-day, and the men can-
ot help what they do. They must do it, you
see, miss."
"Good heavens! how much is the debt?"
—
thinking of my little hoard, and never dreaming
of the amount to which a bill for wine and spi-
rits could be run up.
"Seven hundred and fifty pounds, miss," said Mr. Stilt.
"Does Mr. Castlebrook know of this?" to
Betsy.
The men exchanged looks. Mr. Stilt, the
most urbane and communicative of the two,
took upon himself to answer that question.
"Bless you, miss, yes. He was for shooting me
and Joseph, here; but we laughed at that. A
deal of gentlemen is for shooting of us: but we
knows how to get over that—'England 'spect
every man to do his duty,' and, if all circum-
stances was known, it takes a precious sight
more pluck to distraint people's goods than it
does to be a soldier or a sailor. I'd as soon
face Bony himself as some of the slap-up fellows
we have to come down on sometimes! Your
pa', miss, seems a mighty desperate sort of
ge'eman! Why, now, he might have paid his
creditors over and over with what he loses of
a night at roodgen-war."
Mr. Stilt's oration, familiarly unpleasant as
he was becoming, was cut short by Mr. Castle-
brook's servant, who, entering the room without
ceremony, hastily told me my father desired I
would come to him in his dressing-room. Left the
officers of the law, making their inventory, and
commenting, in their own peculiar fashion, on
each article, little Marcus being in Betsy's arms,
regarding their operations with great wonder
and interest.
Mr. Castlebrook, though he had not quitted his
room, was dressed for the day. He was engaged in reading various papers, and sipping a cup of coffee at intervals; and I noticed with pain that the nervous tremor with which he always rose in the morning was more than usually predominant, and that he could scarcely convey the cup to his lips without spilling its contents. His face was violently flushed, and his eyes watery and bloodshot. His hair had not been dressed that morning, and it floated wildly about his face, adding to that dissipated and rowdy appearance which, I grieve to say, characterized him in the early part of most days. He looked at me carelessly as I entered, and without speaking motioned me to sit; then he resumed the reading of the bills and papers with which the table was strewn. Presently he put them down, and rising, stood with his back to the fireplace, biting his nether lip, till I expected momentarily to see a stream of blood flow from it.

"You know, of course, I am ruined?"

"Do not say so, pray, sir!"

"Say so (with an oath) "I must say so; and, what is more, I feel so, and know so!"

And I am powerless, quite powerless to help you! Oh! if!" (wringing my hands), "I but knew how—"

"If," regarding me fixedly, "you did know—women are so confoundedly contrary—you would refuse!"

"No, indeed—indeed I would not!"

"Are you quite certain of that, Isabella Castlebrook?"

"Only point out the way, father."

"Yes, I am your father, and therefore I have a right to demand obedience. On such a point I obeyed my father. I have therefore a right to look for filial obedience. Now listen, and remember we are all on the brink of an abyss of ruin; and this is no time for useless heroics: I ask deeds from you, not mere words of duty. I told you I was ruined: I am not in the east exaggerating, my debts amount to fifteen thousand pounds. My property has been mortgaged to meet gambling debts, which unless paid would have prevented me from showing my face before the world again. Marcus will be a beggar; and as for me, I swear to you that, unless my affairs are settled, another corpse before long will rest in this house, from which one has so recently been carried away. This time Miss Castlebrook, it will be your father’s dead body you will see depart, unless—as is most probable—my creditors detain it till their claims are satisfied!"

"But what can I do?"

"Now do not interrupt me with any woman’s nonsense. In spite of your shocking behaviour to Lord Dormington, he is willing to make proposals to you a second time—willing, in short, to pay my debts, on the sole condition of securing your hand! I was reluctant to broach this before; but now you must decide. While that poor fellow, who is dead and gone, was alive and in your head I did not wish to press the subject; but—and this is no idle threat, believe me—if you will not now agree to release me from these difficulties by consenting to this marriage, my own hand shall do so before twelve o’clock to-night!"

"Sir—father! oh for God’s sake try me not thus hard! I cannot, cannot bear it! My brain, O God! will give way!"

"And so must mine. What is the hardship required of you? That you should wed a nobleman—that you should be put in possession of every luxury woman can covet! How many girls are striving for what you pretend to regard with aversion! I suppose, Miss Castlebrook" (with a bitter sneer), "no new attachment has superseded your late romantic and perverse one? You have not, I presume, cast your affections upon my brother, or my footman?"

"For shame, sir! Desist from such language! You threaten me with taking your own life—in any case I am to be wretched! I would rather, oh, much rather, die than marry Lord Dormington! You ask me to brave what is worse than death—a life of wretchedness! Father, ask yourself: what have you done for me that I should thus sacrifice all my hopes of peace and happiness on earth? You have never loved me—barely endured my sight; yet now you ask me to throw away youth, and all the feelings youth holds dear! Even such an immolation," I added, bitterly, "could not buy me a father’s love!"

"He made no immediate reply, as I sank down, hiding my face in my hands. Presently, with something more like emotion in his voice than I had ever heard, he said, "And yet even I, Isabella, hard and cold as you deem your father—even I could not resist a father’s pleadings, when I forsook my first love—the only woman who could have won me to be good and happy—at his command, only to gratify his family ambition. Poor man! he little dreamed how the land he so coveted should dwindle away before one master-passion! Child, you know I am a gambler—I own it. What made me so? My heart’s disappointment! The man you deem heartless once loved with his whole soul. It would have been better for your mother and myself if she had not joined my father’s estate. That I revenged on her my own blighted hopes I will not deny. Who knows the bitterness of a tormented spirit better than myself? I knew the wife I wedded did not, and never could, love me. The gaming-table was a source of constant interest: I soon lived for it entirely. My intimacy with Sheridan, and others of that clique, strengthened this passion, and I am still its slave. But pause, Isabella—a parent’s life hangs on your decision! I swear solemnly, by all that you or I hold sacred—by the God who made me—by the heaven I shall so forfeit, not to survive your negative!"

But his words had reached my heart. To know that human influences, human passions had worked on one whom I had judged wholly selfish, roused all my dormant sympathies. I even forgot for a moment the memory of the pale and submissive martyr who for so many
years I had beheld the recipient of my father's ill humours. Nor could I be insensible to my father's terrible threat of self-destruction. Perhaps a stronger mind might have disdained it as a contemptible subterfuge: I only reflect on a terror on a future, darkened by having a father's blood on my head. Of his sincerity I entertained no doubt; nor even, as I write now, have I any that he would have surely accomplished his purpose. How often, since my return home, I had murmured because I felt I was of no use to anyone! Now here was a sacrifice indeed to be accomplished, and yet I recoiled! Yet, was it wonderful? I was not quite nineteen; a long life, perhaps, was before me, and I was doomed to wed old age—to pass my life with a most uncompanionable companion! I had very little time for these thoughts, however. My father stood awaiting my decision, and as he did so he reached from a shelf his case of cook's and, taking one out, he examined the lock and priming carefully.

"Father, hear my answer." He looked up.

"You gave me life—I dare not repine at the boon, bitter as you have often made it—my life is your henceforth: dispose of this useless, powerless hand as you please: I submit to you entirely!"

"You will wed Lord Dorkington?"

"If by so doing I can retrieve your fortunes or add to your happiness."

"Isabella—child—daughter!"

For the first time in my existence a father's arms pressed to me! I was for the first time pressed to a father's heart! His kiss was on my brow—never before had my father kissed me!

"—Good girl! dutiful daughter! Fear not; you will be rewarded. Hear me, Isabella: I have been a bad father, but the blessing of even a bad parent never falls to the ground, any more than does the curse of a good one—may God bless you!"

Oh! the fantasy of that moment! I have never, before or since, known its like. I wept on his breast: I vowed to make him my first object—never to think of myself.

My father soon recovered from his unwonted emotion. Pressing my hands kindly, he desired I would sit down while he entered into explanations. He told me that Lord Dorkington had steadily pursued his object ever since my return; that he had inquired how I had passed the interval of my absence; and, when satisfied that I had honourably employed myself, he renewed his proposals. Till Vincent's death occurred, however, Mr. Castlebrook had discouraged the old nobleman, who had at last offered to pay my father's debts, on the condition of my becoming Countess of Dorkington.

"Sílás as you have believed me, Isabella," said my father, "I did not entertain this proposal till my affairs became desperate. I could not now even give you a home: my boy could receive no education. Lady Laura has no chance of any money. Lord Oldtree's property, what is left after his son's extravagances, is all entailed; and Vincent's death has thrown his liabilities on the old man's shoulders; for, though miserly, he has a high, keen sense of honour. Believe me, child, if you please, you may be as happy as nine out of ten are of our women of fashion. Who ever marries their first love? Bury your dead," said Mr. Castlebrook, bitterly; "and make the best of the living!"

"I trust you will find means to dismiss the persons now in possession of the house, sir?"

"I am off, now this moment, to Lord Dorkington. You will not, I trust, cause any needless delays? One thing, I fear, child, I cannot well insist on, and that is liberal settlements on yourself. We must trust, I fear, to his lordship's generosity for your future provision."

"He cannot be mean, I should think, to part with the large sum he gives now. I do not care for settlements; think only of yourself, I beseech you. And—pray let Lord Dorkington understand that gratitude is all I can offer."

"Pshaw! he is not a romantic boy."

"And do not distress yourself about money for me. I—have some by me—enough, at least, to buy clothes." He did not seem at all surprised. Our scene had softened him; but now he was relapsing into Mr. Castlebrook again. I had still something to say. "Father, there is one thing—"

"What—what now? I hoped we had finished our sentimentalities. We have had enough for the last hour to last a lifetime."

"Only that you will promise to leave off gaming, dear sir. No fortune could stand such drains."

"Leave off gaming! Simple creature! Ask me to leave off life—meat—drink—air! I cannot, Isabella! I will promise not to lose, however, above a certain sum: besides, luck must turn. Adieu, child. I shall see Laura before I go out: this will put her into good humour."

He went out, gaily humming a tune. I sighed heavily. After all, perhaps I had made a vain submission; and Lord Dorkington, when a husband, might not again be disposed to pay a second time for a prize he had secured. I left the room, and as I ascended the stairs to go to the nursery, I encountered Mr. Castlebrook coming down.

"Remember, Isabella, we dine at home today: look your very best! I shall bring company home to dinner."

—

**Chap. XVI.**

I was surprised to find that Lady Laura was dressed and down in the drawing-room by four o'clock. Messrs. Stilt and Co. had departed to the lower regions of the house, and there was no visible sign of their obnoxious presence. I went timidly into the drawing-room. The last time I had seen my stepmother, she had driven me away with reproaches and even abuse. Now she rose from her sofa, and meeting me half
way, coldly but civilly tendered congratulations on my marriage. I offered her my hand, but she merely touched it and sat down again. She had become much thinner, and had lost something of that gorgeous beauty which in former days had characterized her person. I spoke of little Marcus, and told her how docile and sweet-tempered the little boy was. She made only one remark: "I wish," she said, sighing heavily, "he had been called Vincent." I turned pale, but made no observation. My father presently returned, and with him came Lord Dormington, affable, gallant, and insipidly tiresome as ever. He met me as if his absence had been only that of a day. And when Mr. Castlebrook and Lady Laura withdrew for a short time, he, in a set speech, expressed his intense gratification at what he termed my condescension.

"My Lord," said I, "in complying with my father's commands, it is only my duty to tell you that I cannot pretend to bestow fervency of attachment; but my deep gratitude for your princely conduct to Mr. Castlebrook in his embarrassments, commands my esteem, and the entire devotion of my future life."

Lord Dormington was shocked that business should be named to a young lady. Young ladies should never know anything of business or embarrassment. They should live to be adored, worshipped, treated as divinities; but trouble should never approach them. Such was this nobleman's elevated opinion of womanhood. He set it up as a painted idol—a doll covered with tinsel and embroidery, with no more heart or soul than the doll could show, stripped of its meretricious adornments.

Mr. Castlebrook contrived to whisper to me, when we descended to the dining-room, that everything was put in train to be settled, and that Messrs. Stilt and Co. had already vacated the premises. The dinner was dull and decorous. Lady Laura was stiff and constrained in her manner, and, had it not been for the gentle babblings of Lord Dormington, whose conversation flowed on with a kind of monotonous ripple, we should have been a solemn-enough partie carrée. My father seemed to me like a man oppressed by the weight of his obligations. Lady Laura, though recovered from actual bodily illness, still laboured under the resentment of grief (for so only can I describe the feelings occasioned by her brother's death), and I, in deep mourning for one man (for our family connection demanded that outward show), was now sold a matrimonial slave to another. I said to myself that if Lord Dormington had been any other sort of person, I could have better submitted to the fate that sacrificed me. But it was hard to reflect that I must spend my future days with age and (shall I say it?) with silliness, for I know hardly any other word applicable to distinguish the characteristics of this noble earl, whose ideas were limited to the most frivolous topics of the day, and who, imagining all women to be one degree more foolish than himself, lowered the tone of even his rapid talk, whenever he addressed them.

Take a sample of the discourse of my noble betrothed at the dinner-table that day, impressing on the reader that Lord Dormington always spoke with his teeth nearly closed, and the faintest possible motion of the lips, rendering it difficult and painful, even to an acute ear, to catch his words—

"Does your la'ship admire the new head-dress à la Marie Louise?"

"I have not even seen it. Of course as yet we go nowhere. My health [fretfully] wholly forbids visiting."

"I am aware—yes, just so; but it is the prettiest thing imaginable, this head-dress—it is composed of several folds of—"

"Fricandeau, Lord Dormington? I can particularly recommend this."

"Thank you. Fricandeau always puts me in mind of a bon mot of the Prince. Fox asked if it were made of call's head, and the Prince said—"

"Is his Royal Highness quite well?" said Lady Laura, ruthlessly cutting short the bon mot.

"Not quite as we could wish. Sadly annoyed with domestic affairs. Ah! you ladies are terrible tyrants. No living in peace with you—he! he! he!—nor without you. My case, I assure you, Miss Castlebrook—"

"Who goes now to the particular parties of the Regent?" said my stepmother, languidly.

"Oh! there is a new feature—By-the-by—Ah! I forgot; you are quite a stranger there, Lady Laura. There is a certain beautiful Mrs. Wildbrow, wife of—You know Sam Wildbrow, Castlebrook; dashing kind of dog, lately married; introduced his wife to the Regent—dangerous you will say. His Royal Highness has excellent taste. Mrs. Wildbrow always goes now to the Regent's petits soupers, where, you know, all is delightful ease and unceremony."

"You mean," said his host, with a frown on his brow, "where the Regent can get drunk without restraint, and where the company is select only in point of number."

"He! he! he! You are severe, my dear sir; but you must remember Lady Laura Castlebrook and myself have been honoured guests on such occasions—occasions when his Royal Highness, the most affectionate prince in Europe, unbends to his devoted and adoring subjects in a way that elicits their profoundest admiration and—and—"

"Not respect," said my father, laughing.

"Hang it, Dormington, with all your Court Circular ideas of royalty, that won't do, you know."

Lady Laura, on whose cheek there was a red and angry spot, was about, in spite of a stranger's presence, to be highly indignant; but her husband talked down all such indications.

"It is all very well for you, my dear fellow; but when I saw the style of thing at those private suppers I desired my wife not to attend them. I am sorry to say on more than one occasion she disregarded my wishes. The Regent
would betray his best friend, if anything interfered with his own gratification. I have long forsaken such society."

"I fear," said Lady Laura, sarcastically, as she rose from the table, and gave me the signal, "I am again likely to incur your anger, Mr. Castlebrook, as soon as an invitation comes from Carlton House; for I protest I know of no reason why it should not, as heretofore, be accepted."

My father bit his lips, but made no answer. We were attended to the door by Lord Dornington, who, gently raising my hand to his lips, whispered a request that I would favour him with half-an-hour's conversation in the drawing-room. I bowed acquiescence, and followed Lady Laura there, who flung herself on a couch, and, snatching up a book, took no further notice of me. Her author was either a dull one, or she had something of more interest to dwell on. Now and then her face flushed and her brow knitted; once she stamped her foot. At length, as I could not leave the drawing-room, I asked Lady Laura if I might send for little Marcus.

"No," she answered, pettishly; "children have no business out of their nurseries. It spoils them to bring them into company."

"But at present we are alone. I wish, Lady Laura, you would notice the poor little fellow more. I fear when—when I go, he will miss me; I have made such a pet of him. And I had meant to have devoted myself to his education, if—"

"Oh he will do very well, I dare say, till he is old enough for Eton, which is the place for all boys. But I thought your new nursery-maid was such a treasure?"

"Betsy is a very good, trustworthy girl; but scarcely fit for the nursery-governess of Marcus."

"I suppose, however [snearing], you will acknowledge that to become a Countess and an independent person is something better than vegetating as nursery-governess to my son."

"Pray, Lady Laura, let us avoid the subject. The event you speak of, you are aware, will not take place through my free choice. Give me, at least, the merit of making what is to me, who have so little ambition, a painful sacrifice."

"For which no one will thank you," said my stepmother, with a sarcastic laugh. "Your father must have got over his difficulties somehow. No one should have forced me against my will. As for his temper, the best way is, not to mind it. I don't—and my mind is made up, I never will."

"Yours is a happy insensibility, madam," I said, coldly, "which I feel utterly incompetent to attain. I have, indeed, suffered so much lately, that a little more suffering at the call of duty may well be endured—especially [and my lip quivered] to save a father from self-destruction."

"So that was the threat, was it? Mr. Castlebrook might choose to hang, drown, or poison himself—or all three—without affecting me."

"And yet I thought, Lady Laura, yours was a love-match."

"Pshaw!"

"Marriage without affection, I fear, must entail a terrible existence. At any rate, I am resolved to be the only sufferer. Lord Dornington shall at least possess an obedient, if not a loving wife, since such unavoidable circumstances make me his."

"Poor old fool! He will be perfectly satisfied if other people admire or praise you. Do not, for one moment, imagine that the Earl of Dornington wishes his Countess to be an adept in the domestic virtues."

"At his age, what can induce him, then, to marry?"

"Because he is a ci-devant beau gosson, who is declining in influence, and who desires to regain it by having something in his possession which others must admire, and envy him for its ownership. You are handsome, Miss Castlebrook, which I suppose you know. Had you been otherwise, or if the Regent had not made a fuss about you, Lord Dornington would never have bestowed on you a second thought."

There was an ungracious compliment in this speech, which was simply remarkable as being the only one I ever heard from Lady Laura's lips. I met her with her own weapons.

"Even his lordship's unfortunate admiration does not induce me to wish myself hiding. I consider beauty, rightly used, as one of God's most precious gifts. He has also bestowed it on you, Lady Laura. Beware how you mar and pervert the gift."

There was a meaning in my words I could not avoid, for I had the impression that Lord Dornington's gossip about the new beauty, Mrs. Wildbrow, had roused the degrading ambition of which Lady Laura's enemies accused her, and which her friends did not entirely disavow of her. Notwithstanding her enmity towards myself, she had acquired an interest in my eyes as the mother of little Marcus, and I could not endure that my little brother, when he grew to man's estate, should blush for the memory of his parent.

She coloured highly at my words, and, muttering something about the liberty I took in preaching, resumed her book. The gentlemen came in presently, and, after coffee, Lord Dornington, seating himself by me, engrossed my conversation, which did not however prevent my remarking that my father and I were engaged in a subdued, but animated dispute. It had hardly terminated when the Earl rose to take his leave. He had expressed his gratification at my "condescension," as he called it, and begged to petition that our union might be solemnized at an early period. What a rush of memories came over me as he said this, in his babbling, inaudible voice!

"You forget, my Lord, we are in mourning, and for—for a near connexion."

"Not for the world do I desire to ignore appearances. No; but, fairest Isabella, Mr. Castlebrook thinks three months will satisfy the requirements of family etiquette, considering
the late Lord Tarragon was simply related to you by marriage."

"I will be guided by my father, my Lord, entirely," I said, in a choking voice.

"Adieu, then, most charming creature. I long for the hour when again I may salute this fair hand."

His lordship bowed many times, in the mode of those days when the Regent was young, and Lord Dornington a man in the prime of manhood. His age I had never ventured to ask, but it appeared most venerable; and one thing greatly in his favour was, that his years inspired at least the respect one was compelled to deny to his intellect or abilities.

I left Mr. Castlebrook and his lady, sullen and snappish in the drawing-room. My previous suspicions that evening were confirmed, viz., that my father and his wife were now constantly disagreeing. I ran up into the nursery, where rosy little Marcus was sleeping the happy, healthy sleep of infancy, and, kissing him, I murmured a prayer that God would bestow on me the meek, unquestioning spirit of a little child.

Chap. XVII.

It would be tedious to relate all that occurred in that interval of three months before my marriage. I was informed that Mr. Castlebrook's debts were paid, and that a settlement was drawn up in the event of Lord Dornington's decease, by which a small jointure was secured to me. Thirteen weeks pass away very quickly, especially when any dreaded event lies in their brief perspective. One boon only I had asked of my venerable famé—this was, to permit Marcus to reside with us. Lord Dornington shrugged his shoulders at first; but when I promised the child should in no way annoy him, the old nobleman, who was really generous and good-natured, consented. I had then to attack Lady Laura, who, perfectly indifferent about her child, and oh, conscious that he had thriven under my care and discipline, opposed my wish, simply because she perceived it was earnestly desired by me. My father at last interceded; and then Lady Laura, who wished to keep him in good humour, consented. She had re-entered, with avidity, the world of fashion, and, in spite of marital prohibition, had certainly not avoided the private parties of the Regent; the probability was, therefore, that, in her heart, she was glad to eschew a mother's responsibility.

The dear little boy was growing a lovely and promising child, and Betsy, his nurse, was highly elated when I told her she was to enter my service.

"Oh, goodness, Miss Isabella, and you'll be my lady at last! Well, how curious things turn out like! and, goodness! how old I must be getting, miss! Why, I know'd you a little thing at school. Shall I ever forget your face when you came a asking of me to pawn your bracelets? I declare, miss, now I wouldn't tell every one, but I'm getting on for nine-and-twenty; and here you, the little child as I knew at school, is going first to be married!"

"Console yourself, Betsy: you will be much better off single."

"Well! but, miss, there's a young man a dying for me, only I don't care about him. He's got no education, and, though I've not much myself, yet I couldn't look up to a man as couldn't write his own name."

"But is he a worthy person, Betsy?"

"La! Miss Castlebrook, how should I know? He's the milkman, and, all things considered, I think I will remain in what folks call single business, miss."

"I'm glad to hear you say so: Marcus and I could ill afford to part with you, Betsy. Perhaps at Rowham, where Lord Dornington's principal estate is, you may find a more suitable match, and then you may not regret coming with me."

I was to be married by special licence, in the drawing-room at home. The Earl had himself proposed this, and I readily consented, for the reason which had, I believe, actuated Lord Dornington, namely, to avoid the remarks of lookers-on, as to our May and December appearance. A difficulty arose about bridesmaids. I was so utterly unlike young ladies of my own birth and station, in having no friends of my own age, that Lord Dornington's question of whom I would choose, quite confounded me. Lady Laura, however, who was present, suggested two cousins of his lordship's, whom she had met in society, and it was agreed the ladies Mildrum should be asked. As they were somewhat elderly young ladies, they were of course delighted to attend a wedding, and for days my new and affectionate connexions persecuted me with profound dissertations on blonde, satin, orange-blossoms and the entire paraphernalia, without which no one in fashionable life can venture to enter within the pale of holy matrimony. As for Lord Dornington, he was at this time perfectly in his element: he joined in undeniably in the discussions of the Ladies Mildrum, and came continually backwards and forwards with jewel-cases and endless bijouterie. I put an end, at last, to that, by sternly declining to accept any more presents, affirming what was quite true, that I disliked many jewels, and that for occasions of ceremony the Earl's family diamonds would amply suffice his wife. Lord Dornington's cousins stared: to them presents were the principal part of bridal happiness, and they came at last, I believe, to the conclusion that I was a poor spiritless fool, on whom generosity was thrown away, I was so weary of the frivolities and petty annoyances attending this sacrifice of mine, that at last I believe that I wished for my wedding day, that my ancient lover's ill-timed raptures and gallantries might subside into the merely civil husband.

Alas, Isabella! has it come to this? Do you look on marriage now as a mere ceremony? Have your ideas of love—of honour—of right and wrong, become fused in one huge moral
heap, where all the rubbish is on the top, and you must dig deep indeed, ere you find the jewels which have fallen below the surface? These were my solitary reflections, and I fear it was indeed thus with me at that time. If my house had not been built exactly on sand—if it had not fallen wholly to the ground, yet it had been founded on a slippery soil, which crumbled and fell lower down under the shock of those moral earthquakes of the soul, which had latterly assailed me. I still prayed; but the life and soul of prayer, the fervent and childlike faith, was wanting. I still attended religious duties, but without the inward refreshment which makes those duties so dear; which invigorates the fainting spirit again to go forth and do battle with the powers of darkness, who are still as much abroad as in those old Judaic times when devils possessed the temples of mankind, and were exercised and driven out howling. There are doubtless many spirits to whom trial comes as a purifier and refiner, and blessed indeed are such; but there are more whom sorrow and tribulation, like undue severity, will cause to turn round and rebel under chastisement. I fear such was the effect of my troubles. I hardened under them; and yet my conscientiousness, rendering me aware of my sin, kept me perpetually troubled.

As I sat, on the morning of my wedding-day, passively under that hand of the new and fine lady's-maid who was arranging my hair, the events of the past came crowding over my mental sight, as we are told the drowned wretch sees them, when sinking for the last time. And I was sinking too—fast—into the deeps of moral calmness—into the gulf of worldly pleasures against which my better nature, ever and anon, revolted. Thus it came to pass, as I mused, the thought came over me of the different wedding-day I had once fondly imagined. And that bridegroom of my girlish fancy, lying now in a blood-stained grave—stained still deeper by disgrace, his destined bride already pledged to another, his memory covered with obloquy—worse still, deserved obloquy—was it right or meet, in spite of his vices, that he should be thus forgotten so easily? Yet, had I a choice left? And then One, little thought of before, came into my mind—Russell Thornmead! Why had I not loved him?—goodness and intellect! and if my father's needs had been so pressing, both Russell and his family were rich. How I had taken the shadow for the substance! Now it was too late to think; repentance was of no avail. I should that morning have been calm, resigned, inclined to view marriage as a sacred compact that gave me the right to become the friend, companion, and, if requisite, nurse, of the aged partner to whom a fate, over which I had lost all control, destined me. I should not have felt that thrill of horror and dislike, as Lord Dormington, dressed in a ridiculously youthful style, tottered towards me, leaning on the arm of his bridesman, a handsome stalwart

guardisman—another cousin of this illustrious house—whose uniform recalled a figure I would fain have banished for ever from my memory.

The marriage ceremony first recalled my distracted senses. The officiating bishop—also a cousin of Lord Dormington's—read it impressively; and there came the thought that, if I could not accept the husband who stood by my side, if I would not at once make up my mind to forswear the past, and be a true and faithful wife, I was merely committing deliberate perjury. Jeanie Gray could vow herself to the old man Robin; it was only when Jamie came back her strife began. Down, down with the demon! My Jamie—false too, and deceiving—was in his shroud; let his vices, his false tongue be dead forever; and the love also, which had reckoned them for virtues. These thoughts shot over me like lightning. When I rose from my knees after the final benediction, I was calm and self-possessed; my duty had been revealed, and I determined to do it. The usual congratulations and ensuing festival I endured with so much composure, that the Ladies Mildrum complimented me on my collected appearance. Lady Milicent in particular was certain she should, on such an occasion, have been terribly agitated—most likely should have fainted away—and fainting caused such a scene! She envied me my self-command. I bowed and smiled to the compliment—she little knew how well I deserved it.

"If Milly never faints till she is married," whispered the scurrious guardisman—who in virtue of his office sat close by me—"the present company, and all future society, are equally safe! I am glad, Lady Dormington, to see a natural smile on your face at last. Since the bishop's homily, yours has assumed more the appearance of a spasmodic attack than a human smile—excuse me, we are now related, you know!"

I was about to rebuke this gentleman's levity, when the carriage which was to convey us to Rownham, where the first months of my married life were to be passed, was announced. I retired then to change my dress, my indefatigable bridesmaid accompanying me.

One visit to the nursery, a parting kiss from Marcus—who, with Betsy, was to come to Rownham in four weeks' time—and I came down, to leave for ever the associations I had been compelled to call "home." A parting kiss from my father, whose faint feeling of affection had died away with the causes which excited it—a cold touch of my stepmother's hand, her eyes beaming with pleasure at my departure—noisy congratulations from all the clan of Dormington, more vigorous than sincere, and I was handed into the carriage, followed by the Earl, whose age and feeble step, I fear, excited rather affection from the mob who gazed at us than respect and sympathy. There was a faint cheer as we drove off, and in a quarter of an hour we were far from the din of London.
The phenomena of the British climate have not changed much since the time when the rains "let fall their horrible pleasure" upon the head of the poor, drenched outcast, Lear. Thunder and lightning, however, which belonged to that particular war of the elements, are rare in England. The rain is quiet, fine, insinuating, constant as a lover; not wasting its resources in sudden, explosive outbreaks.

During a foot-tramp of some four hundred miles, which led me from the mouth of the Thames to its sources, and thence through Derbyshire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, and all of the Lake counties, I do not think that the violence of the rain kept me house for more than five days out of forty. Not to say that the balance showed sunshine and a bonny sky; on the contrary, a soft, lubricating mist is the normal condition of the British atmosphere; and a neutral tint of grey sky, when no wet is falling, is almost sure to call out from the country landlord, if communicative, an explosive and authoritative "Fine morning, this, sir!"

The really fine sunny days—days you believed in so rashly upon the sunny evidence of such blithe poets as Herrick—are so rare, that, after a month of British travel, you can count them on your fingers. On such a one, by a piece of good fortune, I saw all the parterres of Hampton Court, its great vine, its labyrinthine walks, its stately avenues, its ruddy range of brick, its clipped lindens, its roset and low-necked beauties of Sir Peter Lely, and the red geraniums flaming upon the window-sills of once royal apartments, where the pensioned dowagers now dream away their lives. On another such day, Twickenham, and all its delights of trees, bowers, and villas, were flashing in the sun as brightly as ever in the best days of Horace Walpole or of Pope. And on yet another, after weary tramp, I toiled up to the inn-door of "The Bear," at Woodstock; and after a cut or two into a ripe haunch of Oxfordshire mutton, with certain "tiny kickshaws," I saw, for the first time, under the light of a glorious sunset, that exquisite velvety stretch of the park of Woodstock, dappled with water, dotted with forest-clumps, where companies of sleek fallow-deer were grazing by the hundred, where pheasants whirled away down the aisles of wood, where memories of Fair Rosamond and of Rochester and of Alice Lee lingered; and all brought to a ringing close by Southey's ballad of "Blenheim," as the shadow of the gaunt Marlborough column slanted across the path.

There are other notable places, however, which seem—so dependent are we on first impressions—to be always bathed in a rain-cloud. It is quite impossible, for instance, for me to think of London Bridge save as a great reeking thoroughfare, slimy with thin mud, with piles of umbrellas crowding over it, like an army of turtles, and its balustrade steaming with wet. The charming little Dulwich Gallery, with its Bonningtons and Murillos, I remember as situated somewhere (for I could never find it again of my own head) at a very rainy distance from London, under the spout of an interminable waterfall. The guide-books talk of a pretty neighbourhood, and of a thousand rural charms thereof. I remember only one or two draggled policemen in oilskin capes, and with heads slanted to the wind, and my cabby, in a four-capped coat, shaking himself like a water-dog, in the area. Exeter, Gloucester, and Glasgow are three great wet cities in my memory—a damp cathedral in each, with a damp-coated usher to each, who shows damp tombs, and whose talk is dampening to the last degree. I suppose they have sunshine in these places, and in the light of the sun I am sure that marvellous grey tower of Gloucester must make a rare show; but all the reports in the world will not avail to dry up the image of those wet days of visit.

Considering how very much the fair days are overbalanced by the dirty, thick, dropping, misty weather of England, I think we take a too sunny aspect of her history. It has not been under the full-faced smiles of heaven that her battles, revolutions, executions, and pageants have held their august procession. The rain has wet many a May-day and many a harvesting, whose traditional colour (through tender English verses) is gaudy with yellow sunshine. The revellers of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" would find a wet turf eight days out of ten to disport upon. We think of Bacon without an umbrella, and of Cromwell without a mackintosh; yet I suspect both of them carried these, or their equivalents, pretty constantly. Raleigh, indeed, threw his velvet cloak into the mud for the Virgin Queen to tread upon—from which we infer a recent shower; but it is not often that an historical incident is so suggestive of the true state of the atmosphere.

History, however, does not mind the rain: agriculture must. More especially in any view of British agriculture, whether old or new, and in any estimate of its successes or progress, due consideration must be had for the generous dampness of the British atmosphere. To this cause is to be attributed primarily that wonderful velvety turf which is so unmatched elsewhere. To the same cause, and to the accompanying even temperature, is to be credited very much of the success of the turnip-culture which has within a century revolutionized the agriculture of England; yet again, the magical effects of a thorough system of drainage are nowhere
so demonstrable as in a soil constantly wetted, and giving a steady flow, however small, to the discharging tile. Measured by inches, the rainfall is greater in most parts of America than in Great Britain; but this fall is so capricious, so sudden and violent, that there must be inevitably a large surface-discharge, even though the tile, three feet below, is in working order. The true theory of skilful drainage is, not to carry away the quick flush of a shower, but to relieve a soil too heavily saturated by opening new outflows, setting new currents of both air and moisture, and thus giving new life and an enlarged capacity to lands that were dead with a stagnant over-soak.

Bearing in mind, then, the conditions of the British climate, which are so much in keeping with the "wet weather" of these studies, let us go back again to old Massachussetts, and mingle along, armed with our umbrellas, through the current of the seventeenth century.

James I., that conceited old pedant, whose "Counterblast to Tobacco" has worked the poorest of results, seems to have had a nice sense for fruits; and Sir Henry Wotton, his ambassador at Venice, writing from that city in 1625, says:—"I have sent the choicest melon-seeds of all kinds, which his Majesty doth expect, as I had order both from my Lord Holderness and from Mr. Secretary Calvert." Sir Henry sent also with the seeds very particular directions for the culture of the plants, obtained probably from some head-gardener of a Priuli or a Morosini, whose melons had the full heat of Italian sunshine upon the south slopes of the Vicentine mountains. The same ambassador sends at that date to Lord Holderness "a double-flowering yellow rose, of no ordinary nature,"* and it would be counted of no ordinary nature now, if what he avers be true, that "it floweth every month from May till almost Christmas."

King James took special interest in the establishment of his garden at the Theobald Palace in Hertfordshire: there were clipped hedges, a neat array of Linden avenues, fountains, and a Mount of Venus within a labyrinth; twelve miles of wall encircled the park, and the soldiers of Cromwell found fine foraging-ground in it, when they entered upon the premises a few years later. The schoolmaster-king formed also a guild of gardeners in the city of London, at whose hands certificates of capacity for garden-work were numbered, and these to be given only after proper examination of the applicants. Lord Bacon possessed a beautiful garden, if we may trust his own hints to that effect, and the added praises of Wotton. Cashioby, Holland House, and Greenwich gardens were all noted in this time; and the experiments and successes of the proprietor of Bedhall-Greene garden have already alluded to. But the country gentleman, who lived upon his land and directed the cultivation of his property, was but a very savage type of the Bedford or Oxfordshire landlords of our day. It involved a muddy drag over bad roads, after a heavy Flemish mare, to bring either one's self or one's crops to market.

Sir Thomas Overbury, who draws such a tender picture of a "Mike-mayde," is severe, and, I dare say, truthful, upon the country gentleman. "His conversation," says he, "amongst his tenants is desperate; but amongst his equals full of doubt. His travel is seldom farther than the next market-towne, and his inquisition is about the price of corne. When he travelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a couin's house of his to save charges; and rewards servants by taking them by the hand when hee departs. Nothing under a sub-pena can draw him to London; and when he is there, he stickes fast upon every object, casts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes the prey of every cut-purse. When he comes home, those wonders serve him for his holy-day talke. If he goe to Court, it is in yellow stockings; and if it be in winter, in a slight safety cloake, and pumps and pantofles."* 

The portrait of the smaller farmer, who, in this time, tilled his own ground, is even more severely sketched by Bishop Earle: "A plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lye fallow and untill'd. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough-to be idle or melancholy. . . . His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very moun of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee, and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here-half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandise's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground."

Such were the men who were to be reached by the agricultural literature of the day! Yet, notwithstanding this unpromising audience, scarcely a year passed but some talker was found who felt himself competent to expound the whole art and mystery of husbandry.

Adam Speed, Gent. (from which title we may presume that he was no Puritan), published a little book in the year 1626, which he wittily called "Adam out of Eden." In this he undertakes to show how Adam, under the embarrassing circumstance of being shut out of Paradise, may increase the product of a farm from two hundred pounds to two thousand pounds a year by the rearing of rabbits on furze and broom! It is all mathematically computed; there is nothing to disapprove in the

figures; but I suspect there might be in the rabbits.

Gentleman Speed speaks of turnips, clover, and potatoes; he advises the boiling of "butchers' blood" for poultry, and mixing the "pudding" with bran and other condiments, which will "feed the beasts very fat."

The author of "Adam out of Eden" also indulges himself in verse, which is certainly not up to the measure of "Paradise Lost." This is its taste:

"Each syl hath no liking of every grain,
Nor barley nor wheat is for every vein;
Yet know I no country so barren of syl
But some kind of corn may be gotten with toyl.
Though husband at home be to count the cost what,
Yet thus huswife within is as needful as that;
What hapoth in store to have never so much,
Half lost by ill-usage, ill huswife, and such?"

The papers of Bacon upon subjects connected with rural life are so familiar that I need not recur to them. His particular suggestions, however scattered in themselves (and they generally are sound), did by no means measure the extent of his contribution to the growth of good husbandry. But the more thorough methods of investigation which he instituted and encouraged gave a new and healthier direction to inquiries connected not only with agriculture, but with every experiment in art.

Thus, Gabriel Platte, publishing his "Observations and Improvements in Husbandry," about the year 1638, thinks it necessary to sustain and illustrate them with a record of "twenty experiments."

Sir Richard Weston, too, a sensible upcountry knight, has travelled through Flanders about the same time, and has seen such success attended upon the turnip and the clover culture there, that he urges the same upon his fellow-landholders, in a "Discourse of Husbandrie."

The book was published under the name of Hartlib—the same Master Samuel Hartlib to whom Milton addressed his tractate of "Education," and of whom the great poet speaks as "a person sent hither [to England] by some good Providence from a far country, to be the occasion and incitement of great good to this island."

This mention makes us curious to know something more of Master Samuel Hartlib. I find that he was the son of a Polish merchant, of Lithuania, was himself engaged for a time in commercial transactions, and came to England about the year 1640. He wrote several theological tracts, edited sundry agricultural works, including, among others, those of Sir Richard Weston, and published his own observations upon the shortcomings of British husbandry. He also proposed a grandiose scheme for an agricultural college, in order to teach youths "the theorick and practick parts of this most ancient, noble, and honestly gainfull art, trade, or mystery." The work published under his name entitled "The Legacy," besides notices of the Brabant husbandry, embraces epistles from various farmers, who may be supposed to represent the progressive agriculture of England. Among these letters I note one upon "Snagget" (shelly earth from river-beds) another upon "Seaweeds," a third upon "Seasand," and a fourth upon "Woollen-rags."

Hartlib was in good odour during the days of the Commonwealth; for he lived long enough to see that bitter tragedy of the executed king before Whitehall Palace, and to hold over to the early years of the Restoration. But he was not in favour with the people about Charles II.; the small pension that Cromwell had bestowed fell into sad arrears; and the story is, that he died miserably poor.

It is noticeable that Hartlib, and a great many sensible old gentlemen of his date, spoke of the art of husbandry as a mystery. And so it is—a mystery then, and a mystery now. Nothing tries my patience more than to meet one of those billet-headed farmers who—whether in print or in talk—pretend to have solved the mystery and mastered it. Take my own thou shrift of corn yonder upon the flat, which I have watched since the day when it first shot up its little dainty spears of green, until now its spindles are waving like banners: the land has been faithfully ploughed and fed and tilled: but how gross appliances all these, to the fine fibrous feeders that have been searching, day by day, every cranny of the soil—to the broad leaflets that, week by week, have stolen out from their green sheaths, to wanton with the wind and caress the dew! is there any quick-witted farmer who shall tell us, with anything like definiteness, what the phosphates have contributed to all this, and how much the nitrogenous manures, and to what degree the deposits of Ammon? he may establish the conditions of a sure crop, thirty, forty, or sixty bushels to the acre (seasons favouring); but how short a reach is this toward determining the final capacity of either soil or plant! How often the most petted experiments laugh us in the face! The great miracle of the vital laboratory in the plant remains to mock us. We test it, we humour it; we fondly believe that we have detected its secret: but the mystery stays.

A bumpkin may rear a crop that shall keep him from starvation; but to develop the utmost capacity of a given soil by fertilizing appliances, or by those of tillage, is the work of a wiser man than belongs to our day. And when I find one who fancies he has solved all the conditions which contribute to this miracle of God's, and can control and fructify at his will, I have less respect for his head than for a good one—of Savoy cabbage! The great problem of Adam's curse is not worked out so easily. The sweating is not over yet.

If we are confronted with mystery, it is not blank, hopeless, fathomless mystery. Our plummet-lines are only too short; but they are growing longer. It is a lively mystery, that piques and tempts and rewards endeavour. It unfolds with an appetizing delay. Every year a
new secret is laid bare, which, in the flush of triumph, seems a crowning development; whereas it presently appears that we have only opened a new door upon some further labyrinth.

Throughout the seventeenth century the progress in husbandry, without being at any one period very brilliant, was decided and constant. If there was anything like a relapse, and neglect of good culture, it was most marked shortly after the Restoration. The country gentlemen, who had entertained a wholesome horror of Cromwell and his troopers, had, during the Commonwealth, devoted themselves to a quiet life upon their estates, repairing the damages which the Civil War had wrought in their fortunes and in their lands. The high price of farm products stimulated their efforts, and their country isolation permitted a harmless show of the chivalrous contempt they entertained for the novi hoines of the Commonwealth. With the return of Charles they abandoned their estates once more to the bailiffs, made amap of them down and for their share of the “leeks and onions.” But the nearest men were at work. Sainfoin and turnips were growing every year into credit. The potato was becoming a crop of value, and in the year 1664 a certain John Foster devoted a treatise to it, entitled, “England’s Happiness increased, or Sure Remedy against all Succeeding Dear Years, by Plantation of Rough, fed and even bread, may be made from the flour of potatoaes.”

John Worlidge (1669) gives a full system of husbandry, advising green fallows, and even recommending and describing a drill for the putting in of seed, and for distributing with it a fine fertilizer.

Evelyn also, about this time, gave a dignity to rural pursuits by his “Sylva” and “Terra,” both these treatises having been recited before the Royal Society. The “Terra” is something muddy; and is by no means exhaustive; but the “Sylva” for more than a century was the British planter’s hand-book, being a judicious, sensible, and eloquent treatise upon a subject so wide and as beautiful as its title. Even Sir Walter Scott—himself a capital woodman—when he tells (in “Kenilworth”) of the approach of Tressilian and his Doctor companion to the neighbourhood of Say’s Court, cannot forego his tribute to the worthy and cultivated author who once lived there, and who in his “Sylva” gave a manual to every British planter, and in his life an exemplar to every British gentleman.

Sir Henry Brudenell was educated at Oxford, travelled widely upon the continent, was a firm adherent of the Royal party, and at one time a member of Prince Rupert’s famous troop. He married the daughter of the British Ambassador in Paris, through whom he came into possession of Say’s Court, which he made a gem of beauty. But in his later years he had the annoyance of seeing his fine parterres and shrubbery trampled down by that northern boor, Peter the Great, who made his residence there while studying the mysteries of ship-building at Deptford, and who had as little reverence for a parterre of flowers as for any other of the tenderer graces of life.

The British monarchs have always been more regardful of those interests which were the object of Evelyn’s tender devotion. I have already alluded to the horticultural fancies of James I. His son Charles was an extreme lover of flowers, as well as of a great many luxuries which hedged him against all Puritan sympathy. “Who knows not,” says Milton, in his reply to the Eikon Basilikhe, “the licentious remissness of his Sunday’s theatre, accompanied with that reverend statute for dominical jigs and Maypoles, published in his own name,” &c. &c.

But the poor king was fated to have little enjoyment of either jigs or Maypoles; harsher work belonged to his reign; and all his garden delights came to be limited finally to a little pot of flowers upon his prison-window. And I can easily believe that the elegant, wrong-headed, courteous gentleman tended these poor flowers daintily to the very last, and snifed their fragrance with a Christian gratitude.

Charles was an appreciative lover of poetry, too, as well as of Nature. I wonder if it ever happened to him, in his prison-hours at Carisbrooke, to come upon Milton’s “L’Allegro” (first printed in the year of the Battle of Naseby), and to read—

“In thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unrevenged pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted egliantine.”

How it must have smitten the King’s heart to remember that the tender poet, whose rhythm none could appreciate better than he, was also the sturdy Puritan pamphleteer whose blows had thwacked so terribly upon the last props that held up his tottering throne!

Cromwell, as we have seen, gave Master Hardib a pension; but whether on the score of his theological tracts or his design for an agricultural college, would be hard to say. I suspect that the hop was the Protector’s favourite among flowering plants, and that his
admirations of trees was measured by their capacity for timber. Yet that rare masculine energy, which he and his men carried with them in their tread all over England, was a very wakeful stimulus to productive agriculture.

Charles II. loved tulips, and befriended Evelyn. In his long residence at Paris he had grown into great fondness for the French gardens. He afterwards sent for Le Notre—who had laid out Versailles at an expense of four million pounds—to superintend the planting of Greenwich and St. James. Fortunately no strict imitation of Versailles was entered upon. The splendours of Chatsworth Garden grew in this time out of the exaggerated taste, and must have delighted the French heart of Charles. Other artists have had the handling of this great domain since the days of Le Notre. A crazy wilderness of rock-work, amid which the artificial waters commit freak upon freak, has been strewn athwart the lawn; a stately conservatory has risen, under which the duke may drive, if he chose, in coach and four, amid palm-trees, and the monster-vegetation of the Eastern archipelago; the little glass temple is in the garden, under which the Victoria lily was first coaxed into British bloom; a model village has sprung up at the park gates, in which each cottage is a gem, and seems transplanted from the last book on rural ornamentation. But the sight of the village impresses one with a strange incongruity; the charm of realism is wanting; it needs a population out of one of Watteau’s pictures clean and deft as the painted figures; flesh and blood are too gross, too prone to muddy shoes, and to sneeze. The rock-work, also, is incongruous: it belongs to no such wavy roll of park-land. You see it a thousand times grander a half-hour’s drive away toward Matlock. And the stiff parterres, terraces, and alleys of Le Notre are equally out of place in such a scene. If, indeed, as at Versailles, they bounded and engrossed the view, so that natural surfaces should have no claim upon your eye—if they were the mere setting to a monster palace, whose colonnades and basaltic marble edgings into colonnades and balustraces of box-wood, and these into a limitless extent of long green lines, which are only lost to the eye where a distant fountain dashes its spray of golden dust into the air—as at Versailles—there would be keeping. But the Devonshire palace has quite other setting. Blue Derbyshire hills are behind it; a grand, billyow slope of the comeliest park-land in England rolls down from its terrace-foot to where the Derwent, under hoary oaks, washes its thousand acres of meadow-vale, with a flow as charming and limpid as one of Virgil’s Eclogues. It is such a setting that carries the great quadrangle of Chatsworth Palace and its flanking artificialities of rock and garden, like a black patch upon the face of a fine woman of Charles’s court.

This brings us upon our line of march again. Charles II. loved stiff gardens; James II. loved stiff gardens; and William, with his Low-Country tastes, out-stiffened both, with his “Topiary box a-row.”

Lord Bacon has commended the formal style to public admiration by his advocacy and example. The lesson was repeated at Cashiobury by the most noble the Earl of Essex (of whom Evelyn writes—“My lord is not illiterate beyond the rate of most noblemen of his age.”). So also that famous garden of Moor-Park in Hertfordshire, laid out by the witty Duchess of Bedford, to whom Dr. Donne addresses some of his piquant letters, was a model of old-fashioned and stately graces. Sir William Temple praises it beyond reason in his “Garden of Epicurus,” and cautions readers against undertaking any of those irregularities of gardener-figures which the Chinese so much affect. He admires only stateliness and primness. “Among us,” he says, the beauty of building and planting is placed chiefly in some certain proportions, symmetries, or uniformities; our walks and our trees ranged so as to answer one another, and at exact distances.”

From all these it is clear what was the garden-drift of the century. Even Waller, the poet whose moneys, if he were like most poets, could not be thrown away idly—spent a large sum in levelling the hills about his rural home at Bensons. (We shall find a different poet and treatment by-and-by in Shenstone.)

Only Milton, speaking from the very areas of the Puritan rigidities, breaks in upon these geometric formalities with the rounded graces of the garden which he planted in Eden. There

“The crisp’d brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold
With many errour under pendent shades,
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which notnice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature’s boon
Pour’d forth profuse on hill and dale and plain.”

Going far behind all conventionalities, he credited to Paradise—the ideal of man’s happiest estate—variety, irregularity, profusion, luxuriance; and to the fallen estate, precision, formality, and an inexorable art, which, in place of concealing, glorified itself. In the next century, when Milton comes to be illustrated by Addison and the rest, we shall find gardens of a different style from those of Waller and of Hampton Court.

And now from some look-out point near to the close of the seventeenth century, when John Evelyn, in his age, is repairing the damages that Peter the Great has wrought in his pretty Depford home, let us take a bird’s-eye glance at rural England.

It is raining, and the clumsy Bedford coach, drawn by stout Flemish mares—for thoroughbreds are as yet unknown—is covered with a sail-cloth to keep the wet away from the six
"insides." The grass, wherever the land is stock'd with grass, is as velvety as now. The west in the near county of Herts is fair, and will turn twenty bushels to the acre; here and there an enterprising landlord has a small field of dilled grain, which will yield a third more. Mr. Worlidge's drill is not in request, and is only talked of by a few wiseacres, who prophesy its ultimate adoption. The fat bullocks of Bedford will not dress more than seven hundred a head; and the cows, if killed, would not overrun five hundredweight. There are occasional fields of savoyn and of turnips; but these latter are small, and no ridging or hurdleing is yet practised. From time to time appears a patch of barren moorland, which has been planted with forest-trees, in accordance with the suggestions of Mr. Evelyn, and under the wet sky the trees are thriving. Wide reaches of fen, measured by hundreds of miles (which now bear great crops of barley), are saturated with moisture, and tenanted only by ghost-like companies of cranes.

The gardens attached to noble houses, under the care of some pupil of Wise or of Parkinson, have their espaliers—their plums, their pears,* and their grapes. These last are rare, however (Parkinson says sour, too), and bear a great price in the London market. One or two horticulturists of extraordinary enterprise have built greenhouses, warmed, Evelyn says, "in a most ingenious way, by passing a brick flue underneath the bed."

The less country-gentlemen, who have no establishments in town, rarely venture up, for fear of the footpads on the heath, and the insolence of the blackguard Cockneys. Their wives are said damed, learned at the brew-tub and in the battery; but not speaking French, nor wearing hoops or patches. A great many of the elder exotic plants have become domesticated; and the goodwife has a flowering parterre at the door; but not valued one-half so much as her bed of marjoram and thyme. She may read King James's Bible, or, if a Nonconformist, Baxter's "Saint's Rest"; while the husband regales himself with a thumb-worn copy of 'Sir Pepysing Flutter,' or, if he live well into the closing years of the century, with De Poe's "True-born Englishman."

Poetic feeling was more lacking in the country-life than in the illustrative literature of the century. To say nothing of Milton's brilliant little poems, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," which flash all over with the dews, there are the charming "Characters" of Sir Thomas Overbury, and the graceful discourse of Sir William Temple. The poet Drummond wrought a music out of the woods and waters, which lingers alluringly even now around the delightful cliffs and valleys of Hawthorned. John Dryden, though a thorough cit, and a man who would have preferred his arm-chair at Will's Coffee-house to Chatsworth and the fee of all its lands, has yet touched most tenderly the "daisies white" and the spring, in his "Flower and the Leaf."

But we skip a score of the poets, and bring our wet day to a close with the naming of two honoured pastorals. The first, in sober prose, is nothing more nor less than Walton's "Angler." Its homeliness; its calm, sweet pictures of fields and brooks; its dainty perfume of flowers; its delicate shadowing-forth of the Christian sentiment which lived by old English Firesides; its simple, artless songs (not always of the highest style, but of a hearty naturalness that is infinitely better)—these make the "Angler" a book that stands among the thumb-worn. There is good marrowy English in it; I know very few fine writers of our times who could make a better book on such a subject today, with all the added information, and all the practice of the newspaper-columns. What Walton wants to say he says. You can make no mistake about his meaning; all is as lucid as the water of a spring. He does not play upon your wonderment with tropes. There is no chicane of the pen; he has some pleasant matters to tell of, and he tells of them straight.

Another great charm about Walton is his childlike truthfulness. I think he is almost the only earnest trout-fisher I ever knew (unless Sir Humphry Davy be excepted) whose report could be relied upon for the weight of a trout. I have many excellent friends-capital fishermen—whose word is good upon most concerns of life, but in this one thing they cannot be con- fided in. I excuse it; I take off twenty per cent. from their estimates, without either hesitation, anger, or reluctance.

I do not think I should have trusted in such a manner Charles Cotton, although he was agricultural as well as piscatory, having published a "Planter's Manual." I think he could, and did, draw a long bow. I suspect innocent milkmaids were not in the habit of singing Kit Marlowe's songs to the worshipful Mr. Cotton.

One pastoral remains to mention, published at the very opening of the year 1600, and spreading its fine forest-aroma thenceforward all down the century—I mean Shakespeare's play of "As You Like It."

From beginning to end the grand old forest of Arden is astray overhead; from beginning to end the brooks bawl in your ear; from beginning to end you smell the bruised ferns and the delicate-scented wood-flowers. It is Theocritus again, with the civilization of the added centuries contributing its spangles of reason, philosophy, and grace. Who among all the short- kilted damsels of all the eclogues will match us this fair, lithe, witty, capricious, mirthful, buxom Rosalind?
Nowhere in books have we met with her like—but only at some long-gone picnic in the woods, where we worshipped "blushing sixteen" in dainty boots and white muslin. There, too, we met a match for sighing Orlando, mirrored in the water; there, too, some diluted Jaques may have "moraleized" the excursion for next day's "Courier," and some jout of a Touchstone (there are always such in picnics) passed the ices, made poor puns, and won more than his share of the smiles.

Walton is English all over; but "As You Like it" is as broad as the sky, or love, or folly, or hope.

TO THE MEMORY OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Tis long since first I knew him, and he had not then to bear
The trials of advancing years, of sickness—or of care;
How smooth and tranquil seemed his lot, how happy
was his life,
Blest with the fond affection of a dear and loving wife!

His home at length was darkened, for the cherished
wife had gone,
Yet passed he not his weary hours unheeded and alone;
Friends gathered round him—all in turn were anxious
to impart
Some trivial balm of comfort to his sad and stricken
heart.

Time passed—in quiet, social scenes again he could rejoice;
Again the listening circle was enlivened by his voice,
Telling some stirring history, in memory treasured long,
Or pouring forth some gladsome lay, some cheering
ocean song.

Well had he known in former days the fearful battle-
stiffe;
In the service of his country he had bravely risked his life;
What marvel that his thoughts and words so often seemed to be
Connected with the image of the bright and glorious
sea?

Time passed—and now he felt the thrill of suffering
and pain,
Yet, in those hours of weariness I heard him not complain;
Whatever the Almighty willed he seemed content to bear,
While grateful for the blessings that had fallen to his
share.

And lengthened years passed o'er him ere he drew his
final breath;
Softly and gently came at last the lingering stroke of
death.
How oft shall we lament his loss! how oft shall we
recall
The frank, unselfish nature that so warmly felt for all!
To many a pleasant interview in memory we turn;
None can retrace a chilling glance, a word severe or
sterne;
His heart was full of sympathy, benevolence, and love:
Peace to our good and kindly friend, whose home is
now above!

RAIN.

BY ADA TREVIANION.

Last eve the rain was falling;
It fell throughout the night
In heavy, ceaseless torrents,
And hid the stars from sight.

It darkened o'er the mountain
On which the sun first shines,
And now it floods the garden,
And drips from the tall pines.

I care not for its falling,
For I am far from thee;
So, whether rain or sunshine,
It matters not to me.

But, oh! the rain is mournful
Which falls, through weary hours,
Without one tender sunbeam
To gild its chilling showers.

All hueless droop the flowers,
And silent is the grove;
Tis like—so like—a life-time
Uncheered by light of love.

I watch the rain still falling,
With fancies dark and drear,
Though, whether rain or sunshine,
It matters not to me.

In all evils which admit of a remedy, impatience
should be avoided; because it wastes that time and
attention in complaints, which, if properly applied,
might remove the cause.

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the
sting of unkindness in another.

Women are extreme—they are better or worse than
men.
Something has actually occurred at Hogsdon; by which, my readers, I would have you remember that events are rare, very rare, in our secluded village. The oldest inhabitant cannot remember our having furnished the _County Times_ with more than two items of news, and those but a simple birth and the burning of a haystack; and since the discovery of some Roman ruins at Bywall, on our right, and a daring burglary at Midgley, on our left, we have felt ourselves decidedly behind our neighbours in interest and importance.

Through the agency of the village charwoman—who has suddenly become much sought after by industrious, spring-cleaning housewives—through her agency, I say, we have learned that the bachelor-gentleman, who treated for Wardley Court, did so in behalf of a brother-in-law, a retired major named Nibsey; and this major, his wife, and numerous sons and daughters, are already making themselves perfectly at home amongst us, and invading our privacy and prejudices, with a gay carelessness which, as yet, we knew not whether to approve or resent.

We have been gratified with a distinct view of the whole family, as they sauntered one evening through the village, apparently viewing us and our habitations with as much curiosity as we bestowed on them. The large party was headed by the Major himself, a tall robust man, with piercing eyes and a nose of unusual size and prominence, but, withal, a pleasant-looking nose—a healthy, gentlemanly organ, neither pinched by penuriousness nor bloated with excesses; and close behind him came a huge black dog, who, yawning occasionally, as if infected with the dullness of the place, displayed such enormous fangs and jaws that the Hogsdon juveniles, who, with boorish pertinacity, had threatened to tread too closely upon the heels of his master, were kept at a respectful distance by every wag of his bushy tail.

Upon either arm of the Major hung a Miss Nibsey, tall girls, well formed and fresh-coloured, like their father, and possessing the Nibsey nose, which also predominated in the countenances of their brothers— merry-faced, restless, lads, who moved from side to side of the street, or dived down narrow alleys, or put their heads into open doorways, or made noisy rushes a-head to inspect something or somebody new and interesting, and anon scampered back to report their gleanings, and romp with old Pluto, who bore their tricks with dogged equanimity. A few paces in the rear of these members of the Nibsey family came a sleek well-shaped donkey, drawing a basket-chaise, in which was seated the maternal parent of the young people, a lady of whom the predominating feature was fat, which she possessed so redundantly that many of us compassionated her, while others, with more philanthropy, pitied the donkey.

Beside the chaise walked—perhaps, when the young lady's length of limbs and movements is taken into consideration, it would be more correct to say stalked—the eldest of the Misses Nibsey, who regularly constituted herself guardian of her Mamma and controller of the donkey, when, with true assinine contrariety, he persisted in pursuing crooked paths, and making abrupt halts at awkward moments; but he was an animal open to persuasion, and received the admonitory pokes administered by Miss Nibsey's parasol without wincing, and quietly plodded on.

Major Nibsey and his supporters stepped briskly along, commenting upon everything that met their eyes—our Norman-towered ragstone-roofed church, our many-gabled houses, and lichen-covered farmsteads: while we, in the same observant spirit, followed them with ours, until they came to a standstill before Dame Dorton, one of the few who still adhere to the red cloaks and black bonnets of their grandmothers.

"Picturesque—very!" whispered the Miss Nibseys to each other.

"Warm and comfortable-looking!" quoth the Major. "Do you attend Church regularly, my good woman?"

Now this is a question which charitably-disposed persons, whether in Hogsdon or elsewhere, generally put to their poorer neighbours; and when they (the latter) know the bias of the questioner, it is not difficult to frame a reply, so as to avoid giving offence; but Dame Dorton, taken at what she herself designates as an amply (nonplus) was seriously perplexed. If she acknowledged to her occasional morning attendance at the Curate's ministry, and the Major was of dissenting principles, where would be the fair prospect which seemed opening upon her, as the first needy individual in Hogsdon, whom he had addressed? On the other hand, should she admit her evening visits to the dissenting Chapel, what would not an orthodox Churchman think or say? So she steered between the rocks by interrogating him in her turn, "Which church, master?"

"Why the parish church, dame, of course."

The last two words solved the difficulty, and Dame Dorton repeated them with a curtsey, "of course, your honour—of course."

By this time the donkey had reached the spot, and Mrs. Nibsey nodded and smiled at the old woman, and listened intently while the Major continued his catechetical inquiries:

"Got a husband, eh?"

"Yes, master, as good a one as ever breathed!"
Poor dear, I laid him in the churchyard ten 'ear ago this Christmas that's just gone by!"

"Ha! widow; parish allowance, I suppose. District visitors call upon you pretty regularly, eh?"

"Aint any distant wixtors here, your honour; only them ladies as lives round about drops in nows and thens. But lor, master," she went on coaxingly, "lor, master, we won't want no distant wixtors, now we've got a fine gentleman like you settled down among us, to look arter we poor bodies an' help us a bit!" and Dame Dorton curtseyed more profoundly than before, and all Hogaden that was within hearing attentively awaited the Major's reply.

It was an unsatisfactory one, for it was simply "Humph!"

_Humph_, and nothing more. Who invented interjections? and why is this useless and tormenting part of speech erased from the English Grammar, as some sensible savants have advised?

Dame Dorton was posed; her neighbours were posed. It was still a question whether Major Nibsey would or would not prove an acquisition to the parish, as far as charitable matters were concerned. Anyhow the only reward the dame received for her garrulity was a farewell nod from the party as they resumed their stroll along the village-street, where Mrs. Nibsey actually sat up, with an effort, to admire the grocer's twin babies. The young ladies condescendingly picked up and pacified an unfortunate urchin, against whose cheek, as he sat on a door-step munching his supper, the black dog had unexpectedly thrust his cold nose and panting tongue. The lads had penetrated that mysterious den, the butcher's slaughter-house, and tumbled out again, half-frightened, half-laughing at the bellowing of the doomed ox, whose privacy they had invaded. The Major tried the village pump, and when he found the supply small, and the water bad, appeared more concerned about it than we who are tolerably used to it. He peeped in at the windows of the Parochial School, and shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders despairingly at the want of repair visible about that edifice; and finally, on returning towards the church-yard, drew up all his forces in front of a barn closely abutting upon it, which a body of dissenters have temporarily fitted up for their Sunday services.

"And what place do you call this?" asked Major Nibsey.

The information immediately volunteered was of a varied character.

"T' fur, sir, its Cracknut's preaching barn;" "It's the new meeting house;" or, "Its the Methodies' new Church."

"Humph!" said Major Nibsey again, and again was all Hogaden disappointed.

Did he know how anxious we were to ascertain his religious tendencies? and how this unsatisfactory ejaculation defeated and mortified us?

We—that is a large body of the parishioners—

are troubled by two opinions, betwixt which we are mentally tossed to and fro; sometimes holding by the tenets of our fathers, as we learned them at their knees; and sometimes wavering towards the doctrines which, we know not how, have sprung up amongst us and unsettled us.

Some of the farmers, having a standing quarrel with the wardens about the rates, have ascended to the new schism, as the Curate has openly termed it, to the amazement of our ladies, who are not accustomed to hear him use such emphatic language. The few tradespeople, duly regardful of their divided duties, have come to the conclusion that, by attending church in the morning, and chapel in the evening, like Dame Dorton, they must conciliate customers of both ways of thinking; and some of the noisiest of the reprobates, who are to be found in Hogaden, as well as in other places, have found a new delight in giving to their brethren long and ungrammatical expositions of their past follies and the present purity of their lives, which, for the sake of their wives and the community at large, we will hope are not exaggerated ones.

To which party would Major Nibsey tender his allegiance? This was a weighty question, seeing that the influence of his presence and purse would be beneficially felt by either; and the doubt gave rise to much discussion, and a curious desire to penetrate into the thoughts and intentions of the denizens of Wardley Court. The charwoman fell into disrepute by opining that as she had seen Mrs. Nibsey with an emerald cross on her neck when dressed for dinner, the family were papists—a notion we all scouted. The Major was said to have met the Curate on his way home from a visit, and to have conversed with him cordially—a report which made churchmen hold up their heads, and moot the possibility of raising sufficient funds for a new schoolhouse; but when, on the following morning, he walked through the village with Farmer Craddock, the owner of the preaching barn, and shook hands with him at parting, it was hinted at the "Jolly Hansman," where much of our village gossip is disseminated, that a piece of ground would soon be wanted for the erection of a handsome Chapel.

It was, however, tacitly understood that Sunday—Major Nibsey's first Sunday in Hogaden—would set at rest all these conjectures; and at a much earlier hour than usual, a large number of persons were to be seen lounging about the churchyard, and sauntering towards the road by which the new-comers at Wardley Court were expected to appear.

The donkey was the first who came in sight and his movements were erratic; for Mrs. Nibsey, lulled into a doze by the calmness and warmth of the air, reclined in her chaise with closed eyes and smiling lips, and her hands folded in her capacious lap; while her guardian, engrossed in a tiny book she was perusing, had instantiy fallen to the rear; and the other members of the
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BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "MAGGIE LYNN."

CHAP. I.

I cherish the memory of my Aunt Dorothy. She was what people call an original character—that is to say, she had a striking individuality of her own, and she impressed it upon others. I know that she was peculiar, and not generally popular; for few understood her, or cared to look beyond the manner that repelled them. Most people affect to seem better than they are; but in her case this was reversed. She seemed to have an odd wish to put the worst aspect on herself.

But underlying all the little rugged inequalities of surface in temper and manner, there was a rich under-stratum of sound, healthy, human goodness cropping out in all manner of eccentric ways, but always nobly asserting itself in the time of need, and remaining a well-recognized fact among those she served. None knew this better than myself. I was Aunt Dorothy's favourite. She had taken me under her patronage from the time that I was promoted from short frocks to the dignity of my own proper masculine attire.

I have heard her say that she hated girls. That was perhaps the reason why I found such favour in her eyes, as the solitary representative of her favourite gender in an unlucky houseful of daughters. But whatever had gained me the distinction, my father and mother were not disposed to quarrel with it; for my aunt had a fortune of her own, and her favour represented some substantial benefits in the future. Poor souls! they might be forgiven for that bit of selfishness; for they had only a small share of this world's goods, and, with their large family and slender means, the problem of life must often have been very hard for them to solve. I know this now, looking back through the long vista of years, and recalling my father's worn harassed look when he came home tired in the evenings, and my poor mother's pale patient face, as she sat wearily at work—a face that told its own pathetic story of endurance and sorrow. But there came a time when she drooped under her burden, and, before the day was half spent, closed her meek eyes, and lay quietly down to rest. My gentle mother! the world had never been very bright to her. I have now learned to think that it was in mercy she was taken from the wearing grief and trouble that came with length of days.

My father did not long survive her. The little that he left behind was divided among my sisters. Aunt Dorothy acted like herself, in her quiet, undemonstrative way, taking on her own shoulders the burden that our parents had laid
down. She provided for the girls, and helped them on their several ways in life. I remained her own especial charge. She took my future in her hands, often telling me that I had nothing to do with it, only to make the most of my opportunities, and try to find out what I could do best.

But I did not sit down to sketch my own biography, not being egotist enough to suppose that it would furnish much interest for others. My real motive for this venture in pen and ink is to dash off a reminiscence of Aunt Dorothy, which I love to recall, for its graphic delineation of her character.

It was in the summer of the year that I successfully passed my examination for a surgeon. Even now in my sober middle-age I recall, with quickened pulse, my pride and exultation on a certain bright day, when the afternoon express was whirling me along the well-remembered line of road to the little country-town where Aunt Dorothy lived. I was going, in the first flush of triumph, to tell her the proud story of my success. I knew that it would make her heart glad, as it had made mine. My sanguine fancy had already seized Time by the forelock. I had taken one brilliant leap to the top of the professional ladder, and from that enviable height was benevolently contemplating the less fortunate strugglers below. I had successfully opened my oyster, and dubbed myself victor in the great game of chance. Alas for all this, now that I have taken my degrees in the school of experience, and eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge! I would give something to have, for one day, the same bright outlook on the world, and feel as I did on that first evening after my arrival, when I smoked a delicious cigar in Aunt Dorothy's garden, and built for myself those precious impracticable palaces of aerial architecture.* * *

"Harry, what do you mean by bursting in to breakfast with that red face, and the dog panting at your heels? You are just the picture of a foolish overgrown school-boy, who has been running a race with his own shadow."

"Thank you, Aunt Dorry. I find that you have still your old talent for paying compliments. But will you believe it? I have had an adventure this morning, and in the most unlikely of all unlikely places—your next-door neighbour's garden."

My aunt gave me an inquisitive side-glance from the corners of her shrewd grey eyes, and went on carving the ham.

"Stuff, sir! I am sorry to see that you have not reformed your old habits; but you must do it, if you mean to accomplish half the grand plans you were telling me of last night. A doctor indeed! What mother in her senses would think of calling you in to a baby in the measles?—a creature who runs after adventures before breakfast, and finds it impossible to sit on his chair like a reasonable Christian?"

I had thrown myself into the first easy-chair that I saw, and was sitting with my legs tilted over one of the arms. The last remark was a direct personal reflection; but I ignored it, and replied, good-humouredly stroking my moustache (which I considered a sufficient assertion of my masculine dignity), "Now, aunt, you know well that you are far prouder of me than I am of myself, and your only fear is that I shall become too popular among my lady-patients."

"Harry, you talk like an idiot, and I shall be ashamed to own you as a nephew of mine; for it will be a discredit to have had any hand in your training. Come to breakfast, sir, and hold your tongue."

I obeyed, quite disposed to do justice to the creature-comforts so temptingly displayed on the snowy table-cloth; for Aunt Dorothy was an excellent caterer. She sat opposite to me, grimly trying to frown behind the coffee-pot, jerking the sugar and cream into my cup with no sparing hand, and heaping on my plate the choicest slices of ham. It was at such times that I liked to study her face, and get a full look into her handsome eyes. It was her eyes that gave such character to her face. I had always heard her called a very plain woman, and, with all my partiality, I could not contradict the general verdict; for I knew that the angles were too sharply defined in her tall figure, so far above the average feminine height that all lesser growths must have felt uncomfortably dwarfed in her vicinity. And admirers of symmetry and the soft lines of art were sure to find fault with her face. But I did not mind that. To me she was always an attraction and a study. I liked her vigorous originality. Even her eccentricities found favour in my eyes, for they had a style and pattern of their own. There was a fresh racy flavour about her speech and manner that refreshed me, because it was so unlike anything that I met with in other people.

I sat, silently sipping my coffee, apparently absorbed in the anatomy of the cold chicken at my elbow, but in reality watching Aunt Dorothy. Her curiosity was excited: I knew, by a certain twitching about the corners of her mouth, and a humorous twinkle in her eyes as she looked at me across the table. At last she got provoked at my continued silence, as I expected she would.

"Well, sir, what was that nonsense about an adventure? I should like to know what you had to do in my neighbour's garden."

"Well, Aunt Dorry, I am afraid you will never guess; so I had better make a clean breast of it at once. Pincher and I have been taking our "constitutional" this morning. All went well with us, until we were returning and had reached your gate, when—I am sorry to have to confess it of a dog of mine—he took a sudden fancy to invade the next garden, dashed through the hedge, and over the trim flower-borders, in a most unseemly fashion. Then I heard a shrill little scream, and discovered that it came from a fat old lady in strong-minded spectacles, and the ugliest cap that was ever made and worn since caps became an institution
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among ladies of a certain age. She must have been weeding before my dog’s unceremonious advent, for she started up suddenly in the middle of one of the walks, and stood shaking a garden-rake at Pincher, who took strong offence at her personal appearance; and made matters worse for himself and me by floundering down on a bed of daisies, and insanely barking in the face of the old lady and her rake. At that stage of the proceedings I was startled by the unexpected apparition of a middle-aged gentleman with red hair whom the old lady gesticulated with a string of hysterical interjections. He rushed from the house, with a formidable-looking stick, which highly incensed Pincher. I left him to his own resources; and in spite of his misdoings, I must say that the dog behaved bravely, and showed his pluck by adhering to the stranger’s shining.”

“Bless me!” interjected my aunt, “that must have been Mrs. Wilson’s lodger—Mr. Tingle. What was he like?”

“I can scarcely tell, aunt; but I think I could draw you a caricature of his face if I tried. If that was Mr. Tingle, I did not mind him, any more than Pincher did. Is he a friend of yours?”

She flashed a quick inquiring look at me, and answered my query by putting another: “Why do you ask, Harry?”

“Because I want to understand why Mr. Tingle’s manner changed so remarkably, when he found that I was staying here.”

I can scarcely tell whether it was the result of accident or design, but I know that I pointed my remark by a steady look at Aunt Dorothy. She seemed a little annoyed, and answered, quickly: “That was quite natural under the circumstances—Mr. Tingle is my neighbour and friend.”

I was verging on the impropriety of a whistle; but recollecting where I was, prudently checked it in time, and answered, with becoming gravity, “Ah! indeed, aunt; then I suppose I shall be meeting him here.”

“Very likely you may; for he is rather fond of making neighbourly calls.”

At that moment there was a loud ring at the doorbell. My aunt uttered an exclamation, and went to the window, curving her neck over the high stand of geraniums in her effort to gain a glimpse of the intruder. Who could it be? It was too late for the postman, and too early for visitors.

She was answered by a low knock at the door and the appearance of the old servant, Barbara—a prim little woman, with a small wrinkled face and grey hair, who might have been any age from forty-five to sixty. She was a devoted satellite of Aunt Dorothy’s; walked most religiously in her footsteps, and honestly believed her the most remarkable woman in the world. Simple old Barbara—or “Barb,” as her name was familiarly abridged! She had been the butt of my schoolboy jokes from the time that I can first remember myself a little fellow in short jackets and turn-down collars. She still wore the same big old-fashioned aprons, and curious white caps with the astonishingly minute crimps in the border, which were among my earliest reminiscences. I often found myself speculating on these articles of Barbara’s dress, and wondering if they ever wore out.

“Well, Barb, what is it?” questioned my aunt, sharply.

She replied by handing to her mistress a small lavender note which she carried between her finger and thumb as if she was afraid of it. “Mrs. Wilson’s maid brought it, ma’am.”

Aunt Dorothy turned over the note with a disparaging sniff, read it, then tossed it over to me, saying, “Read, Harry; it is from Mr. Tingle, and apologizes for his unintentional rudeness to you this morning. I should like you to answer this for me, and make some civil excuse about your dog. I don’t wish you to be inferior to him in courtesy.”

I promised to write the note just as she pleased to dictate; but I could not help feeling a little morose on the subject of Mr. Tingle; for I thought she seemed unusually anxious to propitiate him.

CHAP. II.

After that exchange of notes, Mr. Tingle honoured us with his neighbourly calls nearly every day; he seemed to have a conviction that his society was necessary to our enjoyment of life. I became amused at the variety of ingenious little pretexts which he found for dropping in upon us so frequently. One fact, was clear, that Mr. Tingle was trying to strike up a violent friendship for a respectable maiden-lady and her hopeful nephew—reasons at present only suspected.

I did not take kindly to him on our first meeting, and that unpleasant impression grew upon me. In spite of all his efforts to conciliate me, I did not like him; and I divided by instinct that he did not like me.

The summer was on the wane, and my visit at Aunt Dorothy’s was drawing to a close. I had been spending a few days with an old friend, one of my class-mates at college. It was evening when I returned, tired after my journey, and suffering from the mental depression that belongs to physical weariness.

It was a relief to find myself alone in Aunt Dorothy’s parlour; the little room looked so refreshingly cool and quiet in the deepening twilight; the white curtains looped back from the open window, which let in a delicious waft of fragrance from the sleeping flowers. I wheeled out my chair, lighted one of the choice cigars which I had brought with me from town, and, with my head softly pillowed on the crimson morocco, soon lost myself in a blissful sense of rest. I was weaving gossamer threads of fancy, as I placidly watched the slender, curling wreaths of smoke from my cigar, when the appearance of Barbara cut the thread of my
thoughts, and brought me abruptly out of my dream land.

"It is nearly dark, Mr. Harry: won't you have the lamp in?"

"Not just now, thank you, Barb; I like sitting in the twilight. How soon will my aunt be back?"

I expect her every minute, sir; she only went down to the village to see Mrs. Smith's sick child. Will you let me close the window? La! now, here's missis just turning in the gate, and, as I am standing here, there's that everlasting Mr. Tingle coming with her: I can't tell what to make of that man."

Mr. Tingle had never been in Barbara's favour. She went on grumbling to herself—"I wonder he doesn't want to come and live here altogether."

"Perhaps he does, Barbara."

It was a random answer, for I had certainly no intention of discussing Mr. Tingle with my aunt's servant. I was startled by its effect upon her. She came close up to my chair, her eyes opened wide, and her homely face was full of unwonted earnestness.

"What! then, you have seen it as well as me, Mr. Harry? To think of such as him daring to make up to the like of Miss Dorothy! Can't you stop him, sir?"

"I could kick him over the hedge into his landlady's garden. But, hush! Barbara; they are at the door. You must bring the lamp now!"

She lingered, though the door bell was still quivering under Aunt Dorothy's vigorous ring.

"Mr. Harry" (she said, excitedly, twitching her apron), "I can't bear to hear people laying their tongues together about my missis; I've had a quarrel with Mrs. Wilson's servant, and I know what that chit had the impudence to say about their first-floor lodger, and——" Here another sharp peal from the bell resounded through the house, and brought Barbara's sentence to an untimely end. She hurried out, much disturbed in manner, and very red about the face. I wonder how she managed to escape a cross examination from Aunt Dorothy?

"You surely did not mistake my meaning, dear madam?"

It was Mr. Tingle's voice. I recognized the thin, reedy treble before I gained a view of the speaker. I should remark that I disliked his voice quite as much as I did his pale, watery blue eyes. He and Aunt Dorothy were walking slowly down one of the shaded garden-walks, the morning following my twilight talk with Barbara. A sudden turn brought them upon me, before they were aware of my vicinity. He seemed to be talking earnestly. I might have heard more had it not been for my dog Pincher, who could not control his feelings on the occasion. He regarded Mr. Tingle as a personal enemy, and had always an unfortunate propensity for executing a sort of war-dance round his legs.

"Harry," called out my aunt, in her sharp, ringing voice, "why don't you teach your dog better manners?"

I fancied that I could detect a lurking touch of sarcastic humour in her tone.

"Pray don't mind it, Miss Dorothy," said Mr. Tingle, trying to wrangle his legs out of Pincher's reach; "Mr. Harry's dog is a little too lively, but I don't mind it; for I—I am rather fond of dogs."

How clearly I read all the pitiful meanness and insincerity of the man's nature! If it had not been for the presence of Aunt Dorothy, I believe I should have given him the lie to his teeth; for I knew that he was mentally cursing Pincher at that moment, and would have felt no scruple in giving him a pill that would have silenced him for ever. He would have pressed my fingers in his cold, damp palm; but I adroitly saved myself from the dreaded infliction, and muttering an excuse, coined for the occasion, whispered to pincher, and made a hasty retreat.

What meant this growing intimacy with Mr. Tingle? Was it true that my good Aunt Dorothy had a weakness, and that he had discovered it?

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**CHAP. III.**

It was the last week of my visit, and I was anticipating my departure with conflicting feelings of relief and regret. It might be that I had enjoyed that visit less than others, for an indefinable restraint seemed to have arisen between Aunt Dorothy and me. Mr. Tingle still continued his neighbourly attentions, and they were not discouraged. There was a change in Aunt Dorothy: it extended even to her dress. What strange spell was working over her? I struggled against it, but I felt that something was sapping the foundation of my reverence and respect for her. How and where would it end?

We were sitting up late, as we usually did, for Aunt Dorothy liked a quiet chat after supper. But that night we talked very little. She sat stiff and still in her easy chair, knitting something in soft white wool, which I suspected would eventually find a place in my travelling-bag. I watched her face, on which the gleam of the lamp fell strongly, revealing all its deep lines. It struck me that she was looking older, greyer, and sterner than I ever remembered to have seen her. I wondered if Mr. Tingle had gathered courage to whisper soft things to her, and by what strange spell he could have induced her to listen.

It was a wet night, the splash of the rain against the windows chimed in with the ticking of the timepiece and the steady click of the knitting-needles. It was a dreary concert of sounds, and the monotony irritated me.

I was wicked enough to fancy that I should like to see the glass of the lamp shiver into fragments at Aunt Dorothy's feet, by way of creating diversion, and breaking our freezing silence. At last,
without any warning of her intention, she suddenly laid aside her knitting, and, looking me full in the face, in her usual way of plunging direct into a subject, disconcerted me by the point-blank query, ‘Harry, do you like Mr. Tingle better than on your first acquaintance?’

‘No, aunt; if anything, I dislike him more.’

‘And pray what is your objection to him?’

‘It would puzzle me to tell, for it is the sort of thing that one can feel better than put into words.’

‘Do you, then, dislike him so much?’

‘Yes; I almost hate him—forgive me, aunt, I am forgetting that, he is your friend.’ I laid unconscious emphasis on the two last words. She gave me a curious investigating look, and said, ‘I have a communication to make about Mr. Tingle; can you guess what?’

‘Yes, I suppose it is an offer of marriage from him.’

The words burst from me in a breath, when they were beyond recall. I was dismayed at my own temerity, and felt like one who has recklessly thrown a missile from his hand, without calculating the possible result. If it had not been for a vivid spot of colour in her cheeks, I should have said that Aunt Dorothy was perfectly unmoved; her manner was so quiet, as she replied, ‘You have guessed it, nephew. I hate beating round the bush, so I will tell you at once Mr. Tingle has made a proposal.’

‘To you, aunt?’ I asked demurely, dropping my eyes on the hearth-rug.

‘Yes, to me! Do you find it so outrageous a thing that you cannot believe it, you saucy boy?’

‘Well, aunt, I confess that it does seem hard to realize of you!’

‘And why of me more than any other, sir?’

I blurted out my answer without consideration: ‘Because I think it too late in the day, Aunt Dorry—that is, I mean you are too old.’

‘Thank you, Mr. Harry; that is your opinion. Mr. Tingle talks in a very different strain.’

‘And do you believe him, aunt?’

‘Pray why should I doubt a gentleman’s sincerity?’

‘Well, I am not sure that Mr. Tingle is a gentleman.’

I watched to see if I was making her angry; but her face betrayed no change. Her manner mystified me. Could it be possible that she had really taken a fancy to Mrs. Wilson’s boarder? Had she discovered some latent weakness that he could work upon with success, and cast over her eyes that blinding film of vanity? My good, sensible Aunt Dorothy! I was inclined to distrust her identity that night; and I hated Mr. Tingle as the cause—hailed him in a strong thorough, whole-hearted English way. He had invaded her happiness, and was creeping between me and the one dear friend that I owned in the wide world. That was the wrong I had scored against him.

Aunt Dorothy and I had exchanged a civil, but constrained good-night, and I had secured my chamber candle from Barbara. My next proceeding should have been to go to bed; but I lingered at the door, looking, as I felt, irresistibly and uncomfortable. I was glad to be called back.

‘Harry, I want you: come in, and close the door.’

It was my aunt’s voice, speaking in the old familiar tone that I knew and loved. She had risen from her seat, and was standing by her easy chair, one hand lightly resting on the cushion, and her face and figure catching soft, warm touches of light from the shaded lamp near her. She looked a striking picture, such as we may chance to meet among the family portraits in noble old mansions. Her presence seemed to fill the trim little room. If she had really dressed for effect that night, she could not have chosen better than the becoming black satin that gathered to her figure in rich sleek folds, and the cap with its handsome antique lace, in which her face was framed like a picture—the strong, decided face, with its brow of command and its mouth of will. When I turned back I was struck with a change in her. The firm-set lips were relaxed, and the eyes had that un wonted light of tenderness that acted on her face like a strange charm—perhaps because it came there so seldom. She looked at me, and held out her hand with a peculiar smile.

‘Harry, I don’t think that we have quite understood each other: come, answer me one question. In the event of my accepting Mr. Tingle’s offer, are you afraid that your interests will suffer—that I shall change my intentions towards you in the matter of my will?’

I felt the blood rush to my face, and I plucked my hand from hers almost fiercely.

‘Aunt Dorothy, how can you so misjudge me? I never thought of your money, for I did not care enough about it. Let me earn my own—’

She interrupted with a gesture of disgust.

‘No more of that, sir: I never listen to twaddle if I can help it. Seriously, then, you are willing that I should accept Mr. Tingle’s offer?’

‘Aunt Dorothy, you are jesting with me!’

‘Perhaps I am; but you deserve it for daring to impute such folly to me. You should be left to your own wilful blindness, but it would force me to make myself ridiculous in my own eyes as well as yours; and I am too old to think of wearing the cap and bells, even for the laudable object of trying to put wisdom into an obtuse young head. Harry, I have often told you that you were an idiot!’

At last I had caught her real meaning—she had been acting a part with Mr. Tingle! In that one instant the truth flashed upon me.

‘I have been an idiot, aunt; you don’t mean to marry that fellow any more than I do!’

‘Marry him!’ (I could not translate the expression given to those two words, nor the look of her handsome grey eyes, as she threw back
her head)—"Marry him!" She dwelt upon the words, and repeated them to herself in a sharp, quivering under-tone. "My boy, you have unwittingly struck a chord that should have long since ceased to vibrate to any touch. It proves that there is still some green sap left in a withered branch. Mine is not the only life that has been made the grave of a dead love. I have worn a sorrow in my heart for years, of which you have known nothing, and but for this nonsense about Mr. Tingle I should never have lifted the veil even for you."

As she spoke she turned to the sideboard, hastily unlocked a small ebony writing-desk that stood there, and took from it an old-fashioned clasped pocket-book, which she opened with a shaking hand, and drew out a little morocco case. It enclosed a miniature portrait of a young man about twenty-four or five—one of those faces that win upon us at a glance—a fresh, handsome, English face, full of warm, healthy life, with smiling lips, and bright blue eyes, that once smiled and gleamed in their own light. I felt an inclination to study it by line; but Aunt Dorothy only gave me time for a passing glance, before she drew it away and replaced it in the case.

"Do you like the face?" she breathed in a whisper, as she turned the key in her desk.

"Yes, aunt: will you tell me what he was to you?"

She came and stood beside me. I remember now that she took my hand in hers, and pressed it as she spoke.

"Harry, after to-night we must not talk of these things; they belong to the past, and we must leave them there. It is but little of my history that I can put into words. I have lived and suffered, but I cannot talk about it. Only this I can tell, that I was not always the solitary, cynical old woman that you know now." I saw her face work, and felt her hand tremble as she went on: "You ask what he was to me; I answer, all that one mortal can be to another. His name was Charles Graham; he was one of my father's clerks—one of the hardest-worked and least valued among them; for he had neither money nor friends to push him on, and my father was a hard taskmaster, and sorely used the good to those under his rule. We met by chance—loved because we could not help it, and engaged ourselves to each other for the same reason. We kept our faith in spite of every obstacle. My father's anger against me was terrible, but he had to fight with a spirit and will strong as his own. I would not give Charles up for any opposition. Perseveration could not separate us, but treachery did." Here she dropped my hand: there was deeper sadness in her face and more sternness in her voice as she continued: "It was all my father's doing: he sent Charles abroad to seek his fortune, giving him four years; at the end of that time, if he was successful and had made money, he was to return and marry me. He went, and I waited at home; but before the time of his exile had passed I was made a heiress in my own right, through the eccentric will of a rich old uncle, who had left me all his wealth. It came too late for me. The news had come that Charles was married to another. He returned, but I would not see him, nor read his letters. We met once in a gay crowd, and parted, for I passed him by as a stranger. The week following he went abroad again; and my next tidings was that he had died on his passage out. Then the truth was revealed. He had been deceived. There had been forged letters, and I learned who was their author. Charles had heard that I was false; yet to me he had kept loyal and true to the end—and my harshness had helped to kill him! That was my father's work. He would have undone it if he could—for it was the bitterest thing that he recalled on his deathbed. I stood by him there; and though I was his own daughter, and I knew him to be dying, I found it hard to forgive him my blighted life. Since then I have walked alone, and gone on hardening from year to year. That is all I have to tell, Harry; for the romance of my life ended there. Come, now, wish me good-night, and leave me to myself."

She spoke with impatience, like one in pain. I accepted my dismissal, and silently giving her my accustomed kiss, stole quietly to bed. From that night I was easy about Mr. Tingle, for I knew that he could never succeed while that face in the miniature kept its shrine in her memory.

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CHAP. IV.

Next morning, at breakfast, Aunt Dorothy received another of the small lavender notes with which I had been so often exasperated; of course it came from Mr. Tingle, but it gave me no uneasiness. The little scene of last night was still fresh in my thoughts, and the touching love story of the past dwelt upon my mind like the familiar burden of some sweet, sad song. I could no longer distrust her: it would have been treason not to suppose her perfectly secure with Mr. Tingle, or any other elderly gentleman, who might have sinister designs on that snug little home and the income that supported it. But we had not yet finished with Mrs. Wilson's boarder.

"I share all your dislike and distrust of the man, Harry," said my aunt, gravely; "but I acted a part to torment and try you. In the same spirit I have resolved to punish him, and, if possible, teach him a useful lesson. If you like I will reveal my plot, and make you a partner in the offence."

I agreed, without hesitation. It was the sort of thing that was sure to find favour in my eyes. I almost felt reconciled to Mr. Tingle, for procuring me such a desirable bit of excitement.

This was our plot: Mr. Tingle was coming that evening to receive his final answer from Aunt Dorothy. At a convenient moment, when the curtains were drawn and the lamp lighted,
Aunt Dorothy's Last Offer.

my aunt would ask me to show Mr. Tingle the new book of engravings (said book hidden for the occasion, and not to be producible). I was to leave the room for the purpose of finding it, and not to be in haste to return. In the meantime the suitor would seize his opportunity, and I should improve the occasion by slipping into the garden, and quietly making my way back to the room through the low French window, to be left unfastened for the purpose. The curtains would afford a friendly screen, behind which I could be a witness of Mr. Tingle's wooing, unseen and unsuspected, except by Aunt Dorothy. I waited for that evening with the impatient anticipation of a schoolboy on the eve of a promised treat. It came at last, and with it the expected visitor. He beamed upon us resplendent in a toilet evidently got up for the occasion, and chieffly remarkable for a gorgeous display of necktie and an enviable whiteness of shirt collar. I mentally congratulated him on the possession of a good laundress. A little plebeian man, with a thin stubble of red hair, broadly streaked with gray; small, shining, restless eyes, that reminded me of glass beads worked by mechanism, and a sleek, fat face, with a perpetual oily smile. I could never look at Mr. Tingle without finding some analogy to a smooth, well-fed cat.

He smirked upon gruff, solid-faced Barbara as she ushered him in, and even affected friendly advances to my dog Pincher; but that most unamiable of terriers snapped at the sentiment, and insisted on sniffing round the gentleman's legs in his usual unpleasant manner. Mr. Tingle made no remonstrances, but blandly worked his way round to the easy chair that was placed for him, wherein he deposited himself, rubbing his flabby white hands together, as if he was washing them—a habit of his that I particularly disliked—and looking over the table at Aunt Dorothy, in a way that made me feel inclined to knock him down. I scarcely know how we got through the evening, but I remember that it was a great relief when the lamp was lighted, and my aunt turned to me and asked, in a loud whisper, "If I would please to hand Mr. Tingle the book of engravings." Our little scheme worked well. I made a noisy search for the missing book, then suddenly recollected that I had seen it on a table in another room.

"Wait a few minutes, aunt; I think I know where I can lay my hand on it." And with that I made my exit, leaving the field clear for unconscious Mr. Tingle. The rest was easily managed. The French window admitted me without noise, and the ample curtains effectually hid me from observation. But brief as my absence had been, it had given Mr. Tingle time to take the tender initiative. When I looked in from my hiding-place I saw that he had edged his chair nearer Aunt Dorothy's, and he was saying in the oiliest tone of his oily voice, "My dear madam, now that we are alone will you say the little word that is to put me out of suspense. It is needful to make the most of the few precious minutes before your nephew returns. I have reason to know that young man has an unfortunate prejudice against me. I must try to overcome it by—by affection. Only tell me, dear madam, will you accept my offer, and say the word for which I have been so anxiously waiting?"

I was inexpressibly bewildered when I heard Aunt Dorothy's answer:

"And if the word is yes, Mr. Tingle?"

"It will make me the happiest man in the world."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

Here followed a rhapsody of protestations from the middle-aged lover. I listened with an involuntary twitching of my hands; how it would have rejoiced me to fling something at his head! I was more mystified when my aunt spoke again.

"There is one objection, Mr. Tingle: we know so little about you. I may say that your character has been taken upon trust in this neighbourhood. I should require to know something of your real history."

"I fancy that his voice changed as he said—"Yes, certainly, my dear madam, that is quite natural; and, when the proper time comes, all shall be explained to your satisfaction."

I waited breathlessly to hear what would be said next.

"Very good, sir; but there is yet one point more to touch upon, before we go further—my nephew."

"Ah! your nephew!" he interjected, softly.

"A highly promising young man. Any relative of yours would be dear to me, but I like him for his own sake."

"It is a lie. I could not help grinding the words between my teeth, and almost betraying myself.

"You gratify me, Mr. Tingle; as my nephew is such a favourite of yours, it will please you to know that I have made him independent of any step that I may take on my own account."

"Excuse me, dear madam; I am not quite clear about your meaning."

She replied, quietly—"My meaning is, that I have settled all my money upon Harry. Your feelings towards me not being of a mercenary nature, you will be glad to hear that I can be content to share your fortune and be taken for myself alone."

It was ludicrous to watch the effect of this announcement upon the poor suitor: his chair seemed to give a spasmodic jerk backwards.

"Bless me, madam! this must be some little joke that you are playing upon me; you cannot mean that you have settled all your money away from yourself?"

"Yes, every shilling. No one will accuse you of marrying me for money."

I saw him rise from his chair, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"I am afraid that you have made a great mistake, madam; but a person of your age should—"

She interrupted him, her tone of surprise admirably assumed.
"Fie! Mr. Tingle, to remind a lady of her age, and speak of her as a person! Your polite attentions have not prepared me for this."

"I can't help it; you force it upon me; for no man in his senses could be blind to the fact that you had made a very silly and unnecessary sacrifice; and for what? An idle, spendthrift young fellow, who will run through the cash, without caring a rush where it comes from! I know human nature."

"But my nephew may prove an exception; for you said just now that he was a highly promising young man."

That was struck in with merciless sarcasm. No wonder that he pushed his hand excitedly through his thin stubble of hair, and that his little eyes were getting an inflamed look about the lid. I did not catch the first part of his answer, for it was something hissed between his teeth.

"Well, madam, it is your own choice, and you are at liberty to please yourself; but you must know that, under present circumstances, it will make a change in our—that is my position will not allow me to—"

She finished the sentence for him—

"Not allow you to marry a person of my age without money. Thank you, Mr. Tingle. Our little face ends here. You have been obliging enough to drop your mask, I will do the same. Know, then, that you have never deceived me; from the first I knew you to be what you are—a mean adventurer, seeking to profit by what vanity and weakness he might chance to find in connection with a good balance at the bankers. I had a whim to put you to the test, and I have done it at the cost of some humiliation to myself, for which I am scarcely repaid, even by the satisfaction of proving that, here at least, you have not found an old woman weak and vain enough to believe in you."

I shall never forget Mr. Tingle's face at that moment of his discomfiture. Pincher and I were both avenged.

"Confound it! I see that you have been making a fool of me; but I shall not go without my revenge. The neighbours have noticed my visits: you will be compromised in their eyes."

She flashed at him one withering glance of scorn, and gave the bell a sharp pull. It was answered almost immediately.

"Barbara, will you please to hand Mr. Tingle his hat?"

At this juncture I was on the verge of an explosion, and had great difficulty in restraining my feelings. I could not resist the temptation of adding a drop to Mr. Tingle's cup of mortification. As he made his ignominious retreat from the garden I met him, and stood in his path like an accusing Nemesis.

"Good evening, Mr. Tingle; you will not want to see the book of engravings now."

He guessed that I knew all, but he took courage when he saw that the dog was not with me. No wonder that he scowled upon me so darkly. Was it not through me that he had lost Aunt Dorothy and her money?

"So I am an idle spendthrift, am I, Mr. Tingle?"

He gave me a vindictive glare.

"Let me pass, sir! I don't intend to talk to you, a listener and a spy, that's what you are; and you may tell that old woman."

"I can tell nothing that she does not know already—that you are a sneak and a coward. I would fight you if we stood on more equal ground; as it is, I give you this for the "old woman." And I inserted my fingers in his necktie and shook him until his face betrayed apoplectic symptoms, and he gurgled out some words of apology; then I flung him from me, and let him go, with the feeling that I had done no more than my duty.

"Well done, Aunt Dorry; that was capitally managed, and the scene of the exit was the best bis of all!" This was my exclamation when we were again alone. "You do put your suitors through an ordeal, aunt. I could wager something this will be your last offer."

She gave a quiet, answering smile.

"Perhaps you do not know, Harry, that I wanted to teach you a lesson as well as Mr. Tingle. There was a little tendency to jealousy in you that I did not like, and I was grieved to find that you could doubt me so readily."

I made my peace with a kiss, and from that night the subject was dropped between us.

Next day my aunt collected the various little presents which Mr. Tingle had forced upon her during their acquaintance, packed them in a neat parcel, and despatched them to him by Barbara. The lavender notes were ruthlessly consigned to the fire.

Our next news of Mrs. Wilson's boarder was that he had taken flight, none knew whither, leaving his landlord's bill unpaid. A large tin trunk remained as security; but we heard that it failed to mitigate Mrs. Wilson's affliction, being found, on examination, to contain only wastepaper. But this was not all: a fertile crop of debts sprung up in his track, and enraged tradesmen were continually besetting Mrs. Wilson with inquiries about her runaway lodger. It was supposed that he had been rashly speculating on his chances of success with the rich old maid.

* * *

Years have passed, and many changes have come to me, with wrinkles and grey hairs. Among the rest, dear Aunt Dorothy is sleeping under the willows in the churchyard, where I played as a boy. She went very quietly to her rest, when her work was done, and the Master's voice called. A good, useful life, that closed like a grand, calm sunset, leaving lingering touches of brightness to bless the place from which it had passed. We all cherish her memory, and her name has become a household word in my home. It was to please my good little wife that I sat down last night, and told on paper all that I could remember concerning My Aunt Dorothy's Last Offer.
MONTE CERVIN.

(A Mountain's Soliloquy.)

I.

Lonely and grim, like a giant spire,
Or an altar unhewn, for a heavenly fire.
Bristled with glaciers, based upon rock,
A pyramid, proof to an earthquake's shock:
The snow-wreaths hang on each spectral ledge,
And icicles drip from their awful edge,
And round me moves no living thing,
Save, now and again, a lonesome wing—
The lonesome wing of the Alpine crow,
As his dark plume shines on the spotless snow.

What tower of strength, what column's height,
Can vie with me in my rocky might?
One by one, far and near,
The feet of the restless mountaineer
Conquers each snow-mantled crest,
Each pinnacle sharp where that snow cannot rest;
But hearts will tremble, and feet will fail—
One haughty peak they cannot scale.
So, when the leaguers have stormed the walls,
One by one each proud tower falls:
But the castle-keep, like a true heart's will,
Stubborn and strong, defies them still.
Thus Alps around me, far and near,
Yield to the restless mountaineer;
But proudly rises my stronghold steep,
Unconquered still stands the Alpine keep!

And he who returns from the mountain-side,
Half-belated, at eve-tide,
As the pale moon shines with a ghost-like beam,
And lightens the hills with a whitish gleam;
If he hurries, perchance, through the darkening wood,
Where the larch and the pine for years have stood,
A barrier frail for the hamlets behind.
Gainst the cataract rush of the avalanche snow;
He will backward turn a spell-bound eye,
At a spectral giant that towers on high;
While he gazes once more, with a half-owned dread,
At the summit lone where no foot may tread.

II.

Who are these, lying so still on the snows,
Mangled sore, as by cruel blows?
Slipped they in scaling the rocky wall,
Backward dashed in an awful fall?

These are they who climbed the steep,
Planted their flag on the Alpine keep—
Victors stood on my haughty head,
Silent now, at my feet lie dead.
Bravely they won their victory,
Theirs is the honour, whatever it be.
Theirs, too, is blame, it were not more
Had the seven fallen in place of four
Not more the honour had none been lost,
Nor less the blame, though less the cost—

But theirs be the honour whatever it be,
Of a gallant climb for a victory.
Now from the village down there in the vale
Will men look up, and their cheeks will grow pale;
And as they gaze at the mighty keep,
That gaze will be with an awe more deep,
Than when they thought on my lonely head
No human foot might ever tread.
And though, like my brethren far and near,
I have yielded at length to the bold mountaineer,
Proudly and sadly I still shall rise
Through the shrouding clouds or the clear blue skies;
And though they have planted their flag on my head,
Men shall name me with honour and view me with dread.

And he who returns from the mountain's side
Half-belated at eventide,
Will upward turn an awe-struck eye
At a spectral giant that towers on high—
And as the pale moon with her rising beam
Lights these mighty hills with a ghost-like gleam,
If he hastens, perchance, through the glimmering wood,
Where the larch and the pine for years have stood,
A barrier frail for the hamlet below.
Gainst the cataract rush of the avalanche snow:
Then, once and again, as bound by a spell,
Will his eye seek the ridge whence the lost ones fell;
While a fancy weird brings wondrous near
The haunted ledge of the tract of fear,
Rock by rock, and cleft by cleft,
Where four were taken and three were left.
While Alps once more seem holding their breath,
Alps and skies with a silence of death—
Holding their breath, until he, too, seem
Spellbound there in a nightmare dream.

BIRTHDAYS. — "Keep the birthdays religiously;
they belong exclusively to, and are treasured among,
the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything
prevent some token, be it ever so small, that it be
treasured. For one day they are heroes. The special
pudding or cake is made for them; a new jacket or
trousers, with pockets, or the first pair of boots are
donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificanse
beside little Charlie, who is 'six to-day,' and
is 'going to be a man.' Mothers who have half-a-
dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birthdays—they come too often: but if they only knew
how much such souvenirs are cherished by their pet
Sisy or Harry, years afterwards, when away from the
heartsthone, and they have none to remind them that
they have added one more year to the perhaps weary
round of life, or to wish them in old-fashioned phrase,
'many happy returns' of their birthday, they would
never permit any cause to step between them and a
mother's privilege."
MIXED PICKLES.

(A Sea-side Story.)

CHAP. V.

Miss Magnus continued to go every day to sit for a few hours with Miss Deal. Hector every evening continued to fetch her home; pretending that there were so many tramps about that it was not safe for her to come alone. But he never forgot that Miss Deal had no garden, and always took some of Tomkims' best roses for her. One evening, a few days after Mr. Thorn had gone to Cockleby, he met Mr. Pickles.

"I've just been in to see the Major," said Pickles; "he's getting on admirably: the doctor says he's soon be able to come down stairs. I've persuaded Miss Deal to come out this evening for a drive."

"Indeed," said Hector; "I'm very glad; she must be moped to death in that old house all day. I should fancy the Major grows.

"He's very patient, considering," said Pickles.

"But let me read you a bit of a letter I got from Thorn this morning."

"My Dear Sir,—I dare say you will be rather surprised to know that I am your cousin, and I should not have told you, only I have found my ———, who I thought was drowned. I hope they are all well at Worsley House. I think she did not look very well when I went away. I am, my dear sir, &c."

"Did you ever hear such a letter in your life?" said Pickles; "I've no relations of the name of Thorn."

"I believe Mr. Thorn once told us that his name was Pickles, but he changed it to Thorn, as he did not like it. Richard was at school with him," said Hector.

"Well, he should have told me that; I shall be very glad of some relations, as I didn't know I had any; then, what is it that he has found? is it his dog?"

"No, no: it's his brother, at least so he told Miss Magnus."

"Well, and then he says, he thinks Worsley House doesn't look very well; does he think it wants painting?"

"You must ask him that himself," said Hector, laughing.

When Mr. Pickles got home he wrote a letter to Thorn, asking him to come with his brother, and spend a few days with him.

When Mr. Thorn received this letter, he thought it would be the best to accept the invitation. He went to Arthur, who was by the window with Murray's Grammar in his hand, trying to swallow down the verb "to be."

"Well, Arthur; do you know it?" asked Thorn.

"Yes, sir, Bill, I mean William." "That's right; here's an invitation for us from your cousin, to stay a few days with him."

"It's very civil of him; I'll go."

Mr. Pickles had asked a few friends to dinner to meet his relations. About half-an-hour before they could possibly arrive, he was walking up and down the terrace, without his hat, with his watch in his hands. "I wonder," thought he, as he knocked off the heads of the flowers with his stick, "whether this fellow is younger than Thorn; what can he have been doing all this time? perhaps travelling on the Continent. A quarter to six, and the train isn't due until five minutes past! I wonder what Moor is doing; he ought to have been here ages since."

Mr. Moor had gone out to fish, and had not yet returned. He was going back the next day to Captain Moor, who lived in Surrey.

At last the time was up, and the train with it. Almost at the same moment Mr. Moor returned, having had very good success; he held up a single fish, when he saw Mr. Pickles—

"Well, never mind the fish, my dear fellow," said Pickles, in a great hurry; "the train's up, and you're not dressed yet. I expect them every minute."

About ten minutes afterwards, Mr. Pickles' dog-cart drove up, and in it William and Arthur Pickles.

"Now, Arthur," whispered Thorn, "remember when I look at my hands, you're to say No; and when I look at the ceiling, Yes."

"Well, how do you do, my dear cousins?" said Pickles, with a strong emphasis on cousins.

"Is this Arthur? Come into the house."

On their way up-stairs they met Mr. Moor.

"Arthur," said Pickles, "this is my friend Moor."

Arthur made a curious movement with his head, which he intended for a bow. However, he made very few mistakes, considering, until dinner time, when he pronounced the champagne to be the best "pop" he had ever tasted, and shouted out to the "waiters" to give him some more.

Sir Peter, who was one of the guests that Mr. Pickles had invited, asked him with a quiet smile, "if he were fond of pop?"

"Not particularly," said Arthur; "but that there is good, and no mistake."

"I'm glad you think so," said Pickles; "do you like claret? Thorn, old fellow, what are you looking at? Do you see a cobweb in that corner?"
"Yes," said Arthur, who seeing his brother
look at the ceiling thought he must be right.
After dinner, Sir Peter asked Arthur "if he
ever sung to?"
"Oh! yes," said Arthur, clearing his throat.
"I will sing you a song of my own making, if
you like?"
"Do," said Sir Peter. "What do you call
it?"
"It hasn't a name," replied Arthur. "I
call it nothing." I made it for
the landlord of the Green Umbrella, Tom
Pippet; he had some pop in hand that he
wanted to sell; so we put our heads together
and made some verses, and Tom put them into
the newspaper," continued Arthur with a very
broad grin.
Mr. Thorn coughed and looked on the floor;
and Mr. Pickles thought that Arthur must be a
poet to be on such intimate terms with the
landlord of the Green Umbrella.
"Well, sir; we're all waiting," said Sir
Peter.
And Arthur began in a very gruff voice:

"Oh! I like a good drop
Of the very best pop,
Which you only can buy of Tom Pippet;
The flavour's delicious,
The name unsuspecting,
So take a good drink, and don't spit it.

Sir Peter and Moor roared with laughter.
Mr. Pickles looked daggers at Thorn; who
talked to the window, with a face as red as a
lobster, while his brother sat grinning and
squinting with great satisfaction.

"Shall I sing you another verse?" said he.
"Do, my good fellow," said Sir Peter; "a
poet like you is not met with every day."
"What are you going to do?" said Thorn
angrily. "If you can't sing anything better
than that, you'd better sing nothing at all."
"Tom Pippet---" began Arthur.
"Don't talk about Tom Pippet," said Thorn.
"I'd no idea he would behave like this," said
he to Mr. Pickles, who had also come to the
window.

"It's your own fault for bringing him. You
should have told me what he was."
"I suppose by that," thought Thorn, "he
means, he wouldn't have asked him if he had
known. After all, it was rather thoughtless
of me to introduce a tobacconist's apprentice
among his friends as his cousin."

"Pickles?" said he aside.
"Well!" said Mr. Pickles.
"Of course, after the way my brother has
chosen to behave himself, I couldn't think of
staying here. We shall go away to-morrow."
"No, no," said Pickles.
"Yes, I would rather; thank you. I must
get a tutor for him."

Miss Magnus had never had her likeness
taken; but she had at last been persuaded, and
the day after Mr. Thorn returned to Worsely
being very fine, she set off to the photographers.
Hector went with her.
"I think you ought to have a flower in your
hand," said he.
Miss Magnus quite agreed with him; and
Hector gathered a large sweet-william and gave
it to her.
Miss Magnus wished to be taken without her
shawl, but when she took it off she found she
had forgotten to put on a collar.
"Dear! how tiresome!" said she.
"You'd look a very deal nicer with your
shawl on, marm," said the photographer, who
was rather in a hurry.
Miss Magnus put it on again. The first time
she was taken was an entire failure; for, when
she had stood about a quarter of a minute, Mr.
Thorn and his brother came in; and she was
so startled that she turned her head, and dropped
the sweet-william.

Mr. Thorn seized it, and put it in his button-
hole. He then introduced his brother, whom
he had brought to have his likeness taken.
In the next attempt, Miss Magnus was
decidedly grinning; but, as both Mr. Thorn and
his brother admired it very much, she said "it
would do."

That evening Mr. Thorn went to Worsely
House, to say good-bye. "He was obliged to
"go away on business," he said.

Mrs. Merton wished him to stay tea; but he
had left his brother to pack up, and was obliged
to go back to see that he did it properly.

That evening, as Magenta and Solferino
were passing the summer-house, they saw Mr.
Thorn and Miss Magnus talking together:
Miss Magnus was holding a locket in her
hand.

"Aunt Mag," said Sulfa; "did Mr. Thorn
give you that?"
Miss Magnus looked as if she did not know
what to say.

"I'll tell you what, Trecacle," said Sulfa, as
they went into the house: "I believe Mr.
Thorn is going to marry Aunt Mag, and then
we shall have an Uncle Thorn; won't it be
queer?"

Next morning, Mr. Thorn and his brother
left Worsely.

Trecacle and Brimstone became more and more
mischievous every day. They sowed poppy
seed amongst the turnips; they were once lost
for a whole day, and brought home in the
evening by a policeman; they thought it would
be great fun to be beggars, and had gone to
Mrs. Lester's house begging for a halfpenny.
So much mischief did they do, that at last Mr.
Merton said, "he should be obliged to take
Sulfa to school that year; and it was decided
that he should go on the first of August."
It was breakfast-time, and Mr. Merton was reading aloud a letter from Sula. He didn't like the master, he said, and he didn't think the master liked him either, for he had caned him every day that week! The letter was not entirely without mistakes; and he signed himself, "Your affectionate Bother Brimstone!"

"I wish he could come for the pic-nic," said Mrs. Merton; "but I suppose that is quite out of the question."

"Of course," said Mr. Merton; "but who is this? I believe it's Thorn."

"Are you glad, Aunt Mag?" said Magenta.

Miss Magnus grew very red, and told Magenta not to talk with her mouth full.

"How d'you do, old fellow?" said Mr. Merton, opening the door himself for Thorn to come in. "You're just in time for breakfast. Where's your brother?"

"I haven't one," replied Thorn, pulling his chair to the table, and jerking Miss Magnus's arm so violently, that she nearly sent her fork into her cheek.

"Haven't got one!" repeated Mrs. Merton; "surely he hasn't had an accident?"

"Oh no. That fellow I picked up at Cockleby turned out an impostor; and after I had paid for a tutor for him, and introduced him to all my friends, he proved to be nothing but a rogue—no relation whatever!"

"You don't mean it," said Hector, laughing.

"What a joke!"

"No, I can assure you it was no joke to me; for he made such an ass of himself wherever he went—and of me, too, for that matter," continued Thorn, indignantly. "Then he told me quite coolly that he knew all the time that he was not my brother—as if he'd done something clever; and though I told him I had not heard such good news these twenty years, I felt rather sold."

"He never looked like a gentleman," said Mrs. Merton. "But what made you think that he was your brother?"

"That old witch Deborah Broom: but I shall go to her to-day, and ask her what she meant by playing me such a trick. How is the Major?"

"He's all right again," said Merton. "He's going with us to-day to Cockleby. We're going to have a pic-nic, or something of the sort; but Emily will tell you all about it."

"And I hope you'll come too," said Mrs. Merton.

"I'm exceedingly obliged to you," said Thorn; "I shall be very glad to go. I can call and see old Deborah on the way."

"There will be some boat-races," said Hector. "I hope it will be a fine day."

"You don't look any better for the change, Thorn," said Mr. Merton.

"It was something like living up in the moon," replied Thorn—"only worse I think. The woman made the pies in a flower-pot, at least it looked like one; and always forgot to put any sugar in them. As for meat, we never had anything better than fat bacon; and there was only a broken-down sofa, with three legs, to sit upon."

"What did you stay there for?" asked Mrs. Merton.

"We couldn't help ourselves. There wasn't another house in the neighbourhood that could take us in. Lobster—the tutor I got for that scamp who called himself my brother—told the woman one day that she was rather chary of her seats; and she fired up at him, and ended by saying that he was more like a crab-fish than a lobster. It really drives one melancholy to think of it!"

"I don't envy you," said Hector.

Magenta was going to the pic-nic. It was the first that she had ever been at, and she kept running in and out of the kitchen to see how the provisions were going on—much to the annoyance of Mrs. Worsel the cook.

The day was very fine, and about eleven o'clock they set off, all of them on donkeys—excepting Mrs. Merton, who drove a little pony-carryage, and took the provisions with her.

"Do you remember the last donkey-ride we had, Miss Magnus?" said Thorn.

"I shall not forget it in a hurry, I think," replied Miss Magnus, laughing.

Either the ride to Cockleby, or Miss Magnus, or both, were so pleasant, that Mr. Thorn quite forgot to call and see Deborah Broom.

"I shall lay the cloth here?" said Parsley: "it seems a nice level place."

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Merton; "only see that there are no crabs about."

The chicken-pie had a great hole in it, and about half-a-dozen strawberries had fallen in. It rather improves it than otherwise," said the Major. "Try it, Hector."

"No, thank you: if you like it, it, don't follow that I should. You know you are more accustomed to messes than I am."

"Very good, sir," said the Major, laughing. "I'll pay you off for that!"

The pier from which the boats were to start was about a mile distant.

"You'd better finish that bottle of champagne," said the Major, "or we shall not be in time for the race."

The cork was drawn, and the wine was soon finished. Leaving Parsley to gather the things together, and pack them into the pony-carryage, the whole party hastened to the pier. The boats were to start from the end of the pier, and they were to row to the distance of three miles. Of course the pier was crowded with people. Sir Peter Eyebright was to give the prizes. Mr. Merton took them all up to the top of the lighthouse. Sir Peter and his sister were there. Miss Eyebright was leaning over the side of the lighthouse, with an opera-glass in her hand.

"Do you see anything very interesting?" said Sir Peter.
"I see the sailors are getting the gun ready," said she. "They will fire in a minute."

"What's the good of firing at a linnet?" said Miss Magnus, looking down at the boats. Just at that moment the gun was fired, and the boats set off: there were three. One was soon decisively in advance of the others.

"What's the name of that first boat, Ma-thilda?" asked Sir Peter, screwing up his eyes.

"It looks like 'Prickles,'" replied his sister; "but I can't see distinctly; it's painted blue."

"It's losing!" shouted Magenta. "Look! that other boat's getting in advance!"

The men in the blue boat rowed away with all their might; but still the other was before it.

"Oh dear!" said Miss Eyebright; "I've lost the opera-glass in the sea! Shout out to some of the men down there to get it, will you, Peter?"

"Nonsense!" replied her brother: "d'you think they'd jump into the sea for it?"

The boats had now passed the point, and were coming back.

"The blue boat's first again!" said Magenta, and there is a little dog in it.

The blue boat was still in front, when the little dog which was in it leaped upon one of the cars, and was dashed into the sea.

"I believe the fellow's going to stop to get the dog in," said Hector. "If he does he'll lose the race!"

"You're right," said Thorn; "he's lifting the dog in; and he's the last now: even the green boat is before him!"

"Serves him right," said Sir Peter.

"But I'm sure he'll win, after all," said Magenta.

"I hope he will," said Thorn. "I don't know how it is, but I feel an interest in that fellow."

"So do I," said Miss Magnus.

"I feel more interest in the little dog," said Sir Peter. "I think I shall buy him."

"I hope you will," replied his sister; "for I'm sure we've enough puppies at our house, without any more!"

"Is that meant for a hint?" said the Major.

"It might pass for one," replied Hector, laughing.

"The blue's first again!" screamed Magenta.

The boats had now come right under the lighthouse. The blue boat won the race, and with a loud hurrah the first man took off his hat, and shouted, "Pickles forever!"

"I really do believe," exclaimed Thorn, "that it's my brother—I mean that tobacconist scamp!"

"Oh, I see," said Hector, and he called his boat 'Prickles' to remind him of Thorn: I see.

"Let me help you down these steps, Miss Magnus," said Thorn, as they began to descend the lighthouse. "Will you remind me to call at Deborah Broom's as we go back?"

Miss Magnus did remind him.

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Merton, as they stopped opposite the cottage.

Deborah was at home, but she was just tying on her bonnet, ready to start for Worsley. She looked rather astonished to see them, but pulling a little three-legged stool out of one corner of the room, she offered it to Mr. Merton.

"You can sit on the table, if you like, sir," she said to Thorn.

But Thorn declined the privilege. "You look surprised at seeing us here, Deborah," said he. "I came to ask you what you meant by playing me such a trick as to tell me that that scamp Arthur Pickles was my brother? I've had endless bother about it!"

"You don't mean to say that you thought he was your brother after you had seen him?" exclaimed Deborah, laughing. "I couldn't have believed that anyone would have been so green as all that!"

"It is not fair of you to call me green, Mrs. Broom," said Thorn; for, though he had found out how terribly silly he had been, he did not admire being told so by the person who had tricked him. "You told me that he was my brother," he continued.

"Never!" replied she. "I told you there was such a person as Arthur Pickles at Cockley—that was all."

"Well," said Thorn, "how was I to know what you meant? Of course I thought he was my brother. He told me all his relations were drowned—which wasn't true, for his sister found him out when we were at Dullsdale."

"I daresay he was flamin'gasted, and didn't know what he said," replied Deborah.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Merton, "you can give Mr. Thorn a clue to his real brother?"

"Oh yes," said Thorn, who had quite forgotten that that was the principal thing that he had come for.

"Deborah shook her head. "I only saw him once after the shipwreck," she said. "He was with a tall gentleman, whose name I don't know. But I tell you what, Mr. Thorn," she continued, "if you'll give me that hundred pounds you talked about I'll engage to fish him out myself."

"I don't see why I couldn't fish him out just as well," said Thorn. "There won't be more than three Arthur Pickles, I should think."

"He may not call himself Pickles at all," said Mr. Merton. Perhaps he has changed his name like you have."

"Then it will be almost impossible to find him," said Thorn. "I don't know what to do: I think I shall give it up."

"Well, well, leave it to me," said Deborah.

"Well," said Thorn, "I will; and now we must go, for we are keeping all the others waiting."

Of course nearly everybody in Worsley knew how Mr. Thorn had been taken in about his brother, and it had got to the ears of Mrs. Lester, who, thinking that two heads were better than one, offered her advice on the matter to Mr. Thorn. When he returned from the picnic, and had just taken up the newspaper, she
When the Tide goes out.

Throbless her bosom white;
Quenched her blue eyes soft light;
Pale her red lips so bright;
Hushed her sweet breath.

Gentle grace round her hung;
Beauty had o'er her flung
All that our poets sung
In their sweet strains.

But this all eyes could see;
While none could know, like me,
How her pure soul was free
From earthly stains.

Who says my grief is wild?
She was my only child!
Gentle, obedient, mild;
This my reply.

Darling, with loving eye,
Hover thy mother nigh;
Bright angel, ask on high
That I may die.

Gain me this second birth;
I have no tie on earth,
Joy of my widowed hearth,
Snatched from my breast.

Where the keen wind doth blow,
Under the cold white snow,
Ask that I too may go
With thee to rest.

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WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

BY MRS. BARRETT.

When the tide goes out from the sea-girt lands,
It bears strange freight from the gleaming sands.
The white-winged ships that silent wait
For a foaming wave, and a wind that's late;
The treasures cast on a rocky shore
From the stranded ships that sail no more,
And hopes that follow the shining seas—
Oft! the ocean wide shall win all these,
When the tide goes out.

But of all that drift from the shore to the sea,
Is the human soul to eternity!
Floating away from a silent shore,
Like a fated ship, to return no more.
Saddest, most solemn of all, a soul,
Pausing where unknown waters roll,
Where shall the sorging currents tend,
Slowly dividing friend from friend,
When the tide goes out.

For our parting spirit pray, oh pray,
While the tide of life is ebbing away,
That the soul may sail o'er summer seas
That clapsed of old the Hesperides—
A bark whose sails by angel hands
Shall be furled on a strand of golden sands,
And the friends that stand on a silent shore,
Knowing that we shall return no more,
Shall with us joy of a voyage so fair,
With calm, sweet skies, and a favouring air,
When the tide goes out.

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THE LONELY MOTHER.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

Sad is the watch I keep:
While all the household sleep
Lonely I sit and weep
'Neath the dark skies,

Where the keen wind doth blow,
Under the cold white snow,
Chilled her young heart's warm glow
My darling lies.

Bright was her hair, like gold;
Richly its ringlets rolled
Down her soft cheek, now cold
In icy death,

---

came to him. "Mr. Thorn," said she, "you won't be above a little advice?"
"Oh dear! no," replied Thorn, putting down the newspaper. "What's the matter now? Has the dog got the butter down his throat again?"
"No, sir, but I heard this morning about all the trouble you'd had about your brother, and I couldn't rest until I'd given you my advice; for you know, sir, a still tongue blows nobody any good."
"All the world has got to know about my brother!" thought Thorn, biting his lips. "Well, Mrs. Lester, what's your advice?" said he.
"Of course, sir," replied she, "as I am older than you, I've had more experience. Old birds are worth two in the bush—I don't think that's quite right, either," added she; "but you know the proverb, Mr. Thorn."
"Go on," replied he, impatiently.
"Well, sir, when I lost my beautiful cat, I advertised for it and got it back next day; and I think, sir, you might do the same way about your brother."
"That's not a bad idea," exclaimed Thorn: "I think I'll try it.
The next week this advertisement appeared in the Worsley, Merrydale, and Cockleby Chronicle—

"A gentleman of the name of Thorn having lost his brother about twenty years ago in a shipwreck, and hearing lately that his brother was not drowned, offers the reward of a hundred pounds to anyone who shall bring him certain intelligence that his brother is alive. His name is Arthur Pickles, but of course he may have changed it. Mr. Thorn will be at the Cockleby Hotel on Friday, August the 19th, and will be obliged if anyone knowing anything about his brother will meet him there."

Arthur Pickles saw this advertisement, and as he read it he thought he would have a little more fun out of Mr. Thorn. "If only I could conjure up another brother, it would be a lark," thought he; "but I'm afraid that is quite out of the question."

(To be continued.)
FANCIES ABOUT INFANTICIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The self-same questions that perplexed society in 1790—when good old Captain Coram took what he thought the means of solving them upon himself, and after seventeen years of unceasing effort, obtained the royal charter for the Foundling Hospital—vexes and perplexes it today. True, the streets are too full of passengers, the police too much on the alert, the gas shines too brightly, for humanity to be outraged by the sight of infants left as mercilessly as kittens, to be picked up or perish in the streets; but that far worse, most ruthless and unnatural of crimes, Infanticide, has grown to be one of shameful familiarity. Ask county coroners the statistics of this sin against nature and maternity. Let Dr. Lancaster show us in plain figures the number that occur in London alone, and if they do not startle us into immediate and strong efforts to remove this foul stain from our women, and nation, then our boasted civilization has no more vital roots than the flowers children set in sand to make a garden-show beside the sea.

The subject has other aspects than its social and moral ones. Psychologically it has claims to consideration, though I am not aware that this side of the question has hitherto been regarded. Thousands of these baby-slayers are abroad and unsuspected. They are in our houses, tending our children, dressing our lady, or, it may be, madam, your husband's dinner, with hands that show no sign of the foul work in which they have been engaged—no trace of the knife, or ligature, or hammer with which the consequence of their sin has been despatched, They marry and have children; but do their breasts give the milk that nurturing average humanity? Does not nature, outraged and polluted, suffer a change in them? Is she not corrupted by their misdeeds? One would be curious to know if the lacteal fount loses not some of its saccharine in themselves; and about the natures and dispositions they breed?

Does the vice recur, as amongst rodents and feline animals? or break out, like madness, idiocy, or scrofula, in future generations? Is there danger of propagating it? and what relation may it bear to the increase of other domestic crimes amongst us English Christians of the nineteenth century! the petty treasons of the home—wife, husband, and child murder—crimes that in simpler times were sufficiently revolting to be rare, and so enjoyed a horrible prominence over common murders, and a ghastlier and more dreadful mode of punishment?

Recently the growth of infanticide has occasioned the ventilation of the subject in the public papers, and its discussion in the late congress of the British Association, with, it is to be hoped, some practical results as to the mode of dealing with it. Looking simply on the criminal side of the question, one cannot help thinking that the impunity with which it is committed, the almost, or entire evasion of punishment, however clearly premeditated the crime may have been proved to be, is in itself an incentive to its increase. It is morbid humanity to accept the theory of temporary madness in cases of this kind, and credit the murderers with a refinement of feeling which she never knew; but eight out of ten of these merciless mothers have no other reason for the destruction of their offspring than to be quit of their support, and the hindrance which the unhappy babe proves to their own after-prospects.

Captain Coram knew this when he founded the hospital in Lamb's Conduit Fields, and hoped, in doing so, to destroy the temptation that beset these women. At the present day there is no asylum for such children, no retreat for their wretched mothers, in the hour of nature's trial, but the workhouse; and, once there (supposing this to be her first deviation from virtue), the further demoralization of herself, and, if a girl, the almost certain depravity of her child, are imminent. The reports of the Workhouse-Visiting Society are decisive upon these matters, as are those of our prisons and police-courts. The women's ward of a workhouse is as the porch of Pandemonium for girls; and the adult men's ward is no better school of morals for the boys. In short, our workhouses, as at present managed, are seminaries of vice—nay, rather, forcing-houses, whence every branch of its bad market is supplied at the earliest season. When therefore, Mr. Vivian, at the Congress of the British Association, suggested that boards of guardians should have a discretionary power to admit illegitimate children into workhouses without admitting their mothers with them, he overlooked the fact that in doing so he was countenancing another form of infanticide; for the loss of the mother's milk is (otherwise than in exceptional cases) death to the child. He overlooked also in the present mercy, the fact which we have stated above—that the children brought up in our workhouses are the principal material of our criminal classes. Yet as he suggested the making the cost of the child's maintenance recoverable, when practicable, from one or both of the parents, why not establish places separate from the workhouses, and wholly different in their internal economy and management, in which establishments (presuming that the theory of the benevolent author of "Thoughts and suggestions having reference to Infanticide") be correct, and that the crime, as a rule, "ori-
ginates with youthful mothers bearing children for the first time") they themselves may be influenced for good, and held back from the downward path they have hewn for themselves, and where their offspring may be trained as are the children in the (so-called) Foundling Hospital, so that of eighty boys and girls sent out as servants and apprentices, in the past year, but two have failed in the satisfactory performance of their duties.*

The cost would be higher than poor-law relief, which at present includes the infant with the mother, and gives her not a crumb of bread more for its sake unless she gives up every effort at self-support, and goes into the house with it. Mr. Vivian suggests that it shall be the duty of relieving officers to assist in obtaining orders of affiliation, and, in all cases of illegitimate birth, to search out the paternity, so as to prevent the burden falling on the union, or exclusively on the mother. Our magistrates know, from painful experience, the difficulty that must beset this proceeding; for their knowledge bears out our own preconception, that it is not the really-to-be-pitied women—in other words, women who have fallen through seduction—who seek to relieve themselves by affiliating their children, but, as a rule, shameless and hardened ones, whom wretched homes in childhood, without purity or decency of any kind, and the vagrant education of the streets, has left without memory or reverence in their hearts. And unselfishness of any kind, and to whom a false oath is a trifle, if it screens the paramour and throws the burden of her child's support on other shoulders.

We do not think that such women would be likely to trouble an institution of the kind suggested. But the *bona fide* cases of seduction, whom shame and despair hurries, in one desperate moment, into the commissio of infanticide, who in her ignorance or terror, her agony and bewildement thrusts the child out of sight; or, from sheer want of knowledge or power to act, neglects it, and it dies; or, in the madness of her hopeless and seemingly escapeless misery (without home or friends or means), seeks her own and her child's death at the same time—for such as these, and we feel sure there are many such, who, if in the first comparatively white hours of their sin and sorrow, when the world's scorn is as nothing to their self-scrorn and burning womanly shame, some place of refuge were provided, in which they could find at once relief and counsel, we believe that hundreds of miserable women, who now hurry desperately into vicious courses in order to destroy more quickly the memory of past innocence, would fall down and worship the tender hand and pitying heart, that should lift them up out of the soil of self-debasement, and throw the mantle of forgiveness over the fact of their human weakness, and, it may be, loving and uncalculating trust.

We cannot think that such a refuge, which should give no individual shelter twice, and which should exact from all, if possible, some portion of the cost of her child's permanent maintenance and of her own, while in the house, could result in the provision of a base of vice! But for those heartless and most unnatural blots on human nature, whose very act libels their humanity, those baby-murderesses, whose ears have heard the cry of their little one, whose eyes have met its helpless, innocent looks, nay, who have laid it to their cruel bosoms and sucked it, and yet with unremitting brutality, because it is in their way, seek out inventions in murder to get rid of its unsolved, or, at any rate, destroy it, feeling certain to escape the only punishment they fear to suffer—we have no sympathy. What signifies to such women the few weeks' or months' imprisonment on a false issue, with which the morbid sympathy of jurors enable them to get off? Forbiddent that they themselves, by permitting this failure of justice, are helping to spread the virus of the most barbarous crime that can degrade a nation. It would be against the nature of all successful criminal acts, to suppose that such women do not, upon occasion, resort to its repetition. The first deliberate crime of this sort must seal all true maternal feeling out of them, and this hardness reacts by hardening others. These are the initiators of younger women in their own bad secrets, or their bolder sin; and so infanticide flourishes, and grows daily more and more a common occurrence.

Surely, if violently taking a baby's life is too small a murder to be visited with capital punishment, some secondary penalty short of death, yet sharp enough to act as a deterrent, should be enacted, and uncompromisingly executed. Until this is done, and until also a place of refuge is established for young women about to become mothers for the first time, there will be, it is to be feared, but little diminution of child-murder.

The objections taken to "Foundling Hospitals," in the broad sense of such charities, are numerous and valid. The abuses to which they are at present subjected in continental countries,
and the base purposes to which the hospital in
Lamb's Conduit Fields was converted during the
period of its governmental patronage, have
sufficiently proved this. At that period London
tradepeople were brutal enough to lay their sick
and dying children in the cradle at the
Fowndling-gate, to avoid the cost of burying
them. Others, with larger families than were
convenient, took advantage of its existence, and
left their children to be brought up at the public
expense, and in ignorance of their parentage.
It was the means of introducing a new species
of local traffic, and carriers traded to towns from
distant counties with pack-horses, loaded with
panniers of babies, for the Foundling, who, for
want of proper attendance and nourishment,
dealt wholesale on the road, or survived only to
perish when received into the hospital. It was
these, and similar flagrant acts, that occasioned
an entire revolution of the original design of the
founder, and resulted in the present modified
and limited charity.

Some of these eighteenth century abuses it
would now be impossible to impose; but there
is still the cry of the political economist, and of
many others, that the existence of such institu-
tions encourage vice by the ease with which the
consequence of it may be disposed of. Even
this assertion is capable of argument, since in
all probability the full complement of such
immorality is perpetrated irrespective of any ul-
terior calculations whatever. At any rate there
is no question as to the relative criminality of
child-murder and the sin, the commission of
which it is intended to hide.

If the bones of Captain Coram, like those in
the open valley which Ezekiel saw, could stir,
and have sinews laid on them, and flesh, he
would be somewhat surprised to find that the
work which occupied him for so many years of
his life had all to be done over again, and that
England, his England—the England that sends
philanthropically black silk stockings to African
negroes, and patent refrigerators to the Esqui-
maux, had, more than a century later in its
civilisation, become a byword to nations (who
probably saw their charities less broadcast than
ourselves) for the flagrancy of the crime which
he laboured to correct—a crime by no means
common amongst simply savage people, though
familiar to certain semi-barbarous ones. Surely
the parable of the “beam and moth” needs
home application in plain, strong Saxon words!
and the cry, “Physician, heal thyself,” with all its
sarcasm and its censure, to be reiterated at the
market cross, rather than to be softly spoken
out of velvet cushions.

Hand-organs.

“Donald Caird’s come again!
Donald Caird’s come again!
Tell the news in burgh and glen
Donald Caird’s come again!”

Just as the harvest sun of July was streaming
down with the accumulated energy of mid-
summer, and the sweaty reapers were
bending over the heaviest of my wheat—a patch
so heavy it would have done good to the eyes of a
collection in crops—merry crows raised a skirred
bark, and then suddenly were still again; while
from the umbrageous region of the spring came
the nasal melody of a wheezy hand-organ,
straining piteously at the overture to “Semi-
ramide.” Presto! what a change! The scythe
dashed into the brittle straw with renewed
vigour; the rakers handled their implements,
and the binders twisted the hands and tossed
aside the sheaves as if they were performing
parts in a cotillon, and, before the white-toothed
Lucchese had gotten from “Semiramide”
through “Hear me, Norma,” and opened with
“Jeannette and Jeannot,” the “through” was
cut, scythes and rakes thrown down by the
fence, and my whole force, both home and for-
reign, had adjourned to the spring, to take a
drink and hear “the music.”

“The music”—that brown-cheeked Italian
boy, dirty, begrimed with sweat, and his smiles
overcome with heat and weary walking—that
battered organ, flutonicon hight, with its for-
lorn, rickety puppet-show, its polished crank,
its dusty green baize, and its crazy, wretched,
tuneless condition; the total want of expression
with which it volubilized in jerky gasps the
tunes I have named, followed by a chorus from
“Sicilian Vespers” (“procul est profunis”) “God
save the Prince of Wales,” “Marseilles,” and
“Yankee Doodle”—this was “the music.”

Yet it was music. All listened, charmed.
Lucchese—poor velveteen-clad wanderer “con
la comettia”—reaped a rich harvest of copper
currency, and my labourers returned to their toil really refreshed, strengthened, and as palpably benefited as if they had taken rest and a meal.

Here, by my lamp to-night, I am disposed to ponder this circumstance, as being of that class of things which Carlyle treats of as facts—not a Gradgrind fact, to be called for on demand and receipted on delivery, but an intruding fact, like moonshine in at one's window, demanding to be recognized, yet offering only faint suggestions as to what label is to be put to it, or what shelf assigned it when taking stock of our general possessions.

It is not everybody, nor all people, that are musical at all, in the sense of a capacity that way, as everybody knows; yet it is an as sured fact that the influence of music, and its power over the passions of people, is universal. We do not need to have the lyrics of Timotheus, since we can effect as much at times with the hurdy-gurdy. Orpheus has delegated his power, in fact; and there is something of Glas geron's magic touch in the bow of every itinerant fiddler. In other words, there is no influence to which man is so universally and so thoroughly susceptible as the influence of music, "the concourse of sweet sounds," and whatever approaches or has any resemblance to it. Indeed, the power of music is something wonderful, and, though it be true

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."

it is fortunate for rulers and aspirants for rule, that they have not tested its capacity to aid their designs more thoroughly; for the only means of escape man would have, in that event, would be to inflict upon them the fate of Orpheus. The poets, who always seem to have keener powers of recognition than is granted to the colder and more speculative eyes of science, have dwelt impressively upon this poignant sensibility of man to the influences of harmony and melody. Witness that striking old fable of Orpheus, whom Lord Bacon has spoken of as if manager of a quasi "theatre, where all the beasts and birds assembled, and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening to the airs and accords of the harp. Witness that old Scotch ballad of "Glasgeron"—

"He could harp a fish out o' the water,
And water from a stane,
And milk out of a maiden's breast
That bairn had never none."

So that the pretensions of Monsieur Jourdain's music-teacher (in Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme"), though burlesque in tone, are not, after all, ill-founded: "La philosophie est quelque chose; mais la musique, monsieur, la musique!... Il n'y a rien qui soit si utile dans un Etat que la musique.... Sans la musique, un Etat ne peut subsister.... Tous les désordres, toutes les guerres qu'on voit dans le monde, n'arrivent que pour n'apprendre pas la musique."

"And therefore," says Bacon, in his "Advancement of Learning," "the poets did well to conjoin music and medicine in Apollo; because the office of medicine is but to tune this curious harp of man's body, and to reduce it to harmony." In this view of the subject, what a pity some Orpheus had not sprung up five years ago in America, to tame down and reduce to harmony those wild beasts of political passion which had gotten loose and were beginning to raven upon the people! How much happier and wealthier they would have been if some Pied Piper of Hamelin had but gone into Washington in the winter of 1860, and by the sweet coercion of his invincible elbow have compelled the whole herd of rats haunting the public crib into the placid waters of the Potomac! Alas! Americans were deaf then to all but clashing cymbals. Since then how many funeral dirges have they been forced to give ear to!

"Southeast, in his "History of Brasil," gives a remarkable exemplification of the power of music: "Nolrega, a Jesuit, had a school, where he taught the native children, the orphans from Portugal, and the mestizos... They were trained to assist at mass, and to sing the churcheservice, and frequently led in procession through the town. This had a great effect, for the natives were passionately fond of music—so passionately that Nolrega began to hope that the fable of Orpheus was a type of his mission, and that by songs he was to convert the pagans of Brazil. This Jesuit usually took with him four or five of these little choristers on his preaching expeditions; when they approached an inhabited place, one carried the crucifix before them, and they began singing the Litany. The savages, like snakes, were won by the voice of the charmer; they received him joyfully... and when he departed with the same ceremony, the children followed the music."

However, I am treating here of more practical issues, and shall not attempt to speculate upon the source within us of this power of music: why it is that David's harp can charm the devil out of Saul; why the touched lute of Blondel wakes an echo in every bluffed Richard's heart. Philosophy hath gone deep enough into the matter, and is still in doubt; but there is no dispute about the fact, and its essential reasons may perhaps be sufficiently found in what Goethe says: "Das leben uber wiegt alles, wen die liebe in seiner schaale liegt."

However, the brown-skinned Lucchese suggested quite a different train of thought to me, as I pondered over his performance, and, having gotten my wife to work it out for me in more dulcet strains than his, at her piano. I return to the original proposition. Here it is: in fact, that, with all this universal capacity for musical impressions, with this divine and essentially God-given sensibility to harmony, we yet have no music to speak of, other than these wretched strains of the hand-organ? It is the very worst of instruments: it is inferior to the Jew's-harp in expression, and to the willow
whistle of childhood in compass; it lacks the clearness of the beef-bone, and the mellowness of the triangle; the banjo far transcends it, and it is a mere serf in comparison with the accordion’s noble blowing; and yet the hand-organ is our only national instrument, and it alone furnishes all our popular music. A remarkably well-informed writer (speaking of Handel, though his remarks are as applicable to America) observes: “There is an unfortunate instrument, the playing upon which comes by nature. Of course we mean the barrel-organ. This yields not less than two-fifths of the music which is actually heard by the majority of our countrymen in towns and cities. Let such an estimation surprise no one. Say that one-seventh is heard at church or meeting, which is a very fair proportion. There remain, then, six-sevenths to be accounted for. Now, take in all the orchestras, concerts, private pianos and harps, etc., and consider how small a part of the whole mass has anything to do with these. Remember, also, that whatever instrumental music exists among the lower orders is formed upon no better model than the street music, and may be fairly reckoned with it. Say, then, that so much as two-sevenths of the whole is to be allowed for orchestras, etc., as above mentioned: there remain four-sevenths for street-music, etc., by much the major part of which is ground from barrels, so that our estimate of two-fifths for mere barrels is probably near the mark.” And, while furnishing at least two-fifths of all our music in quantity, the hand-organ is more powerful still, as being almost the sole regulator of the popular taste, in gross, for music. Of what good is the opera? what benefits will concerts and orchestras, and philharmonic societies confer, so long as the great vox populi has its key-note miserably ground out to it by little Lucchese, for a chance penny per tune?

The case is different with other nations, and many observers, noticing how superior in musical culture all other people are to the English and Americans, give us up in despair, saying that we “have no taste for music,” and cannot be educated into it. I do not agree with these persons, for I hold that there is no such thing as an intrinsically bad taste among the masses; it is ignorance, defective and bad culture, and not an actual want of sensibility, which excludes our masses from the appreciation of the higher qualities of music. We have been taught wrongly, or rather, not taught at all, and so sin, not from dullness, but from lack of use of our faculties. And the best proof of this is the fact that, up to the rise and predominance of Puritanism (that cloud which has blighted so many generous impulses of Anglo-Saxon birth), our ancestors were a people essentially musical in spirit and by culture, having exquisite taste, and a harmonious felicity in the use of sounds, not rivalled by any nationality past or present. “Counterpoint” was tasted in England, by John of Dunstable, a musician who flourished about the middle of the 15th century. “Merrie England,” in fact the merrie England of May poies and Morris dances, of Robin Hood ballads and “Coventry mysteries,” of beef and venison, foaming ale and cloth-yard shafts; the merrie England of Shakespeare and of Dryton, of Faries and of Puck, was not merely a land of jolly lilt and melodious ballad, of “milkmaids singing blithe,” and “jocund rebeks,” sounding to a tune of “wood-notes” warbled wild; it was a land where cultivated music predominated, where not only was to be heard “many a winding bout of linked sweetness long drawn out, with wanton head and giddy cunning,” but also those higher and soothier strains, which intricately played upon “all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony”—

“Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
The half-regained Eurydice.”

Dr. Burney says distinctly, that in “counterpoint,” and those other more refined and complex developments of harmony, England was in that day far in advance of other nations—as much so, indeed, as Germany and Italy now have precedence of her. In the 15th century, even, such was her advanced culture, that England sent her musicians to Italy to teach there; and it is on record especially that, among his other excellences, that wonderful north-country phenomenon, James Crichton, styled “the admirable,” had no equal in all Italy as an instrumental performer, or as a singer in parts. From the reign of Henry VIII, up to the period of the Revolution, a refined musical taste seemed to have been almost universal throughout the island. This was the period of those famous Scotch and English border ballads, the original melodies of which are still so unrivalled; it was the period of a profusion of music in parts, Canzonettes, Madrigals, ballads, Fa la, &c., arranged in counterpoint for several voices—a music not simply sung at court, but by and among the people.

“The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it,”

as Shakespeare says; and Lord Surrey indicates the same custom:

“My mother’s maids, when they do sit and spin,
They sing a song,” &c.;

and so universal was this fondness for vocal music—those “songs of melody” as Barclay (in his “Ship of Fools”) styles the singing in parts upon the streets—that Bishop Hall found it necessary to direct his satiric pen against the custom, and to complain that they

“Sung to the wheel and sung unto the pail,”

regardless of the proprieties of time and place. But, besides all these instances, this was the period also of numerous more elaborate compositions in the way of English song—com-
positions which, for originality, spirit, harmony, and melody of music, and for exquisite beauty of diction, have not been equaled, nor, indeed, approached, by any subsequent school in England. It was a period when Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Fletcher, and Raleigh, and Johnson, and Walton, furnished words for the melody, and when John Dowland—to whom Shakespeare wrote,

"If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other;"

and Robert Feyrfax, and Cornyshye, and Thomas Abel, and Gray, and Bird, and Morley, and George Kirbye, and Thomas Weelkes, and Purcell, composed the airs. Some of these compositions have descended to our own time, and we may say of them what honest Izaak Walton said of Marlowe's

"Come live with me and be my Love"—it is old-fashioned poetry, but choice ly good: I think much better than that now in fashion in this critical age. Indeed, there are strains of Purcell's music (who, though he came later, was a genuine disciple of Cornyshye, of Dowland, of Bird, Morley, and Ford), which, allowing for the difference in style, have a genuine Mozart-like character in the limpid sweetness of their melody.

Thus we discover not only a popular fondness for and knowledge of music, but a high-strung spirit of harmony, and an English style of refined musical composition that was as essentially original, national, and indigenous, as the peculiar German and Italian styles of the present day. Music possessed a genuine and unaffected popularity; the ballad-singer's was a profitable occupation, and old Walton could lead his comrade to an "honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, with lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the walls." Here, too, the ballads were meant to be sung, and you were naturally looked to, to take your part in duet, trio, or quartett, as if musical knowledge were part of even the commonest education. None the less was there a decided musical taste—in individuals, what we now denominate a "talent for music"—in nations, what is termed being "a musical people." The English ballad and song, canzone and madrigal, of those days, possessed as much character, as decided an individuality, as the songs of Servia and of Styria now reveal. If, therefore, we, and our American cousins, possess no taste for music, and none of that capacity for refined pleasure and exquisitely nice enjoyment which lies in an appreciation of the "conco<ref src="http://www.quora.com/Conco"/>

required to bemoan the defect of an important sense. The faculty is with us, though its usage may be in abeyance.

Nor is it difficult to understand why we lost this once-so-promise<ref src="http://www.quora.com/Once-so-promising"/>
choked, it has yet kept deep-rooted, and prompt to grow wherever a chance was furnished it. John Wesley's great revival gives us adequate proof of this, in the avidity with which his followers seized upon and popularized the few sweet hymns that emanated from himself and from Charles Wesley, and from Isaac Watts—hymns—tunes and simple words that are now, after the lapse of an entire century, common household utterances wherever the English tongue is spoken, from India westward to Oregon.

There is a great musical capability, likewise, in Anglo-Saxon tongues and lips, however crudely applied and imperfectly developed. The great composer, Haydn, the joyous spirit of liberty and serene energy, he whose whole life was passed among music, and all whose thoughts and dreams were controlled

"By one pervading spirit Of tones and numbers"

Haydn used to say that the very strongest musical impression he ever received was made upon him by the charity children of London, at their anniversary in St. Paul's cathedral, singing all together a psalm to a plain English melody. He said he was so powerfully affected by this that he should remember it, and thrill at the remembrance, till his dying day.

With such possibilities, then, and with a past so illustrious in performance and so luminous in promise, it would be ludicrous, were it not so saddening, to contemplate the music of our present, eliminating from the purpura panna of foreign manufacture which keeps its threads from bareness. Let us search through all the musical promise of England, and seek if we cannot discover some one redeeming trait, a single obolus, upon need, to pay ferriage across the desert waters of plagiarism, theft, and barrenness, that are stagnant over our diatonic fields. Alas! the hand-organ is our utmost effort! It is the national instrument.

WO MAN LIN E SS.

A word certainly as valid as manliness is womanliness, yet it is nowhere to be found in the dictionaries. It is of frequent use, however, in conversation, and we have no term so efficient to express the pervading and all-necessary grace of female excellence. Turn over the pages of cumbrous Johnson, there is "Manliness (from manly) the qualities of a man." What are they? Courage, strength, vigour, energy, dignity, and magnanimity. Why, pray why, should we not read also "Womanliness (from womanly), the qualities of a woman." And those are fortitude (the courage enabling its possessor to bear danger with calmness, suffering with patience, injury with forbearance—Locke calls it the "guard of other virtues"), dependence, gentleness, patience, gracefulness. Those we believe to form the sentinel virtues of woman's array of virtues.

If the qualities of manliness were summed up in one word, that word would have an active signification. But each and all of the definitions of womanliness are passive in import. We would like to define mankind as, using grammar phraseology, a verb, both transitive and intransitive; man being its active expression, woman its passive. However, if that is correct, it is a fact every day forgotten or ignored by the numerous and constantly increasing body of females, supported by a battalion of male fanatics—those dangerous extreme reformers (save the term!) who, with loud shouts at their own wisdom and immaculateness, exalt every new, startling, and revolutionary idea; they would have women step from and exceed their sphere.

Wherefore, some slow, thoughtful men, who, perhaps in an old-foggy way, reverence women, and have no restless, yearning desire (poor behind-the-age creatures!) to attempt changing and improving everything human or divine; I say those slow, thoughtful men, not attending any of the nightly ism meetings, look out from their windows with some sorrow and disgust on the fantastic procession filings through the streets of the Present, and ask themselves: "What is woman's duty?" "What should constitute the beauty, force, and expression of female virtue?" "What is the perfect outline of the female moral features?" "What defines women's rights?" "What lovely fragrant garland bounds their sphere?" The answer comes to each: "Womanliness!"

The Author of this paper would relate that once a young man, on the eve of a journey to the Continent, stepped into a lecture-room, where an intelligent-faced female, who might have looked happier and prettier bending over a baby, was vehemently discoursing to an audience; describing the picture she saw of woman's low position, and then calling upon her hearers to give to woman her rightful place, equal to man's, at the ballot-box, in the professions, in public deliberations, etc. The speaker was the celebrated Abby Somebody, who also, at times, lectured on spiritualism, and other dogmas of the strong-minded. She was supported on the platform by three other respectable-dressed females, and two pale, thin frowning men—"the Rev.—— and the Hon.——," the handbills said—yet there seemed much levity and but little respect in the
Womenliness.

audience. The accidental spectator before mentioned, being a novice to such exhibitions, though he had often tarried in English towns before, felt strangely mortified by the event—somewhat the same feeling a decent man might have if he witnessed a cock-fight, or bull-baiting, or had seen his own sister in Bloomer costume. The same unsophisticated youth reached port about twelve days afterward, and in journeying the following morning by a railroad skirting a German canal, saw, much to his astonishment and indignation, a woman drawing a canal-boat, plodding along patiently and laboriously, while her husband sat contentedly at the helm, smoking a pipe. The same authority humbly adds that that last sight, painful as it was—that unpleasing relict of barbarism—affected him less unpleasantly than the scene he had witnessed a fortnight before—that illustration of reform and progress. Poor young noodle! such a statement will not gain him much honour.

Where, in our reading of history, we have discovered women as only slaves and creatures of men, there we have found, too, a record of social degradation and barbarism. History again, and now we have experience too, to confirm it, teaches that when, by mad assumption or silly sufferance, women desert their luxuriant province, and attempt to act the male roles of philosopher, politician, warrior, lawyer, and public-reformer, then may we fear disorder, revolution, and social chaos. The pure, luminous planets, moving with symmetry and effulgence through the moral sky, man looks up to with reverence and love, and his noblest aspirations, ascending on their mellow beams, strives and prays for the heaven their chaste influence teaches him of. But if women wander from their established paths in the immense and magnificent expanse around and above man's probationary earth, calamity ensues as certainly as physical destruction would follow a deviation of the celestial bodies from their prescribed orbits.

The centre of the whole moral world, the centripetal force tending to preserve woman in her sphere, and ensure order and happiness to mankind, is—Womenliness.

The women who from ambition or accident have achieved celebrity beyond or outside of true womanly functions, who have stepped into the active ranks with men, or striven for something more dazzling than the "gem of purest ray serene"—the blending of all female virtues—womanliness—they have won often great applause and notoriety, and sometimes have acted really glorious parts; but the most celebrated of those occupy no such high and enduring rank in men's hearts and reverence, nor have they left an influence as pure and fruitful as many of their more peaceful, gentle, modest sisters have ensured, by the simple but ample fulfilment of womanliness. And we think, if with such talent and enthusiasm they gained so much out of their sphere, what might they not have accomplished, to the glory of God and ennobling of mankind, in it!

When our eyes have gazed with admiration on the self-dependent, original philosopher o Alexandria, the elegant Hypatia, how we must raise them, as our hearts swell in joy and veneration, to dwell on Mary bathing the feet of Jesus, and drying them with her hair! or on Ruth, as we read her life and hear those words, embodying the supremacy of firm, gentle, womanly devotion in the most touching poetry: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the God do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

How loudly may we extol the heroism and self-sacrifice of Charlotte Corday! but where can we find words of pears to match the loveliness of that unsurpassed woman, Lady Russell, to portray her ardent and tender affection, her piety and sublime fortitude, the character alike exemplary in prosperity or adversity, when obscured by multitudes, or hidden in retirement. Her correspondence remains a spotless monument and example of womanliness.

Fame chants the genius and fascination of Madame de Staël, the great woman whom Napoleon's mandate of banishment from Paris made ill and unhappy, because appalled literary and fashionable celebrity, were as necessary to her as food. Now recall the story of the Roman girl, whose bosom nourished her grey-haired father, dying of starvation in prison. What an electric thrill courses through us, exalting the better and purer nature! Recall that single recorded act of her life, and remember at the same moment, if you can, the volumes and volumes of Madame de Staël's talent. Recall that glorious instance of almost divine womanliness, and be ennobled by it.

"There is Joan d'Arc, the inspired virgin-warrior. We think of her as of a martial statue; classically beautiful in a graceful attitude of soldierly daring and enthusiasm. There is also Martha Washington, the bright rays of her example shining warm as the sun's, infusing with high purpose and noble hopes many a mother's milk; she who bore the child destined, through her wise teaching, fervent prayers, and pure influence, to become the model of Christian manliness and patriotism; she whose name is never uttered by our Transatlantic cousins, save with veneration and affection—the mother of Washington.

To our memories come the names of hundreds of females, who have written, philosophized, fought, shaken systems and states, moulded mobs, governed men. With wondering applause must we honour the talents and energies which made their possessors great. Intellect, resolution, courage, are rare gifts; but they are not those gifts whose tokens we look for most anxiously in a woman's record." They have glory and acclamation; but there are others endowed to us, possessing our gratitude,
reminded with reverence and tender regard—our common mothers and sisters—who found sufficiency of work and reward in the womanly sphere, and the seeds of whose evergreen inheritance are springing up every day, in the pleasantest of foliage and the richest of fruit, for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind— their names are not brilliant in history, but how warmly, how gloriously enshrined in our hearts! The warm springs of exaltation bubbling about those altars are every day doing something to purify and revivify our being, and at times—those occasional springtimes when thaws must visit even the hardest frozen natures—will overflow until our eyes are moist, and reflect the beauty of that most divine text from heaven, glorifying the earth—Womanliness.

There was no intention, upon commencing, of attempting to soar in the paths or generalities of the subject; no idea of essaying a flight in an atmosphere so ethereal, and beneath a sky even so inspiring as womanliness. The purpose was merely to pick up a few fragments.

The feathers of the quill in hand droop in despondency at its inability to construct, after Aesop, a fable in which the Watch—discontented with its noiseless and elegant, its wonderful and useful works; dissatisfied with its mission of counsellor and monitor—might transfer its wheels, springs and jewels, all its minute, delicate, and beautiful muscles, to the locomotive’s work; leave its carefully-cherished place near man’s heart—or rather, withdrawing all its effective power and virtue, every thing but the empty case—to attempt the ponderous labour of a railway-engine. The moral of such fable should be pointed with the less that woman’s renunciation of the sphere of womanliness, to exact the réle accorded by Providence to man, is as vain in its reasons and as unwise and destructive in its operation as the performance related of the watch.

There is a manner we cannot describe, a natural good breeding, a refined mode of dress, a neat, tasteful regard for adornment, even a pervading gentleness and symmetry in the countenance, and, more than all, the voice, that proclaim womanliness.

The poets call it “comely womanhood,” and their constantly repeated type of its most worthy and beautiful qualities is—the vine. But there are women who have nothing of the vine’s nature—though they may be sunflowers, cacti or camillias—and therefore lack the most attractive and most necessary of female endowments. They may love, particularly if the object of that passion is not as self-dependant as they, and they will take good care of him. But manliness seldom seeks sweetheart or wife in such stalk-flowers. An union of that kind would be one of constant jarring; a matrimonial exemplification of the homeopathic principle—a Kilkenny cat business.

Differing greatly in body from man, woman needs a different physical training. All severe exercises, contributing to much development, or hardening of the muscles and sinews, or causing straightness or angularity of outline, are improper; wherefore, we think, the gymnasia, unless greatly modified, should be banished from the school of female physical education, and there will remain means numerous enough: calisthenics, walking, riding on horseback, skating, swimming, and dancing.

Man is iron; woman is steel. Man is hard and strong; flexible and enduring. The muscles of one are sudden, tough and prominent; of the other, smooth, extended, and elastic. Effort on one is answered as the sharp turn of a road-waggon; on the other it is borne gradually and in equal distribution, as the strains are taken on the long curves of a railroad-track. Think what weighty, muscular figures the gymnasia would graduate; what broad, straight shoulders, and boardy backs; what hard knotted arm and great knuckled hands; what straight, stiff hips! Widespread such destruction to physical womanliness, and if we multiply females as repulsive as the strong-minded, we double the dangers of child-bearing, and the figure, male and female of another generation will lose half of the beauty and adaptability the wise Creator originally formed it with. Who would train a racer or blooded horse to the weight and muscle of a draught animal?

The female mind we find formed differently from the male; acting unlike it, and intended to accomplish dissimilar results. By figures or logic man arrives at wise decisions; woman jumps to the same by intuition. The old proverb says, remembering that fact: “Take a woman’s first advice, not the second.” Montaigne calls that womanly endowment “Esprit primesauter.”

And, morally, here is the great difference, and woman’s glorious sphere—a moral one; the beneficent agent of morality and righteousness; the influence theirs of a stronger soul:

“A virtuous woman’s counsel; her winged spirit
Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words,
And like her beauty, ravishing and pure.
The weaker body, still the stronger soul.”

In preserving the distinctions—moral, mental, and physical—establishing women in a rank men reverence, and by harmonious practice of the graces, virtues, and the mission pervaded stamped by womanliness, woman is doing her great work; less noisily, less visibly, but more patiently and with loftier aim than man’s—doing a work that none but the foolish or the wicked can despise or renounce—doing a work nobler, vaster, and far more beautiful than man’s.

St. Pierre wrote: “The Christian religion, by its gift of the conjugal union, gives woman to man as a companion, raising her from slavery to liberty.” She, the true woman in gratitude, will make a return; she will give followers and disciples to virtue and religion.

“The memory of the eyes that hung over a man in infancy and childhood will haunt him through all afterlife. If they were good and
holy they will cheer and encourage him in every noble deed, and shame him out of every meanness and compromise.”

“Deeds are males, words females,” says an Italian proverb. Yes; action is man’s chief work, inspiration woman’s.

What is womanliness? Is it not the freshest and warmest impression of God’s merciful hand remaining on the earth? Is it the radiating point of sound civilization and true religion. By sweet manners and gentle temper, by example, by prayer, by noble lessons, by all-sacrificing love, womanliness moulds mankind to greatness, and then, with her hand in his, points him to God.

Womanliness seems the dawn that ushers in a fair day; the calm twilight that beautifies its departure. It is the prophet and surety of what the day will bring forth. It is the accomplishment, and fulfilment crowning it. The mother’s influence promises what the man’s day will be; the love that has streamed from her eyes—the prayers she taught to the child clasping his tiny hands on her knee, the blessed words of inspiration—those insure man’s day. Like the midday of sunshine comes woman’s love in the wife to make the fulness of man’s joy. Again comes womanliness in the remembered teachings of the mother, or the sacred influence of a Christian wife, to make the last, long, indistinct path radiant ahead with the vision heaven promises to the closing eyes heavy with death.
Social Suggestions.

of the accommodation. Since then the trustees have acquired land for the same purpose in Chelsea, Bermondsey, Islington, and Shadwell, selecting the localities so as to distribute the benefits of the fund as widely as possible over London. A large block of buildings at Islington, consisting of 155 tenements, with accommodation for 650 persons, was opened last September, and those at Shadwell are considerably advanced. The drainage, ventilation, and water supply are carefully attended to. There are baths and laundries, with wringing machines and drying lofts, and ample and airy playgrounds for the children. Agreeably to Mr. Peabody’s wishes, no inquiries are made before admission except to prove that the applicants are really of the poorer class and of good character, and when once admitted they are safe from intrusion as long as they conduct themselves properly. The rent demanded for these houses, instead of being, as the trustees consider, the average in London, 2s. 6d. or 3s. for one room, 5s. or 5s. 6d. for two, and 6s. or 7s. for three, is but 2s. 6d. for one, 4s. for two, and 5s. for three.” In the face of this announcement we transcribe the following report:—

"THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.—During the past month a deputation representing several of the metropolitan boards of guardians had an interview with the Right Honourable C. P. Villiers, M.P., President of the Poor-law Board, respecting the dwellings of the poorer classes in London. A memorial was presented to the following effect: ‘Your memorialists, having recently investigated the present state of the house and lodging accommodation for the labouring and poorer classes within their respective districts, feel it their duty to report to you that the dwellings of the poorer classes in this city are, for the most part, unsuitable for their requirements; that great overcrowding prevails; and that, owing to recent demolitions, the rents are very much higher than formerly. They feel that a continuance or an aggravation of this state of things neutralises the efforts that philanthropists are making in various directions for the physical and moral elevation of their poorer fellow-citizens, inasmuch as the home accommodation of the people is the one fundamental point which indicates and regulates to a large extent their general well-being and standard of comfort. If these homes are unworthy to be called such, from their foulness, their crampedness, and their dearth, then disease, immorality, and pauperism will increase, and all progress towards a higher civilization must be checked; the number of those who fall upon the rates will be enlarged, while that of those who pay them will grow less.’ They have observed that an unusually large number of bills for new metropolitan railways and other schemes will at once be laid before Parliament, and they are of opinion that if any great proportion of these bills is sanctioned during the coming session, without provision being made on an adequate scale for the poor who will be dispossessed of their homes, much further suffering will be inflicted on the said poor, and a heavy liability will fall upon the ratepayers and guardians. They have had their attention drawn to the minutes of evidence taken before the select committee of the House of Commons on the Courts of Justice Concentration (Site) Bill, in which it was shown that 3,082 persons of the labouring classes and poor would be removed, in addition to 1,093 persons not of the labouring class, and they have not found that any provision has been made for compensation to these poor persons about to be deprived of their lodgings, or for their future accommodation. Your memorialists are of opinion that these gigantic railway and other works being so destructive of small-house property, it is unsafe to rely wholly upon either the usual ‘supply and demand’ hypothesis or on the exertions of philanthropists, and that the Government which sanctions the removal of the poor man’s home should in some way make provision for his future dwelling-place. Without presuming to offer any suggestions themselves, your memorialists would direct your attention to the three following recommendations in the Report of the Committee of the Society of Arts on Dwellings for the Labouring Classes, dated 3rd May 1865: 1. That corporations, limited owners, &c., should have increased power to sell land for the erection of dwellings for labourers, under conditions as to proper drainage, ventilation, and sanitary regulations. 2. That the Public Loan Commissioners should be authorized to lend money, at a rate not exceeding 3½ per cent. per annum, for building dwellings for the labouring classes, under suitable guarantees, and with due regard to sanitary arrangements. 3. That in all future Railway Acts and Acts for Local Improvements, when houses inhabited by the working classes are destroyed under compulsory powers, such companies should be compelled to provide, within a convenient distance, other dwellings in lieu of those destroyed.’

HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.—Following the example of the chief cities on the continent, a hospital for sick children was in 1852 established in London in Great Ormond-street. Since its foundation it has given relief to 5,441 in-patients and 123,178 out-patients, and has established a home for convalescent children at Rumbold’s Farm, Mitcham. As might be expected in a city like this, the demand upon the institution far exceeds the means of supply in the hands of the committee of management, which is headed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, Earl Granville, and the Bishops of London and Lincoln. On Saturday last Mr. Augustus F. Westmacott, one of the committee, gave some pleasing readings from the works of Tennyson, Hood, Ingoldsby, and other writers, in aid of the cause, at the Marylebone Literary Institute. Although a large revenue had to be raised to meet previous demands on the hospital, within the past year fifteen more beds have been added to the establishment. The institution is care-
fully and economically managed, and is always open to the inspection of visitors. The annual subscriptions have been augmented from £1,937 in 1864 to £2,302 in 1865. The expenditure has risen from £4,281 to £4,610 last year; but of this £200 was appropriated towards expenses for the enlargement of the hospital. Her gracious Majesty, as in previous years, kindly sent the poor children a present of toys, which was greatly appreciated.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY M. C.

Papa (said Albert), I heard you say something the other day about a water-clock. How could a clock be made of water?

PAPA. It was the first machine, my boy, that was used for measuring time, of which we know anything.

ALBERT. But how could you tell the time by it?

PAPA. It was not so much to know the hour as to prevent orators from making long speeches. When you are a little older you will meet with an expression of Cicero’s—"latrare ad clepsydra," which means throwing cold water upon the speaker. The machine itself was called a clepsydra.

ALBERT. What was it like, Papa?

PAPA. It was a vessel in the form of a cylinder, filled with water, which gradually disappeared through a hole in the bottom; a floating index, or hand, pointed to the successive hours (marked on one side), as the water went down.

PAPA. Let us ask Tiny what she is looking so wise about; she looks as if she couldn’t quite understand what we have been saying. Come here, little woman.

Her Papa then took Emma on his knee, when she said:

Papa, my history tells stories, because it told me that King Alfred shewed us how to count the hours by having six candles all made of the same length, and with twelve lines marked upon them.

PAPA. Is that all?

EMMA. I can’t remember the rest.

ALBERT. That’s just like a girl. I wouldn’t begin what I couldn’t finish.

PAPA. You finish it for her. But my dear, what your book says is quite right, King Alfred’s way was to show the true hour of the day, which the machine did not. Now, Albert, let us hear what more you have to say about the candles.

ALBERT. Why that the six lasted twenty-four hours.

EMMA. But the wind might have blown them out.

ALBERT. And so it would fast enough if he had not had a lantern, made of horn, to put them in. Papa, what do you think Em wanted to know to-day?—if Blue Beard was a real man.

PAPA. And what did you tell her?

EMMA. He laughed, Papa, and called me a little stupid.

PAPA. Perhaps he will not think himself so wise when he hears that Blue Beard was a very famous person mentioned in history. He lived in the reigns of Charles VI and VII.

ALBERT. Was Charles VI the silly king who had cards invented, to amuse him, when he had one of his silly fits?

PAPA. Yes, the same; but I was telling you about the man who was so notorious for his wickedness. His real name was Gilles, Marquis de Savals. As Marshal of France he rendered good service to his country, when the English invaded France.

EMMA. But what was that wicked, Papa?

PAPA. Wait, my dear: In that he was quite right, and his bravery would have made him to be looked upon with pride and pleasure by his countrymen, if one did not remember at the same time that he committed all sorts of crimes for his own wicked purposes. He destroyed men, took God’s name in vain, and was everywhere feared and detested.

ALBERT. Was he well off, Papa? and didn’t he get punished?

PAPA. He had immense riches, which he lavished on himself, his own pleasures, and people. He always took about with him a band of musicians, fifty or sixty dogs, three hundred saddle-horses, and a great many naughty people called sorcerers. You know God says the wicked shall not always go unpunished, and at last his sin found him out. He had done some very dreadful deeds against the Duke of Brittany, for which he was sentenced to be burnt alive, at Nantes in 1440.

ALBERT. But what had that to do with his name, and putting him into children’s books?

PAPA. Although of noble birth he was a very ugly man, with a long beard; so people have made him look as hideous as they can in the prints, which nurses very often show to children to frighten them. Wherever he went he was called by the nickname of Blue Beard, and glad enough the people were to keep out of his way.
Leaves for the Little Ones.

GEORGRAPHY ON HORSEBACK.

BY L. A. B.

Little Jack Joy came crying home from school one day, flung his books into the farthest corner of the kitchen, threw himself on the floor, and cried aloud. The teacher had punished him again, for imperfect lessons. No wonder. He was enough to ruin the dispositions of a regiment of school-teachers; for he would not study, and he would play all the time, until about ten minutes before recitation, and then of course he had very imperfect lessons.

His mother had gone to see a sick neighbour, and his sister Lettie had gone to stay an hour with Bell Gray, so he had the kitchen all to himself. He would scarcely have thrown his books on the floor if his mother had been at home.

There was a mouse-hole behind the closet door, and presently a mouse peeped out to see what was the matter. Jack still lay sobbing on the floor.

"Books are not very good to eat, I dare say," thought the mouse, "or Jack would not throw them away."

He nibbled a little at the corner.

"This is remarkably nice for a nest," he said to himself: "I wonder Jack does not make a nest of it. I think I will take some home to my wife."

Mice never seem to set a high value upon books. I presume they are not at all competent to judge of their merits; so he was not so much to blame for trying his sharp little teeth upon the leaves. I have often seen boys do the same.

He was wondering how much of the nibblings he could carry away at a time, when he was greatly startled by the sound of a horse's hoofs just over his head. It was the little Highlander's pony upon the cover of the Geography, impatiently pawing the ground. His ears were laid back, as though he was very much disturbed at the mouse's operations. The mouse retreated a few steps, and paused, and the little rider said politely:

"I presume you are not aware, Mr. Mouse, that these are my premises. There is a piece of paper you can make your nest of."

The mouse was so overwhelmed with surprise and dismay, that he could only stammer out some sort of apology, which sounded like a discomfited squeak, and slunk away to his hole, in great confusion.

Then the Highlander started off at a canter up and down the room, his plaid tartan floating behind like a banner. Presently he paused directly in front of the troubled schoolboy, raising his cap, and looking as if he wanted to speak with him.

Then Jack thought it was all a dream; but often one can scarcely tell whether he is awake or dreaming. Jack rubbed his eyes, but still the small horseman sat there, gravely holding his cap in his hand.

"Well, I declare, you are a comical little fellow," said the boy in great wonder. Did you come all the way from Lilliput to see me?"

The strange visitor shook his head.

"I am not from Lilliput at all—don't you know me?"

"By King Harry! I believe I've seen you before. Aren't you the picture on the cover of my Geography?"

"To be sure; but who's King Harry? I've seen all the kings on the earth, but—"

"Oh, never mind; that was some of my nonsense. Can I do anything for you?"

"I wanted to tell you that you should be a little more careful; you hurt my head pretty badly against the door."

Jack got up on his elbow.

"Let me get you the camphor."

"Oh, no. I only want to know why you dislike me so much."

"Dislike you? I don't. I think you are the nicest little fellow I have seen this long time. But you don't know how I hate geography. If you'll believe it, this is the fifth day I've had that same lesson about mountains, lakes, and rivers, and haven't got it yet."

"I know it. And haven't I been sitting here, day after day, waiting to help you get it."

"Well, this is a joke, now. I thought you were printed on the book-cover, just to make the book look pretty, and to make us boys think geography was something fine."

"No, indeed. I sit there to help boys get their lessons."

"Then for pity's sake why didn't you help me get mine?"

"Oh, I can only assist scholars who have a desire to learn; and you—"

"Yes, yes, I know all about it. I don't suppose I cared much whether I got my lesson or not."

"No; when a boy is shelling chestnuts, or reading Gulliver's Travels under the desk, with his book open, to make the teacher think he is studying, I take it for granted he don't care much about his lessons."

"But I do care now; and if you will only help me about mountains, lakes, and rivers, I will do better."

"Will you really try?"

"Yes, I will."

"That's enough; boys can do almost anything they try to do; so jump up here behind me."

"Get on your horse? You might as well tell me to jump on the back of a butterfly."

"Oh, I forgot—you must have the pills first."

"Pills? I don't want any of your pills."

The little horseman made no reply, but took from his bosom something that resembled a heart; but upon touching a secret spring, it opened like a box, and he took out three small pills, and gave them to Jack.

"Are they bitter?" asked Jack.

"You may find them a little disagreeable, though some think them quite pleasant. They
are Resolution, Patience, and Perseverance. You cannot get along at all without them."

Jack swallowed them with a wry face, for he was not much used to such prescriptions. He was immediately seized with a great desire to learn everything about geography, and at the same time he became as small as the little Highlander himself. So he quickly mounted behind him, crying out;

"Hurrah for mountains, lakes, and rivers!"

Away they went, like the wind, like the hurricane, the lightning. It quite took Jack's breath away, but his companion chatted on very comfortably. He was used to it. At length they stopped upon a high eminence up among the clouds.

"Look around," said his guide, "and tell me where you are."

"Well," he said, catching his breath, and breathing very fast, "I should think we were on the top of a mountain; can see cities and rivers, and the ocean and forests down below."

"What is a mountain, then?"

"A mountain—why a mountain is a high elevation of land," Jack shouted, in great glee. "That's question number one; but what is that smoke coming out of the top of that mountain, about five thousand miles off, there? Is that a volcano?"

"Of course it is. What is a volcano?"

"A volcano is a burning mountain. That's question number two. I believe I rather like geography; but what's the name of this mountain?"

"This is Ben Lomond."

"Is it? Then we must be in Scotland, right where Fitz James and Rhoderick Dhu had their famous sword fight. And that big blue pond down among the trees is Loch Lomond, I suppose? Loch means lake, doesn't it?"

"You are right. What is a lake?"

"I think you've caught me now. No, I have it. A lake is a body of water surrounded by land. And that zig-zag stream, that looks like a great blue serpent, is a river, isn't it?"

"What is a river?"

"A large stream of water flowing over the land. It seems now as though I always knew that lesson."

"You never took the trouble to think about it before, perhaps."

"Well, I don't think there is any need of my getting so many foggings for such an easy and beautiful lesson as that. I'm really very much obliged to you. You wouldn't give me that feather in your cap, to remember you by, I suppose?"

"No, not that; it is a feather from the right wing of the Phoenix, and is a sort of charm or talisman, which enables me to go from place to place with such rapidity. But here is a leaf from the Tree of Knowledge, which would do you far more good. Carry it with you, and when you are at study, inhale its fragrance now and then, and your mind will become fixed upon learning."

"How delicious! You must know a great deal about the world, travelling about in this way."

"Yes; but nothing more than you can learn from your books, with far less trouble."

"What's that?" cried Jack, in alarm, as a huge, fierce-looking monster came flying towards them.

"Why, it's my friend Arithmetic," answered the Highlander; "but he seems in a savage mood to-day."

Jack thought of all the stories he had read of dragons, and other flying monsters, and his flesh began to creep with fear. The wings of the monster were made of curiously-woven examples in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, and on his breast were the nine digits, in gorgeous colours. His scarf formed a banner, on which was displayed the motto—

"Arithmetic is the science of numbers." He wore a most ferocious aspect, and carried a war club, upon which was painted, in flaming red, "Knowledge is power." As soon as he came within speaking distance, he cried out—

"I'll teach you to throw me about in that way again, Master Jack Joy! I've been on your track ever since I came to my senses. Take that!" hitting him violently on the head with his club, upon which Jack seemed to fall from the top of Ben Lomond, down through interminable space quite through the earth's centre, till he found himself lying upon the floor of his mother's kitchen, and his sister Lettie holding a geranium leaf to his nose, which very much resembled in odour the leaf of the Tree of Knowledge his new friend had given him.

"How that fellow hurt me!" he said rubbing his head.

"I'm so sorry!" said his sister—"I didn't mean to. But just see my new little kitten that Bell's mother gave me! I was running to catch her, and hit my shoe right against your head; and only look how the mice have nibbled your nice new Geography; they won't do it anymore, will they, kitty."

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**The Secret of Success.**—Our success in life generally bears a direct proportion to the exertions we make; and if we aim at nothing we shall certainly achieve nothing. By the remission of labour and energy, it often happens that poverty and contempt, disaster and defeat steal a march upon prosperity and honour, and overwhelm us with reverses and shame.
OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR C——,

What a season we have had! What a tumult of balls and dinners! and what hard work for Parisian feet, jaws, and tongues! If Lent is not as meagre as it used to be, Carnival is as great as ever, and we have feasted and danced from rich to poor with all our hearts and souls, with no other regret than that of seeing the time for penitence arrive too soon. With so many splendid fêtes to select from, I scarcely know which to choose as you as a criterion of the rest. The fancy ball at the Tuileries was very brilliant; the Empress, dressed as Marie-Antoinette, excited general admiration, and was really the queen of the night. Never did her Majesty appear more beautiful. The princess de Hohenlohe changed her costume for a domino several times during the ball, and amused herself in intriguing. The princess de Mecklenburg, in a marvellous dress, pale yellow from top to toe, carried in her hand a long cane covered with white velvet, and ornamented with diamonds. She walked about with the Emperor, who wore a Venetian costume. The little Prince was charming as Masaniello, and attracted great attention when dancing a quadrille with Mademoiselle de Boigne. At eleven, the young gentleman kissed papa and mamma, shook hands with two or three young friends, and very reluctantly left the ballroom; the Empress had given the signal; so you see he is not too much spoilt. He was at the opening of Parliament this year, and entered the throne-room with his father, and was very simply dressed in black velvet and red stockings. By-the-bye, I must not forget—knowing our sex's weakness—to mention the fact that the Empress really was without a crinoline at this ceremony, though the fulness of her rich violet silk dress and long train elegantly compensated in size for the absence of the steel circles: she wore a point-lace shawl and saah, and was, as ever, very distinguée. But to the balls (for I have not yet finished), if you will have Paris news you must consent to be bewildered with our frivolity, and not expect a word of serious sense until Lent has sobered down the exuberance of the past month, and the visions of Fairyland are forgotten. Indeed nothing could be more fairy-like than the entrance of the Hotel de Monsieur Drouyn de Lhuys, the minister of foreign affairs. A profusion of camillias on all sides greeted the visitors up the staircase to the grand saloons. At ten o'clock two dominoes arrived, and a certain rumour amongst the guests announced that they were "somebodies." Immediately after, the fête commenced by the entrance of a Cochinchinese procession; the Empress of China in a rich, curious-looking palanquin; the same in which Baron Gros entered Pékin, lent by him to a beautiful Englishwoman (Mrs. Goldsmith), dressed in a Chinese costume. The gay cortège went and bowed to the lady of the house, who presented the Chinese Empress with a beautiful bouquet, and then dancing began, and continued until five in the morning. At three supper was served; the two dominoes, with a chosen few, supped in a saloon apart, and their majesties honoured the fête until very late with their presence.

On Shrove Tuesday the Emperor and the Princess Matilde dined at the Louvre, at General Fleury's; there was a reception in the evening of 400 guests. A short comedy was performed, after which the famous Theresa sang seven of her comic songs, to the great amusement of Napoleon III., who laughed very heartily. The General complimented Theresa by order of his Majesty, and declared that the Emperor had laughed during that hour more than he had seen him laugh for a year. Fancy if the "café-chantant" singer was flattered! She had chosen her less eccentric songs, and was very moderate in her gestures. What a singular thing vogue is! Those who at first laughed at Theresa's pretensions now find her a great artist!

The procession of the "beuf-gras," as usual, caused a regular turn-out in our streets; spectators of every description, and such as one never sees in Paris but on that occasion. This year the masks were very limited, but in revenge our ears were perfectly dinned with the huntsman's horn, and other noisy instruments that France delights in during "les jours gras." The fortunate animal that had gained, by his bulk, the honour of being dragged about Paris, was this year drawn by eight of his friends—oxen like himself. It is the butcher that purchases them who is at the expense of the cavalcade, and loses a large sum by it; but the reputation he gains amply compensates him. There are about 400 gods, goddesses, and masques, which he has to dress and find horses for. This year one of the cars carried Gargantua—a giant ten yards high, in pasteboard, with rolling eyes and moving jaws, seated before a table loaded with savoury dishes and little boys, which he swallowed, to the great joy of the spectators. "I say Jim," said a young gamín, "look! look! it is the budget that is going past!" ("tiens, c'est le budget qui passe"). The cotillon, it seems, is enriched by another figure ("la tombola"); in which ladies favoured by chance gain presents, such as bracelets, &c., &c. I do not think that this addition is yet received in "le monde," but in the "demi-monde," where ladies receive presents from men and live, while beauty lasts, in great luxury, which they buy with their virtue. These women form quite a society in Paris; give balls and parties,
and ruin half the men in high life, both married and single. They drive about the Bois de Boulogne in splendid equipages, and set most of the fashions. Some of them every now and then have a public sale of jewellery when overloaded with diamonds, like Madame Schneider, who sold several thousand pounds' worth last year, and has still more than many noble ladies. The late young Duke de Grammont-Caderousse was one of her victims. One of these women was condemned the other day to six months' imprisonment for having taken advantage of the passions of a young man of nineteen, and having accepted £8,000 worth of presents from him which he bought on trust. But enough on this point.

The vanities of this world are now passed for us—for the next six weeks. Paris is "en pénitence"—sermons, concerts, theatres, and picture-sales are the only recreations our pious ears and eyes can admit, at least until mid-Lent, when there will be a short breathing to enable us to resign the great sacrifice we impose on ourselves of not dancing for six long weeks! Sure we are a nation of saints! Madame de Metternich gives a masked ball on the 8th of March. If, by hazard, the thoughts of our projected costume should intrude during an eloquent tirade of Père Deguerry, or Père Felix, be assured that it is safer in person tempting us!

There is a great deal of gossip in the Faubourg St. Germain on the reappearance of a lady in high life, who, after thirty years' retirement in a convent, has, by permission of the Pope, renounced a nun's life, and enters the world again. While, on the other hand, Monsieur de Merode, the Pope's late Minister of War, is expected soon here to be present at the taking of the veil of his sister Mademoiselle de Merode, and her cousin Mlle. de Montalambert, at the Convent du Sacré-Cœur.

Since the Emperor's speech, and the publication of the despatches of the French minister at Florence to the Minister of Foreign Affairs here, the Anti-Catholic party seems less sure of the fall of the temporal power than they were. On dit, that the legion which is forming at Antibes for the service of the Pope, is to be transported to Civita Vecchia at the expense of France, and that the French officers who accept service there will be considered as belonging to the French army. The Pope is to get a loan of one hundred millions of francs, which the convents are to subscribe to. Monsieur the Bishop of Orleans went to Marseilles the other day to preach a sermon, in favour of "l'œuvre de la Sainte Beaume." The places were paid for 5 frs. each. In entering the cathedral the Bishop told his auditors that he knew they had paid already, but he asked them to pay again, to give him all they had on them, and going down from the pulpit he went and held his cap, which they say was soon filled. The St. Beaume is a pilgrimage near Marseilles, in honor of Mary Magdalene, who, the legend says, landed on the coast of Provence, with her brother Lazarus, after having been exposed to the waves, on a vessel without sails or any means of directing the ship. God miraculously led the bark for the salvation of the people of Provence, whom these first Christians converted. They took up their abode in the place where they landed, and a chapel has since been erected to their honour, and is now a famous pilgrimage.

The Bishop of Coutances, in Normandy, has just been showing his zeal in the cause of religion in another manner. A circular letter that he sent a short time ago to his clergy has caused great indignation amongst the people. The very Christian Bishop there announces with joy the death of a poor unfortunate priest, who a few years ago was deprived of his living in a village near Coutances, and who came to Paris and got married, and fell a victim to the cholera. "God has accorded us a great and serious satisfaction: we have the joy to announce to you the death of the Curé de Couville," &c., &c. If report says true, the good Bishop ought not to be so severe. Other reasons besides the public advantage forbid.

Monsieur Hostein and Monsieur Carvalho, directors of the Châtelet and the Théâtre Lyrique, have just gained permission to erect a vast theatre near to the Exhibition in 1867, in which all kinds of pieces are to be performed, in all languages, as well as international concerts. This undertaking, I should think, will not be one of the least attractive things in the coming Meeting of all nations; and if the enterprise be realized it will be a great novelty, and will give us a good insight into the manners and customs of distant nations. For my part I long to see if all the fabulous things they tell us of in China and elsewhere be true. En attendant—the "Lion amoureux" still remains a great hit at the Théâtre Francais; while Monsieur Sardon's "Famille Benoîton" was represented for the hundredth time the other night, with as crammed a house as on the first representation; and we have everything now à la Benoîton, amongst other things, great ugly chains Benoît, which the fair sex wear in their hair, on their necks, on their bonnets, &c., &c.; and that because one of the actresses in the comedy displays one on her person. Another great hit is "Héloïse Parquet," at the "Gymnase," by Armand Duranton. At first the piece was not signed, and nothing could be more amusing than to hear the suppositions as to who was its author: some declared that it was by Émile de Girardin; others, no one but Dumas's fils could have written such a master-piece; and great was the clamour to force the author to declare himself, for notice; and it is worthy of observation, we Parisians like to know what we are about, and are not fond of applauding in the dark—we might make a mistake, and applaud an unknown person! Duranton remained silent for a long time, until he saw success sure, and then wrote his name at the bottom of the piece. It was time, for it had already become a matter of affair of state. A wit says that the best way now to become celebrated is to be anonymous. This piece is taken from a novel by the same author ("Le
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

Frost at last—a good, healthy frost—will, we hope, ward off the much-to-be dreaded cholera which was reported to be near us; somewhat anticipating which wholesome change, most emphatically Queen’s weather, was our experience of Tuesday, February the 6th. The air was crisp, the sky was clear, and the sun bright. A general holiday feeling seemed to pervade the West-end of the metropolis. At any rate, Your Bohemian having other business to transact before he could present himself to her most Gracious Majesty, met crowds of sight-seers coming in rewards. We do not recollect having seen so many country-people for a long while, all of them rushing and talking about—fearful that they should be too late—though they had two good hours to spare. There were wonderful old ladies, something between cooks and monthly nurses, with gay-patterned shawls and marvellous straw baskets, whose lids would never shut, and which always had a bottle or a pair of shoes protruding therefrom. These ancient dames were always appealing to policemen (Mr. Policeman they called him), whom they considered a walking epitome of useful and entertaining knowledge. They generally were swindled by those specious ragamuffins into standing upon a plank cunningly poised on a couple of tubs—from which, however, they were summarily ejected, with great damage to best bonnet, as soon as the ruffians had received their half-a-crown. These old ladies generally were accompanied by two or three red-faced daughters, ages varying from twelve to fifteen. They were attired in a style half-rustic half-fashionable. They had the dark straw hat and feathers of town-dress; their petticoats were short; their stockings were too large, and their boots gave evidence of country manufacture. Some of these people were accompanied by a meek-eyed man in a gorgeous velvet waistcoat with purple glass-buttons, and a black swallow-tailed coat, black trousers, and a hard, shiny-looking, chimneypot-hat. The mission of this gentleman, who was in many cases the husband of the stout female aforesaid, was to carry a bundle (sometimes the bundle cried), occasionally to suck at a short pipe, to look in the mirror, to see everything, to comprehend nothing; to get in everybody’s way, to render assistance to nobody, and to make surreptitious runs into any public-house that might come in his way. At the Horse Guards, where we were standing, the crowd was perhaps the thickest anywhere along the line, and it required all the efforts of a detachment of Life Guards and mounted police to keep the people in their proper places. The roofs of the Horse Guards, Treasury, and Admiralty were crammed with many of the younger officials, who seemed inclined to let public business “go hang” on this auspicious occasion. Her Majesty looked very well, indeed better than we expected to see her. She was much cheered, and a tremendous reception was given to the Prince and Princess of Wales. After seeing the cortège pass, we strolled slowly up to Charing Cross. On our arrival there we heard the guns announcing that the Queen had reached the House of Lords. A minute afterwards, just opposite the Charing Cross Hotel, we bought a
copy of the Daily Telegraph, with the Queen’s speech therein—so much for the rapidity of modern times!

The Morning Star—that rampant, rabid upholder of John Bright and his extraordinary doctrines—is evidently bent upon prejudging the case of Governor Eyre. Can anything be in worse taste than the heading of their correspondent’s letter from Jamaica? All the other journals properly headed their article the “Insurrection in Jamaica,” or the “Jamaica Rebellion”: but the Star, with a bloodthirsty recklessness, gave it the sensation title of “The Reign of Terror”! However, when it is said the correspondent of the Star is gone to Jamaica to watch the case on behalf of Mrs. Gordon, we can scarcely expect an unbiased report of the proceedings. We turn to more savable topics in referring to Mr. Peabody’s additional gift to the London Fever, and the important measures before the House in connection with the Cattle-plague and the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland.

The official inquiry into the loss of the “London” is closed, with little apparent result. The magistrate has not yet given his opinion on the case.

It will be observed that the “Cigar-ship,” which has attracted for some time considerable attention in the river, was launched the other day.

Mr. F. Grant is the new President of the Royal Academy, Sir Edwin Landseer and Mr. Maclise declining to take office, which was expected; and Mr. Boxall has been appointed Director of the National Gallery. The exhibition of water-colour drawings at the Dudley Gallery is now amongst our established annuals. This year it is a marked improvement on the last. We think the gem of the collection is Mr. Calderon’s forcibly painted picture in distemper, entitled “La Fontaine.” It was our duty to look in at the British Institution the other day. We really think the exhibition is worse than usual, though of course there are one or two good pictures, which partially redeem its character. We had the pleasure of hearing Mr. H. O’Neill’s lecture on painting at the Royal Academy. The course, which consists of four lectures, will doubtless be well attended by the students and by the brother-artists of the lecturer. On the occasion of our visit an unusual number of distinguished artists and literary men were present. Mr. O’Neill is wonderfully well up in his subject; he has plenty to say, and says it well. He has a good delivery, without any pretence to eloquence, and his lectures have considerable merit in a literary point of view.

We have been much pleased with a series of sixpenny manuals issued by Messrs. Warne and Co. These little books contain a wonderful deal of valuable information, and an amount of originality not usually found in such kind of books. That on “Ventriculism” will doubtless be very popular amongst the givers of, and goers to, evening parties. The “Handbook to the Toilet” is, perhaps, one of the most complete little compendiums of compressed information we have ever seen. We would, however, call attention to a sentence in the “Etiquette for Ladies” which should manifestly be excised in future editions. The author says—“You must never allow a gentleman to pay for your admission into any theatre or public exhibition, nor to defray the expense of refreshments for you when you happen to go anywhere with him.” This is simply absurd. A gentleman always pays; and no lady would think of squabbling with him over an eighteenpenny cab-fare or the price of a concert-ticket.

A writer in “London Society” has described February as “the dreariest month of the year;” well, it is the shortest at all events, and if it is the dreariest (which we are not prepared to admit) that at least is something in its favour. Apropos of “London Society,” Mr. W. Reade has some graceful verses in the February number which he calls “A Valentine in the Breezes.” Most of the writers in the same number are indebted to St. Valentine’s Day; and Mr. Mark Lemon continues his interesting and amusing essays, “Up and Down the London Streets.” Another novel by Mr. Lemon, “Falkner Lyle,” by name, has just made its appearance. “Land at Last”—Mr. Yates’s present novel in “Temple Bar”—is announced in the usual three-volume form; and Miss Annie Thomas has a new novel, entitled “Walter Goring”—a name almost identical with that of an actor at the Haymarket—but this may be accidental. Mr. James Greenwood, who is now known as the writer of the celebrated articles in the Pall Mall Gazette descriptive of “A Night in the Workhouse,” has commenced a series of contributions to the “Readings by Starlight!” in the Evening Star. A new journal, in the style of the Field, has made its appearance; it is called Land and Water, and is edited by Mr. Frank Buckland.

The death of Lord Montague (“Spring Rice”) should be recorded, also that of Mr. Peacock, the friend and executor of Shelley, and the author of several works. We may also allude to the deaths of Mr. Brande (the eminent chemist), Colonel Dowbiggin (“Take care of Dowb”), the notorious Mr. Wyndham, and Madame Saqui, the once famous rope-dancer.

We would protest against the appearance of a portion of the crew of the “London” on the stage of some of the minor theatres. In forwarding a donation to the fund which is being raised for the relief of the sufferers, we sent it to the Lord Mayor as coming from “one who strongly protested against their exhibiting themselves nightly on the stage.” The amount was duly acknowledged as from “Protest.” We have read lately in the papers of the captain of the “Jane Lowden” being rescued, after having gone twenty-eight days without food. Here is a chance for an enterprising manager! Such an exhibition would be certain to attract, and create an unparalleled sensation!

Mr. Heraud has, we perceive, penned some
times on the wreck of the “London,” the proceeds of the sale of which are to be added to the G. V. Brooks Life-boat Fund.

Mr. Charles Dickens presided on St. Valentine’s day at the dinner of the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund, on which occasion he made one of his happiest speeches.

Mrs. Stirling followed in a speech written for her by Mr. Tom Taylor, which was delivered by that actress in a very telling manner. Young nobility, rather than art, appears to have been represented on the occasion. Can it be that the quadrille-party, after the dinner, kept so many respectable members of the profession away? It is not improbable.

The Times has taken up the cause of the ballet-girls, and what has been euphemously styled “A Fairy Fund,” has been opened at Coutts’s. The fund and its administration is under the management of an influential committee of ladies. We sincerely hope some good may accrue to these hard-worked, much-enduring, members of the theatrical profession. The Morning Post, the Pall Mall Gazette, and several other papers, have taken up the cudgels most manfully on behalf of the dancers. The subject, however, is by no means new. We recollect it being advocated two years ago in the columns of the Era, by a correspondent signing himself “Footlight.”. In that letter he stated that “The ladies of the ballet have no fund at which to apply for relief in sickness or old age, and their scanty salaries preclude the possibility of their laying by anything against a rainy day.” Let us hope that the “Fairy Fund” will do much to remedy this.

Mrs. Alfred Mellon, having happily recovered from an alarming illness, which at one time, it was feared, might have terminated fatally, will make her reappearance at a benefit to be given to Mr. H. Corri, who has also for some months been incapacitated from appearing in public, through serious indisposition.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Arthur Sketchley is about to bring his old friend Mrs. Brown to town again, very shortly. It is rumoured, also, that some further novelties will be introduced at the same time. We shall be pleased to welcome him, for, in common with many others, we have much regretted the absence of this gifted “entertainer” from London.

In a recent number of Puck there appears an amusing letter from “a Pittite,” on the decline of the drama, in which the writer says: “Managers complain that they can’t get anybody to write pieces that will draw, or find actors that are equal to the performance of leading parts; but I have run my eye down a column of theatrical advertisements in the Daily Telegraph, and what do I see? why I see that at the T. K., Drury Lane, in consequence of the great demand for places, &c. At the Adelphi I read that in consequence of the immense success of Mr. J. Jefferson, the free list is suspended.” “A Pittite” then quotes in the same way the unprecedented success of every performance in London, if the advertisements are to be believed, and concludes by saying that “the only house that does not trumpet the great beauty and success of its Pantomime is Covent Garden, which has one of the best in London.” Alas! your Bohemian has to record the sudden closing of that establishment, a few nights ago, on account of “financial difficulties,” in the face of which Drury Lane is announced to open for an opera-season in April.

The exhibition of Eihardo, the “Spiral Ascensionist,” formerly at the Crystal Palace, and now at Birmingham, is stated to be “the most extraordinary performance ever placed before the public,” according to “a London Critique;” but as the announcement does not say whether the critic is from the “Times,” or the “Trumpey Tattler,” it can be of little value in enabling the public to form a true estimate, though even the Times has of late shown much indulgence in its entertainment criticisms.

We visited the National Standard the other evening, attracted by the reputed drollery of the Acting Manager, Mr. Brittain Wright, in the opening of the Pantomime; nor were we disappointed. His humour is of the best sort, and without the faintest suspicion of vulgarity, though seen in a part which abounded in opportunities for exceeding the bounds of propriety. Nothing of its kind could be more legitimate or more pantomimically correct. This actor, who was for a season at the old Surrey, shortly before its destruction, is evidently an immense favourite with an East-end audience, and, in the present dearth of clever low-comedians, we should be glad to see him elsewhere.

Your Bohemian.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HUSBAND AND WIFE; or, The Science of Human Development. (Carleton.)—This work is a moral and physiological treatise on marriage, and the laws, natural and conventional, which govern it. The author is an American lady, and she has displayed as much knowledge of her subject as any lady we imagine could desire. She treats largely of the evil results of ill-assorted marriages—especially of marriages between cousins, which she strongly deprecates; and she points out the causes of moral, intellectual, and physical improvement and degeneracy, and employs forcible arguments showing how a race may be improved or deteriorated. The natural period allotted to man’s existence is about a century, but owing to the artificial life he leads in the present age of the world, his constitution has become enfeebled through
successive generations, and he is old in what should have been his prime. Speaking of inherited tendencies, the author quotes the following instances in support of a well-known theory, to which many more could be added:

In the first part of this work, published twenty years ago, examples were given of various remarkable persons, who inherited their strong mental traits from their mother. I am now able to cite other examples in which hereditary intellectual qualities have descended directly from their father. Probably as many instances can be adduced on one side as on the other.

Doubtless, in every instance, it will be found that the peculiarities of both parents were merged in the child, each contributing to the rare combination of the new being.

Blaise Pascal, "perhaps the most brilliant intellect that ever lighted on this lower world," was the son of a French savant. His father was one of the finest scholars, and especially one of the best mathematicians of his time—and the splendid gifts of the son seemed like a direct inheritance from the sire.

Young Pascal lost his mother at a very early age. We know very little of her. Few women at that period were eminent in history. But we are told that she was descended from the best families in the province of Auvergne, on the side of both father and mother. A long line of cultivated ancestry was needed to perfect this wonderful child.

From early childhood, young Pascal's brilliant mental powers were the admiration of the age. Unfortunately, however, from the effect of intense application, his health failed before he arrived at manhood, and after a life of pain and suffering, he died at the early age of thirty-six. Pity there were none to teach him the laws of life and health! "The murder of the Innocents" has always been countenanced by admiring friends, as well as by a perverted public sentiment.

Another instance, in which a special talent appears to have descended directly from the father, may be found in the Bonheur family of France.

Rose Bonheur, by her pre-eminent genius, has made her name a household word in all civilized countries. She has, however, two brothers—one a sculptor, and the other a painter—who have already obtained much celebrity as artists, and also a sister who superintends the Free School of Design for Girls, in Paris.

The father of this gifted family was himself an artist; and although neither great in art, nor wealthy, nor successful, yet he has transmitted his own talents, increased manifold, to his children.

We are told that the genius of the Bonheurs was derived from the father, and this was supposed to be the end of the matter. No one speaks of the mother; one cannot learn anything of her, or of her history. Yet the laws of mental inheritance are sufficiently established to enable us to venture the assertion that the mother, too, must have been a woman of fine powers, and of fine qualities of temperament, which, combining with the talents of the father, have reappeared in the children, and given them genius.

We have an illustration of this at home, in our great family of marked and rather eccentric geniuses, the Beechers. They are all, most unmistakably, "chips of the old block." The grain and fibre of Beecherism is in every one of them. Yet the children of the first mother differ from those of the last; and the two most popular and brilliant members of the family—Mrs. Stowe and Henry Ward—were born when their parents were in the fullest maturity, ease, and confidence of their powers.

The late Theodore Parker is another example of strong and sturdy manhood, inherited from a like ancestry. He was descended in a direct line from the Puritan settlers of the Massachusetts colony, his ancestors, almost without exception, having been farmers and mechanics, and usually active participants in the military affairs of their day. His grandfather, John Parker, was a zealous friend of liberty, and was captain in the battle of Lexington. His father was a millwright and pump-maker, a man of robust habits and sturdy sense, a great reader, fond of mathematics, with which branch of science he was well acquainted—an independent thinker—a Unitarian in belief, and possessing remarkable powers of expression and argument. His mother was a highly-cultivated woman for that day—a model of personal beauty, fond of literature, and with an enthusiastic taste for poetry.

Here was the son of many brave and hardy generations, reproducing and intensifying in himself the marked family traits. Here, also, is another victim of violated law. It is said that he was accustomed to the most prolonged study, sometimes averaging fifteen hours a day; study, too, of the most exhaustive kind, varied by fatiguing journeys to lecture; add to this the effort of speaking every Sunday in an immense hall—no wonder that he died at fifty, though he ought to have lived to eighty.

John Quincy Adams was probably the most remarkable instance of transmitted mental traits of character to be found in the annals of this country. The following extract from the life of his father, John Adams, abundantly proves to what extent his great intellectual powers and his unimpeachable moral integrity were a direct inheritance:

"In two things he was favoured above most men who have lived. He was happily married to a woman whose character was singularly fitted to develop every good trait of his own; with a mind capable of comprehending his, with affection strong enough to respond to his sensibilities, with a sympathy equal to his highest aspirations, and yet with flexibility enough to yield to his will without impairing her own dignity. In this blessed relation he was permitted to continue fifty-four years, embracing more than the whole period of his active life; and it is not too much to say that to it he was indebted, not merely for the domestic happiness which ran so like a thread of silver through the most troubled current of his days, but for the steady and unwavering support of all the highest purposes of his career. Upon the several occasions when his actions placed him in the most critical and difficult positions, when the popular voice seemed loud in condemning the wisdom or the patriotism of his course, her confidence in his correctness seemed never to have wavered for a moment. Not a trace of hesitation or doubt is to be seen in her most confidential communications; on the contrary, her voice in those cases came in to reinforce his determinations, and to urge him to persevere. Often she is found to have drawn her conclusions in advance; for several of her letters bear on this side the testimony of her husband's admiration of her sagacity. The leading effect this must have had upon him, when chafed, as his temper frequently was, by the severe friction to which it was exposed in the great struggles of his life, may easily be conceived. An ignoble spirit would have thrown him into depression; a refining and dissatisfied one would have driven him frantic. Hers was lofty, yet cheerful; decided, yet gentle. Whilst she
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understood the foibles of his character, and yielded enough to maintain her own proper authority, she never swerved from her admiration of his abilities, her reliance upon the profundity of his judgment, and her pride in the integrity of his life. And if this was her state of feeling, it was met on his part by a devotion which never wavered, and a confidence scarcely limited by a doubt of the possibility of an error. A domestic relation like this compensated for all that was painful and afflictive in the vicissitudes of his career; and its continuance to so late a stage in their joint lives left to the survivor little further to wish for in this world beyond the hope of a reunion in the next.

"The other extraordinary blessing was the possession of a son, who fulfilled in his career all the most sanguine expectations of a father. From his earliest youth John Quincy Adams had given symptoms of uncommon promise; and contrary to what so frequently happens in such cases, every year as it passed over his head only tended the more to confirm the hope that had been raised from the beginning. A friendly nature received from early opportunities of travel and instruction in foreign lands, not the noxious seed which so often germinates to spread corruption, but a generous and noble development as well of the intellect as of the affections. At twenty years of age his father saw in him the outline of a full-growm statesman, a judgment which time served only the more unequivocally to confirm. But it was not merely in the circumstances of his brilliant progress as a public man that his parents had reason to delight. As a son, affectionate, devoted, and pure, they never failed to find in him sources of the most unsullied satisfaction. In whatever situation he was placed, and however far removed from them in the performance of his duties, he never forgot the obligation he owed to soothe by every effort in his power the hours of their declining years."

Mr. Lewes, in his "Physiology of Common Life," in speaking of the same subject, confirms the preceding view:

"When the paternal influence is not counteracted, we see it transmitted. Here the common remark: 'Talent runs in families:' the proverbial phrases, 'L'esprit des Mortemarts,' and the 'wit of the Sheridans,' imply this transmission from father to son. Bernardo Tasso was a considerable poet, and his son Torquato inherited his faculties, heightened by the influence of the mother. The two Herschels, the two Colmans, the Kemble family, and the Coleridges, will at once occur to the reader; but the most striking example known to us is that of the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of a musical genius, which more or less was distributed over three hundred Bachs, the children of very various mothers."

The author's reflections upon the state of society in large towns are severe, but we have not space to quote more than the following, with which we conclude our notice of the work:

"One custom which prevails extensively in cities, is most pernicious and evil in its influences. I refer to the constant and intimate attentions of unmarried gentlemen to married ladies. Society tolerates this gallantry—even fosters, protects, and defends it, as a refined stimulus to social life. The husband is pleased with the attentions which his wife commands; the wife is vain of her power and of her conquests; while her rivals may envy or admire the piety of her Platonic friendships. If she is gay and attractive, a whole bevy of single gentlemen become her constant attendants; they make her morning calls, ride with her, walk with her, attend her to the ball, to the opera, or meet her there; always smiling and elegant, as her very welcome satellites. The husband smiles, too, dreaming only of his own ease and freedom, and of his wife's popularity. Thus we have created and tolerated that order of 'nice young men' who become attached to other men's wives, but for themselves despise matrimony.

"The sharp tongue of the country town would soon talk such men out of its borders. Such neighborhood supervision may have its inconveniences: but in a community where everybody knows just what families, or members of families, attend church, just which ladies have four new bonnets a year, and which contrive to get along with two or three—this class of the genus homo, at least, has no chance of an existence. Every whisper of scandal awakens an echo of warning in each household; but when a city has merged the individuality of its hundreds of thousands, it has no protection for the thoughtless young wife, whose husband, absorbed in his own pursuits, leaves her to stem the current of ruinous social precedents as best she can."

The Claims of Conservatism. Liberal Liberalism: a Few Remarks on the Pamphlet entitled "Support the Government." By a Conservative Non-elector. (Dalton and Levy, 28, Cockspur-street.) — We break no confidence we believe when we claim the above Conservative non-elector as a contributor to these pages, and announce him as William Read, jun., Esq. The pamphlet to which these remarks are opposed—"Support the Government"—was put forward as a resume of the acts of the present Government, and an appeal to the country for its approval of their policy—a policy to which Mr. Reade is strenuously opposed. By him the manner in which foreign affairs have been conducted. To the censure pronounced on Lord Derby's rashness in dissolving Parliament at the very moment when the first note of war sounded in 1859, the writer retorts by saying:

"Lord Derby, as the Conservative chief, had no pride in retaining office, unless he was backed by a large and influential majority. Had he followed the Whig tactics of holding office by any means, or by any semblance of superior strength, the result would have been different.

Our author, referring to the praises bestowed on Lord Russell's sway of the Foreign Office during this period by the writer of the pamphlet in question, reminds him that:

"As Lord Russell came into office when the time for diplomatic and delicate remonstrance was past, it is obvious that the Conservative Foreign Secretary had had the most difficult part to play; and whatever the Whig opinion of his efforts, he at all events neither alienated France nor Austria by curt refusal of their proposals nor hasty negation of their efforts."
With regard to the giving up of the exclusive alliance this country had maintained with France subsequent to the Crimean War, with the expression that in doing so the Government declared the sentiments of the British nation, Mr. Reade observes that

"There are only two questions to be asked: "Is it politic or generous to refer to these points in regard to a nation whose Emperor has been—take facts as proof—a firm friend of England?" Secondly, "What new alliance on the continent have the Liberals consolidated since they have been in office?"

In this way our author takes the Whig non-electorals arguments in series, page for page and paragraph for paragraph, dealing each an uncomfortable blow. With regard to the line taken by the Liberal Government as regards American matters, and which of course is highly extolled by the Whig writer for its firm support of neutrality, our author observes that

Before condemning the vacillating and temporizing policy of Lord Malmesbury in Italian affairs, he should have considered Lord Russell's treatment of American affairs, the recognition of the heroic South as belligerents had been granted. This was unavoidable, as England could not but agree with all other nations in a matter of common fairness; but beyond this, what has been the admirable policy of the Whigs? The "Alabama" was all but seized, and the steam rams were stopped; but were the Federals prevented from enlisting men by thousands in Ireland? Were the Federals sternly called to order for the insolence of their cruisers in the British Colonial ports? Were their high-handed demand and threats met with calm but haughty refusal? Certainly their various requirements were not granted because the spirit of the country, despite Radical Yankee papers, is too strong; but does not the tone of the despatches throughout give an impression of unusual humility on England's part toward the North?

The pamphlet, whilst evincing strong political feeling on the part of the writer, is couched in sensible and moderate language. The author evidently feels strongly the secondary part that England has of late years played in the role of European politics. Especially does he appear to feel the "neutrality" that has told so bitterly on the South, most fortunately on the North, and suggests that if, when the star of the South culminated in 1863, the maligned Conservatives had been in office, and had recognized her independence, France, it was well known was ready to join England in doing so, had the Emperor been treated with habitual cordiality and courtesy. And a recognition by France and England would have meant the recognition of all the European powers. Then there would have been two nations of power sufficient to neutralize each other, in the room of the present United States—"a democracy," observes our author, "who have no real friendship for England, and who have enormous armaments, the prestige of victory, and the passions kindled by the conquest of a gallant and a proud enemy." We cannot follow the writer throughout the whole of his very lucid and logical reasoning contra the author of "Support the Government," but our Conservative readers will find the pamphlet worth their consideration as expressing much that has passed through their own minds during the lingering period of Whig Government.


A Few Words on Woman's Work. By M. A. B. (W. Tweedie, Strand.)

The first of these pamphlets is the substance of a paper read before the Brighton Literary and Scientific Institution (sic). We presume it was read before the members of the Institution, and not to the walls thereof: at any rate, the contents are sufficiently useful to deserve the attention of a larger audience than that of the Brighton Scientific Institution, for it shows how impossible it is for the substances sold under the names of "baking" and "egg" powder, to supply the place of the articles they represent; and that, on the contrary, in many instances these substitutes, chiefly made up of carbonate of soda and tartaric acid, are absolutely injurious. —The writer of the second brochure takes, we are happy to say, a very commonsense view of woman's work, and gives paramount importance to home-duties. We are glad that the womanly heart of the writer takes the view we have so often expressed as to factory-work for women, and denounces it as strongly as we could desire.—We recommend both these pamphlets as useful to mistresses of families.

The Household. (Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.)—We can earnestly recommend this wonderfully cheap periodical, as a treasury of useful hints and information, to heads of families with incomes varying from one to three hundred a-year.

["Common Sense." — A notice of this charming work in our next number: our review of it has been postponed through want of space.]

* An action that is at the present moment reacting on ourselves; for there is little doubt that the disbanding of the Federal army has thrown hosts of trained soldiers into the Fenian ranks.—Ed.
PATTERN FOR A SOFA PILLOW, OR A BABY'S COT QUILT.

MATERIALS.—No. 6 Bob's Head crochet cotton, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby; No. 2 Penelope hook.

1st row. 7 ch unite in a circle; * ch (or under) this circle work 3 dc, 1 ch, 3 dc; 1 ch, 3 dc; 1 ch 3 dc; 1 ch dc on 1st of the 3 dc.
2nd. 5 ch dc in next 1 ch; 5 ch dc in same loop; 5 ch dc in next 1 ch; 5 ch dc in same loop. Repeat again. Then 5 ch dc on last of the dc stitches; 5 ch dc in same loop.
3rd. * 5 ch dc u next 5; 5 ch dc u 5 ch at corner; 5 ch dc u same. Repeat from * all round.
End with 5 ch dc u 5 ch at corner; 5 ch dc u same.
4th. 5 ch dc u each 5 ch, making 5 ch dc u same 5 ch each corner; that is, the same as the last row. End with 5 ch dc u same 5 ch at corner.
5th. * 3 ch 7 l 1st sc; dc u next; 7 l u next; 3 ch 1 l u 5 ch at corner; 3 ch 1 l u same. Repeat from *.
End after finishing the last corner.
6th. 4 ch 15 l; that is, 1 l on each l, and dc stitch 4 ch 1 l u 3 ch at corner; 4 ch 1 u same.
End after the last corner.
7th. 5 ch 15 l on 1; 5 ch 1 l u 5 chs at corner; 5 ch 1 l u same. Repeat. After finishing the last corner make 1 ch.
8th. * 6 dc u 5 ch; 15 dc on 1; 6 dc u 5 ch; 4 dc 1 ch; 4 more dc u 5 ch at corner. Repeat from *.
At the end fasten off. Make as many of these squares as are required, and sew them together with the same cotton, taking care that the pattern matches exactly.

For the Border.—Make a dc stitch in the 1 ch at the corner; * 9 ch dc on the 1st of the 15 l; 9 ch dc on 8th l; 9 ch dc on last of the 15 l; 9 ch dc on the join. Repeat from *.
2nd. 13 dc u each 9 ch; making 1 ch between each 13 dc at the corner only.
3rd. Dc in the 1 ch at the corner; 3 ch 1 l 1 ch for 10 times in the 7th loop of the 13 dc; 3 ch dc on the dc stitch on the 1st l of the 15 l; 3 ch * 10 l with 1 ch between each in the centre loop of the next 15 dc; 3 ch dc in centre loop of next 13 dc 3 ch. Repeat from *, till the two groups of the 15 dc before the corner; there make the 1 stitches on the centre of each 15 dc, and work at the corner as before.
4th. Dc on the dc stitch at the corner; * 2, ch 1 double l 2 ch u each 1 ch and under the last 3 ch; 2 ch dc on dc stitch. Repeat from *.
The double l is made by twining the cotton twice over the hook instead of "once.
5th and 6th are exactly the same as the last.

EXPLANATION OF CONTRACTIONS
USED IN CROCHET, TATTING, KNITTING, ETC., ETC.

CROCHET.

ch. Chain-stitch.
dch. Double chain-stitch, or braid-stitch.
st. Slip-stitch.
s. Single crochet.
sdc. Short double crochet.
dc. Double crochet.
stc. Short treble crochet.
tc. Treble crochet.
ltc. Long treble crochet.
m. Miss.

TATTING.

D. Double stitch; one French and one English.
P. Picot.
J. Join.
Loop. Any number of stitches drawn up.

KNITTING.

K. Knit (plain knit).
P. Purl.
M. Make (increase).
K 2t. Knit two as one. K 3t. Knit three as one.
D 1. Decrease one, by taking off a loop without knitting; then knit one and pass the other over it.
D 2. Decrease two; slip one; knit two together, and pass the slip-stitch over.

SL. Slip.
R. Raise.
T.K. Twisted knitted stitch.
T.P. Twisted purl stitch.

NETTING.

Pn. Plain netting. The ordinary stitch.
Dn. Double stitch. The thread twice round the mesh.
Ln. Long stitch. A stitch in which the knot is not to come close up to the mesh.
D. Draw out the mesh (before the row is completed).
M. Miss.

PRINTER'S MARKS

IN THE DIRECTIONS FOR EVERY KIND OF WORK.

These consist of crosses ×, sometimes printed as the ordinary letter X; asterisks *—daggers, †. They are to indicate repetitions in any row or round. Two similar ones are placed at the beginning and end of any part to be repeated, and the number of times is written after the last. Thus × 3 dc, 5 ch, miss 4, × 3 times, would, if written in full, be 3 dc, 5 ch, miss 4; 3 dc, 5 ch, miss 4; 3 dc, 5 ch, miss 4.
THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—IN-DOOR TOILET.—Poplin dress cut in the Princess style, having plaiting from the hips, only formed and fastened in the seams under the arms, and those connecting the side-pieces with the back. On each side of the row of buttons down the middle of the front runs a black velvet piped with gold. A foliage of the same trimming is continued round the skirts and on the hips and sleeves. Very narrow linen collar, ornamented with guipure at the edge. Under-sleeves with cuffs to match.

SECOND FIGURE.—VISITING TOILET.—Robe of blue pou de soie, trimmed with deep scallops formed with black ribbon velvet. Body with an Indian skirt, straight behind like a scarf, and forming a point sixteen inches long on each side at the bottom of the front which are partially open, and fall away towards the hips. Sleeves tight. Velvet cloak. Muff and Victory of Canada marten’s fur. Bonnet of puffed satin, in the Empire form. Velvet bandeau curtain, of the same tint as the satin. Inside tulle and velvet pufnings. Let me set you right on the vexed question of crinoline. Here its abandonment rests wholly with the demi-monde: the noblesse continue to wear it, both in full-dress and walking costume; but its size is perceptibly diminished; nothing over two yards and a-half in circumference is permitted for toilettes de ville; but there is no diminution in those for evening dress.

Gores are extensively used. The back breadths of silk are cut almost diagonally in half; and dresses almost plain in front predominate.

Bonnets are already assuming an air of spring. Their colours are less sombre, and their ornamentation have a light odour of violets. I have just seen a very pretty model of pink crepe, made with bouillonées separated by cordons of daisies; behind, a bandeau curtain of velvet covered with guipure; in the interior, a little cordon de daisies. Another, for a young married lady, has a crown composed of white tulle, and the front of velvet épinglé, also white. Upon the front, and on the bandeau curtain, there is placed a cordon of white azaleas; in the interior, a bandeau of white velvet embroidered with pearls, and a little tuft of feathers at the side. The hair is worn à la fantasia—I have no better phrase for it—in any way you please. There has been a tendency to high têtes and powder for some time past, and since the Empress has found the style one of the most becoming she has ever essayed, I should not at all be surprised if the fashion be revived.

For dress, the style of coiffure is most elaborate. The hair is puffed and plated and frizzed in the most wonderful way—quite impossible to anybody but a professional hairdresser, whose art is just now in the ascendant, and who have, I hear, without reference to any other diploma than that of Barber’s-hall, dubbed themselves "professors!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY accepted, with thanks.—“The Prophetic Torquises,” “Wood Engraving.”

POETRY declined, with thanks.—“The Indian Widow,” “The Past,” “Flower of the Air;” “Harp that in the Olden Days, &c.;” “To a Butterfly caught in February.”

PROSE accepted.—“Notes of a Tourist.”

Received, but not yet read.—“Not Wisely, but too Well” (the writer shall hear from us shortly); “Junius;” “A Short Story, to be read by Twilight.”

DECLINED, with thanks (and in the first instance very regretfully, the tale commenced so well).—“The Old Cathedral;” “An Event in My Uneventful Life” (the author will do well to cultivate his talent, and write and read much more before attempting to publish. We find, now that it is too late, that the same advice should have been tendered to her sister. Both would do well to seek upon it: “Grace Douglas;” “The Village Doctor;” “Heathbells &. Hyacinths.”

“J.H.” (Berlin) is thanked for his communication: we regret that we cannot avail ourselves of his proposal.

* * * 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 receipt of stamps for the purpose.

London: Printed by Rogers and Tuxford, 296, Strand.
THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

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

CHAP. XVIII.

We had nearly reached the village of Havelstone, our first stage, when I noticed a strange alteration in Lord Dormington. His complexion in the morning had been so flushed, that, in my secret disgust, I mentally accused him of having had recourse to art—a practice for which, scandal said, there was Royal authority: now it was pallid, and his countenance appeared full of anxiety. There was a wild look about his usually inexpressive eyes, which gave me great alarm; sometimes it appeared to me that the Earl was grinning in a kind of ghastly mirth. He attempted at last to speak; and then, to my horror and dismay, I perceived the power of speech was lost. I rose up in the carriage.

"Lord Dormington! can you not speak?"

No answer—only a nodding of the head, like the Chinese mandarins children use for toys.

"Great Heaven! Give me your hand, my Lord."

But it had fallen lifeless by his side! A convulsion came over his face, the right jaw dropped, and the mouth was twisted horribly away. I pulled the check-string. The footman opened the door in a minute after.

"Where is my lord's valet?—quick. Oh! he is very ill, dying I fear—make haste."

Carew, Lord Dormington's valet, came quickly to the door of the carriage. He was an elderly man, shrewd and careful. He changed colour as he looked at his lord.

"Pray, my lady, be good enough to descend, and keep yourself, if possible, calm. My lord is struck with paralysis. How long is it since he has been seized?"

"Good Heaven! only within the last few minutes, certainly. He was conversing a little while ago, then a silence ensued, and I thought he was fatigued. What is to be done?"

"Very little, my lady, I fear, till we can get medical aid. Quick John; let one of the postillions take one of the horses and ride back to London, and bring down Sir Charles Arnew, my lord's physician, to Rownham; we had best go on there."

"Would it not be best to remain at an inn?"

"I scarcely know, my lady," said the man; "my lord ought at once to be placed in a warm bath, and I fear there is no accommodation nearer than Rownham."

As he spoke, he took Lord Dormington's snuff-box out of the Earl's coat-pocket, and placed a quantity on the nostrils; but his face was merely momentarily convulsed, and the stimulant had no effect. Next, he tried to pour wine down his master's throat—an unavailing attempt, for his patient seemed to have lost all power to swallow. I wrung my hands—"Death and misfortune follow me everywhere."

"I think, after all, my lady, we had best stop at the Roebuck: we are but a mile from there, and we must extemporise a bath. I fear taking the responsibility of my lord going any further, without medical advice."

"Do as you think best: I am no judge."

Carew assisted me then into the carriage, and entered it himself, directing the postillions to proceed at a moderate pace with the three remaining horses. He chafed his lord's hands with eau de Cologne, while I wetted the poor temples continually with the same essence.

"Speak, my lady, please," said Carew, "and see if he knows you."

"Dear Lord Dormington, do you know me? 'Tis your wife, Isabella! Are you in pain?"

He rolled his eyes; but we could see that he understood what was said. Yet, when we drew up before the Roebuck Inn, the convulsions returned so intensely, that I believed life could not endure the torture. Mine, indeed, was a terrible situation; but my duty, at least, lay clear before me, and, after the first agitation of my feelings had subsided, I set myself assiduously to the task I had once previously anticipated, but which had come to me so much earlier than I had foreseen. Like most persons of feeble intellect, Lord Dormington had totally succumbed under this shock of paralysis. We extemporised a bath, and, inquiring if there was a doctor in the village, was directed to the apothecary, Mr. Nitrene, who, when he arrived, simply shook his head solemnly, approved of what had been done, and said he would send a draught."

"Pooh! man," said the valet, with great irreverence towards this rural Galen, who seemed chiefly to dwell on the fact that his patient was a lord—"I know more than that..."
myself. Of what use are your draughts to a
man who cannot swallow?"

"A man?"

"Of course! My poor master lies there, stricken
as any of us may be, by the hand of God. I
little thought of such a thing this morning when
I dressed him. There! look to my lady; perhaps
you can do her some good; you can't help, my
lord; that's certain. Sir Charles Arnew can't
be far off, I trust. Symptoms are coming on
which you can't see, and which I don't like."

But I declined Mr. Nitrene's attentions so
decidedly, that he presently retired, after receiv-
ing a fee, which he was as little accustomed to
receive, as to merit. To my great relief, in a
couple more hours Sir Charles Arnew arrived,
having travelled by express post from town. This
eminent physician, who knew Lord Dornin-
ton's constitution thoroughly, told me candidly
that there was little hope of the patient ever
recovering his former state. Immediate danger
he did not now apprehend; Carew had done
perfectly right in the treatment he had pursued,
and death at present was postponed.

"But only postponed, Lady Dornington,"
said the Court physician, "With the greatest
care, his lordship may even survive for two or
three years; longer it is not probable—forget me
if I say, under the circumstances in which he will
exist, scarcely desirable. Believe me, young
lady, I sympathise deeply in the trial which has
befallen you; but I esteem my noble friend
indeed fortunate in having secured the services
of such a nurse."

I was earnest in assuring Sir Charles Arnew
that I would indeed be all that was zealous and
careful, and that no effort of mine should be
wanting to restore the poor sufferer.

"I believe it, madam. Lord Dornington may
be removed to-morrow, in a suitable and easy
conveyance. The comforts of his own mansion
must not be wanting; besides, the noise of an
inn is extremely perilous. I will rest here a few
hours, and see my patient again; but I must
return to town to-night. Here, there is no
prospect of immediate peril; there, life and death
are in hand. A physician's life, Lady
Dornington, is not one to be envied."

"But it is one to be admired, sir, and
commended. The many high qualities, moral ones
especially, needed in your profession, entitle
those who practise it, to our respect and entire
confidence. If I had been a man, it is the very
one I would have chosen, because it must be
beneficial to mankind, and full of self-sacrifice
and self-abnegation."

"Are those qualities the highest aims of life?"

"I believe so, firmly."

"Then your sex must take the precedence of
ours. Ah! what doctors you would make if
your strength of nerve were but equal to your
strength of heart! what will you not morally
endure? If you were physically as strong, we
doctors might tremble for our bread; but perhaps
there is not much fear of that. Apart from the
prejudices of society, you have prejudices of
sex, which such a profession, unless exclusively
practical among yourselves, would jar against,
and such prejudices I for one—as an earnest
partisan of woman, and her reasonable rights
of progress—cannot desire to see combating or
pulled down."

"I should not wish, sir, to be a doctor; but I
can and will learn to be a nurse."

"And the doctor's right hand," he answered,
"is the good, sensible, and intelligent nurse. I
wish, Lady Dornington, you would instil some
of your ardour into the minds of the old women
who are allotted now-a-days to the sick chamber,
and who evince the greatest dexterity in counter-
acting our orders and marring our efforts.
Science itself flies before these foes, who ignore
anything except superstition and tradition."

The high-minded and worthy gentleman who
spoke this has long since quitted the earthly
scene of his labours. How would he rejoice to
know that a brighter dawn is breaking in that
women slowly, but really, are learning the true
aims of their existence, and endeavouring to
fulfil them, retarded as they are by many
obstacles and paths, strewed plentifully enough
with the thorns and briars of prejudice and
human error!

Sir Charles Arnew retired, and left me
to my own meditations, which were naturally of
a painful character. Now that the first shock
and surprise of Lord Dornington's illness had
subsided, I had to reflect on the duties which
on my present position as the Earl's wife entailed
me. The first and the most obvious, was to attend
on the afflicted man with the devotion of a wedded
partner. How soon I might be his widow was a
question of no very doubtful nature; he might
linger years, a helpless creature, with scarce the
intelligence left, which could only render devo-
tion availing. He was not to be considered a
burthen, but a sacred trust which Providence
had transferred to my care, proving thereby that
none are too weak or contemptible for the
Fatherly care which provides antidotes for
the many poisons of life. Yet he might not give
me the opportunity of proving my fidelity to
the only sentiment the poor old nobleman could
hope to find in my heart, viz. gratitude. His
frail life hung on many of those events we call
cstances, and although Sir Charles Arnew insisted
on its necessity, I dreaded the short journey to
Rowharn on the morrow, fearing indeed the
strength of the invalid was very unequal to the
unavoidable fatigue of such removal. I wrote to
such members of the Earl's family as I had
recently made acquaintance with, and to my own
father, acquainting them with my husband's
deplorable illness, and intreating advice. I had
much faith in Carew, Lord Dornington's valet;
he was unobtrusive, shrewd, and foreseeing:
He understood his master thoroughly, and
quietly gave me many hints, which enabled me
more completely to study the Earl's comforts
and those little caprices, which even now he
could still display. It was at first difficult for
me to understand the rolling eye and convulsed
motion of the head, by which alone poor Lord
Dornington could testify his wants or wishes;
still more difficult, when speech was partially restored, to comprehend the thick utterance of the lolling tongue, swollen and ill able to articulate. But Carew could interpret everything. He was remarkably active, too, considering he was past the middle stage of life. Lord Dornington testified great impatience if I left the room for a moment, and a desire to receive everything from my hand alone.

When Sir Charles Arnew saw the Earl for the last time before he departed for town, he declared that his patient had rallied beyond his hopes. He gave full directions to Carew respecting the Earl’s transit to Rowham, and expressed an opinion, that once in his own house his nervous system might still further recover the shock of paralysis. Then he shook hands and departed, promising to come next evening to Rowham, and remain for some hours.

That night I had a pallet bed placed in Lord Dornington’s apartment: but the poor invalid dozed through the hours and scarce needed my care. I dressed at daybreak, and took my station by the bedside of the sufferer. As I watched the distorted face a thrill came over me, a shudder rather, as I thought of what might be the state of the soul pent up in that helpless frame—a soul which had spent a life of folly and of dissipation, unredeemed by earnestness or good intents. Could I awaken this torpid spirit to any sense of its danger? Alas! had I not too much neglected the interests of my own immortal inmate? That line had not then been written

“For the soul is dead that slumbers.”

But its truth was reflected in my mind. I had suffered mine to slumber too long. I longed now to be “up and doing,” and oppressed and humbled, I knelt down and prayed long and contritely. When I rose there seemed a new life within me. I was cheered, invigorated, and was strong for conflicts. I rang for my maid; and the Parisienne, whose face had assumed an elongation on the previous day, which boded ill for her contentment, appeared at the door with a sullen brow and careless toilette.

“A cup of coffee, Amélie,” I said, “and desire Carew to attend my lord.”

“Oui, mi ledi.”

“And fetch my hat and cloak—put on your own if you have breakfasted, and come with me; I must breathe the air.”

The woman shrugged her shoulders. “You had better, madame, have had a nurse; you are knock yourself what is call up.”

“No matter—I am quite well, only a little tired: do as I tell you.

“But I must unpack a toilette for my ledi.”

“Nonsense—my travelling dress will do here, till we go to Rowham. And even there, Amélie, my lord’s condition will prohibit my dressing en grande dame.”

“My ledi knows best,”—crosely.

“Go now; but be sure and send Carew.”

And Carew came, and thought his lord seemed better. He had ordered, he told me, an invalid travelling-carriage from town. It would arrive early, and he proposed starting for Rowham at noon. A man had already been sent there to relate our disaster, and beds and pillows had been forwarded for Lord Dornington’s use.

When I had drunk a cup of coffee, I took Amélie with me, and sauntered out of the inn, willing, if possible, to refresh myself by air and exercise. I was descending the long flight of steps from the Roebuck, when—not looking upwards—I came in contact with a stranger who was ascending. I hastened to apologise: he took his hat off for the same purpose, and there stood Russell Thornmead! It was the face of a friend—I forgot more painful circumstances—and, seizing his hand, I exclaimed:

“Oh, thank heaven! I am so glad you are here, Mr. Thornmead.” He was glad too: anyone could see that.

“Are you about to walk? I only came last night. Let me accompany you a little way.” I assented with a nod, and we walked on, Amélie following behind.

“But how is this? Is Mr. Castlebrook here? or—”

I had totally forgotten that he was probably a stranger to my change of situation. I coloured violently. “I—I am here with Lord Dornington.”

It did not strike him. “Oh! the poor old Lord, who on his wedding day was struck with paralysis. The people at the inn told me all about it, at supper-time. He is married to some beautiful girl, they say, who seems devoted to the poor old man. And you, dear Miss Castlebrook, are doubtless her bridesmaid? and on a visit, I see.”

“But—is it possible?” growing more confused every moment; “have you not heard? Oh! what will you say? You mistake: I am not Isabella Castlebrook now! I—”

“Not Isabella Castlebrook! Merciful heaven! what do you mean?”

“That I am here,” trying to speak with great deliberation and calmness, “with Lord Dornington as—his wife.”

Never, never shall I forget to my dying hour the look of scorn, of utter contempt, which came over Russell Thornmead’s fine face as he heard those words. He stepped back some distance, regarding me as one might a picture of whose lights and shades we are doubtful.

“You—you—Lady Dornington? A widowed heart—! Start not, Isabella: I ask pardon, Countess! I have long since known for whom my honest love was rejected—for a more brilliant figure, a falser tongue, a place-hunter. But you were deceived in the character of the man you loved, and the confidence of true love is respectable, nay more, it is holy. I sorrowed for you even when Lord Tarragon fell, the victim of his own vices; I knew that loving him your bereavement would gain bitterness and anguish from that fact. But that you should have forgotten him, that you should have so soon dried your tears, and wedded yourself to age, dotage, selling yourself for empty rank, for gold, to be called—”
The Commoner's Daughter.

"My Lady!" Isabella, you have fearfully, bitterly, deceived me. I have been before deceived: now I renounce all good opinion of your light fickle sex. Thus," waving his hat lightly, "I scatter my hallowed remembrances of goodness and purity to the four winds."

He turned away as he spoke, heedless of my cry, "For pity's sake do not judge me thus." In less than a second Russell Thornmead was out of sight.

So, I had alienated my only friend! The man who had loved me with his whole soul, the utmost depths of his warm heart, now repudiated and despised me. Yet he might have heard my vindication. Russell Thornmead had, indeed, become so well acquainted with my family affairs, that I should have had no hesitation in telling him all the circumstances which had led to my marriage. My French maid had been all this time at a discreet distance; but Mr. Thornmead's abrupt departure and excited gestures must, I feared, have had a strange appearance in her eyes. I turned back sadly; at all times I was keenly sensitive to disapproval from those I esteemed. I did esteem Russell Thornmead to such an extent that I had once regretted I could not love him, for I knew the woman he loved, might repose entire faith in his heart and principles. I hoped that at least I might once more see him before our departure for Rowham. But I was denied this satisfaction. Just as I got in sight of the house, Russell Thornmead passed on horseback, and he heeded not my hand uplifted to implore him to stop; but raising his hat slightly, he spurred his horse, and was far beyond the reach of my voice, ere I could frame words to recall him.

But within, all was busy with the confusion and bustle of our departure. The carriage, arranged for an invalid, stood before the door of the Roebuck, and I was soon entirely occupied in seeing that Lord Dortionton suffered no inconvenience from the journey. We travelled very slowly, and did not arrive at Rowham—a large and handsome mansion, in a woody park—till evening. All the servants were assembled to receive us, and there seemed considerable sympathy towards their afflicted lord, and an eagerness to lighten my task. The mansion was replete with every evidence of wealth and luxury, and if such things had availed, the Earl might have soon been cured. I found a letter awaiting me from my father, and some of condolence from Lord Dorton's relatives, too elaborate to be very sincere. I delayed reading Mr. Castlebrook's till the Earl was settled for the night, and I found myself alone in my dressing-room, which adjoined my husband's bed-room. My father's letter ran thus:

"My dear Isabella,—Certainly you are very unlucky: you appear always to be running into misfortunes, sometimes by your own choice, and sometimes by a fatality which seems to pursue you. You must secure as much as you possibly can: remember, your jointure is but eight hundred a year—a perfect trifle, considering the Earl's rent-roll is fifty thousand; but of course the advance I had was taken into account. I shall send Marcus: he gets taken little notice of here, poor boy, and requires care. I trust Dorton will get round, so far, that you may prevail on him to will you his personal property, for you will be badly off else. Lady Laura sends her compliments: let me hear further. Meantime I am,

"Your affectionate father."

Not much consolation here; but I had not expected any great sympathy from that quarter, and I regarded my jointure as quite enough for my future wants. I felt anxiety only for the dear child, who would soon be committed to my care. I knew quite enough indeed of my father's reckless habits, to feel persuaded that Marcus's education would mainly devolve on me. If Lord Dorton had lived I might have had influence enough to secure this point; but now, insensible to all, a living corpse, how could I hope to persuade, or ask favours? Again, above all anxieties came the one, that Russell Thornmead had lost all good opinion of me, that he deemed me as hollow, as vain, as fickle, as the mother of his own boy. I wept as I thought this. I had never loved him, in the usual acceptance of the term; but I felt the attachment of a sister to a brother, whom she honoured and respected above all men. I had dreamed too of committing my own little brother to his guidance, for something told me that Mr. Thornmead was destined to be as great as he was good. When I lay on the couch, which I had caused to be placed at the foot of Lord Dorton's sumptuous bed, on which the poor palsied head lay trembling supported by pillows of down, trimmed with lawn and point lace, my latest thought was what Russell would have said, if he had only waited to hear my exclamation.

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CHAP. XIX.

There is little to relate in the monotony of the days and weeks which followed—monotony broken only by the arrival of the child and Betsy, whose delight at the splendour she beheld was perfectly unbounded. Little Marcus, indeed, was a source of great happiness to me: he was of so sweet a disposition, and of such excellent temperament, that I often marvelled how such a child could have been born of parents so contrary. He loved me dearly; but it was my great care to instil love in that little heart towards his own father and mother.

"God bless dear papa and mamma" was his daily and nightly prayer said at my knee, in the small, lisping accents, which as yet he could only achieve—a prayer which might have touched even the obdurate hearts of his parents could they have heard the little fellow. The first token Lord Dorton gave of consciousness, was to raise his stricken hand to the child's golden head, and feebly pat it—the one, indeed, was hardly so much of an infant as the other now. I never quitted the Earl except to
walk, and then the child and Betsy always accompanied me. As for Mlle. Amélie, I found her much too fine for my requirements, and as Marcus was now nearly out of hand, I elevated his kind nurse to the post of my own maid, sending to London for a hairdresser to instruct her in those mysteries of the comb and brush necessary for a femme de chambre.

I was not unhappy. The pure country air, to which I had been so totally unaccustomed, improved my health, and with it my spirits. The atmosphere of my father's house had not been favourable to moral elevation. Now, I was free from anxieties; I was a personage in my own household, and my irritation of nerves became subdued, and my temper more even. After a few months, Lord Dormington became capable of speaking, and of being read to. I took the opportunity to read daily to him a portion of scripture, and though he was unaccustomed to it at first, he soon appeared to be soothed by this reading, and to listen meekly, and with an air of pleasure. By-and-bye, he could be drawn out in an invalid-chair about the park and grounds, and with these duties, and visits which I began to make to the poorer tenants—who, however, were well-cared for, by a good and active steward—time passed quickly and pleasantly. I was better pleased to live thus, than to have participated in those hollow gaieties which must have been my lot if Lord Dormington's health had not failed. That he would ever perfectly regain it Sir Charles Arnew forbade me to expect.

Only one shadow crossed me. Lord Dormington insisted on hearing all the papers read: this was my daily task; and the newspapers of those days teemed with the scandals of high-life, either openly stated or obliquely hinted at. I too often saw the initials of Lady Laura Castlebrook, connected with those of the Prince Regent, in an unmistakable way. Another name appeared also in these papers—by an gradually forcing itself, by nobility of sentiments and humanity of purpose, on the notice of the country—the name of Russell Thornmead! At first he was vilified as a Radical, an overturner of existing things, which he called abuses. Soon he came to be recognized for what he really was, the champion of the poor and oppressed—the zealous reformer of evil practices—the promoter of true religion—the earnest, sincere patriot. His greatest fault was, that he was in advance of his time. He was the pioneer of those great men who have since so ably completed what he began. The Tory papers might sneer at the rag-merchant's grandson, but the descendant of that founder of an honest name, blushed not for his origin. "Onwards!" was his motto. And the wings of Progress might have formed his crest. How eagerly I watched the career of this ardent and aspiring spirit! He was returned for the borough of Salford, adjoining his native town. I read his maiden speech. Oratory was not quite cried down then in Parliament. There was still the traditions of Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Pitt, and Chatham lingering about its walls: but there were few flowers of speech in Mr. Thornmead's harangues. Clear, terse sentences, ideas lucid, clothed in the vigorous Saxon tongue, characterized his oratorical efforts. They tried first to cough him down; but Russell Thornmead was just the man who would not be coughed down. Gradually he gained the ear of the house, and then his career became brilliant. Even the poor old lord at last grew excited about, and interested in his speeches. His great efforts were directed always to the social advancement of the people. Their extended education—then a theme laughed at and ridiculed—was his earnest aim. It was one, too, which he kept steadily in view throughout his career. I grieved so deeply, that I had been misjudged by this strong, deep spirit, that once or twice I resolved on writing to him, and giving him that explanation of my apparently mercenary marriage to which he had refused to listen. But I now kept a strict watch over my own impulses, and reason told me this one might be misinterpreted; silence, therefore, was due to my own dignity, and to the dignity of my husband, whose honour, helpless and crippled as he was, I reflected rested now in my hands. "Peace be with thee, Russell Thornmead!" I said, as I concluded my self-review. "Think ill of me, as you please: my own conscience must be my own reward; 'Duty' my watchword!"—duty which could be performed only by the aids of faith and prayer. There were times, when, I own, my whole soul shrunk from the path lying so broad and open before me: there were daily and hourly trials which were exactly of a nature to vex and irritate my quick spirit, which could better face the deep momentous misfortunes of existence than bear the petty worries which so often now beset me. I have not, in this narration, by any means attempted to represent myself as one of those placid and amiable young women whose equanimity is perfectly unruffled by the miseries of life. I possessed spirit, and no small degree of what we call temper—a fault which my poor mother had foreseen, would bring many a thorn in my path of existence. At school there was not much to excite such a disposition to irritation. At Miss Norman's any sign of passion would have been visited with a severity of proof, which none of us were willing to incur from our loved preceptress. But when I came home, there was no moral restraint to prevent me from yielding to my passionate impulses. Now there existed no occasions for lofty anger, or degradation; but as Lord Dormington grew better in health, his moral defects came out prominently. He was eminently selfish, and, for so quiet a person, despotical to a degree. To submit entirely to his many whims was of no use: he grew then to desire impossibilities. He would often take into his head that he could walk about, if he were allowed; and to reason him out of this absurdity—for although he
could now eat and talk, the lower portion of his left side was entirely helpless—was a vain endeavour. Nothing would do except allowing him to make the trial, Carew and one or two attendants standing by, to catch him as he fell. Then he would insist that London air would cure his lassitude. Whereas Sir Charles Arnwad had expressly interdicted town for him. A pure milk-diet had been ordered, and the treatment had proved of service; but the milk was to be taken warm from the cow; and how could even a nobleman of wealth procure that luxury in London as efficaciously as from a country dairy? In short, Lord Dornington, who had always been what we describe as a fidgety man, managed to keep his large establishment and myself in a constant state of excitement and worry. He tried to interdict my daily walks; but I firmly but gently declined leaving them off. Sometimes now I rode, receiving lessons from the head-groom; for I had not the least idea of equestrian exercise, and it was a real enjoyment, after I had surmounted my first timidity. I justly thought that to attend on the Earl night and day required some relaxation on my part, or else I must have succumbed under the fatigue. I had, besides, to supervise the household, and audit the steward’s accounts. I endeavoured, also, to draw my husband’s attention to those serious reflections which all his life he had abjured—and that was the most difficult of all my tasks. Lord Dornington believed religion to consist in hearing the Psalms read daily, and prayers on Sunday. The reading ended, he turned eagerly to secular things, delighting above all in the scandals of the fashionable morning papers—which, as I have previously said, he compelled me to read to him, favouring me with his own commentaries and feeble elucidations of the lives and manners of the British aristocracy—revelations which, coming from lips distorted with paralytic, sensibly shocked me. It was in the course of these unedifying readings, that seeing my stepmother’s name so freely handled by the newsmongers, I could not help believing that she gave too much occasion for the shafts of wicked wit aimed at her. Of one thing I now felt assured—whatever Russell Thornmead’s opinion about my marriage might be, it had rescued me from a home fast becoming anything but reputable. And my father—how had he borne with Lady Laura’s folly, perhaps vice! With all his faults, I now acquit him of deliberately contributing to his own dishonour. He had, perhaps, in the first years of his marriage, allowed his wife to visit somewhat too freely in the circle of a Royal libertine, whom too many of that day believed a chartered one. But though he might have accepted of power and place in return for the mere liberty of admiration, I felt persuaded he had withdrawn at once from the coteries of Carlton-house, when he saw that the Regent was not disposed to limit himself to admiration only. In short, I perceived now that Mr. Castlebrooke was, like most of us, a mixed compound—the evil, perhaps, too powerful for the good to have fair play. Instead of controlling his vain and ambitious wife, and reforming his own expenditure, he had thrown himself in the vortex of the gaming-table; and I still dreaded, in the midst of the solitude of Rownham, that my father might again incur debts, and again importune his noble connection for relief.

CHAP. XX.

I was in the twentieth year of my age when I entered Rownham as its mistress. I passed four years in the occupations and duties I have enumerated in the previous chapter, with little variation in the monotony of my life, although events that deeply pained me were by no means wanting. Lady Laura Castlebrooke had at last actually left her home for the protection of an individual too elevated for a husband’s sentiment to reach. My poor little Marcus, now a fine and intelligent boy of five, had been disgraced by his mother, who resided somewhere near London, the acknowledged mistress of the Prince Regent. She had, I learned, for some time previous to her elopement, gradually ceased to inquire after her child; and Mr. Castlebrooke, after the first burst of fury with which he announced his wife’s infidelity, left off all correspondence with Rownham. Madame Theresia, with whom I kept up an intercourse in writing, died two years after my marriage, and I prevailed on the Earl to allow me to engage Mrs. Candy (who had lost her husband, and become involved in her circumstances, through the difficulties of boarding-school keeping) as Marcus’s governess. My own time was too fully engrossed by Lord Dornington, who remained hopelessly an invalid, to allow me to attend to the education of the little boy, and Mrs. Candy was glad and thankful to come to me. I found my old friend somewhat changed for the worse. The corkscrew-ringlets no longer danced about her countenance, but a widow’s cap and a thin streak of grey hair had replaced their glories.

"Dear Lady Dornington, this is a pleasure! Well, I am sure, child! it is a blessing, after all one’s difficulties, to find oneself in such a situation—everything so genteel too. Poor Mr. Candy, if he were alive, could not object to anything. And this is your little brother, my dear Isabella! Excuse me; but long acquaintance gives me a friend’s privilege! And you would like to learn Latin, Master Marcus—and so you shall. By-the-bye, Lady Dornington, do you keep up any intimacy with our old friends the Thornmeads? How Mr. Russell has risen in the world! And little Mary have you seen her?"

"We visit no one—Lord Dornington’s invalid condition—"

"Yes, I see. How thoughtless! But Mary
has been presented. She has been staying with the Duchess of Stilton, and presented by her Grace, made quite a sensation. I went to see that Drawing-room; got smuggled into a gallery by one of the pages who had been a pupil of poor dear Mr. Candy’s; and there was Mary, in all her grace and charm—so gentle, you know, for one’s pupil to go to Court—it might have been quite a recommendation, and if I could once have formed a connection amongst the daughters of nobility, there might have been a fortune at last. Ah! well; to think how one struggles to be gentle, and what does it all end in? Russell objected, I believe, to his sister’s presentation; but her Grace overruled all.

“My dear Mrs. Candy, I hope you will be comfortable here, and forget your troubles. You said you would leave the matter of salary in my hands. Now the Earl is liberal. Your remuneration will be one hundred a-year during his life; after that I can answer for little. I believe I shall not need the money myself.”

“So generous! Do not let us dwell on such a prospect as dear Lord Dornington’s death. But he is very rich. You ought, my dear, to be well jolted.”

“There were circumstances which prevented my father from demanding heavy settlements, and delicacy forbids my urging the subject on the Earl’s notice.”

“Mrs. Candy looked inquisitive; but I could not confide more even to her. Finding I said no more she talked on:

“How distressed you must have been about that sad business of Lady Laura’s. Not that I am surprised; nor were you either, I dare say. But it must be a sad shock to his lordship.”

“Lord Dornington is quite unconscious of what passes in the world, unless he is specially told—and Sir Charles Arnew distinctly forbade all allusion to any excitable subject.”

“Poor dear! you have had a sad troubled life of it, too. Well this is a splendid place, to be sure! but I did think you would have been Mrs. Russell Thorne. They say he can have a title any day he pleases.”

“Russell Thorne’s name means no ennobling; but you see you made a mistake.”

“And Mary so fond of you, too! You would have been very happy. She will make a great match, notwithstanding her rag-bag ancestor. Ah! real nobility is getting very scarce.”

“Have you heard of your American friend, lately?” I asked, smiling, “whose long transatlantic apprenticeship I forget.”

“Mrs. Theophilus Prince Spriggins, my dear Lady Dornington? Yes: only think: she has turned out a popular authoress. She wrote and wrote, and at last she hit upon a subject which pleased the public taste amazingly. It was very romantic, and so intricate that no one understood what it was all about. Very well: therefore they liked it all the better, and the end of it is that Mrs. Theophilus Prince—excuse the whole name—may write now exactly any kind of rubbish she pleases; it will all go down—and the publishers are fairly fighting for her books."

“About as unlikely a woman,” I said, laughing, “as one would expect to enter the world of Belles-lettres.”

“She patronizes me immensely,” said little Mrs. Candy; “but when I wrote to ask her to lend me a small sum to release me from my difficulties, she told me she never lent money, on principle. She offered, however, to dedicate her next work to me, which she asserted would at once make me famous; but I declined the compliment.”

Marcus proved very obedient and docile to his new preceptress, and Mrs. Candy thoroughly enjoyed her unusual life of ease and comfort. Another year passed tranquilly over our heads, during which I had once or twice a hurried line from my father. Once, indeed, there was an urgent demand to borrow a hundred pounds of me, which I complied with, telling my father that my means were exceedingly limited with regard to money, and that to obtain it of the Earl or his steward, would be impossible. Lord Dornington had behaved liberally on the occasion of our marriage. On my wedding morning he presented me with an embroidered note-case, whose outside decoration of pearls and gems was far less costly than the contents, which comprised notes to the amount of £300, and an intimation, conveyed in a pink scented note, that the same sum would be mine every quarter, for what the Earl called pin-money. When I found that this “pin-money” equaled in amount the jointure settled on me, I resolved to limit my personal expenses to two quarters’ allowance for the whole year, putting by the remainder, which was regularly paid me by Lord Dornington’s steward. I thus saved four hundred pounds every year; and it was from this store that I sent my father the sum he demanded—regarding it, as most likely he did, rather as a gift than a loan. I might possibly have obtained money from Lord Dornington, who now could scarcely bear me out of his sight. But I reflected that the Earl had been liberal enough to my father, and that the attention paid him was from duty, and must not be made a matter of interest. I trembled, indeed, lest little Marcus should have no patrimony left on his father’s death, for I knew Mr. Castlebrook’s estate was heavily mortgaged, and I feared that even my husband’s liberality had not sufficed to redeem it, even if the interest was paid regularly, which I doubted. I was reading to the Earl one morning, when he desired me suddenly to put down my book. Somewhat wondering, I obeyed him.

“Isabella—Lady Dornington—there is something I want to say; I have wanted, in fact, to say it for a long time. You have been a good wife, a faithful nurse to—to an—old man; I believe I am growing old, and I wish—that—that—I forget now; but I know I wanted to tell you to—to——”

That wish was never realized. His jaw
dropped as he spoke, and so sudden a change came over his face, that in terror I sprang to the bell, and ringing violently, several of the servants came running in.

"Quick! send Carew instantly. Let a man go express to town for Sir Charles Arnew. Help me with your lord!" for he would have fallen from his chair had he not been supported. He was borne to his chamber, and placed in his splendid couch; but, all aid was now unavailing. Lord Dormington never rallied again, or recovered consciousness. He expired a few hours after the physician's arrival, life fading so imperceptibly that we scarcely knew the minute when the spirit departed.

Will it be believed that I sorrowed for the old man. My cares, and his tediousness and querulous wants, had come to be part of my daily life. To him at any rate I owed a competence, and I believed that his latest words were an effort to enrich me at his death—an effort arrested by the destroyer—and which had been too long delayed to be at last avail ing.

Mrs. Candy at this time was a treasure; she knew exactly what ought to be done. She wrote to everyone: and, when all was over, I waited calmly to know when I was to leave Rownham.

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CHAP. XXI.

I will own at once it was a trial to leave Rownham. I had never, owing to the Earl's invalid state, visited his other seat—he had two besides Rownham; but the latter, with its deep woods, its luxuriant vegetation and pleasant aspect, charmed my fancy. The new Earl I had never seen: he was Lord Dormington's nephew, and had been abroad at the time of his uncle's marriage. When the will was read, it proved to be the one made just previous to his marriage, wherein all his personal property was bequeathed to his nephew; a life-charge on the estate (which was entailed), to the amount of eight hundred per annum, forming my jointure. It is most probable that the Earl had intended latterly to alter this will, but had delayed his intention too long.

Henceforth I must live humbly and frugally enough—for a Countess. Such a consideration little distressed me, but I was grieved for the sake of Marcus. I knew the boy would fall to my care, and I must, for his sake, become a miser, or he could receive no education; and my young brother must study a profession, or fall into the snares of idleness, from which I resolved to protect him with all my might.

I was allowed to remain at Rownham for a month after the Earl's decease; meanwhile I had to determine where to reside, and in what manner. I felt now the advantage of my frugality; I should else have been penniless, my clothes, books, musical instruments, and jewels being all that I could claim. My choice vibrated between a furnished or unfurnished house. I saw at last an advertisement in a Manchester paper—from which town Rownham was about thirty miles distant—that a small furnished residence, with a garden and shrubberies, was to be let about seven miles from that town. The advertisement, after the fashion of advertisements, held out such unusual advantages, that my imagination was quite captivated.

"This seems exactly the thing I need," said I to Mrs. Candy, who was with me at the time.

The good lady put on her spectacles.

"It looks very well, my dear,—in the advertisement: the question is, how will it look out of it?"

"We will go and see. It will only be a day's jaunt; and very soon I shall have no carriage to jaunt with. Marcus shall go with us" (stroking the child's golden curls, who, in his black frock was leaning against my knee). "Let me see: the country-house of a Manchester gentleman, rent only fifty pounds per annum. Why, it seems made for me. By-the-bye, my dear friend, although a most painful subject, it is one I cannot well defer longer: where will you go when I leave Rownham, and what are your views?"

"Where shall I go?" (with an exceedingly bewildered air)—"why with you, dear Lady Dormington, I hope. Surely you would not turn me away?"

"My dear Mrs. Candy, heaven knows I need not turn away anyone who is a friend: but you know I cannot continue your present salary—indeed, I do not see how I can afford Marcus a governess at all: there is so little, and so much to be done with that little."

"Did I ask you for salary? My dear, I am getting an old woman now, there's no denying it—trouble, perhaps, more than years; but I cannot continually seek new homes: only give me one, and I want no more—nay, I have my year's salary snug in my desk, untouched. Clothes I have plenty—thanks to someone who for twelve months past has always been giving me presents. Marcus and I can't part—can we? Besides, my dear Lady Dormington, surely you don't propose living alone?"

I kissed Mrs. Candy's wrinkled cheek affectionately, but I added I must give her as much as I could. "And there is Betsy," said I—"Betsy will not hear of leaving. She is willing to be cook, lady's maid, and nursery attendant all in one: indeed, if she is desirous to come, I don't know how to part with Betsy."

"Certainly not, my dear Lady Dormington. Betsy is worth any wages: a good, confidential, trustworthy servant always is. Betsy is a treasure.""Well, then, to-morrow we will start early. We shall be back for dinner if we go directly after breakfast."

"Sixty odd miles, my dear, there and back—that is a good drive."

"Well, if we take post-horses we shall do it very well."

And in the morning accordingly we started;
but it was noon before we got into Manchester,
and there we had to see the agent who let the
house, and then to drive out the seven miles to
Ellisham—the name of the village where it was
situated. The house itself—^a white build-
ing in the cottage ornée style, with thatched
roof and latticed windows—had been built, it
seemed, by the gentleman whose property it
was, for the residence of an only daughter,
whose health after she left school was delicate.
There was a large garden behind, filled with
fruit-trees and vegetables, with a lawn and
flower-borders in front; a paddock for a cow, a
charming little dairy, and just sufficient room
for the small family whose providings I had to
look after, with a spare bedroom. The furni-
ture was elegant, and adapted to the size and
condition of the building with rare taste.

"The young lady's brother furnished the
house for her; but now she is quite strong and
well, and mostly in London, with great folks;
and the old gentleman, her papa, says the place
will go to ruin. So it is to be let—indeed, he
would rather sell it, with the furniture, at a
valuation."

"Indeed!" I turned eagerly to Mrs. Candy.
"I like this house exceedingly. I have a little
money by me; do you think I could purchase it?
It would be so much cheaper in the end."

"True, my dear Lady Dornington, but I am
afraid a little money would not purchase it."

The agent caught my name. "The owner
would greatly prefer selling it; and it would be
a bargain. Five hundred pounds would most
likely buy everything out-and-out, my lady."

"Impossible! There must be very strong
motives, then, for selling so cheap."

"Oh no, my lady: the old gentleman is very
rich, and doesn't care about getting back as
much as he laid out. I may have said under
the mark a little; but I think there or there-
abouts would do it."

"Well, if you will come before the end of
this week to Rownham, and give me an esti-
mate of the entire sum, furniture included, I
will, if it suits my views, purchase this place.
Ask at Rownham for Mr. Gilbert, the late Earl's
steward, and he will conclude with you."

The agent bowed, and getting into the car-
riage we started for Rownham, which we reached
at a much later hour than I had purposed.

Mrs. Candy was greatly astonished to find I
was rich enough to buy a house, and now
strongly advocated the measure. She was busy
in making calculations of how much I should
save in house-rent in the course of ten years.
"I mean to be the housekeeper," she said;
"and supervise all the expenditure. Betsy may
be very well; but for acquiring a thorough
knowledge of economy in all its branches, de-
pend upon it, my dear Lady Dornington, there
is nothing like keeping a gentle board-
ing-school, where you are obliged to regulate the
appetites of growing girls."

"I trust," said I, laughing, "you don't mean
to regulate the appetites of our little ménage?"
And that evening I related all that has been told in the foregoing chapters to the reader. Kind Mrs. Candy wept heartily, and called me a good creature, and mourned how men grew wicked every day, and that honour was a thing quite out of date. But I am bound to say that the dear lady did not seem dissatisfied with the fact that I had at least married an Earl; and she ended with her usual consolation, which I verily believed she would have applied to Royalty itself: "You are not rich, my dear, it is true, and perhaps you will never be fashionable; but at least it is very genteel to bear the title of Countess!"

The Manchester agent came over to the Rownham steward, and the entire value of the property proved to be fixed at £1,000 instead of £500. Then Mr. Gilbert drove over himself to Ellisham, and, as he phrased it, looked closely into things. The end, however, of his surveying was a strong recommendation to purchase; and in short he, at my desire, concluded the bargain, and I was mistress of Ellisham. A pair of strong ponies, and a low-built gun-carriage, completed my arrangements, which, though they left me with very little ready-money, essentially added to my comforts, and those of the small family I had gathered round me. Yet it really seemed as if anxiety was to be always mixed with my lot. I was seriously uneasy about my father; and a presentiment of evil—that strange instinct of our natures, so indefinite, and yet so persuasive—haunted me day and night. What if, after all, suicide was to attach its odium to our name!—a name still cherished by me, because it would be borne by the last male descendant of the De Trevors and Castlebrooks—because my little brother daily grew dearer and more engrossing in my love. The child himself was vigorous, healthy, and happy; intelligent beyond that infant age, he was perpetually asking questions about his parents, of whom naturally he had but very indistinct remembrances.

We removed to Ellisham, without hearing any news—which Mrs. Candy, who had great faith in wise sayings, insisted was good news. We were, at the period of our removal from Rownham, in the month of May, and my friend suggested that Mr. Castlebrook was probably too much engrossed with the approach of Epsom Races and his betting-book, to trouble himself about his son and daughter. I coincided with her opinion, groaning at the idea of my father’s imprudences on the turf, to which he now, I feared, resorted, in lieu of rouges-et-noirs. These indefinite fears of mine detracted greatly from the pleasure I took in my new and tasteful abode. We hired a maid-servant, a man to look after the garden, the ponies, and to be a general factotum. Betsy, whom we agreed by general consent to call "Tegget" (her surname), supervised generally our establishment, and directed the moderate cooking which it required.

She was, indeed, a combination of utility, and grumbled at nothing. Mrs. Candy paid the bills, and exercised a watchful care over the house expenditure; so that our menu was carefully conducted, and all outlay economically directed, yet without stint.

But the moment came which realized all my fears. As I sat, one delicious morning, in a little bower of climbing plants before the lawn, working, while Mrs. Candy heard Marcus say his lessons, Betsy brought me a letter marked "Haste!" I obeyed the injunction, and tore it open:

"DEAR ISABELLA,—Come here as soon as you can. I don’t know that you can do any good; but come, or circumstances may tempt me to do what you would not like to hear of. Mind what I say—come, or it will be too late, if you dawdle in the usual woman’s fashion.—Your affectionate father,

"T. DE TREVOR CASTLEBROOK."

I cast the letter into Mrs. Candy’s lap. The paper on which those lines were written was not whiter than my face. "What now was to be done?" This question I asked in the deepest dismay.

"You must go directly to London, my dear Isabella. Marcus, dear, run and play in the shrubbery. I hope, dear Lady Dornington, you have some money left? I fear, from this letter, Mr. Castlebrook is again involved."

"What is to be done? I have about seven hundred pounds left, but I intended living on that for the next twelvemonth, so as to have a year’s income always in hand: besides, there are many things still wanting—and now to lose it all!"

"Nay, I only meant to settle anything that may deprive your father of his liberty. But you must go instantly—and how?"

How, indeed! There were no railways then. My choice evidently lay between a mail-coach or post-horses. Of course the latter was decided on, and leaving the poor little boy in charge of his former nurse, Mrs. Candy and myself in another hour, were on our road to London.

LETTERS, PACKETS, AND NEWSPAPERS POSTED IN 1864.—In the year 1864 679,064,822 letters passed through the post, which gives an average of 29 for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom. The increase in that year over the number posted in 1863 was 37,000,000, or nearly six letters in every hundred. In the year 1864, also, the number of newspapers and book-packets posted was 50,000,000 and upwards, namely, 7,000,000 more than in 1863; the total being at the rate of nearly 180,000 a-day, excluding Sundays.
LATE TIDINGS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Hush! you must not name him
With that look and tone;
I forbore to blame him
For griefs I have known.

And, now all is over
Between him and me,
See, although a rover,
He loved tenderly.

Could I love him better
Than I did before,
After this last letter
I had loved him more.

Sweet words without number
I might feast on here;
But now all must slumber—
Hope, and joy, and fear.

Had I had around me
Friend for smiling foe,
Or, had this letter found me
Just one month ago!

Ah! I would have given
Wealth, and name, and pride—
All things under heaven,
To have been his bride!

If he could but hear me,
Could but understand!
But another's near me
Who can claim my hand.

Oh, asleep or waking,
The past haunts me yet;
And my heart is breaking
Striving to forget!

Change so old a ditty
To some modern lay;
But even you may pity
My despair to-day.

The world's gifts possessing,
Yet accursed by fate;
Since life's dearest blessing
Comes for me too late!

1865.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

BY MRS. ADDY.

In times of yore Art spread with lavish hand
Her treasures o'er the proud and ancient walls
Of castled state. The nobles of the land
With forms of pictured beauty decked their halls,
Startling, as by a spell, the gazer's sight
With groups of imaged loneliness and light.

Fair altar-pieces in the House of Prayer
The restless heart from pain and grief beguiled
By scenes from Sacred Writ. The Virgin there
Clasped in her loving arms the Holy Child;
There, sad disciples mourned their Saviour's doom—
There, pious women gathered round his tomb.

Yet to the roofs of poor and lowly men
Such treasures were denied. Awhile they viewed
These rare creations on their way, and then
Turned sadly to the mockeries coarse and rude,
That for a humble dole were bought and sold
In days when Art was only won by gold.

And oft in Sleep's beguiling fairy-land,
The pictures that had lured their waking gaze
Again came forth a bright and shadowy band,
But vanished with the morning's searching rays;
Art had but scanty riches to bestow
In those much-vaunted days, long, long ago!

Now she extends her bounties far and wide,
And welcomes numbers to her crowded school;
Behold! the painter's shapes are multiplied:
The wondrous working of the graver's tool
May not, indeed, these lovely forms create,
Yet may their winning grace perpetuate.

How eagerly we feast our longing eyes!
How aptly Memory plays her busy part!
How in each line and stroke we recognize
The transcript of some masterpiece of Art
Once rarely seen, now destined to become
A "thing of beauty" in our quiet home!

Marvels have long abounded in our way;
Knowledge with giant strides progresseth still
Yet with peculiar pleasure we survey
This glorious triumph of the graver's skill,
That charms the Many with the daily view
Of treasures once restricted to the Few.
PART I.

Very likely some of our readers may start with a little impatience, as their eyes catch the heading of this paper, thinking how many times, and for what a host of different originals, the said Junius has been advertised to them. But we trust they will not cast our magazine on one side until they have heard from us a word so at our reason for offering it.

While we were turning over, to-day, the leaves of some dusty, rusty volumes, laid away upon an upper shelf, we found ourselves, at length, pausing, quite interested, at this passage: "Sweeping the board clean of all this rubbish of falsified pretension, we find two men left, between whom, certainly, lies the truth of this mystery. These are Lord Chatham and Sir Philip Francis. One of them was Junius, and the other knew it." Glancing a little further along, to learn which of the two was the one only, we discovered these declarations: "It is only in William Pitt (Lord Chatham) that we can find the anonymous letter-writer. In him alone, of all the great characters of the age, can we find the full requirements of the authorship. He alone could have written the letters. He alone had the compelling motives to write them—as a perusal of his career will conclusively show—and the bitter vigour to keep up the epistolary war for five years. The only Whig of the time who came near Chatham in intellectual power was Burke. When the latter is set aside, the grim earl stands alone. To suppose Junius to be only Junius—a man of mean antecedents or none at all—who did nothing in his lifetime to equal, in another way, the merit of this epistolary achievement, or show himself capable of it, is a very violent assumption. The letters give evidence of an intellectual energy which could never be bound to the production of them. They are, so to speak, aeroclitic fragments of some great revolving body which research must find out."

From these very positive expressions of belief, we passed back to the beginning of the article, which, by the way, appeared in the "Dublin University Magazine," in the year 1857, and set ourselves in earnest to the work of studying it through. Then it occurred to us that we had somewhere in possession yet another "Junius identified," of a later date, and native, as the identifier asserts, to "the backwoods of America." This, likewise, we searched out and read from opening to end.

So, as we ourselves became quite delightedly eager with deciding in our own minds which of the two was the better showing, we concluded that perhaps a portion of our readers, also, would be curious to decide the same for themselves. Further than this, we hold to the opinion of the Dublin writer, that "It is not true, as some may be disposed to think, that the puzzle of Junius has lost its interest and become an obsolete matter. He has connected himself with the governmental history of his day in England, in a manner too striking to permit the mere lapse of time to nullify him. He waged war with the government of George the Third before the thirteen colonies did, for nearly as long a space, and on something of the same constitutional principle. This alone would give him claims to an undying consideration, and such consideration is further secured by the mystery which has always a power of fascination over the human mind. If we were disposed to forget his powerful pen, his provoking mask would not let us. Then posterity must always be anxious to know who it was who left behind him some of the most elegant and masterly specimens of epistolary literature in the language."

The successful concealment of Junius strikes us as a prima facie proof that he was a man of high consequence, not a secretary or other hireling. From the care he took of his secret, we may guess the importance of it to himself in his lifetime, and to his family after him. No inferior man would take all these precautions—would push away from his name for ever the celebrity of the letters. Everything points steadily and conclusively to some distinguished man—one who would also belong to the aristocracy of England. It is not alone by handwriting, punctuation, capital letters, favourite words, dates, &c.; neither by what Junius is pleased to say of himself or others in his public or private letters, that we should be guided in looking for him. The whole subject should be regarded at a distance, and in all its bearings. And because the secret was the result of a comprehensive scheme, we should try to make our means of detection comprehensive in proportion, and gather our conclusions from a wide circle of facts—from the chief political characters and questions of that memorable time, when great things were done and great men walked the stage. The lofty and overbearing literature of Junius, so full of genius and passion, never could come from any understrapper—it was the fruit of one of the most self-sustained and lordly intellects of the time. All who look for Junius must look up, not down.

Junius boasted that nobody should ever be able to lift his mask—that he was the sole depository of his secret, and that it should perish with him. Since that time a hundred books and a vast number of articles have been written by men desirous to point out the real author of
the letters; and a crowd of undoubted and rejected Juniiuses have rewarded the curious infelicity of the inquirers. Mr. Wade, in Bohn's edition of Junius, gives a list of the involuntary candidates for the Junian mantle, to the number of thirty-five. Among those spoken of with most confidence, when the letters were coming out in the Public Advertiser, were Edward Burke; and there was some appearance of truth in the assumption; for Burke was the only Whig writer of the day whose intellectual powers seemed to bear any comparison with those exhibited in the letters. We say seemed; for the two authors differed widely; and their writings afford intrinsic evidence of this. Burke was a generalizer, and dealt very much in abstract principles, following out his conclusions by long chains of reasoning. Junius was all for particulars—he went directly and dictatorially to his mark, with an impatience of all ratiocination; he would not waste time in the tediousness of outward formalities. Burke had not the fierce heart of Junius—he would wage war with pomp and circumstance. As for Junius—

"He had one thought but how to kill Twa at a blow."

Burke's dramatic hostility against Warren Hastings was a different thing from the fierce personal assaults of Junius upon Grafton, Bedford, and Mansfield.

But Burke himself has set this question at rest. He told Dr. Johnson, of his own accord, that he was not Junius. Mr. Butler, of the "Reminiscences," says that he spoke of the letters with disgust, declaring that he could not write like them, and, if he could, he would not be caught at such a work.

Gibbon was also spoken of; but he had nothing in common with the Man in the Mask but a splendid style. So Lord George Germaine, Lord Chesterfield, Gerard Hamilton, and Horace Walpole were suspected; but a person is forced to smile when he speaks of these four fastidious members of the aristocracy in the same breath with Junius.

General Lee was once confidently put forward; and he certainly was Junius, but with a difference. During the years 1769, 1770, and 1771, he wrote in the Public Advertiser under the signature of "Junius Americanus." [It is a noteworthy coincidence that the first of the real Junian letters was given in the same journal near the commencement of that same year of 1769, though a series, under the name "Poplicola," was started in April, 1767, which Woodfall, the editor of the Advertiser, afterwards, in 1812, asserted to have come from the same pen that wrote the Junius series.] He wrote also the preamble of the Bill of Rights for the citizens of London; and, in a letter to Wilkes, the actual Simon Pure of his American namesake is plainly a man of abilities. In 1803, a Mr. Rodney, in a letter which appeared at Wilmington, in America, said Lee confessed to him in 1773 that he was Junius. Lee, doubtless, played off his equivoque upon his auditor; but it made a great sensation, and the people said the "Great Unknown" was an American, after all.

The claims of John Wilkes, Horne Tooke, and all the rest are no longer debateable. They have been given up, and nobody thinks of recalling them; so that, at this present writing, the field, we may safely affirm, is clear of candidates, saving, perhaps, a single one—namely, Sir Philip Francis. And him we had thought Mr. Barker had completely laid. But it would seem that he still walks, as, in a dissertation accompanying Mr. Bohn's edition, before alluded to, Wade continues to put him forward.

The acquaintance with the War-office, so visible in the letters of Junius, does seem to tell very much in favour of the advocates of Sir Philip. He was a chief clerk in the War-office at the time Junius began to write, in 1767, and continued there till 1772, when the letters ceased. Favourable mention is made of him in the "Miscellaneous Letters" (appearing originally not with the signature of "Junius," but published subsequently in the Junian Collection), and Lord Barrington is denounced for dismissing him. Several of the same letters are in sarcastic denunciation of Barrington for his appointments, and are written in the way young Francis would be supposed to write, if he wrote on such a subject. Again, in 1813, Mr. Taylor, who published a book called "Junius Identified," puts Sir Philip's case in another way. He argues from the fact that young Francis reported several speeches delivered by Lord Chatham in the House of Lords. Now, a number of sentiments, metaphors, and peculiar phrases which appear in these speeches (published by Almon in 1791) are also to be found in the letters of Junius, forming a remarkable portion of their style and character. "Of course," argues Taylor, "either of two things must have happened: either that Francis adopted these peculiarities from the speaker, and used them as his own; or that, from the influence of his mind and manners, he clothed the meaning of Chatham with his own phraseology, figures, &c., doing for the speeches what he did for his letters—that is, pouring the Franciscan characteristics over both!" This likeness between Lord Chatham's reported matter and the letters is so strong, so startling, that Mr. Taylor comes to the obvious conclusion that Francis was Junius! Upon his premises, he had no other alternative, of course. But the inference from our ground is, that the likeness, which we admit, is simply that of Junius in his letters to his other self in his speeches—in other words, that Junius was like Chatham because he was his written embodiment. Nevertheless, we are aware of Sir Philip's pretension to Junian honours. This can be traced in a hundred passages of his life, sayings, and writings. In 1811, he published a pamphlet on the Regency, written very much in the style of Junius. The
motto of it was a part of one of Chatham’s speeches, delivered in 1770—“There is one ambition which I will renounce but with my life.
It is the ambition of delivering to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have received from my ancestors.” He then commences:
“After the noble speaker of these words, no one has so good a right to make use of them as I have.” He wishes the world to suspect that, as the sentiment is found also in Junius, he made the earl, whom he reported, a present of it. In no other way can we understand what “right” he has to it. Elsewhere he says Lord Chatham made a certain assertion—“or it is recorded of him”—hinting that the reporter may have put into the poor orator’s mouth fine things that the latter never spoke! Nobody who peruses Francis with attention all over can fail to be struck with his indirect meanings and demonstrations, tending to make people suspect him for Junius; and many (including Mr. Wade, as well as Taylor) have been so far led into the limbo by them, that, seeing so much of Pitt in both Junius and Francis, they have been driven to the conclusion that the last actually composed whole speeches for the first; for Wade says, “He certainly composed many of his lordship’s speeches.” Very obliging and patronizing to the high and humble “Great Commoner” was the lowly and lofty reporter! Mr. Wade admits that to restore Chatham to power was the object of Junius, who would write no more, seeing that the Whig cause was lost when Lord North came to the helm of affairs. He further says it was because Francis was known to be Junius that he got his lucrative Indian post (at a salary of ten thousand pounds a year): that the King, Lord North, and the Government knew the secret of Junius from his own confession! Poor Lady Francis! She would have given her little finger to be able to say her husband had told her he was the immortal Mack! But she could not say it. Never did he whisper the secret into her ear as her head rested on his pillow, though he could tell it to the King, to Lord North, and the Government! Now, to us it is not improbable that young Francis was the unconscious means by which Chatham received, through Calcraft, some of his knowledge of War-office details. It is highly probable, as we have intimated already, that Francis who Junius was, without, however, being in the confidence of the latter. And it seems very likely the earl would encourage the idea that Francis was that personage. We can very well conceive that, when in 1772 Chatham found the cause lost and was resolved to write no more, he would, as a master-stroke, arrange a coincidence which should be one of the chief guards of his secret then and, he hoped, for ever. He could convey a hint to Lord North, that, if young Francis were sent away, there would be an end of Junius. Also, in his own venerable person, he would use what influence he possessed to procure the Indian situation for his sometime secretary and reporter. The gift of ten thousand

a year to a young man who had only five hundred pounds in the War Office seems unaccountable except on some supposition of this kind. And this cunning winding up of this whole system of false appearances would be only of a piece with the astute policy of the anonymous writer. Perhaps, also, this arrangement was well understood by the young man, who would do all in his power to guard, if not to keep honourably, the secret of one he revered and esteemed so much—a secret, too, by which he profited so considerably. Indeed, the imitations and pretences to which we have already referred may, after all, be only the evidences of Sir Philip’s gratitude to the earl, not those of his own personal or literary vanity. Be this as it may, in all that he achieved in his life-long career, he gave no proof that he possessed the mind—the large intellectual mould in which the lava-literature of Junius took shape—none whatever. Even Wade admits that he shows himself very inferior to Junius in everything else he wrote. From the age of twenty-seven to thirty-two (the period covering the appearance of the “Letters”), he came out vigorously; but afterwards (being exhausted, probably) faded away into a maker of still-born pamphlets, forgotten letters, and fugitive verses—a mere moonlight reflection of his former self! Who will credit it?

We repeat, to come to a just conclusion on this matter, we must take a broad view of things. We must look to the life of the man whose character presents a well-defined likeness of that shifting and shadowy apparition which has disconcerted so much admirable logic.

William Pitt was born in 1708, and educated at Oxford, where he had the name of a good scholar, an excellent debater, and a writer of very elegant verse. After leaving college he travelled on the Continent, and on his return was made a cornet of horse. In 1736 he went into Parliament for the borough of Old Sarum. The gout, which seldom left him tormented during his life, and certainly helped his vehement politics to exacerbate his mind, obliged him to forego

“The plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtuous.”

As a soldier, we can easily conceive how he would have rivalled the celebrity of Marlborough. In Parliament he was distinguished for a bold and original style of oratory, which amazed and offended Sir Robert Walpole and his supporters; and the exclamation, “Will so one muzzle that terrible cornet of horse?” shows the minister’s perplexity, and perhaps something of his admiration. From the beginning Pitt set his face against the ascendancy of Sir Robert, in the irrespective, intrepid spirit which Junius afterwards exhibited in his assaults upon the ministries of Grafton and Bute. He thwarted George the Second long before he called George the Third “the falsest hypocrite in Europe,” but in 1746 the high and popular character of
Pitt obliged George the Second, much against his will, to admit him into office, and he was made Paymaster of the Forces.

After the death of George the Second, a systematic proscription of all Whiggery commenced. Pitt's Parliament was dissolved, and his friend Mr. Legge dismissed from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. At the same time, John Stewart, Earl of Bute, the King's sometime tutor, was added to his council; and Lord Barrington, whom Junius so fiercely denounced as "bloody Barrington," was put into the place of Legge. In 1761 the Grenvillite League, that sustained Pitt so long, was overpowered in the council. Being outvoted there, on the question of declaring war against Spain, Pitt and Earl Temple resigned their seats. In a short time the former gave up the reins of government, and his memorable administration terminated. Meantime, the paper war against Pitt and the Whigs raged furiously. Flying pamphlets darkened the air. Smollett wrote for prerogative and Toryism, while Wilkes charged for Whiggery and liberty. The genius of Whiggery was fated to sink before the Toryism of George the Third, then mounting to its long and steady ascendant. Pitt, now Lord Chatham, soon seemed to feel the omens were against him; still he did his best to beat against the surf. He made a ministry, which Burke has termed the most disgraceful ministry. He himself was Lord Privy Seal in it, and the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, Charles Townsend, and Mr. Conway filled the chief offices of it. It was an eminently disastrous ministry, and Chatham's efforts to form it from the discordant materials about him, and afterwards to keep it together, tortured him far worse than the gout. The overtures he was obliged to make the Marquess of Rockingham, the Duke of Bedford, and other menier men, and the rebuffs and refusals he received, were gall and wormwood to the high, unchastened spirit of Chatham. The refusal of Bedford inflicted upon it its sorest wound. The Duke had been instrumental in undoing what Pitt had done in his former ministry—he had signed away at Paris, in 1763, the fruits of Pitt's organized victories. To be forced to make overtures to him, and have them refused by the angry duke, was a dire humiliation—such as was retorted in the fiercest invectives, three years afterwards, in the twenty-third letter of Junius.

Such were the circumstances in which Chatham found himself in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He had been struggling, in open combat, with Toryism from his youth upward—had "always been in a triumph or a fight." His struggle was vain. He must now resort to secret strategy.

Following the fate of the mosaic ministry, we may the more clearly perceive how naturally and necessarily Chatham converts himself into Junius. It was scarcely framed when he went away to Bath, to drink the waters for the gout that just then seized him as it were Tory too, and tormented him on principle. At the close of the year 1766, Lord Chesterfield, writing from Bath, says of him: "Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here with a real gout, and not a political one, as is often suspected." This suspicion was very often a true one. About a year subsequently, Lord Chesterfield wrote from the same place: "Lord Chatham's physician had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and scattered it over his body, and it fell particularly upon his nerves, so that he continues exceedingly vaporish. He would neither see nor speak to any one while he was here; for the last eight months he has been absolutely invisible to his most intimate friends. He would receive no friend, nor so much as open any packet about business." Eight months before the date of this letter Junius printed his first letter, signed "Papicola;" after which followed, in all the modes of hostility—sarcastic, vehement, or combative—a series of attacks on the heterogeneous ministry, which Chatham's strange absence had left at sixes and sevens, complaining, with its several voices, of his want of participation. It complained that he had nothing to do, and we hold that, in his exasperated solitude, he addressed himself to the task of destroying it, by the anonymous aid of public letters. It is not improbable that the idea of making use of such a regular system of political warfare was working for a long time in his brain before 1767. Ten years before, the Rev. Dr. Brown published a pamphlet, in which the characters of Pitt and Junius were outlined in such a case, be it the parent spirit of prophecy, if we did not suspect it came from an intimate knowledge of men and things, or was inspired by foregone conclusion. At that time Pitt was about to take the reins of his glorious ministry. After speaking of the general corruption of society and the deterioration of the national interests, Dr. Brown goes on: "Necessity must, in such a case, be the parent of reformation. Effeminacy, rapacity, and faction will be then ready to resign the reins they would now usurp; virtue may rise on the ruins of corruption, and a despairing nation may yet be saved by the wisdom, the integrity, and the unshaken courage of some great minister." The writer, of course, alluded to Pitt. When he proceeds and writes the following, we cannot but feel as if some unexpected light were coming upon us. Dr. Brown must have known "the great minister" well, and known all the sides of his mind—known that he could be as powerful with the pen as in the tribune. He says: "There is another character, I mean the political writer. He would choose an untroubled path of politics, where no party man ever dared to enter. The undisguised freedom and boldness of his pen would please the brave, astonish the weak, and confound the guilty. He would be called arrogant by those who call everything arrogance that is not servility. As he would be defamed by the dissolute great without cause, so he would be applauded by an honest people beyond his deservings. That is either a wonderful prophecy, or a knowledge of facts and tendencies—most likely the latter. So that we have Pitt and Junius brought together by a
very striking piece of circumstantial evidence. If Pitt employed the pen, as here suggested, why have not the productions made a stir in the world, like those of "Junius"? But if it is the Junian letters themselves which are prophesied, or known of from facts and tendencies, does not the idea necessarily follow, either that Dr. Brown had been somehow apprized of what had not yet entered the thought of his political writer himself, or that such writer was goading himself on to the destruction of his last "mosaic ministry" long before this had come into existence, and even while he was rising, prosperously, with that first "glorious ministry"?

The perfect secrecy with which the conveyancing part of this anonymous business was carried on, and which has covered the authorship till now, is surprising. Junius says he did it alone, and alone held his secret. But the feminine character of the handwriting, differing in the letter to the king from that of the others, shows he must have had assistance. Now, Lady Chatham was a woman of strong understanding and fine accomplishments. She wrote with great ease and spirit, and had been in the habit of acting the part of amanuensis for her husband. Aided by such a wife the secret writer could work in safety. All that Wilkes (who studied the hand of "Junius") could make out of it was the hand used by ladies at the beginning of the century; and he said it strongly resembled the writing on the card of invitation which he had had from the Countess Temple, mother of Lady Chatham.

The knowledge shown by Junius of what passed in court circles, in the penetralia of the palace, excited a good deal of astonishment. Our hypothesis removes all wonder from the matter; for Chatham's sister (Mrs. Anne Pitt) was keeper of the privy-purse to the Princess Dowager, mother of George the Third. She passed her life in the very atmosphere of courtly gossip, and was in the way of knowing all the secrets of royalty.

Then, in conclusion, from a fair consideration of Chatham's antecedent career, of his political sympathies and antipathies, we can very readily conceive how he would participate in all the warfare waged by Junius for five years against the Tory power, and for the re-establishment of Whiggery—waged, too, with like vehemence and boldness of speech, full of assurance, invective, vernacular, idiom, metaphor, &c.

Mr. Reese, before presenting the letters of introduction for his original of Junius, arrays his testimony against the claims of other candidates. He says that, of the whole thirty-eight persons who have been brought forward, there are but two whose claims have been advocated with anything like vigour. These are Sir Philip Francis and Lord Lyttelton. Francis is disposed of in much the same manner that he is by the Dublin writer; so it is not needful that we give the argument. We will, however, offer one item, which is not referred to in the other investigation. We are told, by Mr. Charles Butler, in his "Reminiscences," that the way he happened to commence examining into the authorship of Junius was, that in 1776 one of his letters to John Wilkes, written while he was on a visit to Ireland, was seized and opened by the Government, while in the post-office, upon the belief that, as the handwriting resembled that of Junius, it was a letter of that mysterious personage. Now Sir Philip went to India two years before, in 1774, and did not return to England until 1780. If the Government gave him the India office because he was known to be Junius, why be rifling the letters of private gentlemen, when it was known likewise that the same Junius was on the other side of the world? Lyttelton is objected to on the score of his youthfulness, his want of ability compared with that displayed by Junius, and of his dissolve habits. That a young man, we care not how able he may have been, only twenty-three years ago, a drunken, gambling rogue about town, should have been the author of the elaborately finished and highly-wrought letters of Junius, every line and word of whose brilliant mosaic sparkles and glows as though it had been rubbed and polished with pumice-stone, is a proposition so improbable upon its very face, as to require proof of the strongest and most overwhelming nature to satisfy one of its truth.

Mr. Reese takes no notice, save in a general way, of any other candidate, with the exception of Lord Chatham. We sum up the objections to him as follows:—Almost all of the claimants for the honour of being "the Great Unknown" were members of one or the other of the Houses of Parliament, and, on this account, their claims will have to be unhesitatingly set aside. We will not stop to show why this is so, further than to state that Junius, in his confidential notes to Woodfall, manifests how anxious he was that the ministry should be shamed into throwing open the door of the House of Lords during the debate on the question concerning the Falkland Islands, so that he might get an opportunity to listen to it. If he had been a member of either House, he would have been entitled to an entrance, and would not have had to put himself to so much trouble to force the Ministry into granting him the privilege of hearing that debate. Overlooking or forgetting this insuperable objection to the claims of Lord Chatham, some two or three magazine articles have, in the last year or so, appeared, still stoutly maintaining that Junius and the "Great Commoner" were one and the same person. Since the publication of the "Chatham Correspondence," however, we believe it is generally conceded that what John Wilkes eighty years ago said of him was not so very wide of the mark, after all—namely, that "though Lord Chatham was the greatest orator of the age, he was one of its poorest writers." But, aside from any such considerations, how preposterous in the extreme is the idea, and how strangely infatuated must he be who can persuade him.
self of its truth, that Chatham would have so far lowered himself as to write Junius!—that he who dared to utter in the face of day, and in his place in Parliament, the most unpalatable truths to the Government, and indulged himself freely in the bitterest invectives against the Ministers to their teeth, should be squabbling in the newspapers under a fictitious name—should manifest in his every note to Woodfall the timidity of a hare, lest he be suspected and found out, yet expose the poor printer of anonymous missives to all the vengeance of the Government! Who can believe anything so unnatural, so out of character? So much may suffice on the opinion of Mr. Reese as to the identification of the “Great Unknown” in the “Great Commoner.” We proceed now to the tracing out of his own man in the mask.

The series of papers signed “Junius” first appeared in the Public Advertiser, a newspaper published in London, during the years 1769, '70, '71, and '72. The first one was dated January 21st, 1769, and the last January 21st, 1772. Accompanying the letters to the public were several private notes addressed to the printer of the Advertiser, written by the same pen. The last of these ever received by Woodfall was dated January 19th, 1773. The notes were not intended for publication, and were not, in fact, published until 1812. Besides the letters to the public and to Woodfall, the same mysterious writer kept up a private correspondence with the celebrated John Wilkes, through the agency of Woodfall; also incited two letters to Lord Chatham, which last have been given to the public not till within the last few years. In his complete edition of 1812, Woodfall collected a number of other letters from the same pen, as he asserts, and which had been published in the Advertiser under various signatures, from the month of April 1767, to May '72. Now these “miscellaneous letters” are a sore puzzle to those who have attempted to maintain the claims of almost any one, whose name has hitherto been spoken of as that of the author of Junius. Their genuineness, attested by similarity of style and expression, and vouched for by Woodfall, who certainly had the best means of knowing, has had to be acknowledged, although they place Junius in the awkward predicament of abusing Lords Chatham, Camden, and others, and of praising these same persons, a little while afterwards, under the favourite signature of Junius. It is due to the advocate of Chatham to say, in this connection, that he brings that same neutral compound of abuse and praise into the web, stealthily woven by Chatham to parry suspicion from himself.

The editor of the Woodfall collection, in a very able preliminary essay, thus sums up the characteristics a man must have, before he can be successfully brought forward as the author of the letters: “From the observations contained in this essay, it would seem to follow that the author of the letters of Junius was an Englishman of highly-cultivated education, deeply versed in the language, the laws, the constitution of his native country; that he was a man of honour and generosity, who had it equally in his heart and in his power to contribute to the necessities of other persons, and especially of those who were exposed to troubles of any kind on his own account; that he was in habits of confidential intercourse, if not with different members of the Cabinet, with politicians who were most intimately familiar with the Court, and intrusted with all its secrets; that he had attained an age which would allow him, without vanity, to boast of an ample knowledge and experience of the world; that, during all the years, commencing with 1767, and ending with 1772, he was almost constantly in London or its vicinity, devoting a very large portion of his time to political concerns, and publishing his political lucubrations, under various signatures, in the Public Advertiser; that, in his natural temper, he was quick, irritable, and impetuous, subject to political prejudices and strong personal animosities; but possessed of a high, independent spirit, honestly attached to the principles of the Constitution, and fearless and indefatigable in maintaining them; that he was strict in his moral conduct, and in his attention to public decorum; an avowed member of the established church, and, though acquainted with English judicature, not a lawyer by profession. What other characteristics he may have had we know not; but these are sufficient, and the claimant who cannot produce them conjointly is in vain brought forward as the author of the letters of Junius.”

In addition to these characteristics we quote those fixed upon by the celebrated lawyer, Charles Butler, who, with the aid of John Wilkes, gave the subject his profoundest attention: “Arguing systematically,” says he, “we determined that Junius must have been a resident in London or its environs, from the immediate answers he generally gave his adversaries; that he was not an author by profession, from the visible improvement which, from time to time was discernible in his style; that he was a man of rank, from the tone of equality which he seemed to use quite naturally in his addresses to persons of rank, and in his expressions respecting them; that he had a personal animosity against the King, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Mansfield, from the bitterness of his expressions concerning them; that he had lived with military men, from the propriety of his language on military subjects; and that he was a great reader of novels, from his frequent allusions to them. The general idea that the letters were the composition of more than one person we always rejected.”

We further learn from Butler and Wilkes, who, in their investigations, had the original manuscripts before them, that the handwriting was, with one exception, the same, and that it was the handwriting of a woman. Wilkes, who assisted Woodfall to correct the proof-sheets of the letters, says that Junius showed, by the manner in which he corrected proofs that he was accustomed to revising the press; for he
used the printer's signs. It is now agreed also that he was thoroughly acquainted with Ireland and its affairs, as well as fully conversant with the Cabinet secrets of France. His fierce hatred of the Scotch is notorious. Finally, almost all critics, at this time, accord in the idea that he was not a lawyer, a clergyman, an author by profession, nor a member of either House of Parliament.

We shall consider these rules, with one slight exception, as axiomatic, and shall now proceed to show how, tested by them, no one save Horace Walpole could have written Junius. The "slight exception," probably, has reference to the conclusion that the author was a member of the established church; for we have it from a Rev. W. Cole, for a long time Walpole's friend and correspondent, that Walpole, although quite religiously inclined during the first portion of his term at the University, "afterwards took to the infidel side of the question."

Horace Walpole was born in 1717, and received his education at the University of Cambridge, where he greatly distinguished himself. Leaving college in 1739, he, in company with that ripe scholar, the poet Gray, travelled for two years upon the continent of Europe. His father being at the time Prime Minister of England, he was of course received everywhere with open arms. Returning to England, he entered Parliament, and devoted himself to politics and Belles-Lettres during the whole of his long life. His writings, which are very voluminous, showed him versed in all the inexhaustible riches of our mother-tongue. Having read law, though he never followed it as a profession, and could not, therefore, have been an accurate technical lawyer, still he was fond of legal discussion, and from the frequency with which he introduced law terms, albeit not always with strict accuracy, he evinced sufficient law knowledge to have written Junius. He could, with truth, have adopted that passage in the preface of Junius in which it is said: "I am no lawyer by profession, nor do I pretend to be more deeply read than every English gentleman should be in the laws of his country. If, therefore, the principles I maintain are truly constitutional, I shall not think myself answered, though I should be convicted of a mistake in terms, or of misapplying the language of the law." Walpole's income, which amounted to between six and ten thousand pounds annually, he derived from patent places, that had been conferred upon him in his youth, during the Premiership of his father, by the bounty of George II. This, which he continued to enjoy until his death, in 1797, at the age of eighty, was, for a bachelor, with no one dependent on him, almost princely. If he were Junius, we see that he could easily say that he had plenty of money, and would take care that Woodfall should not suffer pecuniarily for publishing his letters. The very precariousness of his income, however, furnishes a reason why he should have taken such pains to conceal that he was the writer of Junius; for, as all he had was dependent on the royal bounty, he might, if he had avowed himself, have been cast in his oldage penniless upon the world, even if he had fared no worse. Then he knew it would have been doubly disgraceful in him, who was fed by Court bounty, to lift his hand against his benefactors. That he felt the public would have so thought we know from what he wrote to Lord Bute during Bute's premiership in 1752: "My whole fortune," he says, "is from the bounty of the Crown and from the public; it would ill become me to spare any pains for the King's glory, or for the honour and satisfaction of my country." That either Walpole or Junius was, in any very high sense, a man of honour, we very much doubt. Certainly, they were both insincere and uncandid; they both used information, gotten in confidence, for the purpose of stabbing to the heart those who had trusted them. However, Walpole could do a generous thing, as witness his offer to his cousin, General Conway, at two several times, to share his income with him. The first time was when Conway's poverty kept him from marrying the object of his affections; the second, when he was dismissed from his regiment by the Government for not voting for the "General Warrant Bill."

That, at the time Junius was appearing, Walpole was as well informed of all that took place as the ministers themselves, will not be difficult of proof. Being the son of Sir Robert Walpole, who for thirty years was a Cabinet minister, and who, during the whole of the reign of George I., and the greater part of that of George II., was, though not nominally, yet really, the sovereign of Great Britain, he was of course thoroughly acquainted with all that happened during his father's long reign. When Junius commenced writing, Walpole had been a member of Parliament for more than twenty-five years, having first entered in 1741, and having voluntarily retired in 1765—the year before the first Junius appeared. He could, therefore, have said, as Junius says, "I remember the great Walpolean battles"—which, indeed, resulted in the dethronement of his father, and during which he flashed his maiden sword in a speech in defence of Sir Robert.

During the same period Walpole was on so intimate a footing with the royal household, that it was thought, since the king's brother had married his niece, he would wed the king's sister, Princess Amelia. In June 1770, the princess having insisted that he should accompany her on a visit to Stowe, Lord Temple's seat, he writes from there to his cousin Montagu:—"Don't take me for a Lusun, and think all this favour portends a second marriage between our family and the blood royal. I think I shall die that I am neither higher nor lower; and above all things, no more politics. Yet I shall save many a private smile to myself, as I wander among all those consecrated and desecrated buildings, and think what company I am in, and of all that is
past." If Walpole was Junius, Montagu knew
it, and was one of those people Junius says he
was surrounded with, and whom he would not
wish to dishonour. And, reader, does not that
sardonic "smile" suit Junius? And did not
Walpole have cause to smile, if, after having a
few weeks before abused the King so terribly,
he then found himself with the King's sister
hanging on his arm, and he forced to play the
sentimental lover to her? Old Nominus Umbra
gallant to the King's sister! What a text for a
discourse!

(To be concluded in our next.)

A FRAGMENT.

Two lovers by a fountain's edge
Sat 'neath a willow-tree;
The birds did list to catch the pledge
Of truth and constancy.

The flies all cease their humming;
Bees slept in the flowers;
The eve delayed its coming,
And the rain its showers.

The wind forgot to murmur
Amid the leafy trees;
The stately oak stood firmer,
Resisting every breeze.

Sing on, sing on, ye little birds!
"Tis not for you to hear
A lover's softly whisper'd words
In his beloved one's ear.

Ye flies, cease not your humming;
Ye bees, dispel the hush;
Evening, haste thy coming
To hide the maiden's blush!

Ye leaves, cease not to flutter
In every passing breeze;
Say not what words they utter
Nor tell them to the trees.

SNOWING.

BY FANNY FALES.

Goes the lily-footed snow
Bearing ermine down below—
Down below
To the chilly, naked earth;
To the brooklet by the mill
Lying still.
I can see near my hearth
Every pretty blossom-flake
Wide awake,
While the striken woods are dumb
When they come.

Oh, there's language in the snow!
How it dances! see it go!—
See it go!
Every starry flake a voice,
Though it utters ne'er a word,
Can be heard:
Yet the gentle winds rejoice,
For they hear the inner strain;
And again
To the dreaming heart it calls
As it falls—
To the listening soul that yearns
For the beautiful, and learns
Mysteries the baster-born
Laugh to scorn.

Goes the lily-footed snow,
Moving thoughtfully and slow—
Moving slow;
Wraps it reverently the grave
Where, ne'er lifting her blue eyes,
Hattie lies,
Like stalactite in a cave,
Or a little vein of gold
None behold;
Like a star that wears a cloud
For its shroud.
Flakes a-tiptoe, one by one;
Slower, slower; they are done,
As afraid to break her sleep
Silence keep.

THE LADY.—The aim of a real lady is always to be
natural and unaffected, and to wear her talents, her
accomplishments, and her learning, as well as the
newest and finest dresses, as if she did not know she
had them about her.
A GLIMPSE OF VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

BY M. C.

On the 10th of January, A.D. 1861, we reached Esquintault, the naval port of Vancouver's Island. Our party consisted of a young Englishman going out to try his fortune in the colony, an English girl who was engaged to be married to a settler, my maid, and myself. My husband had gone round by sea, with another gentleman to see the luggage safely conveyed to Victoria, the capital of the island. The only locomotive aid to take us thither was in the shape of a high waggon, drawn by three strong, but not very handsome, horses. Boards were placed across to serve as seats, without backs, cushions, or any other appliances of comfort. When fairly seated, the driver told us to “hold on,” for he calculated a horse or two, more or less, might go down, and jolt us off into the mud. Whereupon the man chuckled to himself, as if already enjoying the sight of such a disaster.

Our route lay through a dense forest of gigantic pines, along a track which could hardly be called a road, and we soon found “holding on” to be a very necessary precaution. We took up our quarters at the French Hotel, which was constructed, after the usual colonial fashion, of the primitive wooden order of architecture. The upper storey of the building was divided into a number of small rooms, with such slight partitions, that, although out of sight, we were by no means out of hearing of our neighbours. There were folding-doors to each of the two lower apartments, by which contrivance four rooms might be made when required; these were used for refreshments, and opened into the coffee saloon: the floors were covered with sawdust, and there were small tables placed about as in our own hotels. The three proprietors were Basques, and performed the respective offices of cook, waiter, and housemaid. All the housework, including washing, was done by men, who made the place seem a perfect Babel, for hardly two of them spoke the same language, none English. Still we were more comfortable than might be imagined, for there was a novelty in the aspect of things, and that goes a great way in reconciling us to change. We were told that the finest view of the whole place was from the race-course, which was itself considered one of the “lions” of the neighbourhood. Certainly the scene verified the description we had received. The course is a mile in length, and runs round the base of a conical hill, from the summit of which the view is magnificent. On the right are the limpid waters of the gulf of Georgia, dotted here and there with the beautiful clipper-shaped canoes of the Indians. On the island side are dark pine forests, and through an opening on the left the town itself; the background to the picture being formed by the snow-capped mountains of the Cascade range. Amid all this beauty the settler looks anxiously for a glimpse of the land that has been described to him as fit for cultivation, as he sees before him forests of pine-trees of immense growth, which all have to be felled ere the ground can be made available for agricultural purposes. Even to Canadians accustomed to dismantle their primeval forests the work is formidable enough. How much more so, it may well be imagined, to those to whom even the sight of such trees is a novelty!

The bishop's house is nicely situated, with a pretty verandah around it, opening on to a well-cultivated garden; indeed it is a matter of no difficulty here to get your grounds well stocked with plants, hardy annuals, and shrubs: of the latter, the ribes sanguinea, spirea, arbutus, and syringa flourish in great luxuriance, and, together with the wild rose, form the underwood of the forest. Still it must not be supposed that our path was always strewed with roses; for one night, after having been very hospitably entertained by the bishop, I and the other ladies of the party had to put on Wellington boots to wade through the mud, which was ankle-deep, to our respective homes.

As the Americans say, we rarely "went to a company" without some adventure befalling us. At the time of which I write the whole town could boast only of one carriage, which was an old-fashioned, refurbished vehicle, adorned with white silk blinds to make it look in keeping with such festive occasions as weddings and christenings— the only days on which it might be called into requisition; besides which, the state of the roads generally made the use of carriages almost an impossibility, so that we were always obliged to return from our little evening visits on foot. This we often thought very inconvenient, especially on a dark night, as we found to our cost on leaving the house of a friend, with whom we had dined, at a short distance from the town. He had accompanied us some four or five hundred yards, carrying a lantern, which he took back with him, after having, as he considered, put us in the right homeward track. We groped about for some little time, until, like Elisha Burritt in his peregrinations, we found ourselves precisely at the spot where our host had left us. Again we walked on, until our progress was momentarily impeded by a heap of stones, into which we both fell simultaneously, a rencontre. by no means agreeable to the temper or improving to our personal appearance. The third and last time, we managed to steer clear of any other misfortunes. Having seen the glimmer of the
lights in the windows of the town, they served as our pole-star, and brought us safe and sound to our destination.

Our first visit to Esquimaull subsequent to our landing, we made about a fortnight afterwards, in company with several English gentlemen. Our road lay through the principal Indian town of the colony. The two tribes who inhabit this district permanently are the “Hydah,” and the “Songish;” although numerous, others come down, during the summer, to trade with the whites, in furs and other commodities. A few words must be said on the peculiarities of these people. The “Hydahs” flatten the heads of their children by placing a piece of wood over a cushion on the infant’s forehead, and tying it tightly to the wooden trough in which the babies are kept. The peculiar appearance thus given is much valued by themselves, although ridiculed by other tribes. Their dwellings are in wooden buildings with flat roofs. The interior is usually one large room, occupied by several different families, each sitting around their own fire. On all sides of the apartment there are low shelves, covered with beautifully-made mats, on which they sleep. There is no outlet for the smoke except through the interstices of the roof, so that their state (not improved by the smell of the dried salmon which is stowed away in large quantities on the beams) is to English ideas of comfort is irksome. The “Songish” have smaller houses. The men wear a cotton-shirt, with a blanket thrown over their shoulders; sometimes it is fastened, but oftener loose. Their hair is short: they are very clean, and seldom wear shoes. They generally greet strangers, and if they have the opportunity of seeing them eat through an open window, will stand to watch the performance with the greatest interest, calling out “Clebaya?” (How do you do?) and if they be given “muck-a-muck” (food) will go away grinning and delighted.

The women have soft brown eyes: the younger ones generally plait their hair in two tails; others let it hang loosely. They are fond of wearing strings of blue glass-beads round their necks, wrists, and ankles, also silver rings, anklets, and bracelets. They have nose and ear-rings, and pins hanging through the lips, through which a large piece of bone is often inserted. This is done by sticking a pin through the lip, and gradually increasing the size of the thing inserted, until they have a piece of bone nearly an inch long and the eighth of an inch wide. They carve slate very wonderfully, and make beautiful work-boxes and mats. The war-canoes are sometimes cut from the trunk of a single tree: some will hold twenty-six warriors. They drink whenever they can get the opportunity. At the time of their feasts the chief serves out spirits, bread, molasses, &c., and often gives them presents of blankets. Some of these are of a dark-blue colour, bordered with red; they ornament them with pearl buttons, which are sewed on as thickly as possible. They hate Boston men, and still worse the “Boston slaves,” as they call the negroes. The Governor in July convened a meeting of the chiefs, and made policemen of them, giving them the same powers as in our own country. This arrangement seemed to work well: they were delighted to be of so much importance, and felt that “King George’s men” did not wish to swamp their authority. One day, when we were close to a wigwam, a man came out fully armed, (as is the custom when suddenly disturbed). He had in his hand a long American gun, which was studded over with brass nails: he seemed very much pleased with our admiration of it.

They take any American coin, but prefer the silver half-dollar. Their children are naturally quick, for they learn to read, write, sing, and work in a very short time, and are much more ready at imitation than our uneducated children.

It seems obvious that the work of Christianity can go on but slowly until civilized the adventurers of the island to greater advances. They must first be brought into contact with ourselves and our habits; by thus opening their minds there is some chance of convincing them that our intentions are good, and this will make the missionary’s work comparatively easy, whilst it will also give him better opportunities for doing it thoroughly, by showing that we are in earnest in wishing to improve their bodily as well as spiritual condition.

The country all about Victoria is densely wooded: occasionally one sees tracts of open land, and there the soil is generally poor and sandy. For miles the country is one vast pine forest. The engravings in the Illustrated News of December 1864, and January 1865, give a good idea of the principal features of the scenery. In some parts, where the ground has been partially cleared, one sees the roots of the trees, that have been blown down, running along the surface with the soil attached to them, and so forming a natural wall, to which a hut might be securely and firmly built.

Cedar trees grow in different parts of the island. Everywhere the colours of the flowers are most vivid, although the greater number have no fragrance. The spirea grows nearly as high as the syringa, and with its white feathery blossoms is a beautiful shrub. There are blue and yellow violets, both scentless; but the perfume of the wild rose is as sweet as our own cultivated ones at home. The wild strawberries are abundant: they are much larger than those found in the woods of Old England: some are quite large, and have the flavour of haut-bois: the blackberries, too, have a better flavour; and there is a berry called Sal Tal, which has a sharp but agreeable taste: it grows on a low plant, that resembles the dwarf arbutus: the flowers are not unlike, but the berry is a dark purple. The Salmon berry plant has a leaf like a raspberry, a pretty white flower, and fruit of a beautiful red, in the form of a flat, round, wooden button. The Oregon grape also grows here, and is delicious. There
are, too, red and black gooseberries: the latter taste much more like currants.

Water is scarce both in and around Victoria: there are no running streams as in England, and one may walk miles without being able to quench one’s thirst. The town is supplied from wells some distance off, and has to be paid for, when brought to the house.

Female labour is very dear. Maid-servants get 30 dollars a month. Washing is from two to three dollars a dozen.

In Vancouver’s Island there are very few mosquitoes: one meets with them in the woods, by streams, or swampy grounds.

As soon as we were able to obtain fresh supplies from the “Old Home,” we left Victoria and took a furnished house at Esquimalt, for which we paid 30 dollars a month. Immediately opposite our windows lay “Brothers Island,” on which is the naval burying-ground, and at the back, behind the fir-trees of the island, the snow-clad mountains of the Cascade range. The scenery in the vicinity was perfectly enchanting: the view from the Sanctus plains was lovely, looking over the sea to Victoria and Esquimalt; we had also charming rides through the Indian trails, fallen trees being the only impediments we ever encountered.

All the open land for miles is taken up. In spring the plains are beautiful, with oak-trees dotted here and there; but these trees are by no means equal to the English oak, either in size, form, or durability.

The grass gets so parched during the summer that for months it is for miles of a light, straw colour. But the quiet life, agreeable climate, and picturesque beauty of this favoured region made us leave it with much regret.

### THE FERN FORESTS OF THE CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD.

Although coal-beds are by no means peculiar to the Carboniferous period, since such deposits must be formed wherever the decay of vegetation is going on extensively, yet it would seem that coal-making was the great work in that age of the world’s physical history. The atmospheric conditions, so far as we can understand them, were those especially favourable to this result. Though the existence of such an extensive terrestrial vegetation shows conclusively that an atmosphere must have been already established, with all the attendant phenomena of light, heat, air, moisture, &c., yet it is probable that this atmosphere differed from ours in being very largely charged with carbonic acid.

We should infer this from the nature of the animals characteristic of the period; for, though land-animals were introduced, and the organic world was no longer exclusively marine, there were as yet none of the higher beings in whom respiration is an active process. In all warm-blooded animals the breathing is quick, requiring a large proportion of oxygen in the surrounding air, and indicating by its rapidity the animation of the whole system; while the slow-breathing, cold-blooded animals can live in an air that is heavily loaded with carbon. It is well known, however, that, though carbon is so deadly to higher animal life, plants require it in great quantities; and it would seem that one of the chief offices of the early forests was to purify the atmosphere of its undue proportion of carbonic acid, by absorbing the carbon into their own substance, and eventually depositing it as coal in the soil.

Another very important agent in the process of purifying the atmosphere, and adapting it to the maintenance of a higher organic life, is found in the deposits of lime. My readers will excuse me, if I introduce here a very elementary chemical fact to explain this statement. Limestone is carbonate of calcium. Calcium is a metal, fusible as such, and, forming a part of the melted masses within the earth, it was thrown out with the eruptions of Plutonic rocks. Brought to the air, it would appropriate a certain amount of oxygen, and by that process would become oxide of calcium, in which condition it combines very readily with carbonic acid. Thus it becomes carbonate of lime; and all lime deposits played an important part in establishing the atmospheric proportions essential to the existence of the warm-blooded animals.

Such facts remind us how far more comprehensive the results of science will become when the different branches of scientific investigation are pursued in connection with each other. When chemists have brought their knowledge out of their special laboratories into the laboratory of the world, where chemical combinations are and have been through all time going on in vast proportions—when physicists study the laws of moisture, of clouds and storms, in past periods as well as in the present—when, in short, geologists and zoologists are chemists and physicists, and vice versā—then we shall learn more of the changes the world has undergone than is possible now that they are separately studied.

It may be asked, how any clue can be found to phenomena so evanescent as those of clouds and moisture. But do we not trace in the old deposits the rain-storms of past times? The heavy drops of a passing shower, the thick,
The Fern Forests of the Carboniferous Period. 191

crowded tread of a splashing rain, or the small pin-pricks of a close and fine one—all the story, in short, of the rising vapours, the gathering clouds, the storms and showers of ancient days, we find recorded for us in the fossil rain-drops; and when we add to this the possibility of analyzing the chemical elements which have been absorbed into the soil, but which once made part of the atmosphere, it is not too much to hope that we shall learn something hereafter of the meteorology even of the earliest geological ages.

The peculiar character of the vegetable tissue in the trees of the Carboniferous period, containing, as it did, a large supply of resin drawn from the surrounding elements, confirms the view of the atmospheric conditions above stated; and this fact, as well as the damp, soggy soil in which the first forests must have grown, accounts for the formation of coal in greater quantity and more combustible in quality than is found in the more recent deposits. But stately as were those fern forests, where plants which creep low at our feet to-day, or are known to us chiefly as underbrush, or as rushes and grasses in swampy grounds, grew to the height of lofty trees, yet the vegetation was of an inferior kind.

There has been a gradation in time for the vegetable as well as the animal world. With the marine population of the more ancient geological ages we find nothing but sea-weeds—of great variety, it is true, and, as it would seem, from some remains of the marine CRYPTO- gams in early times, of immense size, as compared with modern sea-weeds. But in the Carboniferous period, the plants, though still requiring a soaked and marshy soil, were aerial or atmospheric plants: they were covered with leaves; they breathed; their fructification was like that which now characterizes the ferns, the club-mosses, and the so-called “horse-tail plants” (Equisetaceae)—those grasses of low, damp grounds remarkable for the strongly marked articulations of the stem.

These were the lords of the forests all over the world in the Carboniferous period. Wherever the Carboniferous deposits have been traced, in the United States, in Canada, in England, France, Belgium, Germany, in New Holland, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in South America, the general aspect of the vegetation has been found to be the same, though characterized in the different localities by specific differences of the same nature as those by which the various flore are distinguished now in different parts of the same zone. For instance, the Temperate Zone throughout the world is characterized by certain families of trees: by oaks, maples, beeches, firs, pines, &c.; but the oaks, maples, beeches, birches, and the like, of the American flora in that latitude differ in species from the corresponding European flora. So in the Carboniferous period, when more uniform climatic conditions prevailed throughout the world, the character of the vegetation showed a general unity of structure everywhere; but it was nevertheless broken up into distinct botanical provinces by specific differences of the same kind as those which now give such diversity of appearance to the vegetation of the Temperate Zone in Europe as compared with that of America, or to the forests of South America as compared with those of Africa.

There can be no doubt as to the true nature of the Carboniferous forests; for the structural character of the trees is as strongly marked in their fossil remains as in any living plants of the same character. We distinguish the ferns not only by the peculiar form of their leaves, often perfectly preserved, but also by the fructification on the lower surface of the leaves, and by the distinct marks made on the stem at their point of juncture with it. The leaf of the fern, when falling, leaves a scar on the stem, varying in shape and size according to the kind of fern, so that the botanist readily distinguishes any particular species of fern by this means—a birth-mark, as it were, by which he detects the parentage of the individual. Another indication, equally significant, is found in the tubular structure of the wood in ferns. On a vertical section of any well-preserved fern-trunk from the old forests the little tubes may be seen very distinctly running up its length; or, if it be cut through transversely, they may be traced by the little pores like dots on the surface. Trees of this description are found in the Carboniferous marshes, standing erect and perfectly preserved, with trunks a foot and a half in diameter, rising to a height of many feet. Plants so strongly bituminous as the ferns, when they equalled in size many of our present forest-trees, naturally made coal deposits of the most combustible quality. It is true that we find the anthracite coal of the same period with comparatively little bituminous matter; but this is where the bitumen has been destroyed by the action of the internal heat of the earth.

Next to the ferns, the club-mosses (LYCOPODIACEAE) seem to have contributed most largely to the marsh-forests. They were characterized, then, as now, by the small size of the leaves growing close against the stem, so that the stem itself, though covered with leaves, looks almost naked, like the stem of the cactus. Beside these, there are the tree-like equisetes, in which we find the articulations on the trunk corresponding exactly to those now so characteristic of those marsh-grasses which are the modern representatives of this family of plants, with cone-like fructifications on the summit of the stem.

I would merely touch here upon a subject which does not belong to my own branch of natural history, but is of the greatest interest in botanical research, namely, the gradation of plants in the geological ages, and the combination of characters in some of the earlier vegetable forms, corresponding to that already noticed in the ancient animal types. For instance, in the Carboniferous period we have only cryptogams, ferns, lycopodiaceae and equisetaceae. In the middle
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geological ages, coniferæ are introduced, the first flowering plant known on earth, but in which the flower is very imperfect as compared with those of the higher groups. The coniferæ were chiefly represented in the middle periods by the cycadeæ, that peculiar group of coniferæ, resembling pines in their structure, but recalling the feræ by their external appearance. The stem is round and short, its surface being covered with scars similar to those of the feræ; while on the summit are ten or more leaves, fan-like and spreading when their growth is complete, but rolled up at first, like fern-leaves before they expand. Their fruit resembles somewhat the pine-apple.

The mode of growth of the Coniferæ recalls a feature of the equisetæ also, in the tufts of little leaves which appear in whorls at regular intervals along the length of the stem in proportion as it elongates, reminding one of the articulations on the stem of the equisetæ. The first cone also appears on the summit of the stem, like the terminal cone in the equisetæ, now and then massed upon the club-mosses. Thus in certain types of the vegetable, as well as the animal creation of earlier times, there was a continuation of features, afterwards divided and presented in separate groups. In the present times, no one of these families of plants overlaps the others, but each has a distinct individual character of its own.

At the close of the middle geological ages and the opening of the tertiary periods, the monocotyledons become abundant, the first plants with flower and inclosed seed, though with no true floral envelope; but not until the two last epochs of the tertiary age do we find in any number the dicotyledonous plants, in which flower and fruit rise to their highest perfection. Thus there has been a procession of plants from their earliest introduction to the present day, corresponding to their botanical rank as they now exist, so that the series of gradation in the vegetable kingdom, as well as the animal kingdom, is the same, whether founded upon succession in time or upon comparative structural rank.

Some attempt has been made to reproduce under an artistic form the aspect of the world in the different geological ages, and to present in single connected pictures the animal and vegetable world of each period. Professor F. Unger, of Vienna, has prepared a collection of fourteen such sketches, entitled, "Tableaux Physionomiques de la Vegetation des Differes Periodes du Monde Primitif."

First, we have the Devonian shores, with spreading fields of sea-weed and numbers of the club-shaped algae of gigantic size. He has ventured, also, to represent a few trees, with scanty foliage; but I believe their existence at so early a period to be very problematical.

Next comes the Carboniferous forest, with still pools of water lying between the fern-trees, which, much as they affect damp, swampy grounds, seem scarcely able to find foothold on the dripping earth. Their trunks, as well as those of the club-moss trees which made the foreground of the picture, stand up free from any branches for many feet above the ground, giving one a glimpse between them into the dim recesses of this quiet, watery wood, where the silence was unbroken by the song of birds or the hum of insects. We shall find, it is true, when we give a glance at the animals of this time, that certain insects made their appearance with the first terrestrial vegetation; but they were few in number and of a peculiar kind, such as thrive now in low, wet lands.

Upon this follow a number of sketches introducing us to the middle periods, where the land is higher and more extensive, covered chiefly with pine forests, beneath which grows a thick carpet of underbrush, consisting mostly of grasses, rushes, and ferns. Here and there one of the gigantic reptiles of the time may be seen sunning himself on the shore. One of these sketches shows us such a creature hungrily inspecting a pool where crinoids, with their long stems, large, closely-coiled chambered shells, and brachiopods, the antennae and chins of those days, offer him a tempting repast. Here and there a pterodactyl, the curious-winged reptile of the later middle periods, stretches its long neck from the water, and birds also begin to make their appearance.

After these come the tertiary periods: the eocene first, where the landscape is already broken up by hills and mountains, clothed with a varied vegetation of comparatively modern character. Lily-pods are floating on the stream which makes the central part of the picture; large herds of the Palæotherium, the ancient Pachyderm, reconstructed with such accuracy by Cuvier, are feeding along its banks; and a tall bird of the heron or pelican kind stands watching by the water's edge. In the Miocene the vegetation looks still more familiar, though the elephants roaming about in regions of the temperate zone, and the huge salmoners crawling out of the water, remind us that we are still far removed from present times. Lastly, we have the ice period, with the glaciers coming down to the borders of a river where large troops of buffalo are drinking, while on the shore some bears are feasting on the remains of a huge carcass.

It is, however, with the Carboniferous age that we have to do at present, and I will not anticipate the coming chapters of my story by dwelling now on the aspect of the later periods. To return, then, to the period of the coal, it would seem that extensive freshets frequently overflowed the marshes, and that even after many successive forests had sprung up and decayed upon their soil, they were still subject to submergence by heavy floods. These freshets, at certain intervals, are not difficult to understand, when we remember that, beside the occasional influx of violent rains, the earth was constantly undergoing changes of level, and that a subsidence or upheaval in the neighbourhood would disturb the equilibrium of the waters, causing them to overflow and pour over the
surface of the country, thus inundating the marshes anew.

That such was the case we can hardly doubt, after the facts revealed by recent investigations of the Carboniferous deposits. In some of the deeper coal-beds there is a regular alternation between layers of coal and layers of sand or clay. In certain localities as many as ten, twelve, and even fifteen coal-beds have been found alternating with as many deposits of clay or mud or sand; and in some instances, where the trunks of the trees are hollow and have been left standing erect, they are filled to the brim, or to the height of the next layer of deposits, with the materials that have been swept over them. Upon this set of deposits comes a new bed of coal with the remains of a new forest; and above this again a layer of materials left by a second freshness, and so on through a number of alternate strata. It is evident from these facts that there have been a succession of forests, one above another, but that in the intervals of their growth great floods have poured over the marshes, bringing with them all kinds of loose materials such as sand, pebbles, clay, mud, lime, &c., which, as the freshets subsided, settled down over the coal, filling not only the spaces between such trees as remained standing, but even the hollow trunks of the trees themselves.

Let us give a glance now at the animals which inhabited the waters of this period. In the Radiates we shall not find great changes. The three classes are continued, though with new representatives, and the polyph corals are increasing; while the ascalephan corals, the rugosa, and tabulata are diminishing. The Crinoïds were still the most prominent representatives of the class of echinoderms, though some resembling the ophiurans and echinoids (sea-urchins) began to make their appearance.

Among the mollusks, brachiopods are still prominent, one new genus among them (the productus) being very remarkable on account of the manner in which one valve rises above the other.

Other species of bivalves were also introduced, approaching more nearly our clams and oysters, or, as they are called in scientific nomenclature, the lamelibranchiata. They differ from the brachiopods chiefly in the higher character of their breathing apparatus; for they have free gills instead of the network of vessels on the lining skin which serves as the organ of inspiration in the brachiopods. We shall always find, that, in proportion as the functions are distinct, and, as it were, individualized by having special organs appropriated to them, animals rise in the scale of structure. The next class of mollusks, the gastropods or univalves, with spiral shells, were numerous, but, from their brittle character, are seldom found in a good state of preservation.

The chambered shells, or the cephalopoda, represented chiefly in the earlier periods by the straight orthocerites, are now curled in a close coil, and the internal structure of their chambers has become more complicated. If we had looked for them in the Devonian period, we should have found many with looser coils than those, and some only slightly curved in the shape of a horn. These, as well as the perfectly straight forms, still exist in the coal period, but the goniatites with close whorls are the more numerous and more characteristic.

The articulate have gained their missing class since the close of the Devonian period, for insects have come in, and that division of the animal kingdom is therefore complete, and represented by three classes, as it is at present. Of the worms little can be said; their traces are found as before, but they are very imperfectly preserved. There are still trilobites, but they are very few in number, and other groups of crustacea have been added.

One of the most prominent of these new types bears a striking resemblance to the horse-shoe crab of present times, while the former preserves some of the trilobite characters, such as the marked articulations on the posterior part of the body and their division into three lobes, yet in the prominence of its anterior shield, its more elongated form, and tapering extremity, it resembles its modern representative. In some of them, however, there is no sharp point, and the body terminates bluntly. There were a large number of these entomostraca in the Carboniferous period, a group which is chiefly represented among living crustacea by an exceedingly minute kind of shrimp; but in those days they were of the size of our crabs and lobsters, or even larger, and the horse-shoe crabs still maintain their claim to a place among the larger and more conspicuous members of the class.

The insects were few, and, as I have said above, of a kind which seeks a moist atmosphere, or whose larvae live altogether in water. They are not usually well preserved. We have, however, remains enough to establish unquestionably the fact of their existence in the Carboniferous period, and to show us that the type of articulates was already represented by all its classes.

Not so with the vertebrates. Fishes abound, but their class still consists, as before, of the ganoids, those fishes of the earlier periods built on the gar-pike and sturgeon pattern, and the selachians, represented now by sharks and skates. In the Carboniferous period we begin to find perfectly preserved specimens of the ganoids. Of the old type of selachians we have again one lingering representative in our own times to give the clue to its ancestors—as the gar-pike explains the old ganoids, and the chambered nautilus helps us to understand the chambered shell of past times. The so-called Port-Jackson shark has features which were very characteristic of the Carboniferous sharks, and are lost in the modern ones, so that it affords us a sort of link, as it were, and a measure of comparison, between those now living and the more ancient forms. It is an interesting fact that this only living representative
of the Carboniferous shark should be found in New Holland, because it is there, in that isolated continent, left apart, as it would seem, for a special purpose, that we find reproduced for us most fully the character of the animal kingdom in earlier creations.

The first mammalia in the world were pouched animals, having that extraordinary attachment to the mother after birth which characterizes the kangaroo. In New Holland almost all the mammalia are pouched, and have also the imperfect organization of the brain, as compared with the other mammalia, which accompanies that peculiar structural feature; and although the American opossum makes an exception to the rule, it is nevertheless true that this type of the animal kingdom is now confined almost exclusively to New Holland. Whether this living picture of old creations in modern garb was meant to be educational for man or not, it is at least well that we should take advantage of it in learning all it has to teach us of the relations between the organic world of past and present times.

There were a great variety of the selachians in the Carboniferous period. Although the vertebrate division of the animal kingdom still waited for its higher classes, yet it had received one important addition since the Silurian and Devonian periods. The Carboniferous marshes were not without their reptilian inhabitants; but they were reptiles of the lowest class, the so-called amphibians, those which are hatched from the egg in an immature condition, undergoing metamorphosis after birth. They have no hard scales, and lay a large number of eggs. I am unable to describe any figure of one of these ancient reptiles, as they are found in so imperfect a state of preservation that no plates have been made from them. I would add in connection with this subject that I believe a large number of animals found in the Carboniferous deposits, and referred to the class of reptiles, to be fishes allied to saurians.

A P E R S I A N  S T O R Y.

CHAP. I.

A tale of the times of old—a passage of the reign of the Shah Jehan, recorded in the chronicles of Persia.

The hour of early evening prayer had long since passed, and darkness came down like a cloak upon the royal city of Isphahan. The caravansaries and bazaars had been closed some time; the coffee-houses were shut up; the mosques deserted; and the solitary lamp, glimmering here and there like a star upon the lofty minarets, had disappeared. The hum of that mighty ant-nest had sunk into the low murmur preceding the utter stillness of the city's nightrest. No life was in the streets, save an occasional passenger, in the chief thoroughfares, creeping cautiously homeward from his evening revel, with a few stray dogs scouring the streets of their offal. The guard had just finished making its round, and now came to report to their chief station at the Tehran gate that, thanks to Allah and the Shah Jehan, all was peace and safety in Persia's capital.

The commander of the watch this night was Ali Mohammed, a smart young officer of the royal guard, as careless of principle, beyond the strict letter of duty, as most other Persians. In his splendid military accoutrements, he was now lounging in the guard-house with three or four other equally wild spirits, throwing dice, and at intervals passing round a vessel of some sort of drink much resembling wine of Schiras, to judge from the gusto with which each man bathed his moustache by turns in the pitcher.

The keys of the outer gate of Isphahan lay before Ali Mohammed, as denoting that upon this occasion he was chief in command. Some torches of a peculiar description lighted the interior, and a party of soldiers stood around, gazing attentive, but not daring to break in upon the conversation of their superiors.

"May I be your sacrifice," said a young gholam of the troop, "but this week's watch is ill required. No fish come to net. I drink to better times."

"True, boy," replied Ali Mohammed; "too true. Time was when a night on guard to the head officer was worth gold upon gold; but now none wish to leave the city ere cock-crow, beyond some fanatical dervise without money in his purse, or beggarly hadji on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Korm. May their marrow be dried up!" And Ali Mohammed took a lusty pull at the jug. As he spoke, a deep-toned voice outside asked for egress at the Tehran gate; and the party pricked up their ears, like sportsmen when they hear the footfall of an antelope.

The stranger was introduced, and confronted the commander of the post, who, with an air of careless haughtiness, glanced at him from head to foot, treating with supercilious indifference his renewed demand to be permitted to go forth from Isphahan. The new-comer was a powerfully-formed, fine young man, verging upon thirty; and his free step and bearing denoted a life passed in active and hardy pursuits. On his head was the common black cap of Astracan lamb's wool, and his person was
wholly enveloped in a heavy cloak of coarse blue cloth.

"And whither are ye bound, O friend of light of the brain?" asked Ali Mohammed, throwing the dice. "Why go forth at this late hour from beneath the shadow of the king of kings?"

"My business is my own," replied the stranger, calmly. "I go to the camp without the walls, and also am in the service of the shah, on whom be blessings!"

"Some robber of the desert," whispered the young ghoulam to his chief. "Give thy people the word, O my soul! and let us strip him." In truth, the soldiers looked upon the stranger with the eyes of hungry wolves; evidently regarding him as a waif, stray, or windfall, to be converted, according to the law of precedent, to their own especial property.

"No man leaves Isphahan this night by the Tehran gate without a pass," drawled out Ali Mohammed. "What is thy name, O dark one?"

The stranger's lip curled at the impertinent tone of the query, and he appeared with difficulty to suppress his feelings.

"I repeat that I am of the army, though, it may be, the least of the servants of the shah. Delay me at your peril!"

"Ooh! then you belong to that advanced detachment of the troops without the city, returned but now from dealing with those sons of Jehanum who worship fire on the rocky mountains. Be their graves accursed! If a soldier, you know military law. You may have stabbed someone in the city, and I am responsible to the shadow of the universe. Inshallah! why should I not, too, speak of the rule of the guard? These poor men will have red gold ere they unclose the gates—ay, and search thy person, lest thou bear treason forth!"

The stranger thrilled with passion. He half-uncovered his cloak, displaying beneath the uniform of a subaltern officer, and wearing in his sash a short but very heavy sword, beside which reposed a long straight handjar of Damascus steel, bearing on its hilt a large sparkling brilliant, curiously carved.

He handed this dagger to Ali Mohammed, saying: "On the shah's secret service! Let me pass." And he returned the handjar to its sheath.

"By the head and the eye, pass!" cried Ali Mohammed, with an expression of the deepest respect, casting a look anxiously at the same time upon the dice, and the flasks of grape-juice.

The stranger marked his depreciatory glance.

"I am a soldier," said he with a smile, turning to go, "and I tell no tales of my brethren. Peace be around ye!"

"Why is not the gate opened, O sons of dogs?" roared Ali Mohammed, as the portals were heavy slaming shut. The stranger passed without the wall of Isphahan, and the commander of the watch remained watching his receding form till lost in night. He then relieved his breast with a deep sigh of mystery and astonishment, and replaced himself among his party.

"Tell us, by Allah! who was that?" asked the young ghoulam eagerly; while the soldiers, disappointed of their expected prey, looked like leopards robbed of a meal.

"Mashallah! who is that, O inconsiderate of speech?" was the response. "God is great, and so is Ali Mohammed when on command; and he biddeth thee, boy, to hold thy tongue and pass the pitcher!"

And so the revelry went on the livelong night in that happy guard-house; we ourselves quitting Isphahan by the Tehran gate, in company with the unknown wanderer.

The stranger proceeded upon his silent path, with the same air of unconcern as though five hundred men had formed his escort, although alone in the darkness, beneath the walls of a city famous for those midnight plunderers who, dwelling mostly in the adjacent tombs, come forth to work in their calling at fitting season. The night was warm; the air balmy as the zephyrs wafted from the rose-fields of Georgia; and the plaintive cry of the distant jackal came upon the wind like the moan of a wailing spirit. Our wanderer appeared to be deeply lost in thought, and passing through an avenue of lofty cedars, struck into that path which, winding among the gardens and villas of the suburbs, would conduct him by the nearest way to the camp.

"Yes, I was right in my resolve" (so ran the current of the stranger's thoughts); "the voice of Persia can only be fairly heard in her public places—in her khans, her baths, her coffee-houses, her streets and shops; and I will hear what she has to say in her wild free speech. Mine own ears shall listen—mine own eyes shall behold; and thus shall the truth be known as to the feeling of this mighty people for the plans of their rulers. Yes, by the tombs of my race, it is alone worthy of a free man to act by himself. The army arrives not yet for three days. During that time, at least then, I continue to look on Isphahan in hidden form. Yesterday a mirza; to-night, a soldier; to-morrow, it may be, a merchant. By Allah! Nourjehan, thou art playing a strange part! My life has been latterly almost wholly passed with the armies of the shah, on whom be blessings! None hardly, therefore, can recognize me in the capital. All without the realm is at peace. The Kurd and the Fire-worshipper humbled to very dust, the bow of the Arab broken, the lance of the Turcoman shivered. Persia is white in the eyes of Frangistan and India. The day of arms is passed: let the people have rest and quiet. The throne of the shah is strengthened for his line, and the arts of peace be it now mine to cultivate. Tired am I, O Prophet, of blood; confirm, then, my present determination. Yes, well saith the sage: 'It is better to build up

* Nourjehan signifies "fight of the world,"
one cottage than to burn a hundred palaces.' To war I go no more, unless the peace of the realm demand it. Too much time have I already passed under the camel-skin tent of the soldier—too little have I devoted to the study of the laws between man and man, as laid down in our blessed Koran and the writings of the wise and virtuous. Be my future path that of the sage and the philosopher. Hollow and unsound are the glories of military conquest. Away with that dream for ever! Mighty destinies are before me; and if life be spared, I swear—But, ha! what have we here?"

An antique portico leading to a garden had caught the eye of our night-wanderer, the lattice gate itself swinging invitingly open—a most unusual thing in the suburbs of Isphahan. The bright eastern moon had risen in its splendour, and its rays fell pleasingly upon the tuf ted shrubbery. Nourjehan involuntarily paused, and looked within upon the garden. The murmur of a full-flowing fountain caught his ear, and the odours of the varied parterres of shrubs and flowers charmed him momentarily to the spot. Nourjehan was young; and his heart beat high with an undefinable feeling, resembling the romance of the chivalrous days of the west. He stepped lightly over the tempting entrance, and stood within the portico.

The garden was small, but picturesque as fairy-land. Shrubs of every variety, trees of every foliage, were grouped in fanciful masses. There were the tamarind and the tulip, the myrtle and the cystus, the laurel and the jessamine, mingled with the rose, the heliotrope, and the cypress, in tufts of impenetrable obscurity. The spot appeared as though sacred to beauty and to peace, and the world beyond was a void. Nourjehan advanced with the caution of a practised warrior, and sighed as he contrasted that graceful scene with the blood-dyed plains of what men term victory. A silvery light, like the twinkling of a newly-born planet, shone through the green bough of richly-scented almond-trees; and, yielding to the unaccountable caprice of the moment, our wanderer yet further followed the mysterious beckonings of the finger of destiny. He found the light proceeded from a lattice apartment on the basement of a small house, the jaloussies of which, shaded partly with drapery, were thrown widely open, to court the cooling breeze. Nourjehan stepped upon the brink of a marble fountain, whose waters played "soft as lovers' sighs," encircled by myriad clusters of scented orange-blossom, and his bold eye was enabled to penetrate to the interior of the chamber. The scene within transfixed him to the spot as if by enchantment.

Seated upon piles of silken cushions, placed, for the sake of the air, near the window, an aged man and youthful maid were playing chess; while a female slave watched the progress of the game from a distant corner, with her arms crossed on her breast. The apartment was lighted by several old-fashioned silver cressets, and its walls were curiously ornamented in arab esque. Vases of porcelain, containing cut blossoms of the rarest flowers, added their odours to the fragrance of the garden, and perfumed the atmosphere so as to be barely endurable by aught but an Oriental. The whole interior denoted the graceful taste of the possessors of the dwelling; while a certain plainness in its decorations spoke of moderate habits rather than of great wealth. The windows were open to the ground; and the bubbling of the fountain had contributed to render the advance of Nourjehan unheard. The tenants of the chamber demand an especial paragraph.

The aged man's countenance beam'd with that expression of patriarchal affection which instantly denoted that he was the parent of the fair being before him. His beard and hair were white as snow, his features regular and placid, his brow high and wide. His whole look was that of a venerable sage, teaching philosophy to one of his most chosen neophytes. A warm-hearted smile played on his lip as he pored earnestly over the chess-board.

The beautiful being—for beautiful she was—contended with the elder in the mimic war, struck Nourjehan at once as something superior to all he had ever looked on. The long, dark, unguent hair hanging, after the Persian fashion, in two enormous curls upon her bosom; the delicately-pencilled eyebrows, meeting in the centre; the long, kohl-stained lashes; the pearly teeth; the transparent skin—all these charms were here united in the rarest degree of loveliness. The taper fingers of the maid, betipped with henna, hovered over the chessboard, fascinated Nourjehan, like the angels of delight when they visit the pining heart of the captive. Her veil was quite thrown back, in the privacy of the andarun, so that our loiterer's gaze fell deep and enduring. He could only liken the fair form of the maid to some celestial essence; and he held his breath, lest the slightest sound should break the spell, and resolve the periel into her native element of air. The dress of the lady was chintz of shawls, draped with elegance around her finely moulded form.

A quarter of an hour flew by like a moment. Nourjehan was chained to the marble fount by which he rested. The players conducted their chess with a placid earnestness which betokened skill. Nourjehan was himself a passionate admirer of the game; and this gave a feature of additional interest to the scene. Not a word had yet been uttered by either of the two high belligerent powers; but the coral lips of the bright-eyed beauty at length parted in gentle speech. The tones of her voice were sweetly musical; and, with a deep sigh, the heart of the excited Nourjehan surrendered itself for ever captive.

"The chess is due to-night, O my father! Well was the word spoken but yesterday of thy skill by the learned Mirza, Eben-Timuri."

"And what was that word, O flatterer?"

"The talk ran, my father, upon the gardens of the Mirza, with their roses and running waters; and Eben Timuri..."
made answer and said: “Truly the garden is beautiful; but Al-Suli’s game of chess is yet more beautiful.”

Al-Suli laughed with complacency at his daughter’s sally. Nourjehan recognized the name as being that of the first chess-player in Persia; though personally unacquainted with him himself, our eavesdropper having been so long absent from the royal city, and Al-Suli having but recently come from Meshed to reside in Isphahan. After a pause, the conversation was renewed, as a sort of running accompaniment to the game in progress.

“Yes, my beloved Zelica, great is my skill, and the day of my brightest hope is dawning. The army of Persia returns in triumph; and the son of our Shah, whom be reverence as there is glory, will doubtless deign to measure himself in chess with the aged Al-Suli.”

“Does the prince play well, then, O my father?”

“According to report he does; and that, notwithstanding the lying spirit of flattering, which so darkly veileth truth from kings. The prince is wise and learned; may his shadow never be less than mine, my child!”

“Pardon, dear father, my sense is dim. The night wears, and the midnight hour of prayer is close at hand.”

And Zelica hung pensively over the now tranquil chess-field.

“Thou art sick in health, I fear, if not in heart, O my daughter! Dull is our solitude for thy trusting and hoping youth. I doubt me thou seest for a household to govern, more exclusively thy own, O my fair lady Banou!”

“Not so, O my parent!” answered Zelica, blushing.

“Yet such is nature, and often do I regret I have not earlier wedded thee; but I have sworn by the Caaba that none may take thee from me but a fine chess-player, and the vow of a father for his child is a holy thing in the sight of Allah.”

“All men but thee to Zelica are naught; and this thou knowest, O my father! With my birds and flowers, how tranquilly floweth life!”

“Tranquilly, it may be; but the heart echoeth back stronger words, I fear, in secret. Well, God is great; and what is written to be, is written! Chess may yet give me a son; and thee, girl, a spouse.”

Hardly could Nourjehan forbear challenging the old man to encounter him in chess upon the spot. In one half-hour he had loved away his life. The cold West cannot appreciate or understand the feelings of the East in this respect; since it is fair on record, that men in Persia and Arabia have fallen dotingly in love with the mere impress of a woman’s fingers on the wall—nay, have sat down and died for the feelings thus germinated. A strange heart is that of man! Nourjehan felt a profound conviction that his future happiness was for ever inextricably bound up with the fate of the lovely being before him. Their acquaintance seemed already to have been of twenty years’ duration. Nourjehan was fascinated like the gazelle before the bright eye of the mountain-panther. His breast throbbed with the most intense and painful emotions, and it was only by a mighty effort at self-command, that he was enabled to overcome the strong temptation to go forward and speak.

“But she shall learn to love me for myself,” thought he, “and shall know me but as that which I appear to be. Allah guide me! To win her affections do I devote my life!”

“That cow of a Moolah, Reza Hased,” said the father, “who wanted thee, girl, for his nephew! Ha! ha! they fancied they could play chess, and the moolah tore his beard when I conquered him. Never shall he cross my threshold again. Was the youth aught to thee? By thy soul, speak!”

The maiden laughed.

“I esteemed nephew and uncle alike, and loved each very little. The camel hath more sense than the elder, and the wild ass more discretion than the younger. Thou little knowest Zelica, O my father! if thou thinks she could give her heart to a fool!”

Nourjehan was entranced. “To the charms of Paradise,” sighed he, “she unites the wisdom of Lokman!” How partial are the eyes of love! and Nourjehan was already a lover—jealous, ardent, and passionately attached to his mistress.

“Has the Ethiopian barred gate and portal?” demanded Al-Suli abruptly, of the female domestic.

“He has, O our master! some two hours back.”

“Jehanum yawns for the liar!” muttered Nourjehan.

“And that officer of the shah,” continued Al-Suli, “has he dared to pollute the sacredness of my harem, by hovering about its vicinity this day as yesterday? The blessed Allah blacken his face, and defile his mother’s grave!”

“We have not again seen that man of impudence, O my lord!” responded the slave Miriam.

“Thou sayest, Zelica, that he looked but upon thy hand as thou wert tending thy flowers? Strange boldness to dare thus to intrude, upon so slight a warrant!”

“I speak the truth, O my father! The man made signs from a distance, and attempted to give Miriam gold and a letter; but I care not for manners so over-bold, and dismiss him with the moolah’s nephew—hearts of the hoof both. The ass might be their father and mother!”

“By the shah’s salt,” murmurved Nourjehan, “I may live to take that insolent king’s officer by the throat!”

A low creeping sound, as if advancing from a distance, caught the soldier’s ear at this moment; although so faint was its approach, none could have heard it but an experienced warrior,
Nourjehan turned towards the garden entrance; and, to his surprise, beheld a group of horses and men faintly marked in outline upon the dusky firmament beyond, and evidently formed without the gate. Even as he looked, half-a-dozen dark forms entered the garden, and cautiously approached the dwelling. His quick apprehension saw that violence was on foot, and also suggested the necessity of repressing his first strong impulse to alarm the unsuspecting father and daughter; who, unconscious of danger, were still in conversation. The intruders advanced with noiseless step; and the whole might have seemed, from its suddenness, a dream.

But Nourjehan was no dreamer. His person was concealed by the trunk of a huge olive, and his sight and hearing were strained to the uttermost to watch the event. The men reached the house at an angle slightly remote from the latticed anderun; and placing one of their party as sentinel, the other entered at a small door, which opened to them as if by magic. It was too dark to see very distinctly, but the newcomers were evidently armed to the teeth.

"Foul treason is here," thought Nourjehan—"treason against the maiden and her sire; and if I alarm them at this moment, it may cost their lives. Wolves, and sons of wolves, some of ye shall pay dearly for this outrage!" His heavy sword was drawn, and his cloak already swung from his shoulders, and bound, buckler-like, about his left arm. The gallant soldier then drew his cap low upon his brow, and stood prepared to dash in through the open lattice. "A strange feeling this of mine for the maid: well is it that I too was watching!"

Sharp screams rent the air—shadows darkened the lower windows—a rush was made by heavy feet—the struggle was perceptible. The long drawn heart-cry of Zelica yet rung upon the night, when Nourjehan bounded lightly through the open lattice upon the scene within. It was time.

Two of the russians had seized Al-Suli, and were binding his limbs with leather thongs. The female slave was grasped by a powerful Arnaout, in readiness to be borne away. Nourjehan’s headlong spring cast him upon the Arnaout, who fell at the same time a corpse, cloven through skull and turban. The coming of our hero was as the coming of Azrael, the angel of death, and his sword fell like the blinding lightning. He uttered no word, but threw himself bodily upon the russians, and his blade drank blood at every sweep. The lady Zelica was in the hands of men who were hurriedly twisting her veil around her head, as if to stop her cries. Two of these marauders raised their weapons in astonishment at the rescue; but the one was cut down by the next sword-stroke of Nourjehan, while the other was sent staggering against the wall by a blow of our soldier’s heavy left hand. The chief of the party dropped the fainting Zelica from his grasp, and turned like the tiger barked of his prey. All was the work of a moment. Nourjehan darted upon his foe in a state of now ungovernable excitement, shouting the Persian war-cry of “Slay! slay!” His opponent recognized his voice and features; and, throwing down his sword, advanced his neck, in the muteness of despair, to abide the coming blow. Nourjehan stayed the force of that blade which seldom struck twice.

"Ismael Khan, by the holy of holies! say, before I smite, can it be thou, ruffian and plunderer? The shah’s best soldier turned bandit! O shame! What meaneth this?"

At the sound of that voice every weapon suddenly dropped, and all was hushed as the silent grave. Every man present stood abashed and cowering. The light revealed the dress and accoutrements of the royal troops. Nourjehan glanced fiercely around. Twice he raised his falchion to plunge it into the khan’s bosom, and twice he stayed the death-stroke.

"The lion wars not with the hound!" cried Nourjehan, as turning contemptuously away, he flew to raise the insensible form of Zelica. Ismael Khan remained motionless as a statue. His men unbound Al-Suli, and released the slave. Zelica recovered from her swoon to find herself in the arms of her preserver, who was hanging over her with an expression of tenderness and respectful devotion.

Quick as thought Nourjehan signed to Al-Suli and the female domestic; and, exchanging a few brief words, the lady was borne by them from the chamber of blood, which now rather resembled a battle-field than the heaven of peace it had so recently represented. Nourjehan addressed Ismael Khan once more.

"On your life, man, speak!" said he, "and make this darkness light. Give me not many words, but give me truth."

"I am your sacrifice," faltered forth the khan, a tall, majestic-looking soldier in splendid attire. "On my eyes be obedience. The girl pleased thy servant, and he wished to have her. What need of words? The dark slave without took gold and opened to us. I would have carried the woman to the camp, and left the old man here. Thy servant has spoken. What harm?"

Nourjehan was anxious to put an end to the scene.

"Take thy life, Ismael Khan—thou hast twice saved mine in battle; but henceforth thy head answers for the safety of this dwelling. Carry the false Ethiop without, and strangle him in the garden. Two of these fellows are dead. Bear off the three bodies, and cast them forth on the sands of the camp for the jackal and the vulture. Let the waters of the fountain yonder remove the pollutions of this room, and that on the instant; after which depart to your dwellings with the silence of ghouls returning to the tomb. And mark me, men! you know my mood; if any one babble of this, he dies the death! On the blood of thee and of thine be this matter, Khan!"

"Thy servant heeds and obeys," was the khan’s answer, with a profound inclination of the head. The orders of Nourjehan were re-
sponed to with military promptitude. The unfaithful male slave was strangled—the floor was cleansed of its gore—the dead and dying were removed, and the midnight intruders vanished from the scene with the silent gladness of men delighted to escape with their heads on their shoulders. All was once more profoundly still. Nourjehan was alone. Al-Suli and Zelica again appeared, trembling and agitated as birds when the falcon swoops on the dove-cot. They doubted the reality even of life, and could hardly look on the events of the last half-hour save as the wild incidents of a fearful vision. Nourjehan whispered the words of peace and safety, and their bewildered senses slowly recognized their salvation of life and honour at his hands. There are moments of feeling which the pen cannot trace. The chess-master and his daughter asked no questions; they knew not, they recked not, who or what was their preserver; but their hearts yearned to him as to their Maker. By a mighty effort, Al-Suli spoke.

"Be to me," he said, "henceforth a son, as thou hast been to her—to my Zelica—as a brother. Visit us early and late, morning and evening. Come to look upon our gratitude. Remove thy veil, O my daughter, and bid God, on whom be glory, bless thy valiant saviour. Verily the young man hath shown this night the force of Rostam, and the courage of Antar, and the mighty keeping of Allah be upon him for ever!"

The trembling Zelica raised her veil, and seizing the hands of Nourjehan, pressed them eagerly to her lips and bosom. During the brief moment of this caress, it seemed to our hero that he had already crossed the bridge of death, and entered upon the abode of the celestial hours, created by Mohammed for true believers.

"O my father! O my sister!" murmured Nourjehan with the timidity of a fawn; "let thy son—thy brother—beg a boon, if he hath in truth found favour. When I visit ye on the morrow, and if it may be granted on the next morrow also, give me indeed the privilege of a brother to look upon my sister face to face; and bless me be the God of Persia, who hath made me now His humble instrument of succour and health!"

Nourjehan left the house of Al-Suli, and sought his tent within the encampment of the army's advanced guard. The dew of sleep dwelt not that night upon his eyes; for body and soul were sundered, and his spirit rested with the lady chess-player.

CHAPEL II.

Generations of man change, but the seasons change not. Nations and dynasties roll away, but light and darkness endure in regular alternation. Nourjehan arose from his tented couch at morning, and felt almost surprised to see the sun shining with the same look he had borne yesterday. To him all things seemed altered, and the very atmosphere unlike that he had hitherto breathed. The Promethean spark had lighted up his heart, and he abandoned himself to his new feelings with the true enthusiasm of a son of Iran.

It need hardly be said that this day, and the next, and many more "next" days saw Nourjehan worshipping at the shrine of his adoration. He represented himself to be an officer in the service of the shah, endowed for the time with a commission of particular consequence, which had given him that marked ascendency over Ismael Khan and his lawless troop. The grand army had entered Ispahan in triumph, and the emperor had offered up public thanksgivings, in the chief mosques, for the happy state of general peace in which Persia rested beneath his rule.

The ostensible reason of Nourjehan's daily visits at the dwelling of Al-Suli was, of course, chess—in immortal chess; of which science he declared himself a perfect adorer, and prayed for the help of the great master to perfect him yet more in its philosophic mysteries. Al-Suli was delighted to prove his gratitude in the only way open to him, and found his new pupil as docile as intellectual. Nourjehan developed profound skill in chess; and, to the astonishment of the veteran, displayed combinations nearly as skilful as his own. In truth, never had Al-Suli met with so fine a player, and the greater was the old man's joy to receive his diurnal visitor. Innumerable were the battles of the contending champions together; while the form of the fair Zelica was not wanting to grace the scene and hymn the victor's song of triumph on the lute. Thus sweetly enthralled, weeks fled like days, and Nourjehan more and more gave himself up the slave of love, as he found the charms of the maiden were the least of her perfections, compared with the mental qualities with which she was so surpassingly gifted. Nourjehan did not deny that he had practised chess for years, and had prided himself on his skill, now first proved not invincible. On the whole, Al-Suli mostly came off as victor; but was forced to confess he had never been so hardly pushed, and it seemed as if his affection for his gallant adversary increased in proportion to the stubborn tenacity with which he maintained the chess encounter. It must be owned that had Zelica invariably kept her veil down the chances of victory had been greater for Nourjehan. But who can look on "bright eyes beaming," and maintain that stoic imperturbability so essential to the gathering and wreathing of chess-laurels?

A month had passed in this manner, and our party were one sunny morning employed as usual; Nourjehan, now domiciled almost as a son indeed, playing chess with Al-Suli, while the fair Zelica arranged her graceful buds and shining flowers, fed her birds, struck the chords of her lyre, and, looking at intervals over the chess array, exchanged a timid glance blushingly with her preserver, which spoke fully
of congenial feelings to the youth’s enraptured heart.

“Yes, my friend,” broke forth Al-Suli, as if thinking aloud—"yes, in chess alone man finds endless recreation and comfort in every condition of life. Chess teaches him how to shun the snare of the tempter—how to steel his heart against the wiles of the crafty in guile. Chess is the oil, and the balm, and the wine of human existence. Chess gladdens the heart of the lowly, for he feels there is one possession of which the tyrant cannot bereave him. Chess humbly the mighty, and breaketh his pride like the brittle spear in the day of battle. Chess, like death, levels all before it, and reminds even the shah upon his gilded throne that he moves upon the same board of action as the humble peasant or pawn.”

“Belli! Well spoken, O my father!” answered Nourjehan.

Al-Suli’s chess enthusiasm was at its highest pitch. He poured forth a succession of poems and curious anecdotes in its favour, and added, "Zelica!

“Narrate, O my child! that story of the Arab and his son, which I bade thee embroider in stuffs for the new curtains of our anderán.

The maiden blushed, and smilingly complied, in tones of musical intonation that found an undying echo in the heart of Nourjehan:

"An Arab chief had a favourite son, so passionately addicted to chess, that he forsook everything in its behalf. Food hardly passed his lips—sleep but lightly pressed his eyelids—time, thought, and speech—all were for chess, and chess alone. The youth’s father regretfully saw life thus expended, and remonstrated upon such inauthentic conduct in vain. ‘Chess, O my father,’ (was his reply to every remonstrance,) ‘chess contains a remedy for every earthly ill save sickness and death; and holds out a counsel for every difficulty.’ Such was his constantly-repeated answer, and the father strove with his son in vain. Now at length a thought suggested itself. He charged the youth with a letter of importance, and a heavy bag of gold tomauns; bidding him mount his steed and convey them to a neighbouring sheik. His son departed accordingly on the mission. Then the chief disguised a party of Arabs and sent them on his son’s track, directing them to rob him, bind him upon his horse, and bring him back to the encampment as a prisoner. Allah, the mighty and the merciful, opened the lad’s eyes; and, looking over his shoulder, he saw his pursuers coming, mounted on maroes fleet as the winds of the Zahara. The youth led them craftily into a rocky defile, difficult of access and of passage, and then adroitly leaping from his horse, escaped on foot with safety, returning to his father’s tent with the letter and the gold. The chief said: ‘Now, O my son, upon thy truth tell me, how did chess avail thee in this strait of peril of which thou speakest?’

‘Verily, O my father,’ replied the youth, ‘to chess alone do I owe my escape; for bearing ever in mind that important maxim of the game, to render up a piece to save the mate, I sacrificed promptly my horse (knight), and thus redeemed both life and treasure!’”

“Well spoken, my soul—light of my eyes!” said Al-Suli fondly. “So runs, indeed, the legend. Thy words bring back my early times, when I played chess daily with the caliph, the lord of Bagdad. In that capital was it I conquered that renowned player Al-Moswerdi, or the Pearl; to whom the commander of the faithful thereupon remarked: ‘Of a truth, man, Al-Suli hath changed thy rose-water to vinegar.’ And what news in the city of the shah, O our Nourjehan?”

“None of importance. Our Persians thou knowest are renowned chatteringists. The chess-players of Ispahan talk of thy beauteous daughter, and wonder thou hast never yet married her; but where, indeed, could be found the man worthy of her?”

Zelica blushed, and dropped her veil.

“My child,” replied the old man, “is no light trifler. She obeys her father’s will in all things, as hidden in the Koran—health to that abundance of blessings! Zelica shall marry a chess-player, and so shall she have a man of understanding. I have spoken! The shah himself should not wed with my daughter, unless she could love him, and unless he played chess.”

“By the bread and salt,” responded the youth, “a noble resolve, and most worthy of a chess-player of thy renown. Hast thou, O my father! ever stood in our shah’s refreshing presence?”

“Not yet. I have awaited the return of Persia’s prince, who at length comes with the army of conquest. Didst thou witness the triumphal entry of our valiant troops?”

“I was, of course, there with my regiment.”

“They say the prince is the best chess-player of the age; and it may well be so, since he cares so little for lighter pursuits. Indeed, men call him the woman-hater.”

“O my father!” cried Zelica laughingly, “can there be a prince so hard of heart?”

“Even so, my treasure: or wherefore can it be that, in the prime of life, the prince has never married? Great offence is taken by our doctors of religion that the heir to the throne should thus break one of our prophet’s holy ordinances; while, throughout Persia, every striping, if he be of quality and wealth, must have, besides his wife, an established and well-filled harem.”

“Perhaps,” interrupted Nourjehan with a smile, “the prince of Persia—on whom be peace—has never yet met with a partner worthy to share his heart and throne, and looketh not on woman as a mere toy. But this is idle talk. Rather show me, O my father! how this checkmate may be averted.”

* This comparison, though in a coarser form, exist in Dr. Hyde, as having been similarly applied relatively to Al-Suli,
A Persian Story.

So the chess was resumed, and the conversation dropped. Nourjaham felt that his feelings were recognised, his affection shared, and awaited but for further assurance to put matters to the proof, by an explicit avowal of his sentiments to both father and daughter.

Happy then is Nourjaham now in the daily company of his beloved one, and happy is Zelica with the pride of her secret soul. Alas! why may not such felicity endure for ever? But a dim vapour rises in Fate's horizon, and that little cloud, but now no bigger than the man's hand of the inspired scribe, may yet become a rolling and mighty tempest, pregnant with swift destruction to the hopes of love.

CHAP. III.

The moollah, Reza Hafed, a very dignified sort of personage in his own eyes, was reclining within his dwelling on a pile of hassocks, in an apparently devout state of abstraction from mundane matters, when a female slave presented herself abruptly before him, and throwing aside her veil, disclosed the features of Miriam, Zelica's attendant. The moollah started at the apparition with unanticipated surprise. Visions of Zelica by the dozen, dying of love for him and his nephew, floating rapidly and instantaneously across his fervid imagination.

"Miriam—Mashallah! My face is white today at thy sight, O girl of the cypress-waist and the almond-eye; Does thy coming relate to thy mistress? Speak, sugar-lips! Is my star at length in the ascendant?"

"How may I, O my lord! reveal my perplexity? Of a truth my soul is dried up, and my liver has become water." And Miriam burst forth into passionate weeping; wringing her hands, and slapping her face violently.

"But, girl," said the moollah, "be thyself—be calm! Is Al-Suli dead? What is it? How has the evil-eye stricken thee?"

"They have slain my lover—my Douban, the light of my eyes. O moollah! give me revenge, for my cause is thine. Did they not slight and insult thee?"

"Say on—say on, woman! Speak not of me!" cried Reza Hafed impetuously.

The girl proceeded to detail the circumstances of our past narrative, as to the first coming to her master's dwelling of Nourjaham at night—the death of the ruffians by his hand—the strangling of the Ethiopian, her lover, in the garden—the bearing away of the bodies—all was minutely related from first to last. The moollah was confounded with wonder, but joy slowly lighted up his leaden-coloured visage. He saw in that story the seeds of certain revenge upon the chess-player and his daughter, who had refused the hand of his nephew. In all ages the vengeance of a priest has been no laughing matter.

"And thou, too, O my clever Miriam! thou knewest before that Zelica was to be carried off!"

The she-friend bent her head in the affirmative.

"Yes, I would have married her to my nephew, for she is fair, and Al-Suli has gold; but we were shamefully rejected, and at last excluded from the house. Much dirt did that old man make us eat. If what thou sayest can be proved, by Mohammed! it bears upon their very lives; and large shall be thy reward, good Miriam, for thus coming forward in the cause of justice. The subjects of the Shah murdered at dead of night—men strangled in cold blood!" and the moollah smiled complacently at the thought.

"But," continued he, "what or who can this person be—this Nourjaham, of whom thou speakest?—and wherewith should they give thy lover the cord at his command? Speak! this matter is not clear—it passes comprehension."

"Who can say? Who knows, O moollah? He is, probably, a Bedouin chief of the desert, prowling in quest of prey, and thus known to the soldiers as one to be feared and dreaded. Doubtless he now but waits the coming down of his own people to bear us away to the mountains in captivity." And here Miriam burst forth in a flood of tears.

"By thy soul, tell me, O moollah! tell the poor Miriam she shall be avenged."

The moollah pressed his forehead with his hand, and rested for a few moments deeply absorbed in thought, before he again spoke.

"Go home, girl, to thy dwelling. Make thy face even, and let the joy of vengeance lighten thy brow and lip. Ebias himself shall rise, but this thing shall be visited on our enemies. It is written in the Book of Destiny that Al-Suli shall be smitten root and branch, and that Miriam shall then come to rest for ever within the walls of our own harem. Now go; I have spoken."

And the moollah dismissed the girl with a wolfish smile. She returned home with a lightened heart, for she knew the priest would work suddenly as surely.

The moollah, left once more to his solitary meditations, remained for a short time in that pleasing trance of anticipation which the bawd man feels when he holds a naked knife in his hand, and looks upon the sleeping innocent he is about to stab. Then he gathered up his robes, stuck his feet into his papouesses, and went straightway to the royal palace, the time being that at which the shah opened the great hall of morning audience. The moollah mixed with the throng in entering the palace, and sought to place himself in a conspicuous position. "Praise God!" muttered he to himself; "these are, indeed, news for the shah! And that hog of a police chief! His face will be blackened as the pit of Tophet. He once affronted me in the matter of my two slaves, whom he met at night returning home, bearing jars, which, he said contained wine. The needful shall not be wanting to defile his father's grave. The cow's son!"

So Reza Hafed took a place in the circle, with the evident manner of one come, according to law and custom, to ask somewhat of majesty, and composed himself patiently till he should be called upon to speak.
The audience was formed, and the Shah Jehan was in full divan with his viziers and chief officers grouped reverentially around him; resembling a galaxy of stars about the sun at noon. The shah was a devout believer in Islamism, and made it a constant point to pay particular attention to all matters connected with the church; giving them consideration in preference to things secular. The monarch called then, at once, upon the moollah to advance to the foot of the throne; and there, upon the verge of the royal praying-carpet, did Reza Hafed distil the leprous juice of his story into the ears of king and court; heightening it with every possible addition, to stir up the ire of the sleeping lion. The sensation produced at the close of his smooth and well-delivered speech was electrical.

"By our crown!" said the shah, "but this is a strange story, O moollah! A romance is it, even like that of Sinbad. Men slain under the walls of the favoured city—the abode of peace—the refuge of Persia—the asylum of the universe! Oft in days of command, like dogs—robbers from the desert—heroes from the clouds—how shall this be made clear to us? Stand forth! Zaul Zemsahir, lieutenant of the police, chief of our nasackshays—stand out, thou accused one, and say, can such things be, and thy head remain yet upon thy shoulders? Why is the king's robe of protection thinned? O precious servant of royalty! O careful guardian of the peace! speak as to this matter!"

The nasackshay bashi, or chief executioner, a stout, pompous personage, glittering in the trappings of his important post, answered, amazed and trembling:

"By the head of the shah!—by the life—by the breath—I cannot speak! What shall I say? My soul has flown—my brain is roast-meat!"

"Away then at once to the dwelling of this Al-Suli!" commanded the shah in a tone of decision and dignity. "Take with thee a soldier's guard, and a litter for the women. Bring hither before my throne every person found in that accursed den of pollution, and that on the instant. Do this secretly and silently. Go!"

"Be chesm!—on my head be it!—I am your sacrifice!" And Zaul Zemsahir quitted the royal presence to summon his myrmidons and obey the orders of the king, in a mood which betokened little comfort to the objects of his mission, irritated as the chief executioner was, at having been thus rebuked by his sovereign in full divan. After all, to the philosopher there are some points about absolute despotism very redeemable. Events march so quickly beneath its sway, that life, if you can hold it, becomes of double length. Persia has no lawyers, in our sense of the word—is not that a blessing? The will of the shah is the law and the lawyers. A wave of his royal hand relieves you of headache for ever, by simply taking off your head; a look of his eye raises the camel-driver to a prince. If the shah is a good fellow, things cannot move better than beneath so simple a code of rule; if, on the contrary, the king goes too fast, why, the bowstring is applied to his neck, and one of his seven hundred sons reigns in his stead. But we digress.

The golden lord of light and life, the brilliant sun, is not more punctual in his diurnal visits to the faithful city of Isphahan, than was our friend Nourjeihan to the altar of Al-Sah. While black mischief was coming upon that peaceful household, like the simoom of Egyptian sands, its inmates were, as usual, collected in social divan; Al-Suli and Nourjeihan being deeply engaged in threading the intricacies of a chess position, as difficult of solution as any of Calvi's or Bone's, and their attention was proportionately diverted from things trivial and profane. The loud and sudden tramp of horses' feet drew forth an exclamation from the rosy mouth of Zelica.

"Soldiers of the shah! and coming here! O my father! O our friend! Look, look!" The chess-players started up, and in the agitation of the moment it is recorded that the chess-board was kicked, and at word of command, like dogs—spilled upon the floor. Appearances were certainly alarming.

The nasackshay bashi, accompanied by a strong band of his trusty nasackshays, and a troop of guards, commanded by our old acquaintance Ali Mohammed, had invested the dwelling in regular form of siege. Zaul Zemsahir, far too great a man to dismount upon an occasion so paltry as a mere arrest, sat, or rather reclined, upon his Arabic charger, and gave forth sundry commands in a tone of suitable importance. A party of ferashes, on foot, armed with iron-pointed staves and javelins, had already filled the garden. The wrath of the mighty Zaul had in no wise abated during his dusty ride in the full blaze of the vertical sun.

"Go in to that pit of perdition—that hole of abomination," said he to Ali Mohammed. "Go in there, in the name of the shah, on whose shadow be the eternity of space, and drag forth its vile inhabitants to light. Bind their arms with thongs, and if they resist, give them much slipper upon the mouth. Our people may break and ransack the house meanwhile, while of the plunder it contains. O these evil-doers! Their souls to the flame of Jahansum, for the ashes they have cast this day upon my head! Well, well; I am somebody, too, in Persia. See, I curse and spit upon them! How weary is my soul of this dirt! Go in, Ali; I await thee here."

Ali Mohammed and his men diamousted and rushed into the house. The quiet of the sanctuary was instantly transformed into the confusion of Babel. One party, consisting chiefly of the greedy ferashes, dispersed instantly throughout the house, breaking and despoiling all that came within their reach, and packing up for transportation all that looked pleasant and portable. The noise was truly infernal. Ali Mohammed and his troop suddenly presented themselves to the inmates of the dwelling. Zelica, trembling as the dove, had dropped her
veil, and leaned upon her venerable sire. Nourjehan quietly abode the event with his face enveloped in his military cloak. The soldiers rushed upon the peaceful group, with the humane intention of making their arrest, after the most approved Persian fashion, by first striking the prisoners down to earth. Nourjehan touched Ali Mohammed's arm; and that officer, recollecting him, halted his bloodhounds in great confusion.

“What meaneth this? Tell me on your life!” exclaimed Nourjehan.

Ali Mohammed hastily recapitulated the incidents of the morning, dwelling on the shah's order and his own immediate chief's command. He then drew himself up with downcast eyes, and with his right hand pressed upon his forehead.

“But when ye bear the shah's most gracious order to arrest,” said Nourjehan, “are ye hidden equally to abuse? O ye of little discernment! Speak to me. Are ye Persians, or are ye not rather Turks, that ye act in this rough way?”

“Such is ever our custom,” stammered forth Ali Mohammed.

“The custom, then, shall be mended,” rejoined Nourjehan in a whisper. “Hearken! O man of violence, and wine, and dice! The orders of our shah must be obeyed. Is he not the father of his people? Bear us, then, before him in covered litters. Plunder the dwelling; pay, burn it if ye will. But mark! whose lays hand or finger on the person of Al-Suli or of his daughter, be it to touch the hem of their garments, that man, I swear, dies the death! O that swine of a Moollah! My spirit burns to smite him in the face! Now bear us quickly to the palace. Al-Suli, O my father! put thy trust in Allah, the redeeming and the compassionate. Dear Zelic, I answer for thy safety.”

And Nourjehan unhastilishly passed his arm around the slender waist of the drooping maiden.

Two horse-litters were brought hastily into the garden. Into one of these entered Nourjehan, tenderly supporting the lady of his soul; the other serving to convey the chess-professor and the faithless Miriam. Nourjehan would not have changed his position for the throne of Hind, and it must be owned Zelic bore with astonishing resignation the circumscribed space wherein she and her companion moved. Certain words there spoken on the maiden's lip probably reassured her fluctuating heart.

The cavalcade was set in motion through the city, a party of the soldiers and nasackehays remaining behind to complete their labour of love, in the way of pillage and destruction. Ali Mohammed rode silently by the side of the chief executioner, whose demeanour was now very like that of a conquering general entering his native city in triumph.

“Are the women handsome?” asked Zaul Zemshir. “Have ye found those whose the camel-tie, according to the orders of the shah? What bootie have ye? My soul is impatient at your silence, man.”

“They servant is very little,” answered Ali Mohammed almost saucily. “He knows nothing. The veils of the women were not raised. After all, we are Musulmans. We left the prisoners unbound to save trouble. What bootie should we have, O my chief? Hidst thou wished to steal, why not have dismounted? Lastly, I, thy devoted one, am a soldier, but not a bandit.”

The rage of the great man boiled over. His speech became positive bellowing, broken into short sentences by the curving of his horse upon the rough stones.

“And you have come away without gold or jewels? O Ali! What, then, is there for me? What new abomination is this? Camel-headed wretch! Ass of Balaam! But I, too, am somebody. Yes! yes! we shall see! I am your superior officer, child of Zatan! What stuff do you talk! O beast, and brother of beasts!”

Ali Mohammed replied only with a shrug of his shoulders, indicative of the most profound indifference; and thus they reached the palace, figuratively termed by the people as the “Asylum of the king of kings.” Zaul Zemshir quitted stirrup in what we moderns should call a pretty sort of passion enough, and advanced to the foot of the throne to render an account of his mission.

The Shah Jehan still sat upon the justice-seat, and various rumours having gone abroad with the speed of the wind, as to the apprehension of the great chess-player, Al-Suli, for a long series of murders, robberies, and burnings, the grand saloon of audience was crowded by all whose rank entitled them to the honours of “the entrance.” The prisoners were placed in a row near the royal musmud; Nourjehan closely enveloped in his heavy cloak, and supporting the fair trembling, Zelic, who clung to him in that dread moment, as the vine clings to the cedar in the forest of Demawend. Zaul Zemshir pompously made his report, hinting that, doubtless, were time given thoroughly to raze Al-Suli's humble mansion to the ground, many slaughtered Persians would make their appearance, there resting at present in their untimely graves. The shah waved his hand with an expression of satisfaction; and the lord of the police standing back, made way for the moollah.

Reza Hafed repeated his charge against the captives, and dilated, as far as he durst, upon the enormity of their guilt. His bloated countenance, redolent of the hue of the forbidden juice of the grape, lighted up like a huge pomegranate, as he poured forth words more and more forcible and criminatory. The base slave Miriam told her tale, and whispers ran among the viziers, which, had they fallen upon the ear of Al-Suli, would hardly have been deemed consolatory. The deep-toned voice of the shah at length stills the murmur of the divan, like oil poured on the waves.

“And so, Al-Suli, thou man of chess!” said the Lord of Persia, “thy peaceful habits serve but to mask thy dark dealings in the blood of Iran's sons. Have ye no shame, man? Say,
ye have heard the charge. Some trap appears to have been laid by you and your comrade to draw these men to their slaughter-house. Speak, ye blood-thirsty ones! answer this thing. The Shah Jehan sits here as God's vicegerent, to render justice to the pestant as to the prince."

The courtiers of course applauded this sentiment by a murmur of applause. "Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Zaul Zemshir. "Was there ever king like ours?"

Nourjehan remained silent; the aged chess-player strove to speak, but the words faltered on his tongue. An honest man, unjustly accused, is ever less able to defend himself in speech than a scoundrel.

"The spoiler came by night, O shah!" said Al-Suli, "and me and mine were bound, as robbers bind their prey. God—the great! the powerful!—sent this young man, and we were then wonderfully delivered. Blows were struck; but the blood spilled was that of the violent. The king loves justice; he will weigh these things, and the truth will be seen. Of the Ethiop I know nothing. The shah will permit us to go away with whitened faces, and will incline his merciful ear to relieve us in our adversity."

But the brow of the Shah Jehan was troubled, as the brow of Mount Ararat in a storm. "Ye own your guilt, then," said the king. "O sons of strife and workers of iniquity! Life has been poured abroad like water, and no excuse given beyond lying words of wind. By the decrees of the Koran, blood for blood should be strictly rendered; and who are ye, O ye little souls! that ye should be excepted from the holy ordination? Very strange and ridiculous is thy tale, Al-Suli. And of the youth there, ye own ye know nothing; yet thy comrade in blood stands before his king in obstinate silence, and thus avows his guilt. Now hear the words of the shah. Thy daughter may be spared; but wherefore should not the sword of justice smite the necks of the two murderers, seeing that the noblest man in Persia is son of the royal treasury of Persia?"

A plaintive cry arose from Zelica, like the wailing of Rachael rent of her young. "Mercy! mercy!" cried the maiden. "Mercy, O king! as you expect mercy for yourself hereafter."

"The woman insults the shah!" cried the zealous Zaul Zemshir. "Gag her! give her mouth the slipper!" And suiting accordingly the action to the word, the chief executioner rushed towards the maiden to strike her on the face with the heavy brass-healed shoe of office.

But the indignity of this uncalled-for outrage was unexpectedly checked. Unable longer to contain his feelings, Nourjehan dropped his cloak, flung off his Turcoman cap, and suddenly darting upon the chief executioner, as the wolf bounds on the deer, wrenched the heavy shoe from his hand by main force, and dealt him three or four blows on the mouth, so heavy, 'to batter in the amazed officer's front teeth. Turning then rapidly upon the moollah, Nourjehan seized him by the throat; and although the priest of Mahommed was of powerful and athletic form, our hero shook him till he was black in the face, and then dashed him down bodily upon the marble floor like a log of wood, himself almost shrieking the while with rage, as he thus vented his passion. The court was struck dumb with amazement. Nourjehan stood over the moollah, like a tiger over the slaughtered buffalo.

"Enough! enough!" cried the Shah Jehan, in convulsions of merriment. "Hold! dear Nourjehan. Let the poor moollah go, or thy father will die of laughter."

Loud acclamations rent the air. Shouts of joy shook the roof of the hall. Nourjehan's disguise exists no more. The beloved of Zelica is the Prince Royal of Persia. The maid became sensible of the truth, and fell into his arms. Nourjehan bore his fair prize close to the verge of the throne. "I ask, O my father!—I beg this dear maiden for my bride, with the consent of her parent, Al-Suli."

"My son—my daughter; the blessing of a father on you both!" And the good shah tenderly embraced the pair. "How could I refuse thee sought, O Nourjehan? thee, the right hand of Persia—the young lion of Islam—the pride, the glory of my blood and race?"

"Bell! Bell! well-spoken, O great king!" ejaculated the courtiers, with all the vivacity of Persians. The dramatic excitement of the dénouement had broken down ceremony for the moment, and rank and grade appeared forgotten. It was one vast family of love and happiness. It need hardly be said that the matrimonial scheme was delightfully acquiesced in by Al-Suli, and thus was Nourjehan both nated and checkmated.

"Speak, O my dear son!" continued the beneficent Shah Jehan. "Say what shall be done with this calumnius moollah."

"Let him, O my father!" replied Nourjehan—"let the moollah Rena Hafed take ten thousand pieces of gold from the royal treasury of Persia. Let him be clothed with a robe of honour, and made chief of the mosques; for so alone can a prince of thy blood take revenge. Moreover, the moollah has looked upon the dwelling of Al-Suli, and no man may be abused who hath ever known, however remotely, the future Queen of Persia. So be thy face bright, O priest! for we forgive thee."

"May I be thy sacrifice?" cried the moollah. "Oh! could thy slave but have known!"

Nourjehan addressed the word to Zaul. "And thou, the servant of the shah, how liest thou the slipper thyself, man? O heart of heart! learn to be merciful while dutiful. Our right hand hath spoiled thy beauty in the matter of thy teeth, and we will not forget we rest thy debtor."

Zaul Zemshir bent to the very ground, and to the day of his death ceased not to inflict, six times a year, upon his family and friends, in a story of some two hours' duration, the extra-
An Apparition, and what it did for me.

-ordinary and familiar condescension of the heir-apparent upon the present occasion.
-"The faces of all who look upon this scene of my joy should be whitened by the shah's graciousness," continued Nourjehan; "only the woman Miriam is an outcast from the throne of mercy. Put that she-devil forth from Isphahan, O Ali Mohammed! and on peril of her life, never let her again enter the city of delights, or she shall verily become a fresh by-word in Persia, and the fate of the abominable shall be likened to the fate of Miriam, who sold her master's house for a price, and was therefore burned with the fires of earth and of hell, for thee, Ali Mohammed, be thyself henceforth captain of a thousand men; but if thou must die, and drink of the unlawful, do it, good fellow, in the privacy of thy mansion, and not in the public streets."

-"My house is enlarged! my head reaches the skies! May the prince live for ever!" responded Ali Mohammed, as he led forth Miriam from the presence.

Then Nourjehan tenderly took the hand of Al-Suli. "Thy dwelling, O father of Zelica! be henceforth in the royal palace, beneath the shadow of the king of kings; and many be our battles on the chess-field. Wonderful was the star of destiny which led me first into the presence of this my beauteous bride!"

And Nourjehan pressed Zelica to his bosom, while joyous shouts of loud acclaim again rent the air.

-"Take me now unto the realms of light, O Allah! when thou wilt," audibly prayed the shah; "my line will leave heirs to the throne of Persia."

Nourjehan and Zelica were wedded with fitting pomp, and for forty days Isphahan rang with the public rejoicings on this happy occasion. Even Ismael Khan was restored to favour, and the past was washed with the waters of oblivion.

-And the Shah Jehan was gathered to his fathers, and Nourjehan his son reigned in his stead over Persia; ruling his people many years in mercy and in justice, as we find written in the chronicles of his kingdom. His union with Zelica, the fair chess-player, was bright and uninterrupted until a late period of life; when, as our Persian original manuscript phrases it, "they were separated by the stern divider of delights and breaker of friendships"—Death.

AN APPARITION, AND WHAT IT DID FOR ME.

It was late. I laid down my pen, and leaned back in my chair. Six hours of unremitting application had thoroughly exhausted me. I had been reading and writing with energy and interest; but I had outworked both. I longed for repose; I was weary of my books—of my papers; I loathed the article I was composing. I was about to seek my chamber for the night, but in the same moment abandoned the intention. Sleep I knew was out of the question for the next hour or two at the least: my brain was too jaded for further work, but too much excited for repose; and I sighed for something to soothe it into quiescence and tranquility. My usual resource on such occasions was music, the counter-excitement of which seldom failed to lead to the desired effect; but this evening I knew of no place where I was likely to obtain the accustomed stimulant, if such I may call it. So I sat there wearied, dispirited, and restless.

And then—then my thoughts sought the forbidden past: forbidden—how vainly? Day by day, hour by hour, had I told myself—"Forget the past; its memory is but torture: there is one path of peace, and that is to forget." Day by day did I spurn my own counsel. Again and again did I renew each scene, recall every word, every look. More and more surely did I learn how easy it was to remember; how hard—how impossible to forget. Yet, hard as it was, I had continued the contest: often worsted I still strove for self-control.

But this night my defeat was complete. I gave myself up without a struggle to the in-rushing tide of reminiscence. The moment was too strong for me. This above all others was used to be the sweetest hour! Weared with work, and yet animated by a pleasant consciousness of progress made, I would slam-to encyclopedias, clasp manuscripts, secure my papers under their accustomed weight, and away to our little sitting-room, and to S—.

It was passing from the desert to the oasis! And as the traveller, dust-coated, parched and out-worn, when he has been received in some genial hostelry, and tended with offices of comfort, speedily forgets his wayfaring hardships, and, amidst cool cups and the plenty of the spread table, thinks no more of steep ascents, drear stretches of tawny road, and foot-abominated ruts and ridges; even so did I, harboured in that little haven of grace and refinement, drink soft oblivion of literary toil. Eye-straining in crabbled manuscripts, travail in thought, manual pen-labour—toils loved in themselves with an enthusiastic and a constant love, but yet trite and wearisome by reason of my long and protracted devotion to them—all
An Apparition, and what it did for me.

these became as nought, and faded from my mind more swiftly than the shadows from the morning sun, for they yielded to an influence that was as potent as it was charming.

For she, though not devoid of that grace of calm which some call "repose," was yet no impassive sofa-tranquil lady—not "steeped in golden languor" or "summer-tranced calm" was she. Both light and shade were hers; it was hers to soothe and allay with a word or a look, hers too to rouse and sweetly provoke with delicious annoyances and a thousand playful piquant devices. Not my most jaded mood could baffle her tacit and tender resolution; for even were I exhausted and "worked out," but yet so spell-bound by the train of thought that my brain worked on, half-unconsciously continuing its inward operation, and unable to change and direct its action to lighter themes. Then who so apt as she to lead my mind imperceptibly to bright and refreshing thoughts? She who was so prompt at other times to stimulate my ambition, to rouse my drooping resolution, to send me on with a new and vivifying experience to the scene of labour, was equally ready to recall me to the needful rest and relaxation when that labour was accomplished. She seemed always to hold some clue that enabled her to divine the nature of my deepest meditations. A quick and enlightened mind stimulated by womanly affection gave her an interest in my literary labours, and enabled her not only to appreciate many matters very near my heart which might have seemed beyond her reach, but even to follow the course of my work to a great extent and comprehend its results. So then, inquiring, and that with no feigned interest, into my progress, she would hold my excited thoughts in play with a skilful tenderness, till they were led in the sweetest transition from the subject-matter to the sweet speaker herself.

The hours that followed—how should I describe their bliss? Sufficient to say, I enjoyed them for nearly three years; then came the day of doom—she died! The sun was blotted out of my heaven; and now I sat here, jaded as of old by the old routine of work, but with no sweet restorative awaiting me. Yet the longing regret for that half-divine solace was strong as ever. Time had brought my spirit no healing—time had widened the wound, not cured it.

This evening my feelings seemed wound up to a higher pitch than where their wont. My regret was more impatient: my thoughts of lost days was more bitter: memory seemed to summon me with frequent and importunate calls: familiar scenes rose before me more vividly than ever: a thrilling voice sounded in my ear. Word after word, look after look came back, and seemed almost to taunt and tantalize my longing heart with glimpses of a lost heaven, with echoes of past delights, till I groaned in an agony of desire and burning regret, and pressed my hands closer and closer to my throbbing temples.

What agency was it, what power—natural or supernatural, truthful or illusive—which brought relief that evening to my suffering spirit? How much we have talked and written of that element, that agency which we term the supernatural! How little are we satisfied with what we say, with what we hear on that dim, mysterious topic! What and whence was the strange phenomenon which my senses that evening realized as tangibly, as vividly as they have apprehended aught, either since then or before? Perchance a visitant from the great unseen, that much-talked of supernatural? What shall I say? For myself—that I was loath either to affirm or deny it dogmatically—I feel little doubt that there was in that strange visitation nothing transcending the natural operation of the mental or material world. What more natural than that, in a frame constituted as is that of man, sweet presences in the external moment, however widely differing in kind, are joined in a close and mysteriously compacted union, and energise in such intimate yet inexplicable co-operation—in such a frame, what more natural than that emotion, in itself purely subjective and immaterial, should for a moment influence with brief but irresistible power the sensual organs, independently of any external objective phenomena? Is it not easy to imagine that such emotions—when, as then with me, highly-wrought and strained to the last pitch of mortal endurance—might, as it were, like some full-charged magazine, kindle up at length like powder at the spark, and write their flame-picture on the recipient brain? What if for a moment the relation of brain and nerve were reversed, and the former, self-kindled and self-moved, influenced with reflex action the visual apparatus of lens and fibre, so that the obedient eye gave back to the startled brain its own impalpable thought embodied in a visible and objective image! What if sound were added to sight, and the ear's delicate tympanum vibrated for a moment to the old familiar tone? Strange it may seem, but the hypothesis by which the occurrence in question is to be explained is to me a matter of entire indifferrence; for it is to me as a reality, a possession—dream, illusion it may be, but I exult in and cherish it as a dear and peculiar treasure.

And thus it was: I sat, as I said just now, my head bent on my hands, all grief-possessed and lost in the past and its vanished bliss, when I heard—yes heard—my name uttered! Heavens! uttered clearly and distinctly, and close to me, gently uttered in that tender, familiar, never-forgotten voice! With every feeling strung to a pitch of the most intense excitement I sprang from my chair; I turned round. There, there she was herself, her very self, as she stood there three years before, graceful and blooming, her arms half-extended towards me, her eyes fixed on mine—those eyes so full of a
bright and tender sympathy! For a moment I stood entrance and motionless—for scarce a moment. I stayed not to wonder or question; I sprang towards her with open, ecstatic arms, eager and confident as of old; and—Well, of course I clasped nothing—my empty arms closed on thin air! I no longer saw that loved form. I was alone again, standing in a wild bewilderment in the midst of the room. But I stood not long thus. My eager clasp had been disappointed—it had gone—

"Like dreams of the night, or the forms of those whose life is darkened."

Yet all was not gone! I still heard that voice—I still saw her. She was no longer there, but the image was still clear in my brain—the voice still rung in my ear. "Now! now!" said I to myself, like one just wakened from a dream, "let it not escape thee; hold fast what is left with thee!" It was but a vision—yet more than a vision, for I saw it! Precious beyond all treasure is the memory of that brief angelvisit!

I returned to my seat; once more I bent my head on my hands. So vivid, so real was the impression left, that I felt as though I had but to turn round once more, and see her standing there, waiting to greet, to soothe, and comfort me. Once more I bowed to that tender yet potent influence. What a change had a few short moments wrought in me! A moment since, I was half-desperate, my heart withered and impatient. I hated my life! My grief was hard, fretful, and hopeless. Now all was changed. My heart was softened; I was soothed, melted, well-nigh happy—not that all bitterness was past but the stronghold of despair was broken down: regret was still there, but it was tempered with blissful hope; it was lost in tender memories.

Yes, she had come as of old, my "Heaven's messenger," to perform once more her task of gracious solace. Yet was it she? Could I believe in any spirit-return from the other land? Could I, who had often smiled at the super-natural, think that I had myself just enacted a ghost-story? Surely it was but a day-dream—the creation of my own brain—the offspring of a fond and perpetual memory. But it was all one to me; I had, as it were, regained a lost clue. I was no longer separated from my other self—separated, perhaps, in space, but not utterly severed and disjoined in existence. Before, the strength and bitterness of memory had seemed to crush, to prevent and banish that which alone could heal that bitterness. But this had awakened the healing power, had united hope to memory—tender anticipation to fond regret. A delicious thought stole into my heart: "She is near thee! She is but separate, as it were, by thin partition-walls. Finish thy days' work, though that day be life-long. At even she will greet thee as of old. Thou shalt see her, hear her, hold her! Henceforward fare on through thy life, with hungry, longing spirit; yet hopeful, patient—yes, happy." The vision, the apparition has done its work!

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**MIXED PICKLES.**

*(A Sea-side Story.)*

It was Miss Magnus's birthday. Magenta had told Mr. Thorn, and he had bought her a brooch; he had ordered it a week before, and was just calling for it at the jeweller's when he met Magenta and the nurse.

"How do you do, Mr. Thorn?" said Magenta. "Are you coming to dinner?"

"No," replied Thorn.

"Yes, do. I know they won't be vexed; and papa said to-day that he thought you were frightened of coming, for you'd only been once this week; and besides, its Aunt Mag's birthday. Have you a got a present for her?"

"Hush! Miss Magnus," said the nurse: "your ma' would be vexed if she heard you."

"I wish you would call me by my right name," said Magenta impatiently. "I'm not Magnusia, nor Doctor Gregory either. Are you coming, Mr. Thorn?"

"Yes, I think so."

Miss Magnus was in the garden, watering the geraniums, for Tomkins had got a very bad cold, and had not been out all-day.

"I wish you many happy returns of the day, my dear Miss Magnus," said Thorn, giving her the parcel in which the brooch was wrapped.

"Magenta," said Mrs. Merton, putting her head out of one of the windows, "have you taken the black-currant preserve to Tomkins for his cold?"

"No, mamma," said Magenta.

"Then come in, and I'll get it for you."

Magenta ran to Tomkins's cottage with the preserve.

"I've brought you some preserve, Tomkins," said she, putting it on the table with a thump.

"Thank you," said Tomkins, in a surly tone.

"Have you been in the garden to-day, miss?"

"Yes, of course," replied Magenta, taking a
Mixed Pickles.

kitten off the floor, and trying to squeeze its head into one of Tomkins's garden-glasses.

"Please let that cat alone, Miss Treacle," said the gardener. "She'll scratch you!"

Magenta was just going, when Tomkins shouted out, "I say, Miss Treacle, doesn't Mr. Thorn offer one hundred pounds to anyone as can tell him that his brother's alive?"

"Yes, to be sure; it's in the newspaper. What did you ask for?"

"My own reasons, miss."

"Crabby old man!" thought Magenta, as she shut the door. "But I'll pay him off. I wish Bruin was here."

As she was running past the summer-house, she heard Mr. Thorn say to Miss Magnus, "My dearest Rose Mary, you have made me happy for life!"

Magenta was very much surprised. "What have you done, Aunt Mag?" said she, stopping in front of them.

They both started, and, as Magenta said in her letter to Solferino, "Aunt Mag looked so fierce that she ran away directly."

Tomkins always took in his spade, and locked the garden-house door every night himself, but this evening—for he would insist on going, though his cold was very bad—as soon as he had got into the garden-house, and was looking to see that everything was tidy—for he was very particular—the door was banged to and locked. "Hello!" shouted he; "who's there?"

No one answered, and in kicking against the door he upset a jug of milk and some bread and meat, that had evidently been put there for his supper.

"I feel certain it's that little mischievous Miss Treacle!" thought Tomkins. "She looked as if she had some mischief in her head when she went out of my cottage. I wonder if I shall have to stay here all night?"

And Tomkins sunk down upon a heap of shavings that had been left in one corner of the place, with a groan. In a short time he heard a scratching near the door. "If that should be a rat," thought he, "what shall I do?"

And he got up off the shavings and stood against the wall, when he thought he heard some one passing the door. It was Mrs. Worsel. She heard him groaning, and was so terrified that she ran back to the house; there she met the nurse in the passage, who also was running away from another part of the house. They both screamed out together.

"Is that you, Miss Worsel?" said the nurse. "I've seen a sperrit!"

"And I've heard one!" said the cook, throwing herself into a chair as soon as she got into the kitchen. "Where did you see it, Eliza?"

"Walking into Miss Magnesia's bed-room," replied the nurse, looking behind her.

"What was it like?"

"I dare not look at it much," replied the nurse; "but it was all white, with fiery eyes, and it made a sort of chuckling noise as it walked along; indeed," she said, pulling her chair a little nearer to the cook, "I believe it was laughing at me—that is to say, if sperrits can laugh."

"Oh dear! what's that?" exclaimed both the women together, as there was a tremendous clatter in the passage.

"It's only me," said Parsley. "This cream-jug has just slipped out of my hand; but I think it's not bulged."

At any other time Mrs. Worsel would have given Parsley a good scolding for his carelessness; but now she only said, with a deep sigh, "Oh, Parsley, there's a sperrit in the garden-house!"

"I don't believe nothin' of the sort," said the butler. "I'm not afraid of sperrits. Come along, and we'll see what he's like."

"No: if you're not afraid," said the cook, "you may go by yourself."

"Oh, we'd better go together," replied Parsley, taking up the poker. "Just you harm yourselves with the tongs, and follow me."

Thinking it would be better to go with the butler than to be left by themselves, the women followed him. They found the garden-house key on the ground among some stones, and not hearing any noise they ventured to go to the door.

"Now old your weppins in a proper manner, ready to strike the sperrit when I tell you!" said Parsley, unlocking the door.

The women fell back a little, as Parsley opened the door a few inches, and put his head in; but he soon drew it back again, and pulled the door to with a bang. "There's a man in," said he; "let us get into the house and tell Mr. Merton. I trembles like a hasping-leaf—I does!"

At this moment the front-door bell rang violently, and Parsley hurried off to see who had come. Mr. Thorn had not gone yet, but he was just going when Parsley announced Mr. Pickles and Mr. Moor.

"We must apologise for coming so late," said Mr. Pickles; "but we missed the first train. Mr. Moor happened to see Mr. Thorn's advertisement in the paper, and he feels sure that he is his brother."

"But your name isn't Pickles?" said Thorn. "No," replied Moor; "but I know I was always called 'best pickles' when I was a very little boy; and I had a brother they called Pickles with me; and besides that, it's exactly twenty years since I was shipwrecked."

"This seems much more likely to be your brother than the other, at all events," said Mr. Merton.

But Mr. Thorn didn't seem quite so ready to believe it.

"What are you standing gaping there for, Parsley?" exclaimed Mrs. Merton, surprised that Parsley had not left the room.

"Please, mum, there's a jinan locked up in the garden-house! I have seen him, and he's been groaning, and making a terrible noise!"

"I'll go and see who it is," said Hector.
"You don't seem to believe that I am your brother?" said Mr. Moor to Thorn.

"I have been once taken in," replied Thorn.

"And really he seemed much more likely to be my brother than you are."

"That's good!" said Mr. Merton, laughing.

"You're a nice opinion of yourself, certainly, to think that a man who sold tobacco was more likely to be your brother than Mr. Moor!"

"I didn't mean that," said Mr. Thorn. "I meant that this other fellow was called Arthur Pickles, and was just the right age; in fact, I felt certain of it. So you must excuse me, Mr. Moor, if I am not quite so ready to believe that I am your brother as you expected."

"Excuse me," said Pickles, "but you really are the most stupid man I ever met with! You've advertised for your brother, and I dare say, if you were to meet anyone at the hotel on Friday whose name was Pickles, you would think he was your brother at once, and ask no questions; and now, when we bring you your own brother—for I am quite convinced that it is you take him for an impostor!"

Mr. Thorn was just going to reply, when Hector came in, followed by Tomkins. As soon as Tomkins saw Mr. Moor he looked surprised, and when Mr. Merton asked him what he wanted, he came a step farther into the room, and looking from Mr. Moor to Thorn, exclaimed in a gruff voice, "Them's alike as two green peas still!"

"Why do you think so?" said Pickles: "you don't know anything about them."

"I ought to do, then, for I've wheeled them about in the wheelbarrow many a time when they was no bigger nor Miss Treacle. I was Mr. Samuel Pickles's under-gardener, and I am as certain that them two's his sons as I am that Miss Treacle locked me up to-night; so now, gentlemen, good evening."

When Mr. Thorn returned to his lodgings, he quite forgot to go to bed, and sat up until three o'clock in the morning, when, dozing over the fire, his foot somehow got entangled in the fender, and in trying to get it out he upset the firirons, and made such a noise that he awoke Mrs. Lester, who, thinking that someone had broken into the house, jumped out of bed, and, opening the window, screamed out with all her might, "Thieves! robbers! murderers!"

Mr. Thorn started. "It's lucky I didn't go to bed!" thought he. "If there are robbers about I'll let them know that there's somebody up, at any rate." He opened the window very cautiously, with the poker in one hand. "What do you want?" said he, with so feeble a voice, that a fly might have heard him if it had been very near; then, as nobody answered, he said in a louder tone, "What do you mean by coming to the house of a poor peaceful widow, and frightening her at this time of night?"

Still there was no answer, and Thorn, fearing that if he kept the window open any longer he would get cold, shut it; and then feeling his way to the table—for he was all in darkness—took his candle, and endeavoured to light it at the empty grate. Finding out his mistake he felt in his pocket for a match, which he was fortunate enough to find. "I think I've frightened the robbers away!" said he to himself, and then went upstairs to bed.

The next morning he slept so late, that he was snoring loudly when Mrs. Lester knocked at his door, and said that Tomkins wished to speak to him. Thorn, who was in the midst of a delightful dream, thinking that he was trying the wedding-ring on Miss Magnus's finger, woke.

"Is it eight o'clock already?" shouted he.

"It's nearly ten," was the reply; "and Tomkins is waiting to speak to you."

"Tell him I'll be down in a few minutes."

Mrs. Lester went down-stairs again. "Mr. Thorn will be down directly," said she to Tomkins. "But what do you want with him?"

"I don't indulge other people's secrets," said Tomkins, mysteriously.

"A secret, is it? Do tell me it! I never tell secrets, Mr. Tomkins: 'Smooth waters make the biggest sound,' as the good old adage says. But won't you have a bit of something to eat, while Mr. Thorn comes down? Here's some cold crab."

"Well, if I tell you, you must not tell nobody," said Tomkins, taking a crab's claw.

"Trust me," said Mrs. Lester, twiddling her thumbs.

"Then I've found out that Mr. Moor is Mr. Thorn's brother; I'm going to have one hundred pounds for the discovery!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Lester, with a look of the most extreme astonishment.

"How did you get to know?"

"I was just going to tell you," replied the other, gruffly, "if you wouldn't interrupt me so much. I was under-gardener to their father, Samuel Pickles."

"Dear me! what an old man you must be, then!"

"I'm nothing of the sort! I was forty-seven last month, and I'm engaged to be married as well, which is more than you are, anybody."

At this moment Mr. Thorn made his appearance. "Did you hear the robbers last-night, Mrs. Lester?" said he.

"I should think I did. I went to the back-door this morning to see what they'd been doing; but I could not see anything."

Mr. Thorn went into his little room: his breakfast was on the table. He expressed great surprise when he found that the coffee was cold; and Mrs. Lester told him it could not be very warm, when it had been waiting for him two hours-and-a-half, and then left the room.

Tomkins stayed in the room with Thorn for ten minutes, at the end of which time Mr. Thorn was quite satisfied that Mr. Moor was his brother, and no impostor. "I will give you the reward," said he to Tomkins, "as soon as we have proved it."
S O C I A L  S U G G E S T I O N S.

P A U P E R  H O S P I T A L S. — In London alone, out of 30,000 in-door paupers, two-thirds are returned as “sick and infirm;” and of these it is estimated that some 6,000 are suffering from various forms of acute disease. How large an amount of sickness is represented by these figures will perhaps be more vividly realized when we say that the eighteen hospitals supported by private charity, of which Londoners are so justly proud, provide beds for only 3,738 patients. In what fashion these 6,000 people are, for the most part, cared for at present, the report of the recently-formed Society for the Improvement of the Infirmaries of the London Workhouses furnish us with abundant information. While the Barrack and Hospital Commission has prescribed to each patient in a military hospital an allowance of 1,200 cubic feet of space in the sick-ward of St. Martin-in-the-Fields Workhouse, the average allowance per bed is 428 feet, at Clerkenwell 439 feet, at Greenwich 460, and at St. Leonard’s, Shoreditch, now in the course of erection, the cubic space is limited to 500 feet per bed. At St. Martin’s (continues a writer in the Saturday Review, of the 10th ult., from which we concentrate this account) the windows of the surgical-wards are partly blocked up by the accumulated soil of a disused churchyard. At Clerkenwell the rooms look out on a yard which contains the parish dead-house, and a spacious and well-filled dust-bin. In some cases the patients’ beds are close to an untrapped sewer, in others the atmosphere is vitiated by the putrid stench arising from the untended sores of some miserable inmate. The best medical attendance could do little under such circumstances; but the medical care of workhouse patients is limited, in most instances, to the attendance of one medical officer, who receives rarely more than £100 a-year for his time and prescriptions, out of which he has to purchase the drugs used in making them up! The Workhouse-visited Society long since exposed the system of nursing in workhouses, the oldest and most infirm inmates being often deputed to this office. “The men are frequently nursed by men who are even more uncouth and ignorant than the women, and in most of the London workhouses, whatever nursing there is, is altogether suspended at night.” The very quiet that sometimes offers compensation for neglect is frequently denied these unhappy patients; and at the Strand Union the guardians have established a large carpet-beating business, the scene of which is a yard immediately beneath the windows of the sick-ward. “The measures proposed by the Society to put an end to this state of things,” continues our contemporary, “have an appearance of great simplicity. They embrace the establishment of six district pauper-hospitals, capable of containing 1,000 patients each,” with an adequate staff of doctors, assistants, and trained nurses, and the imposition of a “general metropolitan rate, to be levied for this purpose alone.” As to the two first points, observes the Saturday Review, “there can be no difference of opinion. From whatever quarter it is to come, some provision must be made for giving sick paupers a fair chance of recovery and a release from needless pain; and it is obvious that for each workhouse to attempt the cure of its inmates is to throw away all the advantages which are the result of extensive organization. The same outlay will secure a very different return, according as it is economized in one large establishment or frittered away on half-a-dozen small ones. * * * So far as grouping together workhouse infirmaries and the supply of the necessaries of medical treatment go, we quite agree with the Society; we should be glad if the condition of the patients in the workhouse infirmaries could be put on a level, in all respects, with that of the patients at Bartholomew’s or St. George’s; but we are not prepared to say that it would be fair to do this at the expense of rate-payers, a majority of whom are utterly unable to secure, in their own houses, the advantages which they would thus be made to provide for the patients in the district hospital.” He concludes: We do not see any escape from one of two alternatives: either we must consent to recognize sickness, when accompanied by inability to obtain all the most approved means of cure, as conferring a claim on the assistance of the community which would make half the rate-payers occasional paupers, or we must devise a scheme for supplementing and ameliorating the treatment provided in the workhouse from the resources of private charity.”

P A P A L  B R I G A N D S  I N  E N G L A N D. — The French construction of the Extradition Treaty with England is leading, it is said, to a somewhat curious addition to the “dangerous classes” of the metropolis. It seems that Italian brigands who have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment in gaols under French superintendence, on being released are asked whether they will go to Italy or to England, and, as in the former case it would be going to certain death, they naturally prefer the safer, if less genial climate of Albion. The result is that the Italian Benevolent Society in London has had a series of fresh claims as disagreeable in themselves as they are burdensome to its funds.

I N F A N T I C I D E. — “The young woman Harris, for the murder of whose illegitimate child the notorious Charlotte Windsor is under sentence of death, was brought up at Devon Assizes, and discharged, no evidence being offered
against her."—All we can say is, that we heartily regret the miscarriage of justice which allows this criminal to go at large. This "merciless mother," who coolly takes her little one to the house of the slaughterer, and, while he plays beside her, bargains for the price of his murder, which she can ruthlessly compass in mind, but is too cowardly, or it may be too chary of her personal safety to perpetrate. She waits, however—yes, waits, while it is being done—such an escape from deserved punishment is at once a social grievance and an encouragement to the unnatural crime for which her associate is condemned.

The Trichine Disease.—It may be well to allay, as much as possible, the fears which are leading many persons to a prejudice against the use of pork. The opinion of the Consulting Committee of Health at Paris, which has been referred-to to quell the public anxiety on this question, has resulted in the statement, that "although pork, in various forms, makes a great staple of food in all countries of Europe, it is only in some districts of Germany that the trichine disease has had serious consequences. It is now known that the affection is caused by the accidental presence in the flesh of the pig of parasitical worms of extreme thinness. It is well to know, from official statistics published at Brunswick, that out of 30,000 pigs submitted during twenty-one months to microscopic inspection, in the capital of the duchy, only eleven were found to be affected with trichine. The course to be taken in families, in order to ensure exemption from this disease, is, not to eat bacon, pork, or sausages, without having them thoroughly cooked. It is well known that the working classes of Germany are in the habit of eating uncooked sausages and raw bacon, and even pork. So ordinary a thing is it considered, that a lady of position (a German by birth, but who is now resident in England) once informed us that, as a cure for some ailment she was suffering from, her physician (a German) prescribed uncooked bacon to be eaten before her breakfast.

The Boy Murder.—We extract the following passage from the letter of a clever friend: "The sensation-novelists are quite thrown into the shade by an incident that has lately happened in real life. The boy-murderer! What should we think if we read such a tale in one of the penny papers? The cool calculation of the whole act, and the fiend-like atrocity of taking the poor children out of the water, beating them, and then throwing them in again! I suppose all the world would be up in arms if a child of ten were to be hanged; yet he richly deserves it!"—Without wholly endorsing our correspondent's view, it must be admitted, with regard to capital punishment, that we have gone from one extreme to another. A man was hanged, in 1814, at Chelmsford, for cutting down a cherry-tree; at present it is a very hard case indeed when a murderer is hanged.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY M. C.

CONVERSATIONS WITH PAPA.
(Continued from last month.)

EMMA. Papa, do tell us some more stories like Blue Beard.

PAPA. I hope there are not many more Blue Beards to be talked about; but, as he was such a bad man, suppose we take a good one this time. Have you ever read the history of "Whittington and his Cat?"

TOM. Everybody knows that.

EMMA. You may, but I don't; and if you do know, I daresay you couldn't tell it.

TOM. You're wrong, Mrs. Em. Here goes. Well, then, Dick Whittington was a small boy, who ran away from home because he was poor and unhappy, and everybody behaved badly to him. So up he went to London, a little beggar having told him it was such a fine place; and that the streets were paved with silver and gold. A good-natured man met with him when he was nearly starving; he took him into his house and had him set to work in the kitchen. Dick got on first-rate, everybody liked him except a cross old cook, who used to beat him with the gravy-spoon.

EMMA. What nonsense, Tom!

TOM. It's a fact. At last his master, who was very rich, was sending a lot of things abroad in a vessel, to sell, and he told the servants they might each venture something that would turn into money. Dick had nothing but a cat, which he had bought for a penny; but he sent her away with the rest of the goods, and off went the ship. After this his enemy the cook became more snappish every day, so Dick determined to run away. When he had got a good distance he began to feel tired, and sat down to rest on a door-step. Suddenly he heard some bells ringing: he listened very attentively, and they seemed to call him by name, saying:

"Turn again, Whittington, Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

Up he jumped, went back to the merchant's house, and there heard that the King of Barbary
had bought his cat for valuables worth £100,000. He was awfully glad, you know, because he wanted to marry his master's daughter, which, to be sure, he couldn't have done when he was living in the kitchen. That's all.

**PAPA.** Very well told, my boy; but some part of the story is not true.

**TOM.** Which part? about the cat?

**PAPA.** Exactly: neither was Whittington such a poor child as the little books make out. He was the younger son of a large family, and therefore had not much money when he began life in London, where he used to stand in Cornhill or Cheapside, offering caps, coats, and other things for sale, to the passers by. By industry and perseverance, as well as by the success that attended the sale of his goods, sent out in a vessel called the "Cat," (with which he traded to foreign parts), he soon became a rich man, and lived in a large house in Crutched Friars. Ere long he was one of the richest men in the kingdom, and three times Mayor of London: he was also a great favourite with the king.

**EMMA.** Which king, papa? and why did he like him?

**PAPA.** It was Henry IV., who was then very busy with his Scottish wars, and was very glad of the money Whittington lent him to help to carry them on.

**ALBERT.** But what were the things he did, to make you call him a good man, papa?

**PAPA.** It would be impossible to tell you all. He gave a great deal for charitable purposes, and helped to rebuild Newgate-prison, where many of the poor men had died for want of proper food and clothing. Whittington thought it so shocking that, being seized with an illness before it was finished, he gave sufficient money to complete the building. The libraries of the Guildhall, and other places in London, were also supplied by him. Do you remember the drinking-fountains we saw the other day?

**TOM.** In Liverpool, papa?

**PAPA.** Yes; they are very common in large towns, now; but Whittington was, I believe, the first person who thought of this method of supplying water.

**EMMA.** I don't like this story so well as the last.

**PAPA.** Well, we must try to find you a more amusing one next time, if Tom will manage to bring me a good answer to this question next month: What monarch, turning round to take a farewell look of his own beautiful city (which had fallen into the hands of an enemy), and, looking down from an eminence, on its rich well-watered plains and lovely places, exclaimed: "Were ever sorrows like unto my sorrows?" and his mother rebuked him in these words: "You do well to weep like a child, for what you could not defend like a man?"

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**THE BIRTHDAY GIFTS.**

**BY GRACE GREENWOOD.**

One Sunday evening, Mrs. Lee, the wife of a wealthy country-gentleman in the south of England, was reading a chapter from the Bible, to her little daughters, Gertrude and Alice. As she read, she explained all the difficult passages, and encouraged the children to ask questions concerning them.

Gertrude and Alice greatly resembled one another, and as they were always dressed precisely alike, they looked almost like twins—yet there was two years difference in their ages; Gertrude was nine, and Alice seven. But it happened that they had both the same birthday,—the eighth of June. It was now the eve of that day, and they had some difficulty in keeping their childish thoughts from wandering away from the sacred things, of which their mother was reading and speaking, to dwell upon the expected pleasures and presents of the morrow. At last Mrs. Lee came to the passage, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and paused to ask them if they had ever felt its truth.

"I suppose," said Gertrude, "that giving makes people better, but I don't see how it can make them happier. It seems to me that the most delightful thing in the world is to have presents—especially on birthdays."

"Yes, mamma," said Alice, "it makes us feel as though everybody we love was glad we were born, and was thankful that God had let us live another year."

"Yes, my dear children, there is great pleasure in receiving gifts from those we love, but the pleasure of giving, especially to the needy and the grateful, lasts much longer. It is not merely a pleasure, it is a holy happiness. The blessedness of God consists in his power to give good gifts to his poor children forever, without danger of impoverishing himself. Now, my dears, as to-morrow is your birthday, and you will doubtless have many presents, suppose you test the matter. Take some of your own money, all, if necessary, and purchase presents for some of the poor tenants, and for those nice little girls down at the Lodge; and after a few months I will ask you which you have had the most happiness from—your presents received, or your gifts bestowed."

The little ladies smilingly agreed to her proposition, and the next morning drove with her into town, to make their purchases. They expended all the money in their purses, not a large sum; but the good judgment of their mother made it go a long way. On their return, they were allowed to go out by themselves, to distribute their little gifts.

Everywhere their offerings were received with grateful thanks; but nowhere was such surprised delight expressed as in the sweet, shy faces of the Lodge-keeper's well-bred little daughters, Mattie and Susie Bruce. They were two different to say much, but they blushed and curtsied,
and their pretty blue eyes fairly danced with joy as they received each a beautiful book, with a red cover and gilt leaves, and filled with the most charming coloured pictures.

Gertrude and Alice Lee went home to receive their own costly presents, and to make ready for a gay birthday party; and in the pleasure and excitement of the day and evening, they forgot the pure, unselfish enjoyment of the morning.

Six months passed away, and it was wintry weather at Moorlands. On a Sunday evening, the Lee children were sitting before the library fire, listening to their mother’s sweet-voiced reading of the Scriptures, and it happened that she read again the passage, “It is more blessed to give than to receive;” and that reminded them all of the birthday in the sweet rose-time of the early summer. Mrs. Lee asked them what they thought now of the pleasure of giving and receiving.

“Well, mamma,” said Gertrude, “we were ever so happy with our presents at first, weren’t we, Alice? The party was, in some sort, a present to us, and oh, so delightful! and the ball-dresses you gave us were exquisite; but we have not had a chance to wear them since, and the dolls Aunt Milly sent us were lovely.”

“But you soon tired of them, did you not? “Oh, yes; and they are soiled and broken now.”

“What about the pretty canaries your papa gave you?”

“Ah, mamma, they have been such a trouble!” exclaimed Alice. “Gerty’s got out and flew away weeks ago, though she took such good care of him, and loved him dearly; and he seemed to take my bird’s voice with him, for he wouldn’t sing a note after that, and moped and looked disagreeable; so I let him go too.”

“And the ponies your grandpapa sent you?”

“Oh, they did beautifully for a while; but we are so little they despise us, and won’t mind us; and it’s no pleasure to ride with a groom holding the reins all the time. I like our old donkey better, after all, don’t you, Gerty?”

“And the fairy books your uncle George sent you?”

“Oh, we have read them through long ago.”

“Well now, what about your gifts bestowed? Have you heard from them since your birthday?”

“Oh yes, indeed,” replied Gertrude, “old Mrs. Martin said, only the other day, that the shawl we gave her is a great comfort these chilly evenings; and poor sick Jenny Welch says the smelling-bottle helps her headache; and Grandfather Watson always leans on the cane we gave him, when he rises in church; and Roger Ames, the lame boy, has made a great many baskets with the knife we gave him, and helped his poor mother very much.”

“And, mamma,” put in Alice, “who do you suppose goes every day to read the Bible to blind Mrs. Mason? It is Susie Bruce, and she has learned, oh so fast, to read out of the book I gave her.”

“Yes, mamma,” said Gertrude, “and Mattie Bruce took the prize for recitation at Miss Embury’s school; and the piece she recited was Wordsworth’s poem ‘We are Seven,’ and she found it in the book I gave her.”

“Well, my dear children, what does this little experience teach you?” asked Mrs. Lee.

“That it is more blessed to give than to receive,” replied Gertrude, reverently.

“Yes, mamma,” said Alice, “I suppose the good apostle Paul was right; he generally was, wasn’t he? But I hope we shall have a few nice presents next birthday, for all that—don’t you, Gerty?”

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**OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.**

**My Dear C——**

We are gently gliding through Lent as comfortably as we can, without sacrificing the pleasures of this world more than it is absolutely necessary, for the joys of the world to come, and in conscience I do not think that we shall look the worse for our fasts and prayers when we cast off the sackcloth and ashes of this holy season. Mid-Lent was very gay in spite of the rain. The **blanchisseuses** (washerwomen) and other masks paraded the boulevards in grand array, and danced in the evening as usual. All the public ball-rooms were re-opened as well as several private ones. The Princess de Metternich gave a masked promenade concert, at which the lion of the day, l’Abbé Lizet, charmed the company in spite of his priesthood and the recent death of his mother. He played several pieces to the delighted throng, but from humility I imagine refused to execute anything of his own composition. His apparition in Paris has caused quite a sensation. “Have you seen Lizet? How is he dressed?” resounded on all sides when it was known that the holy man had quitted the Vatican to breathe the impure air of Paris. But his triumph was at the church St. of Eustache; the ladies present at his mass actually got up on their chairs to get a glimpse of him as he entered the church with his son-in-law Monsieur Olivier. He came to Paris on purpose for this mass “Le Couronnement,” which was chanted by all the best singers here, for the benefit of the poor, and produced 60,000 francs (£2,400). The Archbishop of Paris has forbidden women to sing in these masses, much to the Abbé’s de-
spair, who was obliged to employ children in the parts destined for female voices. There had been so much talk of this new composition for several months, that we counted on a masterpiece, but the success has not been so great as was expected, and it has been severely criticised. The splendid old church was crowded to excess, all the oratories are sung there, and always attract a multitude; but Listz himself was not the real attraction this day. His clerical costume has not changed his appearance in the least, and many remarked that Monsieur Ollivier looked more like a monk than his animated father-in-law. The former seemed to have made his face for the occasion, and looked very solemn, as becomes the attendant on a god. Let us hope that we have heard the last of this god for a little while, for so much ado about a man grates on one's nerves at last.

There was a grand concert also at the Tuileries the other night. The company arrived at nine o'clock in ball attire; at ten the Emperor entered the room with the Princess Mathilde, followed by the Empress, and the Prince of Denmark. Everyone rose to receive them, and the entertainment commenced immediately. During the "entr'acte" of half-an-hour their majesties complimented the artists who are not applauded; and as soon as the music was over, the company passed into another saloon, where refreshments were served, and where their majesties chatted with the happy few. At twelve the Emperor and Empress retired, and their guests also as quickly as possible.

The quartier latin has just had a great satisfaction, that of annoying their majesties. It was known that the Emperor and Empress intended to honour the Odeon with their presence at the first representation of the "Contagion," the new comedy by Emile Augier. The students are in a great rage because the splendid garden du Luxembourg, their only public walk, is to be cut up into streets and covered with houses, so a protestation was organized. The theatre was surrounded by the hot-headed youths for hours before the doors were opened; there were thousands of them, singing, whistling, shouting, laughing, and talking; and as soon as the imperial carriages appeared they begun, "Luxembourg, Luxembourg! Pépinière, Pépinière" (The pépinière is the most delightful part of the garden, unique in Paris). Their majesties as usual appeared at the window of their private saloon in the theatre; the same shouts assailed them, until the Emperor, in a rage, shut the window. Fancy the delight of the crowd at this proof of their success. The police arrested several of them. The theatre was cremated with all that Paris possesses de plus distingué, and the chief of the secret police, Monsieur Hyvvoix, had taken several hundred tickets for his men, so that their majesties were well guarded, as they always are in spite of appearance. The piece is a new laurel for its author; the night, indeed, was a long suite of success and applause for both author and actors; and "Contagion" seems to satisfy the most difficult, and places Monsieur Augier at the summit of contemporary dramatic authors. It is a study of the present mœurs in Paris, and shows how contagion gradually perverts the most noble-minded.

We have been rich this month in literary productions. The "Travailleurs de la Mer," by Victor Hugo, has just appeared, and is worthy of its author. It is one of the most exciting tales possible to read, and will be more popular even than "les Miserables." I advise no one to begin it without they have time to go through it; for it is impossible to put down the work when once commenced.

The reception of Monsieur Prevost-Paradol, at the Académie Française, was very brilliant. For weeks before the day there were no more tickets to be had, and long before the opening of the doors, those who had tickets waited in the rain to be first in getting a good place, and finished by being very glad to get what they could. Everyone expected that Prevost-Paradol would make many political allusions, but we were disappointed, there was not a word of anything of the kind in his whole discourse. The long burst of enthusiasm with which Monsieur Guizot was welcomed when he entered the House, and when he arose to reply to the new member, must have been particularly agreeable to the venerable old statesman, in fact, one might see that he was quite moved by it. It was really quite a treat to hear his eloquent voice once more; and those who assisted at this séance will be long before they forget it.

Prevost-Paradol was presented to the Emperor the Second after, by Monsieur Guizot and Monsieur Patin. I should love to have seen the interview, for Prevost-Paradol has always been a thorn in his Majesty's side; and I fancy what a grimace Napoleon III. made when complimenting his antagonist—and that in company of Monsieur Guizot! Apropos of Monsieur Guizot, the act of authority lately exercised by the "Consistoire," in superannuating the pastor Martin-Paschond on account of his Unitarian doctrine, has been cancelled by the Minister of Public Worship, to whom the pastor had appealed. It was the triumph of the orthodox party, headed by Monsieur Guizot. The Minister has replied, by letter, that the Consistoire has no right to superannuate a clergyman recognized by Government, without its own demand; so the venerable gentleman is reinstated in his ministry, and there will be fierce war again in the Protestant church. It is rather a strange thing, mithinks, that a Roman Catholic minister can decide such a question. If Monsieur Martin-Paschond choose to preach heathenism, the Protestants must accept him then. The freethinkers and their newspapers have quite espoused the pastor's cause, and triumph in his success.

The Prince Imperial has had the measles, but is well again. The Emperor named him President of the coming Great Exhibition, having no one else in hand for so great an honour.
since the resignation of the Prince Napoleon. We did think that the latter was coming into favour again, but this seems to be a serious case of disunion. The Prince’s splendid house, in the Avenue Montaigne, is again advertised for sale. He himself is travelling about in his yacht.

A society of literary men—Jews, Catholics, and Protestants—is formed in order to make a new translation of the Holy Scriptures—a translation that is to be very rigorous. Monsieur Amédée Thierry, senator, member of the Institut, presided over the first meeting at the Sorbonne, the other night, and, as usual in all meetings, torrents of eloquence proved the necessity of the undertaking.

The scandal about Cavendish-Gordon has been quite a delicious tit-bit for the French papers, and has furnished the occasion for several edifying anecdotes on English virtue, due to French imagination—and God knows how far that goes when on so agreeable a theme. The “trichines” continue to occupy us. The Préfet de Police has forbidden raw pork to be sold at the coming foire des jambons (ham fair), which is held every year here during the last week before Easter, and to which Germany sends quantities of hams and pork.

The pretty œufs de Paques (Easter eggs) again deck the windows of our sweetmeat-shops. It is an old custom here. These eggs are made in pasteboard, and are of all colours and all sizes. They open; and generally contain bombons, or toys, for children, to whom they are given as presents at Easter. Men also, now and then, enclose in them jewellery, or anything else of value, for their wives, though much more frequently for another class of women, to whom they are much more liberal it is said.

The spring races have again commenced, and the Parisians seem to enter into the spirit of them more and more. At the first, at La Marche, the champagne so enlivened the ladies of the demi-monde, that before they arrived home they finished by tutoyer their coachmen and lackeys, who returned the familiarity in the same amiable spirit; the effect was very grotesque [tutoyer is to address a person in the singular number—a sign of great familiarity in the French].

We are to have cheap Italian Operas, it appears, for the propagation of Italian music amongst the people. “Lucrezia Borgia” is announced for the Theatre St. Germain this week and others for the Odéon and the grand Theatre Parisian. The lovers of music wish success to the undertaking, though I do not think that the lower classes here will relish music in a language they do not understand. La Patti sung the other day in a concert for the benefit of those whom the cholera has rendered orphans, and sung five times gratis. Report says that Jenny Lind, who had vowed never to sing in France, has consented to do so at Cannes for the benefit of some charitable institution.

The famous tree the 20 Mars has been in open leaf this year much before the 20th; but vegetation is greatly in advance everywhere here. An apricot-tree near Macon has already its fruit formed, so it no longer fears the frost; and I see that a farmer, somewhere in the same neighbourhood, has been obliged to cut his lucerne. With kind compliments, yours ever, S. A.

**OUR LIBRARY TABLE.**

**COMMON SENSE.** By Mrs. C. J. Newby. 3 vols.—(T. Cadwal. Newby, 30, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square).—We congratulate the author of “Wondrous Strange!” and of “Kate Kennedy” upon the new vein of interest which she has delved out for herself, and the proof it offers that nothing in romance is more beautiful or more truly interesting than the struggle of a noble nature with adverse circumstances, and the power so finely exhibited in the character of her hero to hold its own, against the odds of poverty and reduced position, with a bearing that, while he suffers them, sets him immeasurably above them. Reversing the order of this moral heroism, as it is usually exhibited in novels, Mrs. Newby does not take her hero from a humble grade, but plucks from him all the advantages of wealth and social rank—reduces him, in brief, from the fairest prospects as the only son of a gentleman of good family, and moderate riches, upon the eve of starting for Eton, to the miserable condition consequent on the loss of fortune and estate, which his father’s bankruptcy at the hands of an unprincipled lawyer and false friend entails on him. The outlines of the story are very simple. Mr. Latimer, the father of the hero, has the weakness, common enough in these luxurious days, to soar above his own honourable condition, to compete with neighbours richer than himself, and affect, with only a moderate fortune, the style and appointments of a county magnate. His lawyer panders, for his own ends, to his client’s foibles—engages him in speculations the nature of which we do not learn—encourages him to sell his small estate to purchase a larger one; and, while buoying him up with false accounts of his growing wealth, is weaving round him a mesh of inextricable ruin. Another idiosyncrasy of Mr. Latimer’s is his want of
confidence, or rather his own reservation of confidence from his wife, where monetary matters are concerned. Gentle and loving, with an almost weak pliability of disposition, Mrs. Latimer fears, without understanding her husband's circumstances, and sudden, when the crash comes, unmuttering, but for her boy's sake. Martin Latimer—whose conduct and brave efforts to free his father's name from dishonour, and work out the redemption of his mortgaged property, forms the staple interest of these three volumes, and that without once suffering the reader's attention to flag—is at the opening of the story but a boy. He is no common boy however, and his innate independence of character and sound sense enable him to effect terms with his father's creditors; and, without loss of his own or other men's respect, to make capital of his intelligence and physical strength, and, trampling under feet the prejudices of cast, to set himself practically and manfully to the task of supporting his parents and of restoring them to their lost position. Such a picture is full of interest. Who forgets the classic stories of filial love? The Roman Daughter still lives in our memories; and no picture of the grand Virginian series is as once loftier or more simple than that of Aeneas returning in search of his blind father, and carrying him on his shoulders from the burning city. Such pictures appeal broadly to humanity; and models for such pictures apart from the poets could be found in the practical, every-day working world around us, were goodness as much in favour with novelists and readers as romantic illustrations of the cardinal sins.

In the volumes before us, of which it is scarcely fair to the author to give more than a glimpse of the story, Mrs. Newby has fairly proved the power of a noble motive, combined with "common sense," to charm and concentrate the interest of her readers, without having recourse to a single sensational episode, or the introduction of a criminal character of an intenser shade of guilt than Lawford the felonious lawyer.

One rises from the perusal of the pleasant story, in which truth, honour, industry and filial love are the principal elements, refreshed and strengthened in our love of good. It is a book that, for the sake of its beautiful lessons, we should desire to place even in the hands of youth. We are thus introduced to Mr. Latimer:

He was a man who prided himself on his elaborately polite manners in society—and—and. Well, he suffered the low to unbend in private. In person he was thin and wiry, rather below the middle height, but much taller by the personal dignity he knew quite well how to assume. His face bore some traces of good looks; but his hair had thinned, still retaining its colour, and thus left his ears too distinctly visible; indeed, it was now all features without any not very strong of colour or plumpness. The flesh had withered, it seemed, beneath the fever of coming fortune. In age he was his wife's senior by fifteen years, but he looked even older. He had hitherto lived, upon a small but independent fortune, with credit and respect; so much so, indeed, that his position being so certain, and his hands so unsullied by work, he had been received into society a little beyond his expectations, and had stood well in his neighbourhood. He had been contented and proud of this well-established position in the opinion of his neighbours, until his London lawyer had induced him to risk his small fortune in search of a large one.

Mr. Latimer's great ambition is to vie with his near neighbour, a rich bachelor baronet, Sir Peter Welford—a charming character, who, at the opening of the story, is suffering from the aggression of a distant relation, the widow of a Cornet with three daughters, two of whom are with their mamma (a lively, handsome, managing mamma), who saves the house-rent, and all the et ceteras of a home, by quartering herself and the girls on any hospitable connection or acquaintance. But then Sir Peter is not only suffering from this irruption of distant relatives, but from the ill-humour of his house-keeper in consequence; who, presuming on her long services and her master's good nature, has taken the opportunity of Mrs. Anderson's presence at the hall to request to have a holiday during the lady's stay (who was making herself quite at home and ordering his servants right and left):

"You should not worry yourself, Mrs. Fushey. You should not allow these little things to prey on your nerves."

"Nerves? Sir Peter!—and it's your nerves as would give way if you were a poor servant, forced to put up with everybody's ways. As for you, sir, you are as meek as a robin, or you would never let that woman come and go as she likes. It's when I liked it should be if I was you—and that should be never."

"Why, really, Mrs. Fushey, with such a staff of servants, one lady's whims ought not to worry you so much," rejoined her master, meekly.

"I do not see, and I cannot see, Sir Peter, that your staff of servants was hired to carry out Mrs. Anderson's orders. All this morning Jen and Joe have done nothing but fetch salt-water all the way from the river, for her to bathe in; and it is not too nor four buckets as is considered sufficient; and it's 'Thank you, Jen. How good of Joe. I do find everyone so pleased to do a little thing for me.' As if it was a little thing to carry water all up that hill!—and it's not a shilling she will give them when she goes away; so I am thinking, Sir Peter, I may forget myself, and say what Mrs. Anderson may not have the courage to hear, about giving orders in other people's houses—and, with your good leave, I'll take my holiday at once."

Now it had rankled in Sir Peter's mind that he had been called as meek as a robin—it was not a dignified term to apply to him; that he had not been ready, but he had been revolving it, side by side with her long harangue; and now, assuming an air of dignity, he remarked, very, very quietly (for country gentlemen do get nervous when confined within the limits of nice large country houses for a great part of their time, and it cost him a sharp pang to exert himself for a contest), "You have forgotten yourself already, Mrs. Fushey, and had better think the matter over quietly before we discuss it further."
Our Library Table.

"Forgotten myself, Sir Peter?—and you say that to me after so many years of service; then, sir, it is my duty to myself, Sir Peter, to say that if you can suit yourself, I will leave this day month—and I should be glad to leave to-morrow if you would let me."

Here was a state of things! Mrs. Anderson had not been in the house three days, and Mrs. Fushey was giving warning. The roof might have fallen in, and have left Sir Peter in a less helpless condition than the departure of Mrs. Fushey would have done; for Mrs. Fushey was one of the institutions of Thorp Hall. But Sir Peter was true to himself: the weakness of human nature did not hinder him from being a gentleman, and he replied, with dignity, "Very well, Mrs. Fushey."

"Then I may go to-morrow, Sir Peter?" fumed the housekeeper. "By no means," he replied, quietly, "unless you choose to forfeit your month's wages."

In a moment the fatal word "warning" had disturbed these two, who so mutually depended on each other, as by years of absence. Mrs. Fushey curtseyed and withdrew in sulky wretchedness, and Sir Peter took Dickens's last number from his knee (upon which it had lain with the tempting picture downwards, with the crisp, uncrumpled paper covering it), and began to read it with disdainful dignity; but he saw nothing but "Mrs. Fushey," "Warning," and "This day month."

Mrs. Anderson and her daughters are very graphically sketched, and so indeed are even the minor characters in the story, from Mr. Rogers, the faithful clerk of the runaway lawyer, to Jen, the ci-devant stable-boy. Here is a scene between the latter and Martin, who has decided on calling his father's tradesmen together and consulting them as to what it is best to do for them—a task that even Jen would fain avoid, and in order to escape it, counsels (as indeed Mrs. Latimer had done) that they should follow Lawford's example and run away:

"You do not mind," said Martin, approaching him, and laying one hand lightly on his arm, "or shall I send Bayley?"

"No, Master Martin," replied the man, with a half sob, "but some of 'em be almost wild with passion, and swear horribly about it."

"Still you must go, Jen; they will not swear at you."

"If things have come to this," pursued Jen, "better follow Lawford and get off."

"If they come like wolves they must come, Jen," said Martin, a little surprised by this unexpected opposition; "but you forget they are all fathers, or sons, or brothers; they are many of them wise and tender-hearted men."

"An be they?" said Jen, very doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed they are; and I am most anxious for their return, but it is not fair to a boy to make him of experienced men of business."

"Pretty advice they'll give. But I see ye'll have your own way; but you'll not have me call on that cross-grained Wetheram."

"Oh yes, of course; and never mind him, Jen. He is only owing for Heavylands, and I can make that straight. You must go now, and ride fast, and do your errands quickly."

The little flavour of authority thrown into these last words had effect, and Jen vanished.

"Oh, Martin!" began his mother.

He turned tenderly towards her, as if every fresh sight of her distress wounded him anew. He sat down by her, and took her white weak hand caressingly in his.

"You will be glad to look back upon it when it is done—and, if not, still we must do it, dear mother. I should be very strong if it were not for you, for my father does not mind: do you, sir?"

The cheerful rallying tone awoke something of the old pride in him, and he smiled up—then shivered.

"I do not know what you mean to do. But never mind; they may do their worst."

"But they will not do their worst. Men never do when they are appealed to properly; even Achilles—"

"Achilles!" exclaimed Mrs. Latimer, excitedly; "as if you could liken Carter, the bootmaker, to Achilles—or any of them."

"Perhaps not," reluctantly admitted the young classic, and relapsed into silence; scarcely replying when Mrs. Latimer conjured up one angry creditor after another, dealing, in her fear, with the characteristics of each, until, to her imagination, they became a long line of angry, but familiar, ghosts.

At last, when Martin had come to the conclusion that his father was asleep, he saw him suddenly rouse himself.

"Jane," he said, "let the boy have his own way, and be certain that as no one could do worse than I have done, so none will do better than he; he has already wiped off a heavy debt as to Heavylands, and I am still its master, little as I deserve the title. I do not see what he means to do, but I promise my sanction to whatever he may arrange. Lead me your arm, Martin; I am going to bed, to pray that the wisdom I have never cared for may be yours."

* * * * *

The morrow came—not heavy and cloudy, not dismal, damp, and lowering, as with the heavy forebodings of a thousand evils; but bright and sunny, as if summer had suddenly resumed its reign. Never, perhaps, in the height of the pleasantest season of the year, had The Laurels seemed to possess so fair a prospect. The luxuriant evergreens, from which the house took its name, were covered with new foliage, and shone out the gayer and brighter, as, losing the contrast of summer flowers, while sweeping the banks, the swollen waters of the Orwell flowed on with a grander stream towards the sea. Mockingly there came a whisper up from the sea, and from amongst the half-bare trees over-head, and creeping through the laurel shrubbings: "All this your father has forfeited by his folly and his pride." But Martin answered the whisper boldly, with words familiar to us all—"Honour thy father."

Again seemed the whisper mockingly to rejoins:

"If so, where is the promise? From childhood upwards you have honoured him well, and yet he it is who is turning you from the land on which your days should have been long."

But Martin answered: "Not he, but one who has..."
hidden us, if his promises tarry, to wait for them, for they will surely come. Am I to choose the way, and dictate the terms?"

And the way, to Martin, is through a long probation of hardy toil. He offers his services to the master of an iron-foundry, to whom, in the course of time, he becomes so useful, through his exercise of common sense, that eventually he is taken into partnership, and wins back, by dint of industry and prudence, the mortgaged estate of Heavylands. The events which fill up these distant points are charmingly told, and, in spite of their simplicity, rivet the reader’s attention, and, what is more, his sympathy, never permitting them to slacken to the end. We must quote Martin’s interview with Mr. Canton, at the iron foundry, to whom he goes in search of employment, Mr. Canton being the father of his class-mate and friend, Joe Canton—a lad who loves the classics better than his father’s occupation, and whose life is to be in some sort bound up, hereafter, with young Latimer’s.

Martin, turning into the Butter-market, entered a quiet street, and knocked at a door not unfamiliar to him. It was opened with haste, for his coming had been seen, and his favourite schoolfellow, Joe Canton, had his arm round his neck, and was dragging him in before he had time to say a word. He was welcomed almost warmly by Mr. and Mrs. Canton; the former was enjoying his evening pipe, while Mrs. Canton sat engaged in hemming some household linen. A pleasant, homely, motherly woman she was, who had been very pretty once. She was not so young as Mrs. Latimer, having married late, after a long and prudent engagement, Joe being the cherished child of their middle age.

"All the town is talking about you, Latimer!" exclaimed Joe, still clinging to him. "You are quite a hero, like your own Hector. I am so proud of you!"

"Leave a fellow alone, Joe," returned Martin, a little roughly; "sit down, there’s a good fellow; I have a word to say to Mr. Canton."

Mr. Canton gave a prolonged whistle at his pipe, and then turned to Martin, with a gruff "All right."

"Mr. Canton, I never wanted a friend so much as I do to-day, and I have come to you first. I want you to give me some work, and some chance of learning how to make money: I have my poor father to support."

Mr. Canton put down his pipe, and rose, standing in a considering attitude, with his back to the fire; whilst Joe telegraphed looks of the most tender intelligence from behind Martin.

"If I had a vacancy," Mr. Canton began, "why I would as soon have you as another."

"I will work with a will," said Martin; "you shall never repent taking me."

He had not sat down, but stood facing him.

"But I have no vacancy," said Mr. Canton.

A shade of disappointment passed over Martin’s face, and a slight quivering came in his lips; then he dusted his hat with his arm, smoothing it carefully as preparing to put it on, and, with a smile which lost none of its kindliness, said: "Then I must go to some one else. Good night, sir"—when he was a little startled by Mr. Canton’s exclaiming, abruptly, "Don’t be a fool, Joe!" and, looking round, saw that the big tears were trickling down his friend’s face. This would have hastened his departure, had not Mr. Canton said—"Sit down, Master Latimer, and let us talk it over."

Martin sat down, and Mr. Canton proceeded: "If you come to me—I’ve not much opinion of gentlemen, except as gentlemen; they do not work with a will, as you say, and they are thinking always so much about what they ought to do to keep themselves up, that they are not worth their salt. Joe, there, is spoilt with such notions, and, after the first blush of the thing is off, you will feel the same. Is there not one of your rich relations who can help you to college?"

"No, except upon conditions which I would not accept. My present object is to earn enough to keep my father. My dear mother is gone to the aunt who adopted her for a time, and I have no one to think of but my father. We can live on almost nothing in quiet lodgings."

"He will grant his little comforts," said Mr. Canton, thoughtfully.

"Oh, he will do, without them, like a prince," said Martin triumphantly.

"You see," pursed Mr. Canton—more as answering some objection in his own mind than as a continuation of the subject—"you were born a gentleman: I have no shame in saying I was not, and when I went into the iron-foundry I went into work, and did work."

"I am sorry you do not believe that I would do so."

"I am not going to doubt you, but you see I have no vacancy for a gentleman."

Martin’s face cleared in an instant—"But you have one for a workman. You will let me come, Mr. Canton. I can manage for a few weeks without wages, and then you will see what I am worth. But you will promise me a fair chance of learning the business?"

"Well, fair is fair," observed Mr. Canton, thoughtfully. "I will give you five shillings a week to begin with; but I shall give you no grace because you are a gentleman born, nor because you are Joe’s friend. He must learn to take the first place next to me, and you must learn to take his orders. Joe’s arm stole round Martin’s neck here, and Martin said, as he suffered the embrace with the dignity of a great Newfoundland dog—"

"I am very grateful to Mr. Canton. If I ever forget my duty, I hope you will remind me of it. When may I come?"

And thus Martin Latimer went bravely in for work.
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

Surely the most memorable of all the Mem's of the Month was the University Boat Race, which took place on Saturday, 24th March. In spite of the early hour at which it came off, in spite of the blistering rainy evening the night before, or the asseverations of everybody that nobody would be there, everybody was there. There certainly appeared to be as many lining the banks as there were on the same occasion last year. The fair sex behaved most valiantly, and turned out at seven o'clock—to a girl. Seven o'clock did we say? They must have been up at five, some of them, to have accomplished such charming toilettes. We are quite certain we never saw so many Oxford and Cambridge colours displayed at any race before. The young ladies had blue dresses, parasols, gloves, streamers, bonnet-strings and buttons; and furthermore we may say in confidence that we observed light-blue laces to certain bronze boots we saw stepping out of a brougham; and we caught a glimpse of dark-blue stockings, covering a very trim pair of ankles, which were standing on the front seat of a mail-phaeton, as the boats flashed by. Very charming the young ladies looked, on that bright morning; there was one particular species of girl who seemed to prevail on the occasion: that was the "jolly girl!" Everywhere we saw her, lounging in carriages, standing on

The bee is roving, humming as he goes;
The peonies are gemmed with passing showers;
The butterfly is snitten with the rose;
In gardens trim the rhododendron towers;
The crows are afflashed, and now the haws.

Urged to the cooling streams and spread the hay-
nown sweets.

The four poems to the "Seasons" are replete with similar touches of truthful detail: "Winter" especially pleases us. But Mr. Jones can write on higher and sterner subjects than the "Months" and "Seasons." His "Plea for the Ten Hours' Factory Bill" is worthy of the hand which penned the preceding verses to "Sympathy" (p. 48). Unconsciously perhaps, our author uses precisely the same argument which Mr. Oastler once addressed to the late Sir Robert Peel upon a similar subject, when he paused suddenly before the picture of one of Sir Robert's daughters, in his splendid picture gallery, and exclaimed, "My God, Sir Robert! and she might have been a factory-girl!" In the third verse of this "Plea" Mr. Jones has the following lines:

O gentlemen of England, test the Right!
Quit not your hearth-fires to detect the Wrong:
But call your bright-eyed children to your sight.
They are well-limbed, well-clothed, fresh, and strong:
Let your dear girls their brothers' summons share,
Both sexes of the poor now claim your care.
Say, would you for your lives your sturdiest young
Should toil like yonder weaklings?

There is much more in Mr. Jones's volumes that deserves notice, but which our readers must discover for themselves.

* * * "Debrett" and "Maggie Lync" in our next.
the seats, lolling in balconies, dashing along on horseback—everywhere. The genius “jolly girl” is usually inclined to embowpoint; her laugh is musical, albeit sometimes a little loud, and she has the sweetest and most bewitching little dimples in the world: she is enthusiastically fond of boating, and very frequently pulls a capital oar, and in many cases can swim like a fish. The fair sex were not the only people, however, who ran up the University colours. The swells were loyal unto their particular parties, and scarves and rosettes decorated their manly breasts, and depended from their solemn button-holes. Little raggedurchins, who held horses for a penny, beggars on crutches, and even the very dogs, who knew not where to look for so much as a dry bone, managed to have some bit of blue ribbon on this occasion. We are not romancing, gentle reader! we repeat that we saw one of the thinnest, mangiest, most hungry and disreputable of terriers, prowling about Putney with a piece of ragged blue ribbon around his wretched neck. As for the barmains, they were perfect marvels of azure haberdashery. Undoubtedly the best spot to see the race is the place we selected—namely, between Barnes Bridge and the White Hart at Mortlake. After the two boats had darted through the bridge, it appeared evident that Oxford was once more to be victorious; indeed we are inclined to think that the dark-blue did not put forth all their strength after all, though they beat their opponents by three clear lengths. The Cambridge crew have wonderfully improved their stroke since last year; and though people who saw the start of the race tell us Oxford pulled very wild at the commencement, we think we never saw a more perfect stroke than when they passed us. On account of the race being so early, people soon cleared away; indeed, we passed down Barnes Terrace about an hour after, and found all the carriages had driven off, and but few loungers were remaining. We glanced, however, in at certain old-fashioned houses, from which peals of joyous laughter were issuing, and could see that large parties were assembled in the dining-rooms, and that gorgeous breakfasts were being partaken of. So noisy were they at one house, that Your Bohemian was fain to stop and gaze in at the window, and there he saw one of the snuggest breakfast-parties it has ever been his good fortune to behold, with one of the most charming specimens of dimpled, jolly girl-dom presiding at the tea-urn. Why could not "Y. B." breakfast in such company? Why? Because he was not invited; and, even if he were, there were other “Mems” to see to, before he could lay down his pen for the present month.

For some time past we have heard it mysteriously whispered that there existed a literary and artistic society known under the extraordinary title of the "Vagrant Club." We were graciously favoured with an invitation to the annual supper, which took place a week or two since at the Club rooms in the Strand, and it was with no little curiosity as to what sort of entertainment the "Vagrants" might provide that we attended on the occasion. Instead of meeting a lot of doubtful individuals in rags and tatters, we were agreeably surprised by supping in the company of some fifty intelligent gentlemen, who seemed perfectly at home in dress-coats and white ties, and the banquet of which we were invited to partake was anything but a beggarly allowance of "toke" and "skilly." Mr. James Bruton occupied the chair most admirably, and kept the room in a roar of laughter by the wonderful humour of the speeches which, as chairman, he had to make from time to time. The proceedings never for a moment flagged—thanks to the able manner in which the vice-chairman Mr. Sawyer seconded the efforts of his chief. Mons. Alphonse Esquis- ros, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and Mr. Damer Cape were amongst those who added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening by their oratorical or vocal powers. The last-named gentleman sang the marvellous "Club-song," written by himself, the music being composed by Mr. W. H. Bayne. The room was decorated with a series of portraits of leading members of the club. These charming drawings were executed by Mons. Sem, and presented in a spirit of the purest "clubability." Whilst on the subject of clubs, we refer with regret to the destruction of the celebrated Mitre Tavern, in Fleet-street—a very quiet hostelry, and moreover the resort of Dr. Johnson and his contemporaries.

A testimonial to that veteran artist, George Cruikshank, who is now seventy-six years of age, and who has, for more than half a century, not only amused but instructed by his pencil, will, we are sure, have the thorough co-operation of the public, who will be shortly asked for their subscriptions by a committee, over which Mr. Ruskin will preside.

It is our melancholy duty to record the death of the ex-Queen of France, at an advanced age. This event took place at Claremont, on the morning of the 24th March. Also we may refer to the death of Sir Charles Phipps; the Rev. Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity, and Dr. Lee: the latter a name well known in the scientific world. Mrs. Charles Jones, a very clever actress in the line of "old women," is lately dead. Her Mrs. Peachum (which we saw some sixteen or seventeen years ago) was a performance to be remembered. She must have retired from the stage shortly afterwards (1848).

Mr. James Bruton is preparing for the press a new comic work, entitled the Comic Idylls of the Kings, which will be issued by subscription.

Mr. Moens' work on the Brigands has, we perceive, reached a second edition. "Fun," vol. 2, new series, is now ready; and Mr. Holl's novel, "The White Favour," which we alluded to as in the press, is just published. A volume of poems, by Mr. William Sawyer, will shortly be before the public. This writer is so well known by his contributions to
"Cornhill," "Temple Bar," "Shilling Magazine," "London Society," "Good Words," &c., that any further comment on his productions is superfluous. The title of the work will be "Ten Miles from Town, and other Poems"; it will consist of an entirely new poem, bearing the above title, and the volume will be completed with a selection of the best of the author's poems from the various magazines mentioned. Our old friend, Mr. William Read, has not been idle, since an article from his pen has appeared in the "Shilling Magazine," entitled "Cheap Chancery," in addition to some lines in "London Society," called "Ideas of March," and a rebuke against railway companies in the "Church and State Review." We have been informed that Mr. J. T. Blight, the author of "A Week at the Land's End," has discovered rock-markings in the neighbourhood of Penzance, these being the first primeval marks on rocks that have been discovered in Cornwall. Mr. Fairbairn, the well-known artist and antiquary, author of a history of costume, &c., is, we regret to inform our readers, dangerously ill, and in a state that causes the deepest anxiety to his friends.

A photograph of the foundering of the "London" is to be seen in the shops. We may, however, be permitted a reasonable doubt as to whether it could have been taken by an eyewitness, as all who escaped in the small boat must have had too great a sense of their extreme peril to be thinking of the scene with an idea of reproducing it in this way, even had they an apparatus on board. But this is one of the tricks of the trade.

The magnanimity of the Tory party has been displayed on the occasion of a fire which recently broke out on the premises of the Daily Telegraph. The employes of the Standard came to the rescue, and the fire was nearly extinguished before the brigade arrived—so it appears according to the account from Shoe-lane.

Rumour still says that Mr. Fechter will produce, at some future period, the "Lady of Lyons;" but we are not sure if Sir E. B. Lytton has yet consented to rewrite the last act. By the way, we were rather amused some time ago at the loud denunciation of "Monte" by a celebrated comedian now retired from the stage, whose strong language we need not repeat. Said the comedian aforesaid, "I have no patience with a foreigner who comes here thinking he can teach us how to act, and announces that he is "supported by" So-and-so. "Supported by!" reiterated our friend the comedian, with an expression, verbal and facial, sufficiently excusable in an old stag.
A LADY'S NETTED CAP FOR MOURNING.

MATERIALS.—Two reels of No. 36, one reel No. 20 Boor's Head crochet cotton, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby; two meshes, No. 8 and No. 16; 14 yards violet sarsenet ribbon, for strings.

FOR THE FRONT.—Work with 36 cotton and small mesh, net on a foundation 30 stitches, then turn, and continue netting till there are 34 diamonds in depth.

Net 8 rows, increasing 1 at the beginning of each row (reckon 38 stitches across).

Net 5 rows without increase.

Net 12 rows, decreasing 1 at the end of every row by not netting into it (there will be 6 edge stitches or loops on each side the decrease).

Net another row to within 1 loop of the end; another to within 2 loops; another to within 3 loops; another to within 1 loop; another to within 6 loops; another to within 1 loop; another to within 3 loops; another to within 1 loop; net 5 loops only in next row; 3 in the next; 2 in the next; 1 in the next. Cut off the cotton.

On one slope side there will be 14 edge loops, and this is where the strings must be afterwards attached.

Cut the netting from the foundation; this forms one-half the front. Now net the other half the same, but run in a coloured thread to mark the half.

FOR THE CROWN.—Net on a foundation 32 stitches, unite by netting into the 1st stitch; net 4 rows, or 2 diamonds.

* Net 2 together, net 6 plain, repeat from * 3 times more (count 28 stitches in this row).

Net another row the same, only 5 plain instead of 6.

Another row the same, only 4 plain instead of 5.

Another row, only netting 3 plain.

Now cut off the foundation, cutting the stitches close to the knots, that the latter may be more easily pulled out. Run a needle and thread through every loop of the small part, drawing it up very tight; fasten it securely. Leave a double end of cotton by which to pin it to a leaden cushion.

Then net 2 rows round the circle of netting, counting 32 stitches.

1st.—* Fancy row, large mesh; net 2 stitches into 1 loop.

2nd.—Small Mesh. 1 stitch into each loop, but netting second stitch first, and first stitch second.

A plain row (thus making 1 diamond), 64 stitches, repeat from * 1st fancy row.

Continue netting till there are 8 diamonds, counting from the increased row.

Large Mesh. Net two stitches into each loop.

Small Mesh. 2 rows plain.

Large Mesh. * 1 row.

Small Mesh. Net second stitch first and first second, repeat from * 3 times more.

Small Mesh. 2 plain rows.

Here the crown terminates, but the borders are netted on to it, and afterwards cut off.

(Z) Row. (This row will be hereafter cut through)—Large Mesh: 1 row.

Small Mesh. 3 rows, or diamond and half.

Large Mesh. 2 stitches in each loop.

Small Mesh. 2 rows.

Large Mesh. 1 row.

Same Mesh. Net second stitch first, and first secondly.

Small Mesh. 1 row.

Large Mesh. Net 6 stitches in each alternate loop.

Small Mesh. 2 rows.

Small Mesh for remainder of border; 1 stitch in each of 5 loops, miss the connecting loop between the shells.

1 into each of 4 loops, miss the connecting loop.

1 into each of 3 loops, miss the connecting loop.

1 into each of 2 loops, miss the loop; there will now be only 2 loops, or 1 diamond, on the mesh.

Cut off this border from the crown at (Z) row, and make a second border. Cut this off also; then for

BORDER ON CROWN. Large Mesh: Net 1 row round the crown.

Small Mesh: Net 13 loops; T (or turn on reverse side), net 13 loops again; T, net 12 loops (that is, not net into the end loop); T, net 11 loops; continue turning, netting, and decreasing every row by not netting into the last loop till there is only one loop on the mesh; then cut off the cotton, tie it in a secure knot into the loop of the shell just under where the 13 loops were netted; that is, there must be no loop of the crown left between the scallop. With No. 20 cotton darn three spots in each scallop—4 diamonds are in each of these spots.

TO MAKE UP THE CAP.—Sew a border (without cutting) to the front, and round where the strings should come; turn it up at the ears, and let it fall over the front. Cut the second border, sew it on the front about an inch above
the sewing of 1st border, round the ears and slightly under the fold of 1st border, which turns over. Double the crown, not exactly in half, but so that one shall fall above the other; sew this by the double part on to the back of the cap. In washing this cap it must not be starched.

FLOWER VASE MAT IN CRYSTAL AND BLUE BEADS.

MATERIALS.—Two bunches of small blue beads; one bunch of white crystal; five yards white ribbon wire; two yards white blind-cord; one-half ounce shaded apricot 8-thread Berlin wool. No. 1 Penceloo hook.

Work 14 dc, on the end of cord, double, and unite by working into 1st stitch; work 2 dc in every stitch in this and next row, then 1 into every alternate stitch, then a row without increase, then 1 in every alternate loop; work over 8 rows of cord, increasing as may be required; then fasten off. Cut the riband wire into lengths of 10 nails; draw out the wire, by cutting through the linen part; double these lengths of wire in half, and insert one in every 4th or 5th stitch; when 3 or 4 are inserted make the border of blue beads thus: Thread on the left-hand wire 3 beads, on the right-hand wire 2 beads, hold the 1st wire down over the finger, pass the 2nd wire upwards, through the 1st bead on 1st wire, and pull it very tight, one wire in one hand, and the 2nd wire in the other; continue working the same till 7 rows are complete, when the border is finished. At every point or diamond there will be 2 wires; thread 2 white beads on left-hand wire, one bead on right hand; pass the right-hand wire up the 1st bead of left wire, and pull tightly. Continue this on the same two wires till there are 8 centre beads on the wires, then twist the ends of the latter very tightly, cut them off to within half an inch of the end, bend the ends down, close to last bead on the right side of the mat; now proceed with every two wires the same. When finished, bend these up towards the first wool row; with needle and doubled cotton fasten into first row of mat nearest the border; pass the needle through the bead and through the mat, exactly over the first half-diamond nearest the row of mat; let the stitch be made very firm. This crystal border must be raised up with the fingers.

THE WORTH OF WOMANLY CHEERFULNESS.

We come in contact (says the author of the "Gentle Life") with a most singular fact, which at first is not easy of analysis, that people are intent on playing the miserable, as if there were a virtue in it. The real solution is that it is an exhibition of selfishness, for no one is habitually cheerful who does not think more of others than himself. Multitudes appear to be studious of something which makes them unhappy; for unhappiness excites attention, and attention is supposed to inspire interest, and interest compassion. You have been a person of very robust and copulent habits, so robust that it ought to excite perpetual gratitude for joyous health, sometimes putting on the airs of an invalid, for no reason in the world but to draw out towards him some expression of affectionate concern, and so gratify his self-conceit. That very mood, which in children is called being "naughty," for which they are whipped and sent to bed, in young people is dignified with the name of "low spirits," for which they are to be petted and pitted; whilst in elderly people it is known as "nervousness," for which it is expected they should be humoured to the full tension of moral patience.

If we speak of the foibles of good and pious men, what shall we say by way of commending that sweet cheerfulness by which a good and sensible woman diffuses the oil of gladness in the proper sphere of home? The best specimens of heroism in the world were never gazetted. They play their rôle in common life; and their reward is not in the admiration of spectators, but in the deep joy of their own conscious thoughts. It is easy for a housewife to make arrangements for an occasional feast; but let me tell you what is greater and better. Amid the weariness and cares of life—the troubles, real and imaginary, of a family—the many thoughts and toils which are requisite to make the family home one of thrift, order, and comfort—the varieties of temper and cross-lines of taste and inclination which are to be found in a large household—to maintain a heart full of good-nature, and a face always bright with cheerfulness: this is a perpetual festivity. We do not mean a mere superficial simper, which has no more character in it than the flow of a brook, but that exhaustless patience and self-control, and kindness and tact, which spring from good sense and brave purposes. Neither is it the mere reflection of prosperity, for cheerfulness then is no virtue. Its best exhibition is in the dark background of real adversity. Affairs assume a gloomy aspect, poverty is hovering about the door, sickness has already entered, days of hardship and nights of watching go slowly by, and now you see the triumph of which we speak. When the strong man has bowed himself, and his brow is knit and creased, you will see how the whole life of a household seems to hang on the trailer form, which, with solicitations of her own—passing, it may be, under the "sacred animal sorrow" of her sex—has an eye and an ear for everyone but herself, suggestive of expedients, hopeful in extremities, helpful in kind words and affectionate smiles, morning, noon, and night, the medicine, the light, the heart of a whole household. "God bless that bright, sunny face!" says many a heart before me, as he recalls that one, of mother, wife, sister, daughter, which has been to him all that my words have described.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Light Havanna silk dress, made with two skirts. Cambric under-body, with linen collar and cuffs: this is made with fixed plaited, behind and before. Bonnet of puffed ermine and tulle, alternating with silk tress. Behind, two silk tresses fall on the hair. At the edge of the front, a narrow black lace: on the top, a cluster of small feathers, matching the colour of the bonnet. Tight-fitting jacket of the same material as the dress.


Many other intermediate toilets offer themselves for the season. I have seen one of violet-coloured pou de soie, with two skirts, the one looped up with trimming above the other. The body is made with lappets, of quite twelve inches in depth, and is ornamented in front with broad velvet facings. Tulle bonnet, presenting puffs separated by cordons of violets. Inside, a velvet bandeau, ornamented with pearl stars. This is an exceedingly elegant toilet.

Foulards are of course in vogue. I have remarked one made in the Princess style. The body and sleeves, which are tight, are trimmed with lace edges of blue silk: the latter with one at top and bottom. Linen collar, and under-sleeves to match. Deep waistband of gros-grain blue silk.

In bonnets the form Empire is still worn, but the last shape is the Pamela, which is bordered all round by a cordon of violets. Another is of white tulle, spotted with black, and ornamented at the summit of the crown by a little coronet of black velvet daisies, with grass blades of jet—in fact we do not know what to invent or adopt by way of ornamentation. A lovely little Fenchow bonnet, for the theatre, lies before me, composed of white tulle, garnished with chainettes of gold, retaining a medallion of fine pearls. In the interior, foliage of emerald-green velvet, and a bandeau of imperial white velvet, covered with gold chainettes fastening three pearl medallions. This model falls back very much from the head. Robes are cut more than ever near the form of a basquin, altogether plain, and without plait in front. On some of them a passemeterie, embroidery, or other ornament, traces the contour of a tunic. Beginning at the back, it is carried over the shoulders, down each side of the corsage to the skirt, where it descends en tabliere, and is carried round the bottom.

Upon other robes the same sort of trimming commences at the waist, and often consists of a similar material to the dress, but of a brighter shade of colour. When (as is sometimes the case) the whole front breadth, or apron, is of a more trenchant shade than the dress, the sleeves should be of the same tint, and the high body should be accompanied by a corslet, cut square before, of the same bright shade.

Short palettes, with large buttons, are the favourite Spring Confections.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. B., senior.—No article in reference to the Royal Academy of Music has appeared in our pages.

POETRY accepted, with thanks.—“Stanzas”; “Dead Love”; “The Waves”; “A Kindly Word.”

Declined, with thanks.—“By the Wayside”; “To an early Cowslip”; “Mirth.” “My Heart is like a Faded Wreath” we have already seen in print.

PROSE accepted, with thanks.—“A Few Words on Acquaintances!” “How the Howe Family rose and fell!” “Our Summer Desserts”; “Undine” “Not Wisely, but Too Well” will require some alteration for the press. “From Oxford to London, a Summer Ramble”—we forgot, in writing to the author of this paper, to state that the eleventh page is wanting.

PROSE declined, with thanks.—“My Daughter” (the story is capable of improvement, and might be cut down to half its present size with great advantage to the style and interest of the story); “The Heiress of the Grange” (unsuited to our pages); “The Belle of Bulter’s-town”; “Six Years in China” must be re-written: the author has plenty to tell of, but the manner in which it is told renders it impossible for us to avail ourselves of the offered manuscript.

Once more we must impress upon our contributors that we can only make use of their articles in the order in which we receive them.

We have recently received some very rude communications on the subject of rejected contributions, although a little thought would convince the writers that it would be against our own interest to refuse anything which would be of value to the magazine. Young writers appear to think that no apprenticeship is necessary to the art of composition—that it is perfect without experience or hard study, and that the first crude attempts at writing in the shape of verses or prose, are deserving of insertion: we beg to undeceive them. At the same time we have no wish to dishearten young writers: even their rejected articles are of use to themselves as exercises in the art of composition.
THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

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

CHAP. XXII.

On stopping at the well-known door, I was almost paralysed by seeing every blind closely drawn. Inside, however, all was confusion. The hall was filled with goods and furniture, apparently taken from the apartments, and strange men were bustling about. My father's man appeared at last, to my relief.

"Lady Dornington! thank God you are come, my lady! Poor master!"

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake! not—not—"

"No, Madam, not dead; but oh! Miss Isabella—I beg pardon, Lady Dornington—such a wreck—and I am—don't be shocked, my lady—obliged to keep watch over him, lest—but I will go and tell him."

"Why is the house in this confusion, Robert?"

"There will be a sale in a day or two—my poor master is quite ruined—we are dreading another arrest every hour."

"Another! has he been arrested once already?"

"Twice before, my lady. Everything has been done to raise money; but it got wind, and every creditor now has come on Mr. Castlebrook. The estate, too, is lost—long days ago the mortgage was foreclosed. Oh! my lady, if you don't help him, my master is a beggar. But he won't live long, any way."

"Take me to him, pray, Mrs. Candy, go into some room, if indeed you can find one to sit down in."

"I will take the lady to the housekeeper's room," said Robert. "You had best not go to master, my lady, till I have prepared him: he is in bed still."

He took Mrs. Candy into the well-known housekeeper's room; and I waited at the foot of the staircase, watching with most painful interest the people hurrying about, bearing my father's household goods from one place to another—objects which had been familiar to me, even from the despotistic days of Mrs. M'Logie, the tyrannical housekeeper. There was the very sofa, from beneath which, old Stipsens, our former butler (long since dead and gone), had dragged my pet cat; and mingled strangely with that childish reminiscence, came the ghastly memory of Vincent lying there, pale and stern, in all the horrors of his sanguinary death. Thicker and thicker thronged over me scenes and persons, now lost either by death or disgrace. Lady Laura—beautiful and vicious—where was she now, when her former home, where she was denied no luxury that extravagance or caprice suggested, was occupied by bailiff's followers and broker's men?

"Now, my lady, please," said Robert; and I mechanically followed the man into my father's room.

Even now, through the vista of long long years, the object which then met my gaze, is as distinct and as fearful as at that moment. All personal care or thought had been long abandoned, it would seem. Mr. Castlebrook was propped up in his bed by pillows. His face had fallen in, his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes burned with a dreadful wolfish glare, which spoke horribly of how ill the spirit within was at ease.

I sobbed deeply, as I sat down by his miserable couch, near which was a small table with a bottle on it containing brandy, and a glass which had been very recently used.

He made a horrible attempt at gaiety, when he saw me so shocked.

"Come to see the end, Isabella? Well, if you had not, I should have shortened matters at once. The game's over. If you can't live with spirit, die with spirit, I say. A glass of brandy, Robert."

"Dear sir, I hope days of peace are still before you. You shall come with me to Ellisham."

"Ellisham! Another, Robert! Ah! so—drawing a long breath—"I can talk now. Where's Ellisham? Oh! your dower-house, I hope you got a better settlement out of old Dornington."

"I have no dower-house, and my jointure remains as it was first settled; but I have bought a house with my savings. Father, you will come and live with me, will you not? Now is the time to prove the love and duty you would never believe. I am glad now I married the Earl, for only so am I able to offer you a home."

He did not speak for some moments, then he smote his head violently with his clenched hand.

"Oh fool!—fool!—gambler!—yes—not only my estate; but gambling with all the ties of
life. Where is the wanton woman who helped to waste my means?—gone!—no one left but the poor child whom I hated and ill-treated!"

"Dear sir, do not allude to those old days. You will be happy with Marcus: he is so—"

"Happy! to see constantly the boy I have ruined? Do you know, child, my estate is lost—gone irretrievably?"

"Let Marcus make his own fortunes: one day he may buy it back."

"And you, poor girl! you are a titled beggar."

"But my wants are very few. Rouse yourself, dear father. Let us leave this place. At Ellisham you will rally."

"Never! I tell you, child, it don't matter where I die. I thought all was retrieved—that—Derby—I was booked to win fifteen thousand: I have lost all."

"Never mind. You have a son and daughter left, of whose duty you will never have to complain. Pray—do not drink any more brandy."

"Pshaw! child, I live on it."

"And I will not allow you to kill yourself by such living."

"Well, well—take it away—I don't believe I can live half-an-hour without stimulants."

"Get some wine, then, Robert; that must be the substitute for the present. Can Mr. Castlebrook travel?"

"I think so, my lady; but I will fetch Mr. Caveat."

Mr. Caveat was my father's solicitor. I understood Robert rightly; it was necessary Mr. Caveat's consent should be obtained. He was a person who, it seemed, held some of Mr. Castlebrook's debts, which in short he had purchased. I got this intelligence presently from my father himself, as I endeavoured to gain some inkling of his affairs.

I left the room to enable him to dress, and found Mr. Caveat had arrived, and was waiting in the housekeeper's room, which, in reality, was the only apartment in the house not dismantled. All the servants, save one or two, it appeared, had left, when successive executions came in on the goods. Hannah, to her credit be it said, remained; but I conjectured that she had been largely a gainer by the extravagances and carelessness of my father's housekeeping. I found the solicitor greatly averse to losing sight of his client. The circumstance of my father's mortgage having been foreclosed left him no security for his own debt; and, with those he had bought up, Mr. Castlebrook owed him alone £2,500. Eager to save my parent from a prison, I was still utterly dismayed by the ruin which seemed everywhere around. Mr. Caveat tried to work on my evident distress, to bind myself for my father's liabilities. I was just ignorant enough of business, and in a frame of mind to bind myself to the last farthing of my means; but Mrs. Candy, who had remained present, at my interview with the solicitor, stepped in.

"Lady Dormington's jointure," she said, "is too limited, sir, to allow her to pay her father's debts. She has likewise her brother to educate: how do you think she could do both, from an income of eight hundred a-year? I support you, sir, the very inadequate jointure she had settled on her, since you acted for Mr. Castlebrook on the occasion of her marriage."

Mr. Caveat shrugged his shoulders, and owned he did know it. But after much protracted conversation, it appeared that the solicitor would do nothing at all to quiet the creditors, unless his own claim was adjusted in some shape to his satisfaction; and I afforded the only means of security at that moment available. After a long discussion, continued in Mr. Castlebrook's own apartment, my father himself being able to give no better explanation than that he had left all to "Caveat." I found nothing was to be done, save to give the solicitor my own note of hand to pay the debt due to him of £2500 in instalments of £100 per annum, with ten per cent. interest. And this gentleman took to himself great praise for his clemency, justice, and moderation, qualities which, I fear, all his eloquence signally failed in convincing me he possessed.

Mrs. Candy protested a great deal against this arrangement; but, ignorant and inexperienced as I was in the business of life—of the chicaneries and complications of the law, I knew not how otherwise to extricate my poor unhappy parent from the evils his own vices had brought on him. My income would thus be reduced by one hundred pounds, a sum that would have educated poor little Marcus for some years to come. This thought gave me intense pain. Humble as Ellisham was, I feared I must let it, and live on a more frugal scale. Another pang entered my heart, as I saw my father had caused his brandy bottle to be restored, making indeed such frequent applications to it, during these discussions, that I believed his reason must inevitably succumb. It did not, exactly; but then, for the first time, I beheld the horrors, which, in addition to his real troubles, my unhappy parent had inflicted on himself by vicious excess. So had Charles James Fox embittered his declining years—and the fiery demon Alcohol, first encouraged as a soothing, generous friend, remained the scourge and terror of its entertainers.

In two days Mr. Caveat announced to us that Mr. Castlebrook was safe—at least, for the present; and thereupon we lost no time in setting out for Ellisham, where we arrived on the second day of a journey, which indeed required to be taken by easy stages. The little household was quite ready to receive us, and at length my father had reached the last refuge left him—the last, truly, save one.

And yet that that one was nigh, few, who looked on the wreck of a human being, which my father presented, could doubt. Even the child, when told to go and kiss his father, shrank fearful and averse to the being whom he was thus called upon to love and reverence. All his life, Mr. Castlebrook had longed for a son to bear his name, and inherit his estate. How is it that Heaven so often curses us with the fulfilment of our own prayers? Here was the
son granted, late in life—but still granted—but the heir was penniless, and the child was terrified, and averse to his own father.

"Come here, sir," was the stern command, as Marcus turned away, and hid his golden head in the folds of my dress. "Come here, unnatural young dog! Ay, worthy—son of a worthy mother—bite the hand, my boy, which caresses you."

From such cruel words I too had shrunk in my childhood. And this poor infant knew not that his mother better deserved censure than the dear one I used to hear reviled.

It was one of my most difficult tasks to convince the child that his papa, for whom he lisped morning and evening prayers, about whom he had asked ceaseless questions, and whose approbation had been the goal of every task learned, was worthy to be loved and obeyed. We teach children that goodness alone is worthy homage, and then wonder if they refuse to do reverence to persons and qualities, repulsive in their eyes and tasteless to their imaginations. Marcus obeyed me, at length, and sat on a low stool by his father's arm-chair; but the boy feared and trembled, and I soon began to dread the example of the oaths which broke from the invalid's parched and whitened lips, especially in the paroxysms which often seized him—the effects of the liquor, which he demanded with such threats and terrible words, that we women, out of pure dread, were impelled to let him have this poison.

It is not to be denied that Mr. Castlebrook's presence made a terrible inroad on the quiet happiness of Ellisham. The doctor forbade stimulants, and there arose a daily warfare with my father, who insisted on having them given, as freely as he asked for them.

The ghastly horrors of delirium tremens had invaded our quiet household. Who shall tell the tales belonging to the phases of this dreadful disease? Of what use would it be to dilate on the phantoms of a brain fired by years of alcoholic stimulants? Never, never shall I forget this period. We succeeded at last in gradually reducing my father's daily potations, and had some hopes of seeing him freed from the fiends which preyed on him; but as his reason returned his bodily health dwindled and decayed. It was evident that Marcus and I would soon be fatherless. And how was I to prepare this erring parent for ending the existence he had, alas! spent so fruitlessly?

How apt are we to talk of death-bed repentances! to expiate on the edification afforded by the sudden conversion of fear! to believe that a few hours of terror can qualify for Heaven those whose whole lives have been one scene of self-gratification, self-love! I did all that lay in my poor power. To converse with a clergyman I found was vain to urge; but permission to read the gracious promises of mercy, of the wondrous Love, which can forgive so much to its forgiving children—this, at length—though slowly—was vouchsafed, and I had presently the blessed satisfaction of seeing that peace, the peace of hope and submission, was shedding balm over the tortured soul. Surely there are men on earth who, affecting to believe there is no hell, take pains to create one here for themselves.

One evening I had been reading, and the child was sitting by his father's knee, when the boy dropped the slate with which he was amusing himself, and cried out to me that his papa was taken ill. I sprang to my father's side, his hand rested on the child's head, and his own had fallen sideways on the chair. A few broken words was all I could catch from the lips which presently ceased to quiver. They were some I had a few minutes previously been reading from the Book of Life—Thomas's conviction, spite of his materialism, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

So my father died, and with him died also every injury, every harsh word uttered to a child, who, if she had been permitted, would have loved him, faults and all, dearer than her own life. That I had sacrificed something to duty, unsweetened by affection, was my best consolation now, when the Angel of Death once again crossed that path, over which, in the course of a short life, he had continually been hovering.

CHAP. XXIII.

Ellisham was restored to its quiet ways, when we had buried our dead. My father was conveyed to town, and interred by the side of his first wife. Sad teaching! They who in life feared and hated, must decay and moulder side by side. What availed now those tyrannies, and the submission of dread, which perhaps mostly encourages tyranny? How happy the child who may dwell on her parents' memory as loving each other, and hailing death only as re-union! How sad when such memories bring only strife and hardship, slavery and fruitless sorrow to the heart! I was compelled to take a lodging in London for a week or two, some arrangements being rendered necessary by my father's death. All Mr. Castlebrook's effects had been sold, and divided amongst his creditors. I obtained a list of these and their unsatisfied claims; these were for Marcus and I, one day, to share between us. Heaven only knew how it was to be done; but done it must be—the last, perhaps, of life's tasks for me, but the spur to the boy's honourable exertions to clear his name from disgrace, and make it more worthily regarded by future generations. When these business-matters were finally adjusted—without however any promise or bonds from me (for I dared not draw upon the future)—I determined, with my kind friend, Mrs. Candy, to return home, and in home-cares and the culture of my dear little brother, to forget, if possible, the past and its sorrows. Previous, however, to my departure, I one day paid a visit to the courteous music-seller who had formerly so kindly filled my empty purse. My object now was to purchase some new music; for a won-
The Commoner's Daughter.

derful German composer was just now beginning to be an idol in England. I sent my card to Mr. ——, who came down eager and smiling.

"I am happy to have the pleasure of seeing you, Lady Dornington," said the purveyor of melody. "I lost my composer through your ladyship's marriage. I suppose I dare not now ask anything from your gifted pen."

I was surprised.

"I did not suppose," I said, simply, "you cared about anything more of mine, Mr. ——; and the necessity having ceased, I did not think of sending you any songs."

Thereupon I was still more amazed when Mr. —— proceeded to inform me I had become famous; that the songs of "Amanda" (such was the nom de plume I had selected for my title-pages) were sung in every fashionable drawing-room, and that they had reached their tenth edition.

"I could offer your ladyship your own terms now," said the complaisant publisher, "talent, madam, as you know, being worth exactly what it will fetch in the market, and the name of 'Amanda' is up therein."

A thought came opportunistically.

"I fear, Mr. ——, you would think me exorbitant: I have some pretty things in my portfolio, but it must be made worth my while, and the employment must be continuous."

"Carte blanche: what can a man say more, madam?"

"But that won't do [laughing]; I may have an extravagant idea of my own talent."

"Fortunately the public will share that opinion."

"What will you offer me per annum, if I write as many songs, under the name of 'Amanda,' as you require?"

"I'm! [considering.] Five hundred a-year is as high as I can offer your ladyship."

"And I consider the offer liberal."

"Not mines of gold shall induce me to tune my lyre for any other publisher but yourself."

"I have the most perfect reliance on your ladyship's word. I may, then, draw out our agreement—say for a term—five years—will that be too long?"

"By no means," a bright vision of freeing myself from my liabilities coming across me. And it was no small pleasure that Mr. —— seemed as contented with his bargain as myself. I kissed Mrs. Candy rapturously when I returned home. She was amazed.

"Such a piece of good fortune, dear friend."

"How love and marriage does run in the heads of most women!"—this kind elderly widow was off in a moment. "An unexceptionable offer, dear Lady Dornington?—I knew it would be so. Well, I'm delighted."

"Unexceptionable indeed, you dear goose, but not such a one as you suppose. Does it rain marquises and dukes here in London? or do noblemen of birth and wealth, tumble down on their knees before every tolerable-looking woman, crying 'Do, please, have me?' "My dear, you are in spirits; what has happened?"

"Freedom, dear Mrs. Candy—not bondage. Look here [showing my agreement]: I can pay that terrible Cavend, and others perhaps—and Marcus can be sent to Eton. Oh! I am so glad I went to Mr. ——'s to-day."

Mrs. Candy slowly put on her spectacles, and read the publisher's agreement. However, greatly to my disappointment, she did not appear to participate in my glee.

"Are you not glad?" I asked.

"X—es, my dear. The money, no doubt, will be a great assistance; but——"

"Well?"

"I don't think it is exactly genteel for a countess to earn money."

"A fig for gentility—no, my dear friend, think it a blessing that I am so much of a source, that I can set a greater store by an income earned by work, than that which a noble marriage has secured me."

Mrs. Candy mused.

"You are of good blood," she said at last.

"My dear Isabella, I cannot think where you got these free notions of yours. My dear, when people took to thinking for themselves, then came the French Revolution; but for the Revolution we should never have heard, in all probability, of that monster, Napoleon; nor the dreadful doings of that blood-stained epoch of 1790."

"Yet if Liberty, dear madam, got intoxicated and maddened, she is no less Liberty when sober. Out of that ocean of tears and misery, Peace and Justice will arise above all meaner considerations. In a storm, the ocean voids its scum, and soundness rises on the surface of the turbulent waves; but look at the sea when the tempest is over—serene, grand, immutable."

"You are eloquent, child; but still I wish you were not obliged to earn money."

"And I wish I could always do so."

"Well, your disposition is a noble one. But women should never step out of their proper sphere."

"And you think mine is to look pretty, to dress richly, and be quite incapable of helping myself or those I love. I wish to be a sensible useful woman, and not a doll."

"Men, my dear, do not like energetic women."

"Why should I care what they like or dislike? They give us education, which unites us for the common cares and duties of life; and when the process which rears us turns out frivolous nonentities, with little brains and less heart, they sneer at us, and 'pooh pooh!' any earnest feminine nature which strives to remedy the defects of the sex, to which it belongs. Ah, one day women will bestir themselves in earnest, dear Mrs. Candy. Rely on it, men always have bitter cause to regret the weaknesses and inanities of women."

"My dear Lady Dornington, I would rather see you a happy wife and mother than a female reformer."
"But the happiness of being wife or mother may be denied me—nay, I have a presentiment such ties will never be mine; and if a path presented itself, if a task came right into my hand, should I not do wrong to evade it?"

"It is weary work to alter abuses—I used to feel that, when I was teacher at Miss Partridge's. I would have fain seen young women taught things more useful than ponoh-painting and dancing; but I had no voice, and dared not urge any alterations; for then, my dear, I should have been discharged, and those dependent on me, would have wanted bread."

"And that consideration, I believe, stops many a woman's tongue at this present time. We are not brave!"

"Surely women are not called on to be courageous?"

"Morally, my dear friend, they are. A woman who is morally a coward is as ignominious as the man who is physically one."

"That is a new light to me: but I believe you are correct. Nevertheless, dear Isabella, leave the rights of women to some more powerful advocate than you or I."

"Until they are better defined it will be as well."

But in merely doing common-place duties, time was likely to pass quickly enough at Ellisham. Songs were to be written and composed; Marcus was to be taught; the little household supervised, and accounts balanced. However well I wished my sex, I could not become their champion, without neglecting those duties which lay nearest to my hand.

The day was fixed, on which we should leave busy, toiling London, for the quiet and rural peace of a village. Mrs. Candy and I had been to the Soho Bazaar to buy some toys for my little brother, and were crossing Oxford-street on our way home, when my notice was attracted by a dirty girl of about twelve or thirteen, who ran backwards and forwards in our path, now behind, now running in front and staring at us. I drew Mrs. Candy's attention to this singular behaviour. "Does the girl want anything, I wonder?" was my remark.

"My dear, she has followed us all the way from home. I am afraid she is at no good!"

"Well, I will know what she wants. What is it?" I said, suddenly stopping short and facing the intruder, who looked somewhat terri-

fied, but made no attempt to answer my ques-

tion. "Do you wish to speak to this lady?"

"Yes, suhly."

"Then why have you not done so before?"

"Cos I dun no which on you it is."

"How do you mean?"

"Which is the one I am to give the letter to?"

"Let me see the letter, and I will tell you."

"Nobody was to know."

"If you cannot read the direction some one must tell you."

"Well there—"

"The letter had been so well-thumbed by the bearer, that it was both crumpled and dirty; but I started at the hand, though that was irregular and scrabbed. My heart beat violently. How well I knew it! Yet the sight of writing which I had known from childhood gave me a sickening sensation. I took the letter out of the girl's hand.

"It is for me: I am Lady Dornington; let us go into the pastrycook's for a minute, Mrs. Candy. Give that poor thing a bun—something substantial. She looks starved!"

While the thickest bun in the shop was being devoured, I read the letter, written, as I have said, in a most irregular, almost undecipherable scrawl:

"Come to me; let me see if all your professions of good-will can bear the test to which I am about to put them. I am a horrible sight for anyone to see: moreover, you are—what I am not—a woman of virtue, and such fain at the touch of impurity in I used to affect this impecableness. But I want to hear news of my son. I know I am a widow, and that knowledge you owe this appeal. You will own I must be humbled ere I could apply to you. Once again, come, and come alone."

"LAURA CASTLEBROOK."

"You will never go," said Mrs. Candy, to whom I showed this epistle, whose tone of resistance was to me more pathetic than a more affectionately-worded letter.

I looked at her: "Who is it needs salvation in this world of woe and sin? Not the righteous, surely, so much as the sinner. She has sinned deeply—I had well-nigh said irretrievably—but I am not her judge. Perhaps she is repentant."

But to be implacable to frailty was one of Mrs. Candy's feminine articles of faith. To be wanting in rancour towards impurity was, in her opinion, essentially to want one of woman's cardinal virtues. I foresaw a hundred difficulties from the virtuous opposition of this good woman, who conceived it a woman's duty rather to let an erring sister perish in the streets, than step out of the ranks of chastity to lend a saving hand.

"You will entirely blight your own reputation," she said, with a more severe and soured aspect than I ever before beheld on her good-looking face. "Lady Laura lost herself comelyly, and must take the consequences of her wickedness."

"But if she desires to lead a better life?"

"Such women never desire that."

"Dear madam, surely sin must in time revolt those who commit it. She is a mother, after all. Perhaps some natural yearnings for her child, influence her to apply to one, whom she has certainly always hated."

"Pray take a friend's warning—have nothing to say to this vile woman. What could you do with her?"

"What! give her shelter, and aid her to repent, and seek that peace she never yet knew?"

"What!" (with a little shriek) "take her home—to your own roof. Then, Lady Dor-
nington," rising with great dignity, "you will lose a true and sincere friend. I cannot remain under the same roof with an abandoned woman. I have lived virtuously; I am a clergyman's widow—what would be said of me if I countenanced vice?"

You are not asked to countenance vice, only to assist repentance. You are a clergyman's widow, and therefore, my dear Mrs. Candy, it is to be supposed you are well acquainted with those words which tell us that the Saviour came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. I own I did not expect to find in toleration from you: but a duty lies before me, and though all I esteem and respect desert me, rest assured I shall perform that duty to the last article."

Mrs. Candy burst into tears. The girl was standing outside the pastrycook's, munching her bun with infinite relish: we were sitting at a small table apart, while the above dialogue proceeded. I rose and called the girl. "Where does the lady who sent this letter?"

"Isabella."

"And where does your mother live?"

She named a street of whose locality I was perfectly ignorant.

"You must show me the way," I said.

Mrs. Candy rose. "You will not, perhaps, like to come," I said; "return home, and I will come as soon as possible."

"No, Lady Dornington: you do not suppose I will allow you to go alone to the vile haunts where this child lives. I have heard of the dreadful neighbourhood about here, and it is highly dangerous to go into it."

The rookeries of St. Giles's existed then in all their infamy, but knowing so little of them, I had no fear.

"Well, dear madam, if you will come, I shall be glad of your protection."

"Isabella, I am afraid you will repent."

"Of doing a duty?—never."

We started then, going out of the wide, clean streets, turning down courts, from whence we emerged into filthy streets with strange-looking shops on each side, having cellars, whose occupants seemed to carry on trades of their own—here women lounged out of windows, or stood in groups at corners of the street. Mrs. Candy and I were saluted more than once by language of the most odious description, and my courage and heart failed me, when at last our guide stopped at the door of a filthy-looking house, and said it was here the lady lived.

Merciful Providence! the fastidious, the refined female voluptuary here, amidst stench, dirt, horrors indescribable! I had yet to learn how narrow the limits between the recklessness of vice, and its downfall when abandoned.

"Back-room second floor" was the dirty guide's answer to my question as to where Lady Laura lived, which query I accompanied with the gift of a shilling, the immediate effect of that munificent present being apparently to produce active insanity in the brain of the recipient, who stared, hollowed, capered, and seemed spontaneously endowed with a vitality of which a few minutes previously I had believed her quite incapable.

"You had best stay below," I said to Mrs. Candy, as I prepared to mount the filthy staircase. A woman glared at me from the first-floor as I ascended to the second, hesitating before I knocked at the back-chamber to which I had been directed.

"Come in."

There was no mistaking the shrill tones of that voice. I had heard it in every phase—in anger, in scorn, in defiance, in contempt. How would it greet me now? A chair, a wooden table—on which lay the remnants of a small loaf, and some dirty-looking water in a mug—a trundle-bed, whose sheets were of a dingy hue, which told how long it was since they had been washed; these were all the articles this room contained. Clothes were strewn about the place—on the floor, over the chair—but soiled and shabby garments, bespeaking a time when they had been costly and fashionable. Now, like their wearer, they were trampled and trodden under foot, and scorn and repulsion only greeted them. On the bedstead lay a figure, not worn nor emaciated, but swollen—bloated—

I might say—clad in a petticoat and short bedgown. A glance at the face told me I had found the object of my search, and the eye glared, as I thought, full on me. I wondered that I was not recognized.

"Who is it?"

"Good God! Lady Laura, do you not know me? How is it you are like this? It is Isabella—Isabella Castlebrook that was. Surely I am not so much altered?"

"Come closer—woman! Look at me. Well, do you see?"

"See! Oh, Lady Laura" (bursting into tears), "believe me or not, this is a bitter, bitter sight! You, so beautiful once, in this filthy place! How is this? Surely he—your betrayer, need not have thus abandoned you to such exceeding misery?"

"I say, do you see?"

"See!" (amazed).

"Because I cannot! There, now do you know? Curse me—defy me now! I hated you once! Here I am before you, at your mercy quite. Spit on me—spurn me—beat me! Revenge is beautiful! is it not? I cannot return your blows: you can get out of my way! Lady Dornington, I cannot see your dignified beauty, my lady—1—I am blind!"

"Oh, my God! my God!" The truth flashed on me—there was no light in those dark, staring orbs! There she was, smitten by the most dreadful (I had well-nigh written cruel; but thou, O Father, art a God of love, and knowest best how much thy creatures can bear, and why it is good they should receive the smiting) calamity which can befal mortals, innocent or guilty.

As I live, and write these words, this calamity
turned whatever gall might still exist in my heart against my father's wife, into the tenderest pity—pitiful verging on affection. I approached the bed; I placed my arms round her neck—no longer white as marble, but yellow, and over-fleshy; I kissed her cheek passionately, and sobbed and wailed over the mother of Marcus, as I should have done had she been the most virtuous of women! How dare mortals, I wonder, throw stones at the smitten-down of God, or treat harshly the sinner whom out of very love He has afflicted? My distress seemed to move her out of that feigned hardness and defiance, which she had at first adopted.

"What, Lady Dornington! can you weep for a thing like me?"

"Let all be forgotten—forgiven. If you wronged my father, are you not the sister of—"  

"He was right, then, after all. He would have it you were an angel in heart. Oh, my God! my God! all the angels of my life I have driven from me!"

"But there is still a future!" (she shuddered).

"Only let me get you from this wretchedness! What can I do first?"

"Isabella—"

"Dear Lady Laura!"

"I am famishing! There is bread, there is water; but I loathe them! I crave for food, and no one ever comes near me except the little wretch I sent to hunt you out!"

"Where is she? For heaven's sake get something! Can you rise? Let me help you!"

She was groaning about her things.

"No! I can do; no one ever assists me!"

She continued to grope for the articles of dress which she needed, and quitted her wretched couch at last. I offered her my arm. The question now was what next should be done?

"I have a female friend waiting below for me," I said, hesitatingly; "may I call her? It is my old governess, and yours too—Miss Phipps she was; now she is Mrs. Candy."

She dashed away my arm.

"Spike! to gnaw on the ruin of pride! Old Phipps, whom I used to defy, to see my ruin, and moralize over it! How dare you propose this, cruel, cruel woman?"

Her passion rose high. I knew not what to say.

"Do not condemn me: I have only her to confide in. She is thoroughly trustworthy. She—she is the governess now to your dear little boy. You will learn to like her. Nothing but love and sympathy, dear Lady Laura, will be shown to the mother of Marcus. Do believe me; indeed, indeed I am sincere!"

She grew calmer then.

"Well, well! I am a fit example for an old trundler like Phipps to moralize over. I must not diet, I suppose. The game is yours, Isabella."

"But we must first get you refreshment: sit down while I see about it."

Oh, heaven! what a wolfish glare of want and hunger shone in those poor sightless eyes!

"Make haste! I cannot hold out much longer!"

I flew down the rotten, creaking staircase. The woman on the first-floor came out again to stare, with two or three dirty children clinging to her skirts. Mrs. Candy was standing at the open door, looking very woebegone. In a few words as possible I told Lady Laura's state. Her sympathies were really roused.

"Unfortunate young woman! Blind—starving! Oh God! forgive me for my want of charity. Something to eat! I will go, my dear. I am an old woman; it don't signify where I go; but you must be cautious: don't feed her too much at first."

"Wine, dear friend, and a chicken, if such a thing is to be had here."

Mrs. Candy shook her head. "Wine I can get. There is a public-house over the way; but chickens, my dear, are scarce I should say here; however, I will see."  

"Dear madam, make haste. Stay! Take my purse."

"My dear, I have money."

"Then keep it. This is my affair."

She went away, and returned in a very short time, laden. She had a bottle of wine, some ham—for the chicken was impracticable—some light bread, and a few biscuits.

"May I come?" she said, for a congregation of dirty boys and girls by this time assembled near us, including our guide, who had related to the others about her feast of buns, and her splendid shilling.

"This girl," I said, "is used to her. What is your name?"

"Ria."

"Well, then, Ria, help to carry these things, and ask your mother for a glass, and a plate and knife and fork."

She ran away, and came back very quickly, but accompanied by a red-haired woman, who, it seemed, was her mother, and proprietress of the mansion—with which, as far as dirt went, her appearance strictly corresponded. She eyed the wine which Mrs. Candy held, and became servile in her manners immediately.

"The Lord love ye, ladies," she said, in a semi-Cockney Hibernian brogue peculiar to her locality. "An' it's the charitable crathurs ye are. Sure, an' myself's a poor widder, with childer, and my rint isn't paid for the room, and maybe ye'll consider and pay it for the poor blind cratur, as my Ria has tended night and day—so she has!"

"Rest contented, good woman," I said: "you will be paid fully: let me know how much is owing you."

She fell, at these words, into such raptures of blessing and panegyric, that we were fain to escape up the stairs as fast as possible. On the landing I dismissed sia and her mother, who had confidentially accompanied us, and spread the food on the wretched table the best way I could. A glass of wine revived the poor soul; and then cutting the viands into mouthfuls, we
bade her eat slowly—a necessary caution, for her hunger was ravenous.

I believe the sight of that poor guilty creature satisfying her wolfish appetite was the most affecting I ever witnessed. It must have been so, for Mrs. Candy at least had little morbid sensibility in her composition, and when (my own eyes overflowing) I looked at her, she was trying to repress the sobs and tears which the sight of such destitution and misery produced.

The remains of this sad repast were given to "Ria," who rushed down-stairs with the scraps in as much excitement as if we had bestowed on her a provision for life. The girl's mother presently came, and told us with many curtseys that the leddy owed four weeks' rint, at half-a-crown per week; which amount being given to her, a whole hecatomb of blessings fell on our heads, which, if Irish blessings were effectual, ought to have taken us direct to heaven at once. With some difficulty we procured a hackney-coach, into which Lady Laura was led, and at last we drove off to my lodgings in Clerges-street, where I procured a room for the invalid—for so she might be called.

My stepmother passively submitted to all that was done. When she was somewhat composed, I learned the events to which indeed I dreaded to listen. My own conviction was, that the once proud beauty had fallen indeed to the lowest depths of shame. I could not otherwise imagine how she came to such a wretched habitation as the one in which I had found her. I was greatly relieved when I found, from her narration—which had every appearance of truth—that her quarrel with the King had arisen from that unprincipled voluptry's desire to transfer her to one of his satellites—and there were always plenty about the monarch's court ready to serve their royal master. Her spirit was too high to accept of the allowance which her Royal Protector had, it appeared, offered. For some time Lady Laura existed in privacy on the means in her possession at the time she quitted her royal lover; and then without resources—for her father had not left one shilling—she sold her jewels, and lived on the proceeds till all was gone. She had one day accidentally met in the street her own former housekeeper—Hannah, the eu-dame housemaid. This woman, since my father's ruin, had speculated with her savings, and, losing all, was now in utter beggary, subsisting on charing-work. Hannah made a merit of visiting Lady Laura, who was by this time glad to see a friendly face, however humble. She knew many ways of which Lady Laura had no experience, by which the wolf was kept awhile from the door of this guilty and unhappy lady. She pawned her lady's clothes, and perhaps made a per-centange out of these miserable incomings. At last nothing was left to pawn. Lady Laura was turned from the lodgings she held, and was now compelled to seek the most miserable. Still the worst of all misfortunes had not yet arrived. Lady Laura had complained of her eyes for some time; on the second day of her sojourn where I had found her, she woke with a violent inflammation in them. Slight remedies were applied, but she grew worse, and took to her bed. When the inflammation subsided, she found one sad bitter—oh, how bitter!—day, that sight was gone—it would seem irrecoverably. Blind, impotent to will or help herself—a hell of remorse and sin, eating her heart, oh, what enemy, poor soul, could wish thee one of such miseries? Expiation! was it not here? Hannah even deserted her now, first telling her that I was in London, and giving her my address, which she had ascertained from following me home.

"Let these afflictions, dear Lady Laura," I said, be your best consolation, 'Whom Helobeth He scourgeth; better suffer here than hereafter."

She wept when I said this, as I held her in my arms—the first tears, almost, I had seen from her. Blessed tears! refreshing to the sinful soul as the gentle shower which in summer heat and weariness lifts up the parching flowers, and gives verdure to the scorching earth.

She sank to slumber after that history. Physical feelings will rise uppermost, after all. We can repent of our sins ever so much better when we have clean clothing, purified bodies, a good bed, and cheering viands.

Temper.—If that disposition of the mind which we call temper be good, what a blessing it may prove! But when bad, of how many evils is it the cause? How many do we hear accusing the most unpardonable offences by saying "It was only temper." They little think to what "only temper," if unchecked, may lead. How many have, in an evil hour, through temper, committed deeds and spoken words of which a whole lifetime has not been sufficient to repent—deeds that have arisen to accuse and tormented them in their dying hour. How bitterly Henry regretted the nasty words which caused the death of Thomas à Becket! But the words were spoken, and no after remorse could recall them. Yet we can say, "only temper." I am afraid it is because temper is so common a fault with otherwise good persons, that we are so ready to excuse it. How often do we hear it said, "I should not think there was much in anyone who had not a spice of temper," And this conclusion, in many cases, has much truth in it; but then it must be a governed temper, one under the control of reason—a temper the conquest of which has purified the spirit of its possessor. Yes, there is the use of temper: it is a trial to purify us. Let us use it as such. Let this thought encourage us to strive for victory over it. And we who are tried by the temper of those around us, whether it be hasty, or irritable, or sullen—no matter what, let us ever remember that it is far more irksome to themselves than it can be to us; therefore let us, in a truly Christian spirit, help them to bear the burden of it.
A KINDLY WORD.

BY MRS. ABRY.

Speak it gently in accents clear,
Let it softly fall on the listening ear;
Let your time and place be chosen well,
And your speech may act as a bailed spell
That gives to the wounded bosom balm,
That gives to the angry spirit calm:
Wondrous depths in the heart are stirred
By the soothing power of a Kindly Word.

When the tim'd child that sound shall hear,
It shall quickly dry the falling tear;
Childhood is buoyant, and glad, and gay
(As we are told in the poet's lay),
But many a cross and many a care
Has the child of real life to bear:
Hasty reproofs they have often heard,
Let them sometimes welcome a Kindly Word.

If your daily course should chance to lie
Amidst spirits fractions, rough, and high,
Let not their wrathful glance and tone
Find a ready answer in your own.
The wild and wayward may soon confess
The prevailing charm of gentleness,
And from future contest be disbarred,
And, perchance, return your Kindly Word.

When the wanderer, trained in holy ways,
To the path of reckless folly strays,
There the world prepares the frowning look,
The bitter taunt, and the harsh rebuke,
Speak to him mildly in pitying love;
Tell him to trust in a friend above,
Lamenting sore that he ever erred—
Comfort may lie in your Kindly Word.

You may lack, perchance, a golden store
To heal the woes of the suffering poor,
Yet the seeds you scatter of hope and peace
Shall be ever blest by a fresh increase:
And you oft may hear from young and old
Of a heart long hardened, dull, and cold,
Till its hidden springs were gently stirred
By the influence of a Kindly Word.

TO A BOUQUET OF WILD-FLOWERS.

Sweet group of blossoms, bells, and buds,
First offering of our pleasant land,
And gather'd 'mid its ancient woods,
By gentle maiden's lovely hand.

You bear us, in your various blooms,
Glad gusts of delightful thought,
And pour around these silent rooms
Odours with Eden-innence fraught.

These serre' cups of vestal hue,
Those crow-feets in their proud brocade,
And drops of snow and violets blue,
And bells of every blushing shade,

Shall talk to us, in such sweet words,
As only flowers or Hope can breathe;
Such minstrel good heaven affords
To be the helpers of our faith.

HOME FROM INDIA.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The parlour windows, reaching to the floor,
Are open for the vine to ramble in;
I see the aspen, tall and light, once more,
And rising, like a wand, the fountain thin.
Sweet English sounds come sudden on mine ear,
The waggon rumbling in the quiet lanes,
The hum of looms, the church clock silvery clear,
The flocks and lowering steers on neighbouring plains.

In berried coves, and brown lonely dales,
Are little children dear, at dewy play;
And sweet thoughts come and go, like scented gales,
Of days when I was innocent as they.
There wakes the wond'ring sighing after ease,
Blest with a restless aching wish to stand,
What time the serious light is on the less,
'Mid grasse' hillocks laced with osier band.

She will not wake; the lone familiar stream
May pour its babbling music near her head;
She will not wake, although I hang and dream,
With breaking heart, above her last cold bed;
And so the gold I've brought is worthless dross,
Since silent are the words of love and praise;
And old friends fail; I am much vexed with loss.
Kind Memory, tell me tales of other days!

STANZAS.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

"Give me thine heart."

"Give me thine heart"—but oh! this world is fair,
And cloth'd, as with a robe, in loveliness;
And stars, and flowers, and Music's voice is here,
With all things beautiful to soothe and bless;
May not earth have a share?

"Give me thine heart"—yet there are many beating
High with each gentle and exalted feeling,
Where all of pure and good seems fondly meeting,
The light of heaven o'er earth's dimness stealing,
And one, more dear than all, the brave and true,
May not such share it, too?

"Give me thine heart"—but sunny hopes will spring
Brightly within it, and unceasing woo,
With ev'ry idol unto which 'twill cling,
Holding love, wealth, and power before its view,
And fame, that glorious thing.

"Give me thine heart"—and a few years have fled—
The youth has perish'd, ere his manhood's prime;
Each fond and dazzling hope has long been dead,
And wrought on cheek and brow the work of time;
A shade has stolen o'er the bright green sod—
Take, take and heal, the broken heart, O God! 
Walpole resided in London and its vicinity from 1767 to 1773, and never was absent longer than a month or six weeks during the vacations of Parliament. The passion of his life was intrigue and politics—in these he lived, moved, and had his being. He was in the habit, also, of writing anonymous political articles for the Public Advertiser. He acknowledges that he wrote many articles for it, among others one signed "A Constant Correspondent." For this see his autobiography, appended to the last volume of "New Letters to Mann."

"As to Walpole's temper, he thus truthfully and graphically describes himself, in 1759: "Walpole had a warm conception, vehement attachments, strong aversions, with an apparent contradiction in his temper; for he had numerous caprices and invincible perseverance. His principles tended to republicanism, but without any of its austerity. His love of faction was unmix'd with any aspiring. He had great sense of honour, but not great enough, for he had too much weakness to resist doing wrong, though too much sensibility not to feel it in others. He had a great measure of pride, equally apt to resent neglect, and scorning to stoop to any meanness or flattery. A boundless friend, a bitter but placable enemy. His humour was satiric, though accompanied with a most compassionate heart. Indiscreet and abandoned to his passions, it seemed as if he despised or could bear no control; yet his want of government over himself was the more blamable, as nobody had greater command of resolution when he made a point of it." His morals were strict for so dissolute a period, and considering the universal laxity existing among the upper classes of that day. Though we imagineth no one who carefully reads Walpole or Junius will be apt to mistake either for "an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile," still Walpole tells us he was in the habit of going to church for the sake of setting a good example to his servants!

Walpole was not an author by profession, and, writing much and hastily, he often made the same sort of grammatical mistakes which Junius made occasionally, and which Junius accounts for to Woodfall by saying that he had no time to revise and correct, as he was obliged to write, many times, on the spur of the moment.

That Walpole was a man of high rank is already shown, as well as that he felt himself the peer of any man in the kingdom. He writes to Mann: "I was born at the top of the world—I have long been nobody, and am charmed to be so. I see the insolence of superiors; but how does that hurt me? They can neither frighten me nor deprive me of any enjoyment. I laugh at their dignity." That he lived on terms of great intimacy with military men, and could use their technical phrases accurately, is proved by the fact of his constant intercourse with Marshal Conway. And the sympathies of Junius with Ireland, and his intimate knowledge of Irish affairs, are of easy explanation, if Walpole was he, for Walpole's family had had the governing of that island for many years. His cousin Montague was Vice-Treasurer of Ireland under the Lieutenancy of Lord Halifax. General Conway had been Secretary of State for the same under Lord Hartington; and his cousin, Earl Hertford, had for years been Lord Lieutenant.

Walpole was thoroughly familiar with the Cabinet secrets of France while Junius was writing, being on the most intimate terms with the family of the First Minister, Duc de Choiseul. A brief extract will prove this:

"As the interior of the Court of France is scarcely known in this country, a short account of the intrigues of the time I am describing may be at present not unacceptable to posterity. I passed many months at Paris in four different years; had very intimate connections with persons of the first rank and of various factions, and I spent five evenings a week with the Duchess de Choiseul, and her select friends, in the summer of 1769."

Walpole's hatred of the Scotch was as intense as that of Junius. He tells his friend, the poet Mason: "Your writings will大纲 the laws of England—I scorn to say Britain, since that implies Scotland!" And again: "Forth leave England to its folly—to its ruin, to the Scotch. They have reduced her to a skeleton, and the bones will stick in their own throat!" Was ever national prejudice carried so far?

We have already said that, although Walpole had been a member of Parliament for more than a quarter of a century, he had retired just before the first "Junius" was written. The amiability of his feelings towards the three learned professions was very striking. Listen to his ravings a moment: "Sure the Devil's three names of Satan, Beelzebub, and Lucifer were given to him in his three capacities of priest, physician, and lawyer!" And speaking of despotism, he says: "Lawyers have ever been found to support it, and priests will not be wanting. Me thinks it would be a good text for the gallows: 'Upon this hang all the law and the prophets!'"

That the author of the "Castle of Otranto" and the "Mysterious Mother" was well read in novels it is needless to say. Of these two productions of Walpole's genius no worse a
judge than Byron thus speaks: "To say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters, and of the 'Castle of Otranto,' he is the author of the 'Mysterious Mother,' a tragedy of the highest order, and not a pulling love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely he is worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may." After such praise, from such a source, we need occupy no time in proving that Horace Walpole could have written "Junius."

We have seen that the manuscripts of Junius indicate that they were transcribed by a woman. It must be obvious that he could not possibly have devised a better scheme for eluding detection than to get some female friend, whose handwriting of course would be familiar to but few, to copy off his letters for the press. We announce it as our confident opinion that his amanuensis was Mrs. Clive, a celebrated actress, who for many years belonged to Garrick's troupe. In 1769, the very year the Junius series commenced, she retired from the stage, and Walpole wrote for her the epilogue she spoke on the occasion. She and her brother, Mr. Raf- tor (also a member of Garrick's troupe), then became residents in the vicinity of London, in a country-house belonging to Walpole, and situated immediately by his "Strawberry Hill." The house was let them, free of charge, by Walpole, and they continued in it for some sixteen years, until the death of Mrs. Clive, in 1785. Such was the extreme intimacy existing between Walpole and the lady, that a learned reviewer, in the "London Quarterly" for September, 1843, though having no reference to the authorship of "Junius," says, "We strongly believe that Mrs. Clive and her estévé were Walpole's only familiar society, and that none but those (a very few) who met him there ever saw him in his natural character." Walpole was in the habit of going out so often, and at such late hours of the night, to the house of Mrs. Clive, that it got to be thought that their letters was not alto- gether Platonic. But as she lived with her brother, and was entirely passé, the suspicion no doubt did them injustice. If Walpole was Junius, and Mrs. Clive his amanuensis, his nocturnal visits are rendered reasonable.

Those who have read the Junius letters care- fully, will recollect into what agitation he was thrown when David Garrick commenced trying to find out the author of the letters. For a month or six weeks, he seemed to be able to write of nothing else, in his private notes to Woodfall. In one he says, "Beware of David Garrick!" In another, "Though we may not be deficient in point of capacity, it is very possible that neither of us may be cunning enough for Mr. Garrick." Now, on the 5th of November, 1771, Garrick, having met Woodfall, was informed that the "Junius" of that morning would be the last. Garrick immediately wrote this intelligence to his friend Mr. Remus, who was page to the King, then in attendance upon the Court at Richmond Palace, ten miles from London. Garrick being co-proprietor with Woodfall of the Public Advertiser, any such in- formation coming from him would be received as spoken ex cathedrâ. Almost as soon as Garrick was done writing his letter to Remus, Junius seems to have known what was done; and to his note of that day to Woodfall, which he had already written and signed, he appended this postscript, which, to make Woodfall doubly careful, he marks "secret"—"Beware of David Garrick! He was sent to pump you, and went directly to Richmond, to tell the King I should write no more." In a day or two Junius wrote the following note to Garrick:

"I am very exactly informed of your impertinent inquiries, and of the information you so basely sent to Richmond, and with what triumph and exultation it was received. I knew every particular of it the next day. Now, mark me, vagabond! Keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it! Meddle no more, thou busy informer! It is in my power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with—"

This note Junius sent to Woodfall, accompanying it thus:

"I would send the above to Garrick directly, but that I would avoid having this hand too commonly seen. Oblige me, then, so much as to have this copied in any hand, and sent by the penny-post—that is, if you dislike sending it in your own writing. I must be more cautious than ever. I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days; or, if I did, they would attain me by bill. Change to the Somerset coffee-house, and let no mortal know the alteration. I am persuaded you are too honest a man to contribute in any way to my destruction. Act honourably with me, and at a proper time you shall know me."

We see, from these extracts, that almost as soon as Garrick had met with Woodfall and penned his note to Remus, the writer of "Junius," in some manner, was informed of it, and that at first he was under the wrong impression that Garrick's communication was not to him but to the public, as he first wrote to Woodfall that he "sent to Richmond." And we see further that, for the purpose of concealment, he does not write to Garrick immediately, and that he then falsely tells Garrick that he had learned it all the next day. It is evident there is some very good reasons why Junius did not wish Garrick to see his original manuscript, and that he principally feared a detection at the hand of Garrick; for never before nor afterwards did he ask Woodfall to copy his various notes to other persons. To account for all this upon the ground that any other person than Walpole was Junius, we deem impossible: indeed we have not seen anyone advocating the claims of anyone else make the attempt.

But let us find how nicely all agrees with the hypothesis that Horace Walpole was Junius. In the course of our reading in Pinkerton's "Walpologia," the other day, we found a curious and remarkable conversation of Walpole's re- ported. Strangely enough, it has altogether
been overlooked by the critics of Junius. In this conversation Walpole tells Pinkerton that, the very day Garrick was promised by Woodfall that the Junius of that morning should be the last, Garrick dined with him (Walpole)—"Garrick dining with me," says he, "told me that, having been at Woodfall's, he learned that the Junius of that day would be the last. Upon which, hurrying to St. James's, he reported this intelligence to several. Next day he received a letter from Junius, informing him if he used such freedoms, a letter to him should appear. From this, Garrick concluded that the author was about the Court."

We see, from this, how our Junius got his information as to Garrick's proceedings—from Garrick's own mouth! How astonished Garrick would have been, had he known that the friend, with whom he was so cosily chatting over his wine, would next day indite him "vagabond!" We understand, also, why Walpole, if Junius, falsely told Garrick he learned it all the second day; though his postscript, dated the 5th, shows that Junius, as well as Walpole, knew it the very day. We have, further, an explanation why he should wish his note copied—for Garrick would, of course, know the handwriting of Mrs. Clive, or that of his friend Walpole. At the time Walpole made the admission to Pinkerton, he did not allow how much he was revealing; for the notes of Junius we have been citing were all private, and Walpole could not suppose that such slips would be preserved and published forty years afterwards. Nor did he know that this conversation would be noted down by his "Bosswell." Neither did Pinkerton manufacture the conversation for the glory of his hero, as the "Walpoliana" were published some years before the notes of Junius were. One or two queries suggest themselves here. On whose authority, but that of Junius, was the promise made to Garrick, that the letter of November 5th should be the last? We are obliged to infer that Junius had not given his authority; for the circumstances afford no indication of it; besides, the promise seems not to have been fulfilled, as the record shows a letter signed Junius to have appeared on the 21st of the January following that November—more than two months later. So it must be that Woodfall acted upon his own responsibility, perhaps for cogent reasons held out by the king, through Garrick. Further, how much of the conversation quoted from Pinkerton was a repetition by Walpole of what Garrick had told him? Not all of it; because, if the telling was on the day of the meeting with Woodfall by Garrick, it would have been nonsense for the latter to say: "he received a letter from Junius the next day." So that the portion of the quoted passage commencing "next day" must have been Walpole's own relation of an event growing out of the matter repeated from Garrick; in which view of the case there is added strength in the argument; because the fact would be that in the conversation, Walpole was stating, not what Garrick had informed him had been done by Junius, but what he himself, as Junius, had done.

Concerning Walpole's hatred of the king, and his reason for it: The reader will remember that this is one of the "characteristics" of Junius. He charges the king with insincerity, dissimulation, and hypocrisy. He sneers at him for choosing, as officers of his household, men of the most abandoned character; and he says to Horne Tooke: "I know that may better than any of you. Nature intended him only for a good-humoured fool. A systematical education, with long practice, has made him a consummate hypocrite!"

It is needless to bring evidence proving that Walpole had had the amplest opportunities for forming an opinion of the king's character. That he spoke of him in precisely the same way Junius spoke, a few brief extracts from his "Memoirs" will suffice to show. "The first moment of the new reign," he writes, "afforded a symptom of the prince's character—of that cool dissimulation in which he had been so well initiated by his mother, and which comprehended almost the whole of what she had taught him!" Like Junius he sneers at the king's religion, and insinuates a disbelief in his sincerity, from the choice he made of his officers; thus: "No wonder the promotion of such a minister as Lord Talbot, in a reign that advertised piety, strengthened the suspicions entertained of the sincerity of the court." Again: "The banner of religion was displayed at court, and yet all the centurions were called from the most profligate societies." Once more: "The king acted on the plan in which he had been initiated, and had cunning enough, as most princes have, to employ and trust those only who were disposed to sacrifice the interests of the country to the partial and selfish views of the crown. A sovereign imbued with such fatal ambition never wants a Jeffries or a Mansfield, or such tools as the Dysons and Jenkinson, who for present emolument are ready to gibbet themselves to immortal infamy by segundoing the infatuation of their master!" It is not that "Junian" with a vengeance?

Touching the provocation for such hatred, we may premise by saying that the ambition of Walpole's life had been to get into the Cabinet; and when his party came into power, he was not offered a seat at the council-board, immediately his strongest friendships were turned into the bitterest hate; so, breaking loose from his party affiliation, and not caring to join in open opposition, he determined to wreak his vengeance upon the ministers, with the king, by pouring out the phials of his wrath through the newspapers. The time here alluded to is the year 1765. The new party in power was entitled the "First Rockingham Ministry." In it were two cousins of Walpole—George Conyngham, as Secretary of State, and Earl Hartford as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Walpole's name was not even mentioned in the negotiations for places. This was a slight he never forgave his party, and for which he ever after felt the warm-
est resentment towards his two more successful relatives. In his "Memoirs," he gives a long and interesting account of this quarrel of his with his friends. We will not quote from it. Let it suffice to say, that, so mortified at the failure of his hopes was he, that although he had not been out of hearing of Bow Bells for twenty-three years, he immediately left for France, where he remained nearly a year, nursing his wrath and keeping it warm. Upon his return home, though the bitterest venom was still ranking in his bosom towards his old friends, he went smiling about among them, as if nothing had happened to alienate him. Says he: 

"As disgust with my friends did not, as commonly happens, reconcile me to my enemies, I foresaw that I might still have occasion to make use of my power with Mr. Conway to the annoyance of the latter; for though Conway had none of the warmth of friendship, yet he had more confidence in me, and knew he might have, than in any man living; and notwithstanding the indifferency I have described, he frequently trusted me afterwards with secrets that he reserved from his wife and brother." In every letter written by him during this period he shows how deeply incensed he was against his party, and particularly against the two Conways. Now, just while he was in such amiable mood, the first of the miscellaneous letters of Junius appeared was thrown into the midst of the ministry; and for six years thereafter an incessant fire was poured upon the devoted heads of Walpole's enemies—the very ones, with scarcely an exception, whom Walpole himself most fiercely scourged, as we could show by full pages of quotations expressed in like language, even to the copying of the same pet words and phrases. We will not occupy space to give these quotations; the reader himself can prove them by a careful comparing of the writings of the two. We will offer two or three references, however. Junius, in his preface, introduces a part of an oration of Lord Chatham's, thus: "The following question from a speech delivered by Lord Chatham, on the 11th of December, 1770, is taken with exactness." Of course Junius on that day must have been in the House of Lords. Now, at page 291 of the second volume of the "Memoirs," it is recorded that Horace Walpole was in the House of Lords, and took notes of the important debates then had! Again, in the month of January of that same year, on the 22nd day, Chatham delivered a speech in the House of Lords, from which, also, Junius extracts, as shown in his second letter to Wilkes. And at page 26 of the fourth volume of Walpole's collected letters, in a letter to Sir David Dalrymple, it is to be seen that our Junius was in the Lords on that day, and noted some of the very passages given to Wilkes. Yet once more Junius says of Chancellor Camden: "With regard to Lord Camden, the truth is, that he inadvertently overshoot himself, as plainly appears by that unguarded mention of a tyranny of forty days," which I myself heard." The speech in which Camden used the expression was made in the Lords five years before Junius wrote his letter referring to it. Walpole was in the Lords during its delivery, and reported it; and, in his comments upon it, he speaks of the expression, "forty days' tyranny."

As to the personal aspect of Walpole's animosity against the king, we will present an item. In September, 1766, Walpole's favourite niece (Lady Waldegrave) was secretly married to the king's brother, the Duke of Gloucester. The king refused to allow the validity of the marriage. The first of the miscellaneous letters of Junius appeared in April, 1767—a few months afterwards. In one of the letters to Wilkes, Junius says: "Though I do not disclaim the idea of some personal views to future honour and advantage, yet I can truly affirm that neither are they bitter in themselves, nor can they, by any possible conjecture, be collected from my writings." It was, no doubt, one of the objects of Junius—perhaps his principal object—to wreak his vengeance upon his enemies, the Dukes of Bedford and Grafton, and Lords Barrington and Mansfield. But his confession implies more than this—he had some special personal object. Walpole's inducement would naturally have been to drive the king into acknowledging the marriage. Let us see if the Junius papers probably accomplished the end.

In the spring of 1772, the king was one day riding out on horseback with his most intimate friend, General Desaeguilliers. During the ride, the king introduced the subject of Junius—he told the General he had found out who wrote "Junius," and that the letters would appear no more! The very last one written by Junius was signed "Nemesis," and was printed in the Public Advertiser of May 12th of that year. Now let the coincidence be remarked. In a few weeks after that conversation of the king and the publication of this last letter of Junius, we find Walpole writing (the date is June 15th, 1772) to his cousin Horace Mann thus: "The papers have told you, what is now indeed very public, that the Duke of Gloucester, the very evening of his return, allowed my niece to acquaint her father that they have been married ever since September, 1766." We have no doubt that the king was given to understand how he might buy off Junius—namely, by the acknowledgment of the validity of that marriage; and, after refusing it during six long years, suddenly, in the very month Junius ceases to write, it is announced by authority in the newspapers! A few months subsequently to this, it seems, Woodfall tried to induce his mysterious correspondent to continue writing for his paper. Junius, in a private note (the very last line we have from him), replies: "I have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured I have had good reason for not complying with them." It is noticeable that the date of the "buying off," alluded to just above, does not correspond with that of the purchase of Macaulay's candidate, Sir Philip
Venice.

Venice! Of all the cities of the world there is, perhaps, none which is so well known to those who know only by report, none which so strongly impresses the traveller, as he gives his first glance, rather of recognition than of wonder, with the notion that he has been there before. We go to other cities to learn what they are like; we go to Venice because we know what it is like. In Venice association supplies the interest which springs elsewhere from curiosity. Our knowledge of its history may be somewhat confused and fragmentary; our notions concerning the period of its construction and the comparative beauty of the different styles of its building might make Mr. Ruskin shudder, but who does not know at least of its dominion in Cyprus from the story of a certain Moor? Across whose mind does not its name bring a dissolving view of sea-fights, and merchant-princes, and voiceful gondolas? Who has not counted its towers, its windows, its very bricks on the photographic canvas of Canaletti? Who has not stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs, a palace and a prison on each hand, and peered in fancy into the golden chambers of the one, fit frames for the glowing glories of art that they enshrine, peopling them with Doge and councillors and courtiers; or into the foul cells of the other, dank with slime, the vestibules of the grave, hiding in their cruel darkness the crimes of the guilty and the despair of the innocent!

In Venice, if anywhere, there is wealth of interest and richness of suggested lessons. It is like one of those fabled caverns of the fairy mythology, studded high and low, through an infinite vista of scintillating saloons, with gold and silver and shining stones. It is a treasure-house, buried under the great mountain of Time. But he who would descant on its glories cannot expect to make the same wonder in listener or reader as stretched the eyebrows of the mortal to whom a touch of the giant’s finger or an incantation in the dwarf’s shrill treble first revealed the hidden splendour of the treasure of the story-books. I will do my best to dissolve, by the modest spell of description, all that many years and many miles make to intervene between your eyes and Venice; but I know that I can count little on the novelty of the subject. In imagination, if not in reality, you have, many of you, ransacked the treasure-cave already.

There are more ways than one, of travelling from London to Venice. We may go in company with Mr. Ruskin, without retiring from our easy chairs. By the help of the measured eloquence of his many-coloured and sonorous sentences, and the accurate grace of his drawings, we may know the stones of Venice, as perhaps they were not known even to the God-gifted artists who piled and cut them, for true art is rather an instinct than a philosophy—as certainly they are not known now by Hans and Fritz, who have been drafted from their German homes, to toll, pipe in mouth, over a balcony of Sansovino, and stand sentry in the shadow of the palace of the Marin Fazio—or by Giuseppe, who sells mosaics in the Piazza—or Jacopo, who lies asleep “between the columns.” Or we may take the oft-traversed route via Byron and “Childe Harold.” We may grow rhythmical and sentimental over the rise and the fall of the whilom proudest state in Europe. The glory of Babylon or Nineveh is but a memory, as Babylon and Nimroud are but “heaps.” In Venice there has been glory enough to leave the most gorgeous remains. In Venice enough of those remains is left to render our ideas of the past no mere conjecture.
The third route is doubtless the best and the pleasantest of the three. Travel bodily and in the flesh to the living tomb, where the old Queen of the Sea broods silent and cheerless in weeds of woe, yet hoping for a happier future, not otherwise than a widowed queen might grieve among the memories of bygone pomp and festivals, yet not counting it hopeless to regain, in other circumstances, all the loss. Travel bodily in the flesh; and whether you are rowed, in solemn silence, as the poet of Italy was rowed half a century ago, leaving the bustle of Europe behind you on the quay of the lagoon, and drifting into the city of islands as into another world beyond the sea; or whether you are dragged, as you may be dragged now, by a steam-engine, that roars and shrieks up to the very brink of the Grand Canal—so, assuredly, will you be touched the most truly by the contrast between the yearning Present and the gorgeous Past; so will you best learn to reverence the stones and the canvases, that names great in art have made divine; so will you best understand how it is that Venice, and all about Venice, has a hold upon our hearts that all her crimes, and they were many, have not shaken—rivalled only, in strength of claim upon our curiosity or compassion, by Jerusalem and by Athens.

Fourteen centuries ago the cluster of islands among and upon which Venice is built, were inhabited only by a handful of savages. But if their rude huts seem uncivilized precursors of the elaborate magnificence of the Church of St. Mark’s, or the palace of the Doges, their humble industry and commerce contained the germ of the trade which later “held the gorgeous East in fee,” and paid for Colonni’s mosaics and Titian’s pictures. Fourteen centuries ago that Attila, whose Tartar hordes surged up to the gates of Paris, came killing, and ravishing, and burning, and plundering in the valley of the Po. Those who could flee fled to their rough neighbours on the islands in the lagoons. They huddled together in hovels, hurriedly thrown up on that island which has been known as the Rivo Alto, or Rialto, or High Bank. The storm came, and did its mischief, and went. Many of the fugitives remained in their safe refuge. They brought the craft and wit of the continent to the hardship and enterprise of the sea. Some of them abandoned lands and houses on the mainland, and preserved the pride of self-importance of a superior caste. All were compelled to trade, or all would have starved. Their predecessors had never known any other occupation than fishing and sailing, or rowing and fighting.

In the infant community were the germs of the various grades and characters of after-years. In its very beginning we discern the forecasting of Brahantios, haughty nobles, jealous of their family privileges; Antonios, venturing their all upon a fleet; Othello, great captains fetching prisoners of dominion, from Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea; Shylocks, begetting glittering ducats and pretty daughters, and doubtful which to love the most; sailors as ready to encounter and to battle a hurricane as a Turk.

It is more easy to fix the exact date of the beginning than of the culminating point of the prosperity of Venice. Her rise was gradual. Her supremacy was tempered by disasters. Her fall was a prolonged wasting away.

But through many vicissitudes and varieties of loss and gain, more than one point stands out with a prominence both of attractiveness and importance. Of her foreign conquests none is more memorable than her double capture of Constantinople. Of her weight in European politics no event is more significant and more picturesque than her mediation between Frederick Barbarossa and the Pope.

Of her buildings none are more renowned, and none better deserve their renown, than the Byzantine Temple of her patron evangelist, and the official home of her elected kings.

I do not know whether any one who has had the patience to follow me so far, is beginning now to shudder at the prospect of a dry historical epitome. If so, his apprehensions cannot be more sincere than my own. It is impossible to mention that church and that palace and not to ignore all histories but the history that is drawn on their stones—all illustrations but those which are furnished by their eloquent shapes.

Come with me now to the Piazza of St. Mark; and let it be there that we muse for a moment on the longest-lived and the most surely passed away of all the governments of Europe. It was night when I saw it for the first time, a night such as those which not long ago shone over our colder city. To reach it by that approach, which gives the traveller the most striking prospect on his entry, he has to climb, and push, and grope through the maze reticulation of alleys and dark arches and bridges, that serve for footways in the city of canals. The streets through which he passes, if streets they can be called, are not more than 8 or 10 feet wide. He is interrupted again and again by turns this way and that way, and by flights of steps over the steep-pitched arches of the bridges. The evening loungers saunter to and fro, looking as though they were doing nothing rather as a habit than as a relaxation. At last he reaches the archway that opens on the Piazza.

A closely-packed crowd sitting, standing, loitering, eating, drinking, laughing, gossiping: the wives and the daughters of the shopkeepers sipping their evening drinks—bright in their best clothes; the men, smart and voluble, puffing curls of smoke in all directions; waiters hurrying everywhere from a score of gaudy cafes; tattered lads selling shell-bracelets and fuses; in the middle the band of the Austrians, numerous, noisy, accurate, brilliant; on either side the long perspective of the buildings of the public offices of the dead republic, their façades
regular and still majestic, though exhibiting shops on the basement floor, their dwindling array of windows, bright with many a light over all, the purple sky, and the great white moon, and at the end a background, to which no other square in the cities of the world can boast the equal or the like. St. Mark's has often been described by day. But by night, seen dimly across the length of the vast Piazza, it has a weirdlike grace, which is changed, if not gone, when the blaze of noon reveals its details. As you gaze through the glare of the lamps, and scent the glow of the cigars, on a night when the Venetian world is gathered together by the music before its portals, its wild eastern splendour seems less a splendour of the king of this world than of one more lovely, distant, and unfamiliar. On the right of the long vista rises the stately bell-tower, its tall summit borrowing the moonlight far up into the sky, nearly in a line with the Campanile, the three crimson masts, whereon used to wave the three pennons of Venice's three subject-lands of Crete, Cyprus, and the Morea—stand bare of the hoastful flag as Venice is bare of sovereignty. And behind is the church, a world of pinnacle and dome; here a bit of marble white under the moon; there a curve in the metal flashing back the gas; here and there a glitter of gold or crimson or blue hinting the glories of its marble and mosaics. What is it? whence did it come? Down on that drinking, fiddling, chattering world in the Piazza it seems to have descended like another city from heaven, its great gates ever open, the picture-markush, that shine in gold and porphyry, and all manner of precious stones on its front, bidding the weary and the vicious flee in for comfort and rebuke.

It does not seem, however, to do much towards purifying modern Venice. If proof were needed that the noblest art and the grandest memories can of themselves lift heart and soul higher, it could be found in all desirable strength in the scenes enacted before St. Mark's.

Come very near to inspect the lines of the building that have moved you so strangely, and a second prospect on your right greets you with a thrill akin to that of the first—I say a thrill, for it is that prospect of the place called the Piazzetta which painters love best to repeat; the dark arcade of the doge's palace on the left, and in front the two familiar columns, one crowned by the famous lion, the other by St. Theodore and the crocodile. Half-a-dozen paces from these columns is the sea, the steps that go down to the tideless waves crowded with idlers and gondoliers.

St. Mark and Venice were once almost identified. The interests of the patron evangelist, and the city which possessed his sacred remains, were deemed the same; so no wonder that the Venetians insisted on honour being done to his temple. No wonder that they ascribed great benefits done to them to his intercession and aid. They shewed a strange mixture of the independence of Protestantism and the slavishness and superstition of another creed, those rulers of the waves of eastern Europe. At one moment they refused to allow the Pope's fisherman to angle or drop net in the seas off his own coasts, because the Adriatic, they said, was theirs; at another their ambassador crawled, like the Japanese envoy, on his hands and knees to the foot of the chair of St. Peter, to obtain pardon from the Pope for some violation of his privileges. No legend illustrates better the popular feeling than the old story of the Fisherman and the ring. One day a fearful storm broke over the lagoons. The sea threatened to overwhelm the city. The waves broke across the breakwater of islands, and the shipping was in deadly peril. Night fell on a city, full of trembling, praying, fearing citizens. Among those who lingered longest on the quay, and ventured nearest to the surf, was an old fisherman. As he looked at the tempest he was accosted by a venerable personage with very white hair and beard, who said—

"Row me across to San Georgio."

"To San Georgio?" said the fisherman. "No boat could reach it alive."

But something in the majesty of the old stranger compelled obedience, or some promised pay induced the risk.

"Step in," said the fisherman, and pushed off into the angry sea.

Strange to say, they were not overwhelmed. They seemed to ride scotchless over the murderous billows, and to be insensible to dangers that rocked and submerged other barques by their side. They touched the steps of San Georgio. Another mysterious traveller appeared, and was invited to enter by the first.

"Where can these men want to go to?" said the astounded fisherman.

"To San Nicolò d'Lido," said his employer.

"To San Nicolò?" repeated the fisherman.

"The saints must have carried us hither, or we should never have reached San Georgio; and would you risk certain drowning between this and San Nicolò?"

Again awed by his face, or tempted by a bribe, the fisherman rowed on. At San Georgio they embarked a third passenger; and now the astonished sailor obeyed without demur. They glided easily through the surging waves; they returned to the Piazzetta; the three landed. After a space they embarked again: the stranger from San Georgio was conveyed back to San Georgio, the stranger from San Nicolò was carried to San Nicolò. The first old man then ordered himself to be taken once more to the place whence they had started on their wondrous cruise. At one period of their journey the fisherman afterwards said they had passed a vessel manned by devils. The friends
grown horribly, and shook their talons at the
erected city. The three strangers rebuked
them: the devils sank, cursing and hissing, in
the sea. The storm withstood seemed to lull;
and a great picture, still to be seen at Venice,
shows the red devils and the exorcising travel-
lers, and the ships labouring in the storm. As
they reached the shore for the last time, the
fisherman—true son of a commercial common-
wealth—thought of his fate.

"I," said the stranger, "am St. Mark; you
have fetched from their sanctuaries S. George
and S. Nicholas; together we have saved the
city that enshrines us, and that we love. Go to
the Doge; tell him what has happened; you shall
be rewarded now and renowned hereafter!"

"shall I?" said the fisherman. "Do you
think the Doge will believe me? Not so. Give
me something more negotiable than your au-
thority for a narrative."

St. Mark bore with the anxiety of his coad-
juitor for the main chance. "Well, well," said
he, "perhaps the Doge might not believe you:
take this ring; say St. Mark gave it you: the
token be enough to ensure credence."

"Will it?" said the fisherman. "What is
to make the Doge believe that this is your
ring?"

Still the saint, patron of a nation of bar-
gainers, condoned the importance of the fis-
herman. "Say," he said, "when you present
the ring to the Doge, that if he will send to my
treasury he will find that this gem has been re-
moved from its place; I took it, I give it
you."

The cautious fisherman was then contented.
St. Mark rode on to his sleeping-place under
the market of the Basilica; the fisherman sought
an audience of the Doge. On Bordone's great
canvas you may still see the mighty magis-
trate, enthroned in his robes of state, and the
ducal cap—more awful than the crowns of half
the kings of Europe—surrounded by the coun-
cillors of the state, and taking the holy ring
from the favoured finger of the fisherman. The
story was corroborated by investigation in the
treasure-house of the shrine. Venice was
saved; the saint was thanked; the fisherman
was pensioned.

I have seen that same fisherman—or, if not
the same, at least his great grandson—wor-
sipping in the temple of that same St.
Mark. He was a big, lusty fellow, brown with
the tan of the sun. His cultus was the pro-
foundest abstraction. He was fast asleep at the
base of one of the great columns, his huge bare
arms pillowing his head, his huge bare feet
stretched on the precious mosaic. His dog
blinded and slavered close beside him. Better
had he been in prayer than asleep; but better
that he should be able to come into his church
as a shelter from the sun than that he should
never enter it at all! Did the weary ever find
rest in our colder St. Paul's or St. Peter's? We
pay for their better preservation in the presence
of the verger—to be free of vergers some di-
lapidation would be endurable.

We have lingered and digressed in and about
St. Mark's. It is not a step to the Doge's pa-
lace, indeed the building forms part of the
same block. In and about that palace of the
Dukes are clustered the richest associations of
the city's political grandeur and distress. Lord
Byron has familiarised us with the names of
more than one of its ducal denizens. "Blind
old Dandolo, the octogenarian chief, Byzan-
tium's conquering foe," never saw it as it is
now. It was one Messer Gradenigo who was
the "Pericles" of its construction. But it was the
home of Marin Falier, and of the unfortunate
Enrico Foscarí. In the vast hall of the grand council hang the
pictures of the long line of princes, all gazing at
Tintoretto's paradise. One space is a blank,
and the celebrated inscription declares, in atro-
cyiously bad Latin, that it is the place of Marin
Faliier, beheaded for his crimes. The crimes
may have been plotted in the room we still see
—his forfeited feet rolled down the stairs, we
still ascend. And down those same stairs
walked Foscarí, deprived, if not of his head, of
the cap that ennobled it. Five days after his
deposition the bell of St. Mark's tolled in his
successor, and he died from the shock of the
knell. Down those same stairs, too, may have
come Manin, the last of the Dukes, who faced
as he swore allegiance to the sovereign to whom
his conquerors handed him over.

The ducal palace is the very bull's-eye of
republican Venice; so is the hall of the grand
conglício the apple of the eye. "Of how many
members does your excellency's government
council of ten consist?" Louis XIV. is said to
have asked the Venetian Ambassador ac-
credited to his court. "Forty, your ma-
jesty," was the reply. But if European poli-
teness pretended ignorance about the distant
city, and its own servants by their very reticence
made it out for something more mysterious than
it really was, there was all the same, a vast
amount of real power and influence. Brought
into contact with every civilized nation, they knew
everything about everybody, those committees of
legislators and magistrates who sat in the
Palace on the Lagoon. They were splendid
spies and illustrious informers. They made
solemn minutes on the affairs of foreign
sovereigns. They maintained a grievous
espionage over their own people. They
suspected and informed against one another.
We are often told of the glories of Venice
when Venice was free. Venice never was
free, as we understand the word "free."
True, her government was once national, and
too strong to be overpowered by aggressive
neighbours. But she was her own tyrant. She
— it—Venice—the people themselves, to obtain
secret deliberations and a vigorous executive,
sacrid herself most of those principles which
we are taught to consider the finest of good
government. So although that Duca Palace
enshrines the memories of much magnificent success, celebrated by art more glorious than the subjects illustrated, it tells too its tale of tyranny and baseness. In the immense hall of the grand conciglio, with its furlongs of priceless canvas, Tintoretto and Bassano eternalizing fights and ceremonies on the walls, Cagiari the Veronese winning wondering glances to the ceiling, is the triumph of Venetian art and Venetian arms. All is sumptuous and ' en grand.' The Venetians were a nation of shopkeepers, like ourselves, but they did know how to spend the money that they made.

Close to a door leading to a smaller council-hall is the place where once was the far-famed lion's mouth. There is their system of home affairs, secret denunciation, private examinations and secret punishment too. In the dungeons we come to the last stage of the republic's fostering care for its sons. Perhaps those merry gentlemen, who three and four hundred years ago fuddled and sang from palace to palace through lake and canal, prayed or ogled in St. Mark's, chaffered on the Rialto, or gossiped on the Broletto, did not know so well as we know now what was to be found under the basement storey of the building they were so proud of—unless indeed they came within the clutches of their most illustrious rulers. Then they would find strange dark pits under the golden saloons; chairs less easy than the doge's oriental couches. One chair there was of stone, its simplicity not broken by superfluous decora- tion. Behind it was a deepoubiethe. He who sat in it was quickly garotted, and his quivering body tossed down the well. But those condemned to swift death must have been the favoured victims. There are some strange tortures to be seen in a glass-case in the Arsenal—some that cannot even be named—that Arsenal whose noisy activity once furnished Dante with his celebrated simile for the fiery fiends of Hell—that Arsenal which is now the very picture of desolation.

So life in Venice in the grand old days was not altogether a prostrated serenade. The southern sun makes very black shadows when it falls. Whatever hardships are inflicted on Venetians by the Austrian government of to-day, it may be doubted whether they are worse than those inflicted on Venetians by Venetians in the days of her prosperity. But it must at the same time be remembered that a wrong done by one is very different from the same wrong done by another. Wives will bear words from their husbands that strangers must not say. Children will take a thrashing from a father that they would resent from anyone else. Venice could better bear the rod when it was marked with her own colours, and laid about her back by her own hand, than she can the rod that smites her now. It may not be thicker, or more un sparingly administered; but it is branded with the double-necked black eagle that she abominates, and held in the grasp of a power whom she disallows.

The spy system obtained down to the last days of the dying republic. One Signor Cassano, who wrote some 100 years ago, tells a graphic story of his getting into and getting out of the grasp of the most illustrious council. He was a young gentleman of means and of pleasure. He had plenty of money and little to do. But if he got into mischief, as such gentlemen must almost inevitably get into mischief, there does not seem to be a shadow of suspicion that it was political mischief. He dabbled in literature and science. He had his little coterie of friends, reputable and disreputable. One day his lodging was visited in his absence by one of the state police. He dined in the evening at the house of an old friend who had held office in the government, and knew something of its modes of action. He recounted the visit which he had been subjected. "Do not go home again," said his friend. He refused to comply. "Go to Verona at once," said his friend, "here is a rouleau of ducats." "No," he said, "he had done no wrong, he would not court suspicion by flight." "At least do not sleep at home," said his friend. "Yes; he would sleep in his own bed." He did, and for the last time. In the morning he rose, and dressed himself in new coat and hat, in honour of some excursion, with a fanciful companion. The coat and the hat never delighted the fair lady for whom they were donned. They accompanied their wearer, in charge of a squad of troopers, into a gondola. They were rowed to the ducal palace, and without any pretence of investigation or trial he was conducted to the celebrated prisons under the leads, whence, after a long and miserable sojourn, he made a marvellous escape. Such was the freedom of the person and the administration of justice in the free city of Venice. Those dungeons under the leads were long renowned with an evil fame for cruel discomfort. It may be doubted whether they were as bad as they were said to be. Certainly they were as much nearer comfort than the cells under the canal, as they were nearer heaven. They have housed some notable prisoners. In 1818 they contained one of the many pretenders to the style and title of the hapless little King, whom history avers to have been tortured to death by the slow cruelty of the agents of the first French Republic. A young man who called himself Louis Charles de Bourbon, Duke of Normandy, who more than once attracted the animosity of the French people, and the prosecutions of the French Government, who won over not a few adherents to his story, and died only some ten years ago, was imprisoned under the leads with Silvio Pellico.

Silvio Pellico is a less romantic, in truth more dignified victim. He was arrested in Milan, by the Austrians, in 1820, and transferred afterwards to Venice. Hear his voice from under the leads. Of the early spring he writes: "It is not possible to imagine how heated the air in my den became. Placed to the south, under a leden roof, with a window
opening on the roof of St. Mark’s (likewise of lead), the refraction was terrific: I could scarcely breathe. To this torment (enough in itself) were added such swarms of mosquitoes that, if I made the least movement and disturbed them, I was completely covered. **

To strengthen and occupy my mind I conceived the thought of committing ideas to writing. The misfortune was that the commission, in granting me pen, ink, and paper, ordered the sheets to be counted, and prohibited me from destroying any, reserving to themselves the right of examining to what use I had applied them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the innocent artifice of polishing, with a piece of glass, a rough table that I had, and then I recorded, every day, my lengthy meditations upon the duties of mankind, and especially upon my own. I do not exaggerate when I say that the hours thus occupied appeared to me delightful, in spite of the breathless heat and the stinging gnats. To protect myself against these latter, I was compelled, notwithstanding the heat, to envelop my limbs, and to write not only with gloves, but with my wrists bandaged.

**
The guard-room they put me in looked towards the north-west, with a window on each side—a place for perpetual colds, and of horrible chilliness in the winter months. I looked out at the larger window, and found that it opened on the palace of the Patriarch. Other cells were near mine, in a wing of small extent to the right, and in a prolongation of the building in front of me. In this prolongation are two prisons, one above the other. The lower one had an enormous window, through which I saw a man walking about in very splendid attire. I wished afterwards to examine where the other window looked to. I put the table on the bed, and on the table a chair, on which I climbed, and saw myself on a level with part of the palace roof. Beyond the palace appeared a fine view of the city. I stood enjoying this beautiful prospect, and, hearing the door open, did not stir. It was the jailor, who, seeing so elevated a position, and forgetting that I could not pass, like a magician, through the bars, imagined I was about to escape, and in the first impulse of his alarm, jumped upon the bed, in spite of a scatiaon which tormented him, and seizing me by the legs, screeched like an eagle.

"Do you not see," said I, "most stupid man, that the iron bars prevent my escape? Don’t you see that you is only from curiosity that I have mounted here?"

"I see, sir; I see. But come down, I beg. There is great temptation to escape."

"So I came down, laughingly."

Thank God, there may be laughter even in prisons! And Silvio Pellico afterwards laughed on the right side of the bars. Pellico tormented by his mosquitoes, and Casanova carried off in the gondola! Mosquitoes and gondoles! of how many travellers are not the impressions con-

fined to these two? Of the first I am thankful to say I do not know the special Venetian variety. I have milled, not without glory, against mosquitoes; but not in Venice. They did not annoy me at all. There were the usual muslin curtains around the bed, but the little beasts were not to be seen. The earthworks were thrown around the fortress, the foe was happily absent.

Gondolas deserve a special word to themselves, because they are not merely boats; they are living models of the boats of another age—relics, curiosities, a great Venetian institution:

"Didst ever see a gondola?—for fear
You should not I’ll describe it you exactly;
’Tis a long covered boat that’s common here,
Curved at the prow, built lightly but compactly:
Rowed by two rowers, each called gondolier,
It glides along the water, looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do."

But the description of Lord Byron’s well-known stanza is indeed, like many other descriptions, only descriptive to those who have seen the original. The “coffin clapt in a canoe” is capital—the one thought round which the rest of the inferior rhymes are built. Gondolas have not, commonly, carved prows: their beams are finished by a flat piece of indented metal, and the flash and glitter of these beams is one of their great charms. They do not "glide," they are rowed—rowed in a manner peculiar to themselves. The "coffin" is built rather abaft the midships of the canoe. In the more luxurious it is covered with flowing black cloth, bespangled with tassels like a serger’s gown, and furnished inside with mirrors as well as couches. The cushions are covered with black leather; the woodwork is tanned or painted of the same dark dye. Behind the “coffin” stands the gondolier, rowing with one broad-bladed oar fixed in a socket in the stern (έρωτος). If you can afford it, you have another man in front of you. The Austrian officials, and those Venetian families of note who have not deserted their city, dress their gondoliers in picturesque liveries. The boatmen ply their craft with wonderful dexterity. They have all the wormlike pertinacity of a London hansom cab-driver, and their Italian vituperation sounds more refined than the cockney vernacular.

In the narrow canals they are perpetually in contact, collision, or aground; but succeed in getting by, or through, or over every obstacle, and that (saving the significant cries of their trade) in silence.

As to one passing suddenly from the jolt and the rattle of daily London traffic over flint and granite, to the dulled rumble and gentler motion of some street which longs anxiety has been shriven with straw or tan, the change from noise to silence wakes a pleasurable sensation of relief, so does the stillness of Venice gladden the tran-
veller who has borne the jingle and clatter of the railroad and the road between the Channel and the Adriatic.

It is true that the bustle of the Venetian arsenal furnished Dante with a simile for the restless seething of the damned, in the eighth circle of his hell; but even in the busiest days of her meridian of prosperity, Venice must have been a silent city. Now there is no clang of hammers in the dockyard, or shout of shipwrights at their work, to break the calm of the streets where no hoofs ever rattle, nor wheels ever roll. From hour to hour the great bells clang the time of the day or the season of a service, and resound with a startling and mournful ring through the deserted ways. More startling and more mournful, at sunrise and at sunset a German gun booms through every bedchamber and drawing-room and café, the morning and evening bulletin of foreign domination.

Save the bells and the guns, all is still. There is nothing to confuse the ear of the next far-wanderer, save perhaps pilgrims at the pilgrimage of the railway or campanile of San Pietro di Castello, as the clock of the Orologio strikes the hour. You may traverse the whole length of the grand canal (the Strand, the Oxford-street, and Piccadilly of Venice all in one), and think only for a moment of the soul-disturbing noises of those deafening causeways—the crashing and crashing and crushing, and rumbling merged in one horrid sullen roar! You may lie at ease in your coffin-canoë the whole length of the grand canal, and hear no worse noises than the occasional trill of a cantatrice practising Bellini through her open corridor, a cry now and then from your propeller, and the ever-changing music of the sea, as it murmurs and gurgles beneath the flying keel, or drops uplifted from the upflying oarblade.

We might wander up and down that renowned canal till midnight—till midnight?—till morning! It is an old French saying, that at Venice "il n'ya pas des heures indues"—there are no improper hours at Venice. The night is as lively as the day, and catches of song trailing over the lagoons, and flashes of light, as many boatloads float by, laugh at sleep now as they laughed at it in the old days of Jessica. We might prowl round every church, the Frari, with its enormous sepulchres, St. John and St. Paul, with their famous Titian; the Jesuits, with their gold and mosaic; our Lady of Salvation, with her great dome and gorgeous portal—prowl as only wandering Protestants can prowl, forgetful that what are curiosity-shops to them are God's houses to pious worshippers; we might penetrate the innermost recesses of every palace, and try to learn all their façades by heart. The Foscari, where kings have been guests and German pirates are quartered; the Corner, whose house gave a Queen to Cyprus, and, through her, a realm to Venice; the Minfoni, where are the great pictures? We might explore all without weariness. But whatever Time may be in Venice, here it is to be noted.

One great Palazzo—the Pesaro—I have visited myself, which curiously illustrates the present social state of the place. We are taken through suite after suite of gorgeous rooms. The paintings were, many of them, paintings deserving a visit; the hangings and the china, and the furniture would have charmed a bric-a-brac seller of Wardour-street, or the Boulevard de la Madeleine. But nobody lived in it. The Contessa had married a Piedmontese gentleman. They lived at Turin, or in the country. The best pictures were ticketed for sale. A silver service of plate was exposed on a dining-table, with the same object. The books on the tables were spotted with damp; the satin hangings were discoloured; the bedcover of the absent proprietress was a tent of skyblue silk and lace. But the ceiling had crashed and crumbled on to the floor.

No Venetians will live in Venice, if they can avoid it. Those who cannot afford to quit it receive every courtesy from the Austrian authorities. At Milan a stranger may see the Venetians most illustrious in the social world. The Corso is an epitome of the Bois de Boulogne, or Hyde Park—if less in quantity, not less in refinement and grace. But at Venice he comes across none of the great people. He sees only shopkeepers and artisans and beggars. The caste that were painted by Giorgione and Titian have deserted their unfortunate city. But the caste that Goldeni described are still to be seen as Goldeni saw them. They are a strange mixture of indolence and enthusiasm, these Venetians. On the Piazzetta, at noon, you might think that you had walked, with the prince of the fairy tale, into the sleeping palace. The gondoliers are asleep in their boats, or on the steps of the quay. Beggars and idlers are rolled and extended in every conceivable posture of slumber, under the arcade of the old library and in every corner of shade, each with peacock stones lying round him. If anyone speaks, it is in a clanging, drawing, velvety voice, the stress laid on the first syllable, as though the speaker, having once rested on it, had no energy to quit it; the rest drooping, half inaudibly behind, as though, having pronounced one he had strength for no more. But they are not always all of them asleep. They can fight, as testify their famous victories on land and sea. They can shout, as may be heard in their theatres, when they applaud a favourite singer, cheering and clapping with a vigour—and a discriminating vigour—rare in Paris or London.

In the phase assumed by Roman Catholicism among them, they are sure to turn to its more masculine teaching. "In spite, or perhaps more truly," says a recent traveller, "on account of the softness of the climate and the effeminacy which the habits of life of such a city involved, the Venetians deified vigour, manliness, and strength. To them these qualities were Godlike. In other countries brutal habits enthrone purity, delicacy, sweetness; and the worship and de-
Mr. and Mrs. Leslie.

Frank Leslie was a gentleman of independent means, average talents, and agreeable manner; but he had one or two grave faults: I shall only point out one—he thought women were pretty toys, to be played with in an idle hour; but in his opinion they should never be entrusted with a secret, never treated as rational beings, never consulted upon any matter more important than the colour of a ribbon or the fashion of a dress.

I do not mean that he despised women, far from it; he respected them thoroughly, and his "ideal" woman was a very exalted creature indeed, but still a toy, a pretty trifler, who was to be prettily dressed and considerably petted, and greatly admired, and fed upon sugar-plums and soft words, a somewhat mawkish compound of sentiment and romance, without the slightest admixture of common-sense to leaven the insipid whole.

These very absurd ideas would have done no harm whatever if Leslie had not fallen in love, and married the lady of his choice; but as fate would have it, Mrs. Leslie was, in her own way, quite as clever as her husband; indeed she was more clever for a woman than he was for a man, and she was moreover high-spirited, and quick-tempered to a degree which sometimes threatened to, if it did not altogether, overthrow the common-sense with which she was by nature largely gifted. She loved her husband with a passion and devotion, which, with his peculiar ideas about women, I must say he was quite incapable of appreciating, although his own affection was both true and deep, and, when it began to dawn upon her soon after her marriage that Frank made everything of her except a companion, her disappointment was very keen.

She tried every means in her power to show him that she was fit for something better than "chronicling small beer," but without success; and at length, discouraged and thrown back upon herself, she relinquished her efforts, and tried to make herself contented with her position. To be really contented was another matter, however; for she felt a power latent within her which would make him, could it be brought into action, proud to call her wife.

Leslie was tolerably rich, and very popular, his circle of acquaintances was large, and he...
and his wife "went out," as it is called, frequently into society, and, as a matter of course, they also received their friends at home.

To have a perfect manner, and gracefully to fulfill her duties as hostess, was another perfection which Leslie required in his own special toy, and most certainly Mrs. Leslie was, in these particulars, all that the most fastidious could desire; and it never occurred to him, as he discussed the literature of the day, or some other topic of equal interest with one or two of his clever men friends that his wife would have listened with interest, or that she was fully as "well up" in such subjects as himself.

But suddenly and unaccountably Mr. Leslie began to change his mode of life; from being a gay and socially-domestic character—a man who went everywhere in public with his wife, he began to retire, as it were, into private; and his manner grew absent, constrained, and almost disagreeable. He shut himself up into the room known in the house as the library, and he would come out of it again, after hours of retirement, flushed and weary-looking.

Mrs. Leslie, to whom this alteration in her gay, pleasure-loving, but ever-attentive husband was altogether unaccountable, tried to ascertain the cause, but in vain; his reserve was impenetrable; all her little trappings were quietly overlooked; her sweet womanly wiles to gain his confidence utterly disregarded. Then her curiosity was piqued, and she resolved to learn the wonderful secret, to penetrate the mystery of that Bluebeard chamber by fair means or foul. Yes; this excellent and amiable young woman would not, I fear, have scrupled to lay a plan to discover what occupation was engrossing enough to keep her husband locked for hours in that room, away from her, and away from all the innocent amusements which they had hitherto shared together.

It really was very wrong of Leslie not to see that his wife's pretty face began to acquire an anxious and haggard expression—not to see that she was obliged either to go out alone or to sit dull and moping at home. Not that she was the kind of woman to allow time to hang like a leaden weight upon her hands; but it was dull work, to learn a new song, which Frank would not care to hear, and next to impossible to fix upon an interesting book thoughts which would wander to that locked-up chamber on the ground-floor. But more hard to bear than all the rest was the fact that friends and acquaintances began to notice and to comment upon the change in the Leslie household.

Of course all their remarks were made in the kindest manner, and when Mrs. Seymour—she lived within a few doors of the Leslie's—was heard to say that "really poor dear Myra Leslie was looking twenty years older during the last six months, and hoped that Mr. Leslie was not unkind," it must not be supposed that the speaker remembered how ineffectively she had tried to obtain said Mr. Leslie for one of her own rather passé girls, or that she felt any

pleasure in the contemplation of his wife's unhappiness.

It was summer-time, when the sudden mania for retirement first seized upon Leslie; and one evening towards the middle of the ensuing December, Mrs. Leslie was sitting by the fire in her drawing-room, apparently waiting for someone to join her. She was in evening costume, but it seemed as though she had dressed without bestowing much pains upon her toilet; her pretty chestnut hair was arranged in a somewhat careless, if not slovenly fashion, almost as if she did not care to look well.

She was leaning back in her chair, now twisting her chain and then pulling impatiently at the fingers of the white gloves which lay upon her lap. At length, with an exclamation between a sigh and a groan, which it is quite impossible to put into words, she took out her watch, and, having just glanced at it, she sprang up, and, without heeding the dainty gloves which fell on the hearthrug, she ran swiftly downstairs, and stopped at the door of a room on the ground-floor. Her face was flushed, and her eyes sparkled brightly, half with anger, half with expectation. She made no attempt to enter the room; she did not even knock; but twice her hand fell upon the lock, and twice she removed it again.

"I wonder is he here?" she said, half aloud. "But he must be; he did not come upstairs." She bent her head close to the panel to listen, and the flush upon her cheeks grew deeper; for she heard voices within, and one of them was a woman's. At the sound she gave a hard little laugh, and instantly knocked sharply.

"Who is it?" was the rather vague response from within, spoken in a clear manly voice, and the next moment the key turned and Leslie came out. He closed the door behind him, and remained standing between his wife and it.

"What's wrong?" he said, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "Do you want me?"

"You are not ready, and I have been waiting this hour. It's past nine o'clock," was her answer, spoken in a vexed tone.

"Not ready! past nine!—what for? Where are you going, Myra?"

"Don't you remember? To Mrs. Seymour's. You promised to come: do go and dress at once."

"Dress! Mrs. Seymour's! Confound the woman, did I promise to go? Go without me, there's a good child. Say I'm sick, or stupid—anything you like, only don't drag me out."

"I wish you had told me in proper time, and then I might have sent an excuse for both, and I should not have been at the trouble of dressing."

There was more than the vexation caused by her having been at the "trouble of dressing" in Mrs. Leslie's tone then.

"Look here, Myra! [and Frank stepped before his wife as she turned to go upstairs] Don't be angry, old woman! I give you my honour I forgot all about Mrs. Seymour; but can't you go by yourself—you look so
nice—and make a pretty speech for me? I’m really busy—I am indeed. Go, now, and get your shawl, and I’ll leave you at the door. There! don’t be a goose!”

Mrs. Leslie passively received the kiss which her husband bent down to press upon her forehead. The woman’s voice which she had heard within that closed room was still sounding in her ears, and it had suddenly and swiftly brought to a climax the indignant feelings which neglect and mystery had been breeding in her heart during the past six months.

To neglect and mystery was now added jealousy, and Mrs. Leslie’s peace of mind was wrecked. She went upstairs again, took up her gloves from the rug, threw her shawl round her shoulders, and in a few minutes she found herself, left by her husband, at Mrs. Seymour’s door. Then she had to enter that lady’s drawing-room alone, and to make apologies for the absent Frank. Mrs. Seymour was all sympathy and regrets.

“Too busy, you say? Really I am afraid that husband of yours is like all the rest of the world—the men I mean—a dreadful cheat! You’re not looking well, dear. What is the matter?”

“I am quite well, thank you,” Mrs. Leslie replied, with a slight sharpness in her sweet voice, as she turned quickly from the inquisitive eyes of her hostess.

She kept among the younger members of the company throughout the evening, and was, to all appearance, in the highest possible spirits. She sang and played galops and waltzes without number, while the young gentlemen and ladies danced, but there was a forced gaiety about her which did not escape the eyes of all present; and she and her husband formed quite an agreeable topic of conversation among the elders of the party who sat round the cozy fire in the front drawing-room.

Before twelve o’clock struck Mrs. Leslie said good-night to Mrs. Seymour, and slipped away unnoticed. She had only a few steps to go, and wanted no escort. Her husband had promised to come, or to send for her at twelve, but she chose to return alone.

As, with her shawl muffled over her head, she drew near her own door she heard it open, and drew back to see what followed. A woman (Mrs. Leslie could only discern by the lamplight that she was tall, slight, and apparently young) came down the steps alone; but she distinctly heard her husband say, from the open door, “Good-night; I’m sorry I can’t go back with you to-night. After to-morrow at two, p.m.”

It was a cold night, but Mrs. Leslie, in her evening-dress, felt in a fever. Who was that abominable woman whom her husband kept closeted for hours with him in a locked room, and who was to come “after to-morrow, at two, p.m.”? Had the jealous wife but paused to reason, she might have known that no appointment of a tender nature would have been made in such cold tones, and in such a business-like manner. It never occurred to her that the naughty little secrets which men keep so carefully guarded from the wives of their bosom, are rarely of a nature to be spoken of in the same tones in which a tax-gatherer, or the family solicitor might be addressed.

Mrs. Leslie remained for a few moments motionless, watching the retreating figure of the woman; then she went forward and knocked at the door. It was opened by Frank himself.

“I was just going for you,” he said. “I hope you have had a pleasant evening.”

“I hope you had,” she retorted, passing him and running upstairs. He stood for an instant looking after her, and then, with a low whistle, he retreated into his room, and did not emerge again until the long December night was nearly spent. What could be the engrossing occupation?

Upon the day but one following, when Leslie came into the drawing-room (as was his custom) about ten minutes before dinner were announced, he found, instead of his wife, a note addressed to himself, in her handwriting, placed conspicuously upon the chimney-piece. The perusal thereof spoiled his appetite for that day. It informed him that Mrs. Leslie could no longer bear the life she had been leading for the last six months—that having become convinced, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she had lost her husband’s affection, not to speak of the less important loss of his confidence, she had determined to rid him of her presence, and she trusted that the society for which he had forsaken her, would always prove sufficient for his happiness. The note ended with a humble request that no effort might be made by the husband to bring back his truant wife.

“What the deuce does the child mean?” was Leslie’s first and very manlike comment. “Loss of my affection! loss of my confidence! society for which I have forsaken her! Has she gone mad suddenly, or is this only a trick? What can she want? Has she not plenty of books, heaps of new music, pretty clothes, and a nice house? And I’m sure I never say a cross word to her; and I don’t think I have flirted enough with any woman lately to make her jealous. Let me see—no, my conscience is clear. What is to be done? Of course she’ll come back to-night, at least I hope so; for the servants will chatter. I must make up some story for them,” he added, as he rang the bell and ordered dinner.

But if Mr. Leslie imagined that he imposed upon his domestics by his little fiction of Mrs. Leslie’s sick aunt down at Brighton he was much mistaken. The next day and the next passed, a whole week went by, and still the runaway wife did not reappear, neither did the anxiously-watched-for postman bring any news of her whereabouts or of her intentions.

Mr. Leslie grew first uneasy, and then impatient, for he was sincerely attached to his wife, and his home seemed very desolate without her; besides, people were beginning to ask questions,
the tattle of the domestics was beginning to make itself heard, and scandal to prick up her ears for a spicy tale of a matrimonial squabble. The sick aunt at Brighton grew rapidly worse; but no one believed in her, and Leslie began to grow desperate. At the end of a fortnight, in the second column of the Times, appeared the following: "M. L. is entreated to return! All shall be forgotten and forgiven!"

No answer was vouchsafed, and it never occurred to Leslie that perhaps "M. L." might not have been so obdurate had forgiveness been asked instead of promised. For another fortnight the Times contained the short doinotry; then Frank grew angry, and, so to speak, threw up his cards. He told everyone that Mrs. Leslie and he had had an unfortunate disagreement, and that she had gone to stay with friends in the country.

Having thus accounted for her absence he returned again, and with renewed vigour, to the seclusion of his so-called study, and had anyone cared to be a spy upon his actions, they might often have seen the woman, whose appearance had brought Myra's wrongs to a climax, leaving the house at an hour when all respectable females are supposed to be at home. But they might also have seen what the jealous wife had not, viz., that at the end of the street, and sometimes at Leslie's door, she was joined and escorted to her home by a lad of about fifteen, whose likeness proclaimed him to be her brother.

* * *

A year passed; it was December again, and still Mr. Leslie's home was without its mistress. The master thereof was visibly changed; it began gradually to dawn upon him that perhaps his theory about women was not altogether right, and the wish constantly arose that he had acted differently towards the one woman in the world who was really dear to him. This change in his sentiments was owing partly to internal conviction, and partly to the arguments of an old and valued friend. This friend, by name Cleaveland, was a man of repute in the literary world—a contributor to several of the leading magazines, and the head-partner of one of the first publishing houses in London. He was the kindest and most generous of men; and it was a well-known fact that, but for him many an author whose works were destined to make a permanent name in the world of letters would never have got before the public at all. He had been a friend of Leslie's father, and he had extended his friendship to Frank and his pretty wife. Being himself a childless widower, he as it were gave the young couple the place of children in his heart. He had been strangely and gravely silent, when, some weeks after the event had taken place, Leslie told him of Myra's disappearance; but it was not until the young husband had talked himself into a fit of anger, declared himself to be wholly in the right, and furthermore declared that he would take no trouble whatever to find the truant, that Mr. Cleaveland spoke his mind. He listened patiently while Frank eloquently enlarged upon what he considered the "rights of women," and then with equal eloquence and far more reason did Cleaveland enter upon the defence of the weaker sex.

Frank made no actual concessions; but the words of his kind old friend had weight, and he began to acknowledge to himself that perhaps, after, all his wife would have been fully capable of understanding and assisting him in the carrying out of that work which he had kept so private, and which was nothing more wonderful than the writing of a novel which was to take the reading-world by storm, and to place Frank Leslie at once in the front rank of modern authors. And it may here be explained, that the woman who had so suddenly excited the jealousy of Mrs. Leslie was one of those very respectable and harmless young girls who can be engaged in London for so much an hour for the purpose of transcribing manuscripts.

The book was finished the October following Myra's flight, and Leslie submitted it, without fear or trembling, to the consideration of Mr. Cleaveland. The verdict passed upon it by him was, upon the whole, favourable; but some serious faults were pointed out, and some improvements suggested. Leslie admitted the faults and adopted the improvements with all the impatience of a young author; but he rebelled against Mr. Cleaveland's advice to delay the publication of the book until a novel by an unknown hand, which was then passing through the press, had appeared.

"I shall be much surprised," Mr. Cleaveland said, "if the novel in question does not make a decided hit. It is wonderfully fresh, and written in a most attractive style. I look forward to its success with pleasure."

"And who is the author—man or woman?" Leslie had asked indifferently, feeling a serenë self-consciousness that the book so extrava-gantly praised could not by any possibility excel his own.

"Oh, that is my secret," replied Mr. Cleaveland, laughing. "The author wishes to remain unknown, at least for the present; and even in confidence I cannot betray the secret. But now about your own tale. Will you take my advice, and postpone the début of your child?"

"I think not," said Leslie. "I should like to publish at once, unless you tell me there is any similarity in the style, or in the plot of the respective works."

"There is not the slightest similarity between them either in style, plot, or any other particular," interrupted Mr. Cleaveland, only; "and as you are anxious to get into print I shall throw no obstacle in your way. If you like you shall even be brought out before the other book, and then you will have fair play."

"Oh, you are very kind," said Leslie; "but I should be sorry to think that I had in any way injured your 'great unknown!'

Mr. Cleaveland smiled. "That is most con-
siderate of you," he said; "but I do not think you need be alarmed. And now let us to business."

Leslie returned home that evening, happy in the prospect of the literary fame which he saw opening before him; but the thought that he would not be able to astonish his wife with his expected success—to witness her joy and pride when the mystery was unfolded before her, somewhat damped his ardour, and sent him back to ponder over Mr. Cleveland's advice respecting the treatment of women.

Early in the new year, the newspapers and the advertisement sheets of the magazines announced that, "In the press, and shortly to be published, were, 'A Leap in the Dark,' by Frank Leslie, and 'Will Darrel,' by * * * * *" How Frank gloated over the name of his book in print! and how eagerly he looked forward to the criticisms upon it and upon its companion!

At length upon his table lay—bound in green, printed in large clear type, and with wide margins, and smelling of ink and the binder's paste—three pretty vols., and beside them, sent with the "publisher's compliments," lay two smaller vols., bound in modest brown. The print in these vols. was equally large and clear, but the margin was narrower, and over each chapter there was a heading of poetry. Leslie glanced at the title-page, and then upon the page upon which the dedication usually appears: it contained but four short words—"To one I love!"

"That tells the whole story," cried Frank, shutting up the book. "No one but a woman ever wrote such a sentimental line; I'll tell Cleveland I've guessed so much of his grand secret!"

Leslie read every line in his own book, but he only glanced over "Will Darrel," and then he waited with impatience for the reviews. "A Leap in the Dark" was favourably received, that is, the Observer pronounced it "One of the best, if not the best, novels of the season." The Morning Post declared "that there was a sustained vigour in these volumes which carried the reader's interest without flagging, to the end." The Illustrated London News hailed with delight the appearance of a new pen, which for purity of style, power of graphic description, and originality of plot, bids fair to compete with most," &c., &c., &c.; while the Star, in one short sentence, committed itself to the opinion "that Frank Leslie was fully equal to Dickens."

But, in spite of all these lavish praises it must be confessed that "A Leap in the Dark" fell rather flat! there was no run upon it at the libraries, and there was no second edition called for.

And for "Will Darrel?" The Post, the Observer, the Illustrated London News, and the Star wrote of it almost as they had written of Leslie's work; indeed, of the two, it was dismissed with slighter praise and in fewer words; but suddenly—no one knew how—its name was in every mouth, three editions were rapidly sold out, and the Times devoted two columns to its review. Some faults were found, but they were excused as the faults of "an untried pen wielded by a woman's hand."

Leslie was amazed and, secretly, rather inclined to suspect Mr. Cleveland of having puffed the book into notice, but he swallowed, as best he could, the sense of rivalry, and set himself to read the tale. He began with prejudice and ended with unqualified delight; his literary taste was too true not at once to appreciate the simplicity, the nature, and the delicate sense of humour which placed the unpretending and yet most deeply-interesting story of a village wheelwright far above his own more elaborate and ambitious work.

"The woman who wrote that book," he said, in a burst of enthusiasm to Mr. Cleveland, "is an honour to her sex, and I own myself a convert to your opinions. Oh what a narrow-minded fool I have been to fancy that if a woman had a 'soul above shirt-buttons' she must be unfeminine! I would stake my life upon it that the author of 'Will Darrel' is as thorough a woman as ever breathed, and as lovable! You know her, Cleveland; am I right?"

"Quite right: she is a very dear friend of mine, and, if you like, I shall introduce you to her at my house. Two such popular authors as you and she are should know each other, for your book is greatly liked, although not quite such demand as our friend the wheelwright! Tell me, are you engaged for the day after to-morrow?"

But Leslie did not answer, he was leaning with both arms upon the chimney-piece, and his face was bent down upon them. When he at length raised himself his eyes were glistening. 'Cleveland,' he said, 'I must find my wife. I have been trying hard to be indifferent, but it won't do; I always loved her, but I never valued her as I should have done; surely she might have been as much—and far more—to me, as Hester, in that exquisite story, was to 'Will Darrel.'"

"Don't be too hard upon yourself," interrupted Mr. Cleveland, gently. "Your wife may have had some cause for complaint against you for making her a toy instead of a companion, but she should not have left your home without at least asking for an explanation of all that appeared suspicious in your conduct. It was a rash step for any woman, no matter how provoked, to take; and I am convinced that Mrs. Leslie will before long see her error, and that more perfect happiness than you have yet known may be in store for both of you. And now I must go. You will come and dine with me the day after to-morrow, to meet the authoresses of 'Will Darrel.' Come early, and then you and she can have some literary chat before the other guests arrive."

Leslie promised, although he felt little inclined for any social intercourse just then.

But when the evening came he was still more
miserably out of spirits, so thoroughly unlike himself, in short, that about four o'clock he sent a brief note of apology to Mr. Cleveland, excusing himself on the plea of a headache.

He was sitting alone by the fire in the rather cheerless-looking drawing-room—cheerless from the unmistakable absence of a lady's care—when the door-bell pealed loudly through the quiet house, and in a few moments Mr. Cleveland appeared. "So," he said, "you have played me false. Well, as you would not come to meet the authoress of 'Will Darrel' she has come to meet you. You need not hold up your hands! Surely you cannot be so ungalant as to refuse to see a lady when she does you the honour to call upon you. I assure you she has read your work with the most intense pleasure, and she is fairly longing to meet you. Yes, I see, you are in your dressing-gown; but never mind, authors are privileged to be eccentric. She is in your study; come down, and I'll introduce you."

Leslie obeyed, with a sigh of resignation.

He entered the study before Mr. Cleveland; there was a lady sitting at the fire with her back towards him; she had taken off her hat, and her shawl had partly fallen from her shoulders; she did not turn when the door opened, but as his eyes fell upon her Leslie gave a faint cry and sprang forward.

"Myra! My wife!" he said.

The next moment she was clasped in his arms, and one long, silent kiss was the seal of their reconciliation.

"How is your headache, Leslie?" asked Mr. Cleveland, as in about half-an-hour he opened the study-door and put in his head.

"Because, if it is anything better, I think, as Mrs. Leslie is engaged to dine with me—I have asked a dozen confidantes to meet the gifted author of 'Will Darrel'—that you had better put on a coat and come too. It is not often that I get a lion and lioness belonging to one cage at my parties! There, man, off with you; she won't run away again, I'll vow for that."

"There is only one question I wonder you have not asked, Myra," said Frank, as, having returned from the party, the husband and wife sat talking far into the night, "and that is who the woman was who so excited your jealousy, you foolish child?"

"Oh! don't you think I satisfied myself on that point long ago!" replied Mrs. Leslie, laughing. "Mr. Cleveland told me all about her, and I had her to copy out the M.S. of 'Will Darrel.' It was great fun! I used to ask her how you were getting on with your book."

"I haven't forgiven Cleveland yet for playing me such a trick. Oh, Myra! if you had but known how lonely I was!"

"You had your literary work," she replied, with arch malice, "and I had mine."

"And now, I suppose my wife having found out her power, and I having found her worth ——" he paused.

"Well, Frank?"

"You won't turn into a regular blue-stocking, will you, Myra?"

"Never!" she returned, emphatically. "I began to write merely to keep myself from thinking, and when I heard your grand secret I persevered to try to prove to you that I was capable of being something more than the mere doll you considered me; but the 'reading public' may look in vain for another novel from the 'gifted pen' of the authoress of 'Will Darrel.' Ah! no, Frank; I have been far more in fault than you were: I feel but too keenly how wrong I was to leave my home and never even to ask for an explanation of all the apparent mysteries. But you have forgiven me, have you not?"

"Forgiven you?" he repeated. "That you have forgiven me is only another proof that you are an angel——"

"Hush!" she interrupted, stopping him with a kiss. "I will not listen to another word."

C L I M B I N G  H I L L S.

For I am always climbing hills, and ever passing on,

Hoping on some high mountain-path to find my Father's throne;

For hitherto I've only found His footsteps in the stone.

And in my wanderings I have met a spirit-child like me,

Who hid her trusting hand in mine, so fearlessly and free,

That so together we have gone, climbing continually!

For they are near our common home, and so in trust we go,

Climbing and climbing on and on, whither we do not know,

Not waiting for the mornful dark, but for the dawning slow.

Clasp my hand closer yet, my child, a long way we have come;

Clasp my hand closer yet, my child, for we have far to roam,

Climbing and climbing, till we reach our Heavenly Father's home.
The Waves.

PINDAR'S EPIGRAPH ON ADONIS.

(Translated from Dallwell’s extract in “Greek Minora.”)

I mourn Adonis, and the Loves lament him,
He lies upon the mountain slain;
The wild boar with his white tusk rent him,
Rust snowy thigh and purple vein.

But, ah! to Venus grieving how distressing,
As thus he breathed his soul away;
The dark blood o'er the white flush trickling, dressing
Beauty in mementoes of decay!

Eye glazed in death, 'neath lids but half concealing
And from his lips the rose had fled,
And Venus kissing ceaseless, Love revealing;
But, ah! Adonis' kiss is dead!

Yet round his corpse the goddessingers,
Oft folds him in her fond embrace,
But vain the touch of rosy fingers,
Or lips that warmly press his face!

Woe, woe, to Cythere! he is no more!
The beautiful Adonis! that is he?
When first she saw, the mangled thigh, the gore,
Her outspread arms waved wild around.

Stay! stay! she cried. Ill-fated, oh! remain,
Still let me gloat upon thy charms,
Drink passion madly from thy lips again,
And lie enraptured in thy arms.

No, no, he flies to Acheron afar,
The realm where death and horror reign,
And I must live—a goddess—feel the bar
That my pursuing steps restrain.

Receive, O Proserpine! my ravished lover!
Since thus the Gods of Fate impart,
Since tears are vain, nor moans or sighs recover,
Take this lost idol of my heart!

And thou art gone, beloved! and like a dream
Past raptures have for ever fled!

The Cerus now has lost its brightest gleam,
And I a widowed path must tread!

Ah! why, Adonis, didst thou reckless hunt?
Why was thy life thus rashly spent?
Why is thy beauty thus a brute confront?
And as she wailed, the Loves lament!

Woe! woe! to Cythere, he is no more,
The beautiful Adonis! tears
Copious as his blood gushed freely o'er,
From eyes but late such brilliant spheres.

And from the earth, where'er his blood was shed,
Sprang beauteous flowers of varied hue;
The rose was tinctured with its blooming red,
While tears the Anemone bedew.

Thy loved Adonis, Venus! loved though dead,
No longer in the wild-wood moan;
But let thy couch—a couch of leaves—be spread;
There, let Adonis rest alone.

And he, still beautiful each trait, in death though bowed,
And dreamless in his beauty sleeping.

* * * * * *

Adonis lies within his purple shroud,
The mourning Loves around him weeping.

By one the locks are shorn, of grief a token;
One under foot his arrow bruises;
A third, his bow and quiver having broken,
The sandals of Adonis loosens.

In golden flagons some the water bore,
Tearful eyes, the body scanning;
Some on his gory limbs the water pour,
Or with their wings the corps are fanning.

For Venus' self thus grieved, the Loves lament,
Hymen's torch no longer burning,
Hymen's crown, with roses wreathed, is rent,
Hymen's joys to woes are turning.

The son of Cinyras, the Graces weep—

* * * * *

To him they chant—he cannot hear them—
The powers of hell will still their captive keep,
The Graces never can come near them.

* * * * *

THE WAVES.

(For Music.)

Did you hear them at evening, sighing, As they broke against the shore?
The great waves of the ocean
Sadly sighing, softly sighing,
With murmur, more and more, more and more?

Did you hear them at midnight, raging, And dashing against the shore?
The stormy waves of the ocean
Loudly roaring, fiercely roaring,
With anger great and sore, great and sore?

Did you hear them at morning, laughing, As they kissed the pebbled shore?
The merry waves of the ocean
Brightly dancing, brightly dancing,
With smiles, for all is o'er, all is o'er.

N. D.
A FEW WORDS ON ACQUAINTANCES.

"Let others fear their foes: you beware only of your friends."—ANASTASIIUS.

We do not wonder at people being fond of hating; for it is truly a much more comfortable feeling in society than its opposite. To tell a person, either by word or look, that you hate him, is easy, and easily understood; but you must find out some more complicated method of informing an acquaintance that you like him. In this there is the semblance of a thousand things to be avoided: servility and adulation if he be above you; self-importance and an air of patronage if beneath. But plain, downright hatred is not to be mistaken. If it is not altogether spirit and independence, it is something very like them, and may fairly pass for a virtue in these delectably civil times. If there be any unpleasant feeling in hatred it is in the first conception. The subsequent indulgence of it—we do not mean in outward action—is one of the most agreeable feelings we possess. "I'm sure, ma'am, you'll agree with me if you reflect for a moment."

But friendship is a bore as long as ever it exists, the continual source of those petty uneasinesses which, it is truly observed, contribute more to embitter life than the most serious misfortunes. From the first pique to the last satisfaction the regulations of quarrels are known and defined; so are those of love; but no moral legislator has yet thought it worth his while to regulate the province of friendship. It is a mongrel state—a natural and anarchical sort of territory, like the Isle of Man or old, a refuge for all the outlaws, from more worthy and decided feelings. As long as people and relations, be they aunts, uncles, cousins, or friends, remain friends, mutual behaviour is a puzzle; but the instant they quarrel the road is plain before them, and no one can be at a loss how to proceed; while in the several degrees of intimacy men seem to be acting out of nature—every second step is an awkwardness or an absurdity. First come the horrors, or the nightmare—call it which you will, fair readers—of introduction, the anticipated ideas of face, manner, character—that always prove erroneous—our own idea of ourselves, their idea of us, ours of them, the same compared—"confoundedly civil," "rather haughty," "he might have done so-and-so—but no matter." Then the departure, and we retrace the interview. How treacherously exact the memory is in noting every circumstance, while, if we wanted a name, it would see us at Jericho before it would tell us! Then all the way home, all that night, the over-consciousness of thought sticking in us like pins and needles.

"Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister!"

But ladies will not go into the desert ever to spend the honeymoon; and if the fair and lovely "ministering angels" won't go with us, why, we must e'en stay with them. It were endless to enumerate the various fashions, perplexities, and despondencies attendant on touching of hats, shaking of hands, making of bows, and saluting of cousins. Some lift the hand to the uppermost button of the coat as a kind of half-way house between the waistcoat and hat, and, if you be short-sighted, will never forgive you—there is no balm in Gilead for non-salutation. These canvassers of "bows" are in the first rank of nuisances: they possess an astonishing ubiquity; you are not safe for having once passed them—

"Again, again, and oft again"

must thy best chapeau pay toll at the turning of a corner. There was some months ago a very amusing paper in one of the leading monthlies upon shaking hands. The writer abets the cordial shake, and relates an anecdote of some one's introducing a fish-slice into the passive hand of an acquaintance by way of rebuke! We have envied the said fish-slice since, when in the hands of Hibernians and seanans, who are both unconscionable in their grasp. With ladies, however, it is a very agreeable salutation—not to mention the convenience of having met a tacit barometer of affection. As a hint, a hearty shake or loving squeeze is much better than endangering by contact the ruby lips of the "loved one." Though in these cases, as in all delicious exploits, moderation should be used, it is extremely awkward to see (as we ourselves witnessed at the Cape a few short weeks ago) a cornelian ring fly from a fair hand owing to the rude pressure of an unhandy though deeply enamoured beau; or, by burying the diamond or garnet or turquoise in the finger, to produce an exclamation too confessional of the ardour of the address.

Everyone, doubtless, has by this time heard of the comical story of two gentlemen, seated on each side of a lady, each flattering himself that he possessed the hand of the "fair one," till they convinced one another of the mutual mistake by squeezing the blood out of their right fingers! But not one of our readers, we daresay, would be at a loss to recall a similar contre-temps of his own, when a novice in the
TOM WALKER'S STORY:
SHOWING HOW PRIVATE HARDING ROSE FROM THE RANKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I happened one evening many years since, to find my way into the commercial-room of the Clarence Hotel, at Brighton, where a large party of travellers, men of different ages, characters, and complexion, representing every variety of business, were, after the toils of the day, passing an hour or two in cheerful fellowship. It has been too much the fashion to detract from the respectability of these men as a body, and to burlesque them as individuals; but when it is remembered that they number several thousands, and that every individual has been selected for the possession of some quality eminently adapting him for his occupation—superior intelligence, knowledge of the world, address, perseverance, and integrity—it will be readily admitted that they possess amongst them elements of better qualities than the shrewdness, coarse ignorance, and concealed vulgarity, that is made to pass current as the personifications of the discourteously-termed bagman.

My friend, Tom Walker, is indeed by birth...
and education, as well as feeling, a gentleman, and what is of more general importance with his companions, a partner in the firm he represents, with something like a thousand a year as his share of the proceeds—an accident that, in the estimation of most men, will establish the fact of his respectability.

The commercial-room at the Clarence, large, well-llit, and not handsomely furnished, presented by no means an inanimate coup-d’œil. Groups of men, some old and grey-headed, others in their prime of life, and not a few youths were seated at the different tables, discussing every variety of topic—politics, plays, railway schemes, Wesley-court, staggery, and games of all sorts.

Tom Walker formed the centre of a little knot of men, who were partly talking over old acquaintances and past scenes. Wine, cigars, and brandy-and-water, were more or less in request with all; for some way or other, Father Mathew and total abstinence are not popular with commercial men.

Having come, however, expressly to see Tom Walker, I took my seat beside him, and, in the course of the evening, in answer to some enquiries respecting an individual of my acquaintance, heard from him the following story:

I had driven, quoth Tom Walker, from Deal to Dover one very snowy morning in December, and arrived at the Shakespeares just in time for dinner, shortly after which, and while we were taking our wine, a servant entered, and inquired if either of the gentlemen was Mr. Walker.

"That’s my name," I said.

"Oh! if you please sir," rejoined the man, "a little drummer-boy wishes to see you."

"A drummer-boy," I repeated, "this must be some mistake."

However I desired the waiter to show him in, and sure enough a little fellow made his appearance, and, touching his cap, handed me a note.

"Private Harding, sir," said he, "desired me to give you this."

I opened it, and having run my eye over its contents, desired the drummer-boy to go into the kitchen, and get something to eat. Then, turning to the table, I read the note aloud. It was nearly as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Nothing but the deepest distress could induce me to make this appeal to you. The regiment to which I belong is ordered to march to-morrow morning, preparatory to embarking for India, and the thought of subjecting my wife, ill in health, and badly prepared for this severe weather, to the inconvenience and exposure of a baggage-wagon, has driven me to make the present application. Anything you may do for me I have no hope of repaying; but you will ever possess the heartfelt gratitude of one whom you have known under other circumstances, and who remains, dear sir, respectfully yours,

G. HARDING."

I looked round as I read it, and saw sympathy in almost every face.

"Nearly all of you," I said, "have heard of this young man, and many of you knew him. We shall none of us miss the mite that may possibly save him from deeper sufferings and humiliation than his present position inflicts."

I drew from my purse the pint I intended to bestow upon him, a movement that, with one exception, was followed by the others. You remember Old King Cole, as we used to call him, a dark, heavy-looking man, who afterwards, in a fit of despondency, produced by pecuniary difficulties, destroyed himself in a field near Dartford? Well, his heart was ever "open as day to melting charity;" in an instant his hand was in his pocket, and he placed a sovereign on the table towards the fund, which amounted to something over four pounds, everyone having contributed except the individual at the bottom of the table, to whom a sovereign would have been a matter of no moment, but who refused to give. At this instant, the waiter, with an awkward, shuffling air, and hesitating manner, approached me, and after two or three attempts to disburden his heart and tongue, stammered out,

"I beg your pardon, sir—I hope you won’t be offended—but I heard you read that note, sir, and talk to the gentlemen, and I could not help repeating it to Mr. Norris, who begs you’ll allow him to send ten shillings; and if you please, sir, I’ll add a half-crown of my own; I knew poor Mr. Harding very well, and have had many a one from him."

There was so much genuine feeling in the man’s tone, that I accepted his offering, hoping his generosity might shame the close-fisted fellow, who still refused to assist a brother in distress.

After this, Dilworth, of Drake, Widgeon, and Teals, was deputed with me, to carry the result of our subscription to Harding, at the barracks; and, accordingly, we set off at a brisk pace for the castle, where we had little difficulty in finding him.

Under any other circumstances, I should never have recognised in the grave, care-worn countenance of the soldier-like man before me, the gay, light-hearted Harding—he seemed to feel bitterly his meeting with me, and when I gave him my hand, had some difficulty in replying to my greetings; however, after a while, he told me that he had been a soldier for some years.

"You knew my falling, sir," he said, "was drink. This led me into difficulty with my employers, I lost my situation, and I need not tell you there is little hope for a man without a character. I struggled on for a time, sustained by the promises of persons who had no idea of ever fulfilling them, and at length, despair drove me to enlist—I am fortunate in the good-will of my officers, but it is a sad reverse—I could bear it all without regret if it were not for my wife’s sake, but the thought of the misery to which I have reduced her is a constant thorn in my side. As I told you, we march in the morning, and in her present situation, to be obliged to brave the rigours of the season, poorly clad, on the top of a baggage-wagon, would in all probability destroy her. The idea of it almost drove me to
Tom Walker's Story.

Despair, when, as it happened, while on duty this morning at one of the outlets of the garrison, I saw you drive by, and knowing the inn at which you would put up, as a last resource I determined to address you.

"And very glad I am," I said, "that you have done so, for on mentioning the circumstance to some others of your friends at the Shakespears, their generosity has enabled me to remove all your anxiety on your wife's account," and I handed over to him the amount collected.

The joy of the poor man at the unhoped-for sum may be imagined. For a moment he could find no voice to express himself, and then with broken accents he overwhelmed me with thanks. I was glad to break from him, and with many wishes for his better fortune, bade him good-bye, and returned to Dilworth, who had stood aloof during the interview.

We had scarcely quit the barrack-yard, when we encountered on the heights a tall sun-burnt officer returning to the prison: he stared at me as he passed, and I looked hard at him in return. I thought I knew him, but at the instant could not recall his name. This idea made me turn round to look after him, when I perceived that he, too, had turned, and the next moment, "What, Jack Pigot, is that you?"

"Tom Walker, how are you?" burst from us simultaneously. After exchanging a hearty greeting—answering a host of other questions—Pigot inquired if we had been visiting the castle, and how we had been amused? Upon which I told him what our business had been, and did not forget to put in a kind word for poor Harding.

But I should have told you, that my friend's father and my own had been old brother officers, and that Jack and myself had joined the same regiment almost together, our commissions being dated within a month of each other; but shortly afterwards, and just as I was about to embark for Ostend, news was brought of the battle of Vaubon: finding that Harding's story interested him, and that he had already taken notice of him, as a smart soldier and an intelligent man. The major even went so far as to tell me that he would do all he could to serve him, and at the earliest opportunity. In the course of an hour, the claret (they had a famous batch had that mess) had circulated pretty freely—and as a consequence hearts were warm and open—and thinking it a favourable juncture to make the request, I made free to tell the major, that he could serve Harding effectually, if he pleased. He asked me how? and I replied, by making him a corporal. The major, who did not appear to like me anything the less for my earnestness, at once assured me it was done, and regretted that there was nothing else in which he could as easily oblige me.

My heart was fairly set upon the business, knowing I should not otherwise have the satisfaction of seeing poor Harding receive his first step towards promotion, I told the major that it would considerably add to the pleasure his promise gave me, if he could confer his new rank on him in my presence.

Instantly a servant was despatched, and Harding, who had lodgings out of barracks, was sent for. In a short time the poor fellow appeared, looking disconcerted and faintly alarmed at the sudden and unusual summons. When, however, the major informed him of the purpose for which he was required, observing that my solicitations had hastened his intentions with regard to him, in bestowing that advancement which his good conduct merited, and without which, of course, he could not have entertained the idea. Poor Harding raised his eyes to me filled with tears, and murmured out his thanks to the major, who told him that from that night he ranked as corporal.

Quick as thought Harding, touching his cap, inquired if he might at once put on the stripes.

"Why as to that," replied the major, "the regimental tailor must be in bed, and there will be no time to-morrow."

"Oh, sir, if you will give me leave," said Harding, "I will have them on before we march in the morning."

This was readily granted, and the poor fellow backed out of the room, looking as happy and grateful as a man could well look.

"He shall be a sergeant before we reach India," said the good-natured major, looking after him.

Soon after this, with abundant thanks, we took leave of our kind entertainers, and were proceeding across the barrack-yard towards the town, when, at the barrier gate, Jack Pigot, who had accompanied us thus far to take us past the sentinels, took leave of us, and we walked hurriedly on. The moonlight silvered the old battlements, lighted up the sea, and sparkled on the crisp snow that everywhere lay thick around us. But I shan't trespass on the province of romance writers. Suffice it was a splendid scene. When we had got a short distance from the castle we were overtaken by Harding, who, in faltering tones, begged to speak a few words with me.

"Oh, sir," he said, "from how much pain you have saved me! This morning I had no means of preventing my wife from being subjected to the worst humiliations of the condition I have reduced her to. Instead of the wretched
FROM OXFORD TO LONDON.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

"Pleasant it was when woods were green
And winds were whispering low."

The summer term—that paradise of the idle but happy Oxford man—was drawing to a close, and I and my friend, the strong Cloanthus, were wondering what we should do to amuse ourselves. We had drunk our fill of the glorious summer-tide, in the grey old city of colleges—had I and my friend of the flaxen beard and the merry eye; we had watched the sun set in all its amethystine beauty, as we sat and smoked the heart-nobling weed, "that was so fair and smelt so passing sweet," in our little den at Boniface; we had enjoyed to the echo those melodious songs of love and mirth and women, which Cloanthus and his equally strong friend Gyas knew how to troll in such a passing merry voice; we had traversed, from week’s end to week’s end, the exciting passage of the "High," when brightest with its moving panorama of handsome British youth, and fairest with its motley crowds of female beauty; we had initiated our merry country cousins into the mysteries of Academe; with them had we explored grey old Cumnor lang-syne—the home of hapless Amy Robsart—and showed them the place where cruel Tony Foster sleeps his last sleep; with them had we sailed to Iffley and Newnham, and pick-nicked; we had from sun-set until the last boom of "Tom" sounded, promenaded the Broad-walk, with other "fair-girl graduates"; we had hung upon the smiles of "Kate, the Cruel," and listened to the mocking laughter of Edith, the renowned Free-lance, till our hearts grew averse within us for unrequited love; in happy fur niente we had lingered to the end of the term; and now the cry was—"What is to be done?" Cloanthus, like poor old Jack Falstaff on his bed of death, began to "babble of green fields," suggested a tour into the country—"Anywhere, anywhere, out of Oxford!" said he, between the mighty clouds of smoke, with which he was perfuming the Quad. "Suppose we go over to Boulogne, old fellow? It won’t cost much, and there will be a change of scene. There, my friend, the sky is of the bluest, the frondage of the greenest, and the fisher-women, with their short petticoats, a sight to see."

"Yes, and lose all our money at the simple game of blind-hockey, with Captain de Bilk. No, Cloanthus: the little game is certainly not worth the candle, as they would say in your favourite France; we may as well go to Baden at once: fresh air is the thing we want, not excitement."

"Well, if you don’t like the idea of France, my boy," went on my friend, "just think of
the Rhine tour, up the silvery river, with the majestic trees sloping down to the tide, and the 'Broad-stone of Honour' crowning the whole; or, in default of this, we might try a walk over the Pyrenees into Spain, and see the grape-clad plains of Andalusia; perhaps a bull-fight; certainly crowds of veiled senoratas, fluttering their fans, and inviting us to be their curatels serenas.

"Tush! my over-susceptible friend," retorted I; "you know full well that our resources will allow of no such experiment. I know not what your overflowing coffers may contain, but all my worldly wealth this moment is but two golden portraits of her blessed Majesty the Queen; and, besides, they cheat so awfully at the hotels, and one must do everything en grand seigneur, and pay most exorbitant prices for filth and discomfort. I vote that this time we confine our attention to something nearer home. Cloanthus, thou art an expert pedestrian, and lovest nothing better than the green sward: suppose we try a walk from Oxford to London. Term will be over in a few days, and we may say farewell to Oxford and all her belongings, for a good three months at least, and ere we betake ourselves to our homes I should like three days of thy company."

"Agreed!" cried my willing friend, most rapturously; "and we can camp in the open air, or spend the night at some ancient village hostelry, where the host will tell us old-world tales over his humming ale—such tales as I will send to our friend the editor of the 'Barker,' and will gain coin of the realm thereby. "For it is known that Cloanthus and I had fished our maiden pens ere this, and tasted of the bitters and the sweets, the kicks and the occasional halfpence of literature."

"We will take just two days and a-half to perform our pilgrimage in," said I, "and at Henley we will pitch our tent and rest our weary limbs the first night, and at Windsor—abode of royalty—the second; and on the third the towers of London will dawn upon our view, and then we can rest and prattle our journey."

"And at the wayside inn will we stay and refresh us with the goodly beer of Bass," chimed in Cloanthus, in 'The Herocles vein,' and we will eke hold pleasant converse with the barmaid at Henley, whom I have seen aforetimes, and do assure thee that she is a maiden fair to see, and of sprightly humour. In truth, I am aweary of Oxford for some time—the everlasting chapel-bell, the continued wear and tear of study, and the poor result thereof!" (this very modestly; for, oysez-vous, Cloanthus had done his degree right gallantly in the schools, and had gotten his "first," and had been complimented by the examiners on his unusually good acquaintance with the varying fortunes of the Hohenstaufen family, and the splendid warfare of the Caliphas). "Cider-cup possesses for me no charms, and the sirens of the 'High,' sing they never sweetly, smile they never so winningly, will find me a partner any hour!"

So saying, we turned into the street of streets by St. Mary's, and noticed, with almost tearful eye, how the setting sun tinted with rose-colour the gargoyles and pinnacles of her glorious spire, till the shadows grew fainter and fainter, and one star—the lovely Hesper—alone remained, to show that the reign of the summer-day had ended, and the soberer reign of the summer-night had commenced with blazing jewels, which they call stars, and the maidenly splendour of the May-moon beaming calmly down upon all. Three more days and we were free to go.

The last farewell had been spoken, the pious Vice-Principal had bid us "God-speed" upon our homeward journey; the pompous Dean had adjured us to work during the ensuing "long vacation;" some men had gone northward, some had sped southward; the streets resounded all day with the clatter of cab-wheels; the porters at the railway-station were driven almost frantic by the shoals of men, who swore at them, cajoled them, besought them to take care of benighted dogs and cricketing paraphernalia, and guns and portmanteaus, and all the numerous gear of an Oxford man departing homewards; and all the world was left to the solitary groomsman—Cloanthus and the humble reciter of these travels.

Never did sun shine brighter, never did breezes blow cooler, than on the day when we set forth on our outward-bound journey. Pedestrians from head to foot, with kinsman on shoulder and sturdy stick in hand, preparing to try the mysterious journey. Last of all, the friend of Cloanthus, the well-known Gyas, had bidden us a tearful good-bye; for to him, simple soul! all the way was strewn with pitfalls, and one might have imagined, to hear him talk and prophesy, that we should be lamed or starved or murdered.

"Take care of yourself, my youths," said the sympathizing St. Boniface man, and, with his grasp still warm upon our hands (for he was a Welshman, and knew how to shake hands) we set forth on our journey, to the undisguised admiration of a knot of scouts and porters, who hung about the gateway of the college. Full twenty good English miles we had to walk that day, ere that rest should refresh our weary limbs at Henley. So we had made a very good breakfast, and lighted our cigars, and trudged manfully down the "High," now quiet, over Magdalen bridge and up the Iffley-road, passing the river, now almost untroubled with a boat and the sound of oars, till we reached the pleasant little village of Iffley, embowered in trees, and very quiet, save for the music of the Lasher, which woke the fish from their morning slumber. And now the full beauty of morning was awaking, and good Dame Nature was preparing to run the course of another day. The skylark sung high up above us on the blue cloud-flecked sky, and chanted her sweet matin hymn to the beneficent Maker till the whole landscape seemed filled with her fairy-like music. Sweet scents, too, with sweet sounds: the May-flower filled the hedges and scattered its fresh odour...
From Oxford to London.

on the breeze; the violet shrunk, like some timid beauty, near the coverlets of its dark green leaves, and though shrinking, yet flung its delicate scent over the hedgerows; the downs were all ablaze with golden furze-blossoms, which, like a loving heart, withers not the whole year round; and the hedges all starred with the pale primrose and the pink ragged robin: a morning it was, in fact, in which Nature and Nature's God fill the hearts of the unworthy creature with praise and gladness and adoration. Even the very ploughboys whistled for very joy a mor a like this, and the stolid carters gave us "good-morrow," with cheery voice—a rare thing; for your yokels of the Berkshire and Oxford counties are as rough and unconcealed a set of bears as one may wish to see.

Two hours' smart walking, past Littlemore, where there is an asylum for the insane, and where the cries of a poor idiot made us sad for a minute; past trim cottages, and glades of stately elms, and oaks in all their summer bravery, brought us to the summit of a lofty hill, to a village called Nuneham, where, embosomed amongst lofty poplars, there stands as pretty a little hostelry as ever gladdened the eyes of a thirsty wight.

"Here we will halt a moment, and drink of the tap of our worthy host," said the thirsty Cleanthus; "his beer is known to me aforetime."

Soon were two flagons of the frothy malt brought us by a very ecclesiastical landlord, who, with his high starched white neckcloth and black muffin, and general grave deportment, might have easily been mistaken for the good bishop's butler, or eke that dignitary himself. But, like the abbot in the "Ingoldsby Legends," he had a merry eye, and to talk to him was pleasant, for he was replete with a genial good humour, and looked upon the graceless young clerks of Oxenforde, not as many of the townsmen do, in the light of their personal foes. An eye for the picturesque has the good landlord of the Nuneham hostelry, and he has trained the grape-vine's clusters round the south wall of his house, and with it mingles, in loving contrast, the ivy's dark leaves, like "youth and crabb'd age" living together.

Here, stretched on the green-sward and utterly oblivious of the "lee-lang miles" that lay between us and the bourne of Henley, Cleanthus proceeded to light up his dearly-beloved meerschaum with tobacco fragrant as Hylian honey. This pipe my friend averred to be dearer to him than the dearest maid alive, and swears that he will send a poem, in praise of its brown beauty, to "College Rhymes;" but I think that my Cleanthus, the arch-hypocrite, knows full well of a "beloved girl", which, though not dark, but rivalling heaven's own blue, still may ably contrast with the meerschaum. Bidding the genial old Nuneham landlord God-speed, and leaving the stately park of the Harcours behind us, we again addressed ourselves to our journey, feeling not a whit tired; for we were good company one to another, and if we had not aught sensible to talk about, we talked nonsense.

For some miles the journey certainly began to lose the picturesque element. Broad flats of country, with no elevation whatever, had nothing much to recommend them; while the want of shade, as soon approached, made my stalwart friend remark, with a groan:

"By Jove, we are in for it, now, old fellow! Heat enough to roast one!"

I besought him to bear up, and pictured unto him the delights of a wash and a night's rest at Henley; and this somewhat soothed his soul, and we trudged out manfully over a very long dreary range of common, where the only sign of real life was a donkey who browsed most philosophically, and lifted his head to consider the strange bipeds who were approaching him. Chalk-pits seemed to be the prevailing element, the gritty particles of which, getting into Cleanthus's (my friend's) eye, caused him to indulge in much unseemly language, which shall not be recorded here.

An important thing should chalk be, in our consideration; for did not its cliffs give the name to Albion? They whiten on the view of the emigrant, as he strains his eyes for a last look at the dear old country; they are the first things which greet him as he returns home, to lay his bones in the old village churchyard!

As we neared the summit of a hill, denominated "Beggars' Bush Hill" (why, I confess I don't know, unless gipsies and their confères, the beggars, made their dwelling there; there is something Salvator-Roma-like in the name), my sage companion gave vent to an exclamation of profane surprise, and directed my attention to a stone, on which was cut the following inscription:

"Hedges athl."

I frankly confess that I never was so nonplussed in my life before. Of course I had no pretensions to be an antiquary, so I gave it up at once. My astute friend suggested that a man of the name of Hedges may have been hung there, and that the sculptor, being a man of humour, and withal acquainted with the Greek language, had cut this as a significant warning to others like him that he had got his desert—Quem salue? It may possibly admit of some very easy solution—a tradesman's advertisement, perhaps; "but still," as Mr. Pepys would say, "mighty curious."

Henley we found was the next place of note, and at mention thereof my friend pricked up his sagacious ears. The way led through a succession of scenes which it is almost impossible for me, not being a painter, to describe. Ever and anon we sauntered through a grove of the most graceful fir-trees, bowing with such courtly ease to the summer breeze, and seeming to kiss with their upper branches, while round the stems were curled the elegant woodbine in snaky folds, the convolvulus with its delicate
blossom, and the lady’s gauntlet fern with its bright green fronds waving like banners at the base; while, over all, the bright sunshine came fitfully through the green leaves—now lighting up the sombre depths of the pure leaves—now resting full lovingly on the wild rose’s petals, pink and pure as the guileless maiden’s blush.

It was a sight good enough to make a man at peace with himself and the world, this bit of woodland scenery; and I ardently wished that mine were the pencil of Creswick, to transfer this brilliant thing to a square of canvas, and keep it before me for ever. Then the woody view would cease, and bright rolling downs take its place; for the beauty of this part of our journey was, that every hundred yards, one got a different phase of scenery; and so we passed through wood and dale, till, in the middle of a damping shower of rain, the “fair hill” of Henley loomed before us, and never did sea-tossed mariner look more eagerly to land than did we to this “bourne” of rest at Henley; for pleasant though pedestrianism be in theory, or in the pages of a book, it is in reality quite a different thing, and apt to be rendered unromantic by galled feet and weary limbs, and, as now, a damping shower of rain. In the distance, Cloanthus descried the well-known “Angel,” with its balcony overhanging the river, and a glow of honest joy illumined his features; for he was depicting himself, I knew full well, the delights of a well-done beef-steak of the tenderest, of the juiciest, and an imperial pint of Bass’s goodly liquor, to refresh his parched throat. No time did we lose in entering the hoteletry, and ordering rooms; no time did my Cloanthus lose in renewing his acquaintance with the ringleted maiden who presided over the various liquors at the bar. She assured him, with the arrostest of the curls, that she was delighted to see him, and professed the most undeniable surprise at his having walked from Oxford.

“Fact, my dear, assure you,” drawled Cloanthus, in the tone of a man who has discovered a new world or a new religion; “so tell them to make haste with the dinner, for I am an hungered.”

A few minutes more and a goodly steak made its appearance, and we fell-to with that determined and business-like manner which characterize men who have not eaten much and worked hard during the day.

Dinner over, we slipped out on to the balcony with our cigars, and were just in time to see the sun, like a great ball of fire, shoot down into the friendly recesses of the gloomy woods which fringe the river; and then came one faint star, twinkling feebly; and then, in all her regal beauty, Venus gleamed amidst her wooing courtiers, and the sky, from a glowing mass of many tinted clouds, changed into the dusky and pure grey of evening (as some beauty, the fairest of the ball, veils her glistening bravery of silk and jewels in the camlet opera-cloak), and the river babbled beneath our feet, of peace and love, as it flowed by in many-circling currents.

“By Jove, I call this jolly!” broke out my impulsive friend—“worth the twenty miles every inch of the way. Talk of Rhineland, talk of Niagara! give me bonnie old England, after all. I will do very well without tapering flasks of Johannesberg or the creamy champagne, which only give me a confounded head-ache, if I can get a drain of thy beer, O beloved Bass! A Turk may smoke his uncomfortable sickening chibouque; give me a sweet-smelling Lopez, and a place like this to smoke it in, and I am well content. What say you?”

The invaluable Murray (who shall ever estimate thy proper value, O constant companion of the British tourist “at home or abroad”?) If ever man deserved a statue from a grateful people, surely the compiler of the goodly scarlet-book should stand in Trafalgar Square). The volume of Murray informs us that Shenstone wrote his “Line upon an Inn” at Henley, with a diamond, upon a window. What a mania people have, to be sure, for inscribing their initial upon inn-windows! Is it to show that they possess a diamond ring, I wonder? And then the old story of Raleigh’s lines come cropping up, of course; and good Queen Bess’s reply:

“If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.”

Lion-hearted Elizabeth! I had rather believe one tender apology of Kingsley’s for thee, than half-a-hundred carping volumes from Fronte!

And now, of course, I am tempted to describe the boat races, which make Henley, for one week of the year, the cynosure of every eye; which makes its river all a-foam with the eight-oared thundering on to the goal, and the sculling-boat, skimming like swallow o’er the surfaces; while the banks are all one vast paterne of lovely flowers, the choicest collection from England’s great nursery of graceful women and lovely girls, with their little innocent hearts throbbing with excitement, and their eyes ablaze with hope, because “brother Harry,” or maybe some man nearer still and dearer, is in the winning boat. Let any man who doubts the enjoyable excitement of this do one of two things—let him read the chapter in “Hard Cash,” which describes the Henley races; or, let him, early on an ensuing April morn, take his stand on Hammersmith Bridge, and see the “Battle of the Blues” (dark-blue and light), rowing for fame and honour, and he will be satisfied. Let him gaze upon the motley scene on the bridge, the carriages crowded with grey-haired University men, and their daughters, as says John Thomas, of “Belgravry”:

“With the dark-blue in their ribbons,
And the light-blue in their eyes.”

Let him mark the surging crowds, who struggle on the bridge and literally festoon the balustrade. Clergy and lay, gentle and simple, tag-rag and bob-tail—all with one object, all intensely
From Oxford to London.

anxious as to whether Dark or Light Blue will
wear the palm in 1866.

A bright day never shone on mortal man,
the morning we started from Henley. Clantonus
had discussed with me a very good breakfast.
More power to thy hand, cook of the "Angel!"
thou didst thy devoir deftly that morning.
He had bidden a tearful good-bye to the beringleted
maidens at the bar, and had made a curious
smocking sound to be heard, and a cry of
"How can you be so impudent? You Oxford
gentlemen is so bold."
All this done, he
spouted—"Again he urges on his wild career,"
and buckled to his work. As we breastet the
hill, out came—"as," says Sala, "with blast of
trumpet," the lordly sun, and seemed to say to
all animate nature, "Awake, awake!" and to
the joyous birds "Pipe your sprightliest lays,
for another day is born for weal and woe."
Cheerily we tramped along the road, now fresh
from yesterday-evening's shower, and "as we
walked," Clantonus trolled a negro roundelaye,
with a good deal of melody and much verbal
nonsense, as is the custom of these songs. In
all their morning beauty some boarding-schools
were turning out for exercise, marshalled by the
stern-visaged duennas, with awful front, and
faces redolent of Mangnall's Questions, and the
use of the globes. "Non nobis," sighed my
friend, and fell to at the not displeased
maidens. But they possessed no charm for me,
independently of the fact that I am sighing for
a dear face that never can be mine; besides
this, I need never be at a loss for female com-
pany. Benedict can take down from the shelf
his thumbed Shakespeare, and hold sweet com-
mon with the fair spirits that hover round.
Forth from the shadows come Juliet the dove-
eyed, listening to the impassioned love-tale;
Ophelia, sick with love, singing "Willow-
willow!" Hero, saucy; bewitching Beatrice, with
that mocking laugh and curling lip; and that
sweet Orphen, whom, "when tongues speak
sweetly then they name her name, and Ros-
line they call her." Aye, and should Shakes-
peare fail, there stands at my elbow a "Wizard
of the North," mightier far than Anderson, at
whose potent call the heroines of Scotch history,
they who have cast the lights and the shadows
on Scotch life, shall steal forth from dream-
land—she, the "belle dame sans merci," who all
day long—

"'Made lance-shafts flee
For Mary Bratoun and Mary Seaton
And Mary Flemng and me!"

she whose life was one long romance, whose
death was a blight on England's fair escutcheon,
and, with her, Di Vernon, the dearest and
sweetest woman who ever brake man's heart
with a glance, and healed it with a loving word;
and pure Jennie Deans, the type of a sister's
love, and all the witching troupe, who perform
in the Waverley company. So you see that
I need not have broken my heart for the love of
any earthly maiden, when I may call forth so
many fairy-forms from spirit-land, to comfort
me.

Maidenhead we reached in the pride of the
day, and found it a very unromantic place,
composed of one long street, as so many of
these Buckinghamshire towns are; which street
was far from musical, with lowering of distracted
ozen and bleating of belated sheep and culling
of angry drovers—to sum up the discomfort in
one word, it was "fair-day." In Maidenhead,
so runs the story, there was a nunnery in the
religious times of yore, when English women
preferred the veil and the rosary, and much
vain regret and heartburning, to croquet and
flirtation and champagne lunches; and a very
improper nunnery it was found to be, when the
uncharitable light of investigation flooded its hid-
den mysteries. But there is a still sadder
memory attached to Maidenhead, and as we
entered the "Greyhound" inn, all the noise
and turmoil faded away, and in its place there
rose a picture of the hapless Stuart King, bid-
ing his last farewell to his family. I can never
see that picture of Vandyke without feeling a
moisture in my eye and a tightening of the
throat.
There stands the most unhappy of the Stuarts
in the room at the "Greyhound" inn at this
same Maidenhead, with the bitter forebodings
of an evil fate written legibly on his face; but
still the same sad smile, so characteristic a trait
of his race, playing over the melancholy features
as he strains the royal children to his breast,
and strives to allay Henrietta's rising sorrow
with the comfort that they will meet in a
happier land. One can imagine, as we see a
picture like this, what must have been the
feelings of the light-hearted Londoners as they
saw "that great and goodly man" led forth to
the scaffold midst howling regicides and canting
Puritans; and as I stand, in reverie wrap, a
strain of well-known melody steals upon my
ear, which can be none other than the "Vie of
Bray," and I awake to find that I am standing
in a room where probably the jovial clergyman,
Herrick-like, gathered the rosebuds as they fled,
meeting full well that "Old Time is still a flying."
Reminded by Clantonus that our time is flying
too, we pass out by Maidenhead Thicket, which,
says Murray again, was of such ill repute in
Queen Beas's days, that the revered vicar was
allowed an extra stipend, to stone for his
danger in having to pass it." One can fancy,
I think, the timorous face of the ecclesiastic,
as he spurred his horse by the dangerous
vicinity, seeing a highwayman in every bush
and imagining danger in every whisper, and
what a pleasant "Laudamus" he must have
sung, as he pocketed the extra yearly stipend
with unbroken bones.
So out into the open country, through
pleasant hedgerows, where we caught, ever and
anon, glimpses of nut-brown maids and sturdy
villagers making hay.

"And precious hot work they must find
it," said Clantonus, "though they seem
to take in their beer very kindly."
I dare say that my friend could have wished
From Oxford to London.

the scene in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey", re-enacted, with sunburnt haymakers, instead of vintners, to dance a merry fandango; but of course such things were not to be.

In my country they have a pleasant knack, these pretty haymakers, of rolling the unlucky trespasser into the field under innumerable swathes of hay, unless he pays half-a-crown, or some such coin, by way of footing; and I have heard of a right-reverend bishop who was treated this way, and who went fretting and fuming to his inn, threatening the terrors of the law for assault and battery, till they explained the custom and smoothed the dignitary's ruffled plumes.

Embowered in beeches, next came pleasant old-fashioned Horton, "where lyeth the body of Sarah Milton, wife of John Milton, who died the 3rd of April, 1637. I wonder if good old John was sorry, in his old age to have lain his tertiagen scolding wife in this churchyard. I am afraid not, for they had a sorry time of it between them.

Just as we turned a corner of the lane, suddenly my excitable friend exclaimed: "There we have it, the meteor flag of England!" And surely enough, flapping idly in the breeze, we could descry the great St. George, keeping watch and ward over the royal keep of Windsor. There is an inexpressible charm in my ideas, in the first sight of Windsor Castle, or in fact in any one of our stately English castles. Even Guizot is charmed out of his usual weariness, and grows poetical over a feudal castle.

Windsor was to be our resting-place for the day, and Cloanthus declared that he was right glad of that fact. His vaunted pedes-trianism had begun to fail him, and he even hinted at the railway at Slough, but was laughed to scorn, and relinquished the idea. To our left, as we neared Upton, lay Stoke Pass, where —of course everybody knows—Gray composed his delightful "Elegy on a Country Churchyard." Upton's "ivy-mantled tower" is supposed to have furnished the site for that most thoroughly English idyll. I have a notion that the chief beauty of this poem is spoilt by our being made to learn it in childhood. A very eminent divine has strongly protested against the habit of setting impositions, in the shape of chapters from the Bible; alleging that children grow averse, and almost hate the scriptures for that reason: and I don't see why the same remark should not apply to the poets. And now the "distant spires, the antique towers that crown the watery glades" began to glister on our view, and the familiar name of Shaft Hill, whither in olden times the Montem procession, so picturesquely described in "Coningsby," used to wend its way, with the captain of the school, all figged out in cocked hat and military uniform, to gather that "salt" which should stand him in such good stead in the University. And then came flooding on the view all at once the spots so dearly loved of the Etonian, so affectionately described in loving accents by Eton's own poet, Prade. We found quite an "embarras des richesses" at Windsor; there were so many things to see, and the time was short. However, the first thing was to find an inn; and Cloanthus pulled a wry face as he made the discovery that our finances were very much strained indeed, and suggested that our hoteltry must be one of the very humblest pretensions. Such a one we found, in a not over-respectable locality, near the Castle, where the chief objects seemed to be soldiers and ladies of the demi-monde. Ill-favoured was the landlord, and smelt strongly of intoxicating liquors. Surly and gruff was his address, and not even Cloanthus's genial and winning politeness could charm him out of his ill-humour. However, his dinner was not so very bad, nor were his liquors to be despised; and we managed to make a respectable meal, "optimum consilium fames," and then sallied forth to see what we might see.

First of course, the Castle; could we be true and leal Englishmen and not inspect the abode of royalty, who, for aught we knew, might be in the place at that moment? Past the grim sentries—two very red-checked and highly bucolic grenadiers, and past a crowd of liverymen, coachmen, equerries, and hoc genus omné, so out into the terrace, where the full glory of the view burst at once upon our admiring eyes.

Did I wish to impress a foreigner with the beauty and the stateliness of our English scenery, I should at once lead him blindfold to the terrace of Windsor Castle, and then should remove the bandage and bid him look his full on land and tower and lea. I should bid him follow the beautiful windings of the river, gliding like a snake, on to Surly Hall. I should bid him refresh his eye with a view of Datchet Mead, telling him the while the mishaps of one Sir John Falstaff, Knight. I should direct his attention to the spires of Eton and the beautiful chapel, with its stately tower; and if the light of unfeigned admiration shone not in his eyes, I should, certes, be strongly tempted to hurl him, like Vulcan, from the battlements! When we had drunk to the full of this gorgeous panorama, I and my friend went down to Eton to find the College Quadrangle—one vast moving scene literally, for the boys were going down for the holidays, and crowded the shops to increase their last "tice," and drove to the station at the fullest gallop which the fly-men could extort from their tired horses. There they were, as Prade says, the frank, the free, stout-limbed, and simple-hearted,

"Pursuing every idle dream, And shunning every warning, With no hard work but Bovines stream, No chill except long morning."

As we gazed upon this crowd of white-tied happy boys, we felt inclined to throw up our hats, and cry with all our might "Floreat Etona!" Spite of all thy detractors—and they are not few, nor slow to abuse—despite of the fact that in thy College-walls one master has to instruct a hundred boys—that thy charities and
the bounty of thy founders find their way into unlawful hands, still let us remember that thou art and wast the "nutris leonis"—that from thee has come almost every name that is bright in war, in science, in literature, in divinity, and cry "Floreat Etona."

Datchet Mead was a welcome change after the busy scene of departure, and it was highly refreshing to throw ourselves down upon the river-bank, and conjure up in the cigar-smoke the shadows of the past—to see Wolsey, with all his glorious company and train of sumptuous horses and troops of serving-men, winding up the hill to greet his royal patron; and then to depicture the "Merry Wives" exulting over their fat, merry victim, cursing and choking in the buck-basket.

"Sunset," said Cloanthus, breaking in on my reverie, as he always does, "is, I believe, a good time to see St. George's Chapel; let us betake ourselves thither."

And thither we went, to find that we must deliver ourselves over to a ruthless fiend, in feuds, who did the cicerone's business—oh! the unutterable boses that these guides are! I could fill volumes in bitter maladministration on these people, who, with their dull, prosaic voices, and ever hungry hands, spoil all that is poetical or pleasant. Go we to Canterbury to good St. Thomas's shrine: there is the oily-voiced demon with his monotonous chant. Go we with Ingoldby to Netley Abbey: the voice salutes us, "This is the cap of General Monk: please put something in." Go we to Westminster Abbey with a country cousin, and fondly imagine that here at least we may be allowed to "moralize among the tombs" (Har varna spe's): there sounds in our ear the inevitable, "Chapel of St. Gerghilus to the right!" But why pursue the horrid theme? Suffice it to say, that the guide who showed us over the chapel was the most dreadful of her race. She eyed us with a cold satisfaction, this woman; and when she saw our feelings of emotion and surprise, at that most beautiful of all statues the veiled Princess, she lost no time in saying, dictorially, "It is all marble, and Wyatt is the sculptor!" She pocketed her gratuity when it was all over, and the next batch of victims were coming in for the sacrifice with the utmost complacency; but if ever there was a woman for whom I should have deemed the Bridewell a tripping punishment, that was the one.

Of our night at Windsor I think I shall say nothing. Sleep was entirely out of the question. The noise and racket of the drunken soldiers, and the persevering attentions of the sundry misanthropic animalcules, who held feasts banquets on the juiciest parts of our bodies, effectually murdered sleep; and when our good host reeled upstairs about two in the morning, Cloanthus jumped out of bed and seized the poker, determined to sell his life dearly; but nothing came of it. The miscreant actually took us for journeymen, and opined that "we were working our way up to town!"—we, the ornament of the "High"—the best-dressed men in Oxford, picture that!

As we sat at breakfast the next morning, the drums and files of the Coldstream came storming up the street, playing the rollicking tune of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Commend me to your fiddler for bravado. As the storm of melody surged up the street, we felt a pride in the consciousness that we belonged to a fighting nation, when we reflected that that self-same melody had cheered on the "Fighting Fifth" in the very van of the fight, and had been the death-note to many a host of savage Russians or cruel Sepoys.

Nothing loth, we paid our bill, and left the hospitality of Windsor, and settled ourselves for another burst into the open country. Hounslow Heath tried our patience full sorely; for though there may be a certain pleasure in safely strolling through a locality, in the good old times the most notorious in all England, where oft the unwary fragile, ambles comfortably on his way, came face to face with the then-gabled gentleman highwayman, and answered the summons to "Stand and deliver!" with what grace he might. All this considered, there was no especial pleasure in tramping over a barren, almost inimicable heath, with nothing to break the monotony save an occasional gipsy, who smoked his short pipe, and stared at us furiously and suspiciously for a moment, and then resumed the genial occupation of beating his much-suffering donkey.

A little further on, and two youngsters enjoying the very hascheesch of English rustic enjoyment, a good ride on a gate. Collins would have given them each sixpence to stand for a picture, they were so delightfully breezy and red-cheeked. Ask a country lad what his idea of being a king is. He will answer, ten to one, "To swing on a gate, and eat bread and honey all day."

When we got again into a more civilized stratum of our journey, we found that the chief object of interest was the following inscription, upon every wall and untenanted house: "Who's Griffiths?" Wherever we went, this legend, like the monster of Frankenstein, haunted us—now deftly executed, now rudely serrated, like the Runic rhymes of our forefathers. We had to wait long for a solution; but at length it came, and at an especially pretty part of the river. With Denman's lyrically-praised "Cooper's Hill" to our right, and a gem of an ivy-towered church in front, in the most gigantic characters, there met our eye the following: "Try Griffiths's Patent Lucifers."

Wondrous power of advertisement! which impels the British tourist to inscribe the name of his shop upon Cieopatra's needle, which enlists all the powers and spirits and genii of earth and sea and air into its service! It was thought a marvellous thing, even when this century was of a respectable middle-age, to see advertising vans; now-a-days one is not sur-
prised to see an army of boys, each dressed to
represent the scions of nobility, or embattled
hosts of seedy men, with placards before and
behind, A gigantic sham, of a verity,
is this world we live in; and not the least
offensive of its sham is the advertising mania,
from its more humble form of placards to its
gigantic vans of the colours of the rainbow.

I think I mentioned Cooper’s Hill when in
digation seized me. A fitting theme for poet’s
lay is this hill, and well deserving of Denman’s
ode. Not that it startles from its great height:
not that there is anything very imposing and
grand in its appearance; but the trees are
grouped so gracefully round its base, and as we
looked upon it the shadows played so gracefully
over its slopes, that we were fain to accord it a
full need of praise.

And now, reluctant as we were to entertain
the idea, signs of the great “city of extremity”
began to present themselves, large wains filled
with garden-stuff as varied and plentiful as that
of the mad gentleman in “Nicholas Nickleby,”
began to roll heavily by us, the waggoner,
of course, fast asleep, and the horses, by some
kind of equine intuition, finding their way
easily, and never stopping to inquire. Then
came omnibuses, of various colours, to Kew and
Richmond; the houses got more plentiful, the
people seemed to grow more civilized—perhaps
that was our fancy—and even the very boys
grew sharper and more inquisitive, and more
inclined to chaff, like to their brothers the
finished gamín of the London streets—the
princes of their race.

Kew Bridge we reached by twelve o’clock,
and having sufficiently admired the beautiful
view from that position, and taken a casual
glance at the gardens, with their immense glass
cupolas, built, I should imagine, on the happy
idea of “George’s Folly,” at Brighton, and par-
taking of the English love of ugliness in archi-
tecture. Then came interminable streets of
semi-detached houses, and small patches of
villas, all owning some haute monde name—
“Arlington House,” “Laurustinus Villa”; one
was called “HeartsEase Villa”—a very pretty,
but I wonder if appropriate, name! There be
many houses in this world on which the builder
might inscribe the name of “HeartsEase,” which
would but idly correspond to the heartburning
ings and strife and sorrow in them. Ah!
well; let us be thankful that it is not all
misery, even in this great “city of extremity,”
let us be right glad that we have the means
to appreciate and the health to enjoy happiness
when it Comes to us—an angel visitor, which
grimness and asceticism very soon frightens
away. “Non omnis omnia.” You see, some
must work while others play, from the morning
of their lives to the dark, chill night of death.

Hammersmith was my friend Clauhanus’s
destination; so I bid him God-speed at the ter-
minalion of our happy walk, and betook me to
mine own friends, feeling all the happier and
stronger for three days’ communing with Dame
Nature, and all the more learned for the sights
we had seen.

Kind reader, who hast patiently traversed
with me these weary pages, let me teach you a
lesson: when those evil things the megrins
attack thee—when dews are at thy door, and
thou hast not the wherewithal—when thy brain
is fatigued with overwork, do as we did—my
genial-hearted Clauhanus and the narrator.
Bid business a long farewell: tell printers’
devils to seek their sooty sire: buckle on thy
knap sack: grasp in thine hand thy knottiest
walking-stick, and manfully trudge away into
the green fields, and under the pure sky and
the skylark’s carol, and you will feel as reno-
vated as we did in our pleasant stroll from
Oxford to London.

B. N. C., Oxon.

H. J. S.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

My Dear C.—

The Chapel of St. Ferdinand was not half large
enough yesterday to contain the multitude of
Orleansists that flocked to the mass celebrated for
the repose of the departed soul of the sainted
Queen that has just gone to her last home—the
good Queen Amélie, whose virtues most of the
papers have rendered homage to since the news
of her death. It was a heartfelt sorrow, one
might see by the aspect of those present—all
the leading members of the Orleans party, many
personally acquainted with the venerable lady
whom everyone loved. The Chapel of St. Ferdi-
mand stands on the ill-fated spot where Louis
Philippe’s eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, met
with the sad accident that deprived France of a
well-beloved prince, and facilitated Louis Napo-
leon’s accession to the imperial throne. A part
of the aristocracy has gone into mourning for
our last queen, some even who appear at the
present Court. Methinks that this death has
refreshed our yearnings after the exiled family.
There was a something like secret sorrow and
regret in the burst of public feeling that oozed
out in the papers when it was known that Louis
Philippe’s queen had drawn her last breath; and
anecdote after anecdote have gone through
the papers since, in honour of both King and Queen.

The democratic papers are in ecstasies! Stephens has escaped the English police! and
is in Paris (if he has not yet left for America). He
honoured the Opinion Nationale with a call;
and he and Monsieur Guérault poured hordes of
Americans into Ireland. They drove the English
home to Great Britain, proclaimed Ireland a
free country, &c., &c., &c., all in the space of
half-an-hour; and all they have to do now is to
do it—that is the only obstacle in their way.
Then, woe be to you, ye English. Heaven knows
whether ye will not cease to exist altogether.
It quite makes one’s mouth water.

En attendant, we have good hopes of assisting
at the annihilation of some one, either Prus-
sian or Austrian, who seem to be on very
bad terms. After robbing the Danes, will they
at last try to plunder each other? By-the-bye,
the Prince of Denmark is making a long stay in
Paris; and he is making good use of his time,
visiting everything that is to be seen or heard.
He went to the Palais de Justice the other day,
and witnessed the condemnation of an assassin.
Before leaving, he desired to go over the prison
"La Conciergerie," and visited the cell where
poor Marie Antoinette awaited her doom.

Talking of condemnation, public spirit has
just been most fearfully excited by a trial of
three women-servants and two men for an
incredible crime, judged in private. A little boy
of five years old and a little girl of seven were
the victims. These women were in the children’s
father’s and mother’s service. You may fancy
the infamy of the case by one of the women
being condemned to hard labour for life. It
quite makes one tremble.

Another bit of sad news, though of a different
nature. It was noised abroad the other day,
and has since proved true, that a young artist
had committed suicide, on hearing that some
paintings he had sent to be exhibited in the
coming "Salon" had been refused by the jury.
The poor man’s name is Holtzappfell, forty
years of age. I should not like to have been
one of that jury, particularly as it is averred by
everyone that there is in general a great deal of
injustice in the admission of artists who have
not yet gained a reputation. The exhibition for
the refused works has been suppressed, which
is a pity. However, there is a plan on foot, they
say, between the artists themselves, and at their
own expense, to exhibit the unfortunate pictures
that are not absolutely bad.

The Palais de l’Industrie offers a very odd
sight just now—a horse—show below, with
grooms, stable smells, and stable language;
while upstairs, artists are busy arranging pic-
tures, and in every corner alabaster damsels
wait their turn to be placed, and seem to
shrink from the profane gaze of horse-fanciers.

At the coming Great Exhibition of 1867 we
are to be transported into an Arabian Night
story, it appears. Every week announces to us
some fresh marvel in store for that time. The Vice-
roy of Egypt intends sending the whole Bouleak

Museum antiques of the most ancient Egyptian
sages, with a specimen of every animal and
flower that Egypt contains. The same gracious
Highness will build us a Moorish palace near
the Exhibition, with a real bazaar, as in the East,
and coffee served in the Egyptian style. How
delicious! not that I am acquainted with the
Egyptian style of serving coffee, but it must be
good, I suppose, as it comes from afar. If
Sir George Matthews do but succeed in making
us a railroad in the air by that time, nothing
will be wanting to crown our admiration. You
know this last-named gentleman very much
astonished the natives of Houlne, a few weeks
ago, by descending from above to take in coals.
I should hope the learned gentleman will
establish stations in the air for that purpose
before he considers his invention perfect. The
thing will be awkward, perhaps, but, believe
me, not impossible.

The Bishop of Montauban is very much dis-
satisfied with the meeting I mentioned in my
last letter, for the new translation of the Bible.
He has written a long letter to Monsieur de la
Mond, condemning the thing altogether— the idea,
and those who met for the discussion. The Church
(the Roman Church) alone has the right to un-
derstand the Holy Scriptures, and to expound
them. The reverend gentleman gets angry at
the thought that Roman Catholic priests should
have graced the assembly by their presence—to
mix with Jews and heretics! A done!

The disturbance in the Reformed Church is
not yet settled. The "Consistoire" replied to
the Minister’s letter by turning Monsieur
Martin-Pascaud out of the Church entirely.
What will be the next scene I cannot tell. The
Roman Catholic papers congratulate Monsieur
Guizot on his energetic decision. But will the
Minister acknowledge a power higher than his
in this affair of conscience? Time will prove

The “Travailleurs de la Mer” continue to
excite the public; and Victor Hugo’s “pieuvre”
(devil-fish) has raised a hue-and-cry amongst
the believers and unbelievers in this new sea-monster,
now almost as famous as the sea-serpent. Some
declare it perfectly harmless; others aver that
it will sink even ships, and go so far as to ima-
gine that the terrible Scylla, described by Homer
as launching its six long necks out of the water,
and carrying off Ulysses’ six companions, was
nothing but a “pieuvre,” or devil-fish. A
unning tradesman on the boulevards, scenting
a hit, exhibited for sale a quantity of these ani-
als, of a small species, to the curious Parisians;
but, like Mrs. Hudson’s soles, they turned out
to be gutta-percha ones, or something analo-
gous. Men declare that the Parisians have only
to visit the demi-monde to find the monster
in all its rapacity; so that the fair ladies who,
in Paris phraseology, were ‘lorettes,” or “co-
cottes,” are now “pieuvres,” thanks to Victor
Hugo.

The ball-season is now over; and the warmth
of the spring sun makes the Parisians begin to
think of their country seats. The Imperial
family intend visiting the south départements in
Our Paris Correspondent.

May. They also talk of preparations being made at the Château of Arenenberg, in Switzerland, for the reception of the Empress and the Prince. Her Majesty is really at last on the eve of losing her amiable young "lectureuse," Mlle. Bouvet, who is soon to marry a Monsieur Crette, a young man enormously rich, and who, it is said, has refused the marriage-portion that the Empress offered to give her young favourite, declaring that he esteemed himself too happy in getting the lady. She is really a lovely creature, and was very bewitching the other night at the concert given at the Tuileries, while receiving the congratulations of the company on her future wedding. At this concert, Mlle. Paty sang with her wonted talent. She also was very bewitching, and was very much feted, it being her birthday. Mr. Gye, of Covent-Garden, had sent her a flower in diamonds for the occasion—a flower which cost £400. And say that Englishmen are not gallant!

The Paris season, this year, has been fatal to two pretty girls. I think I mentioned the death of Mlle. Robin, who caught cold at one of the Court balls, and died a week after. The other day it was Miss Carter, a young American, very much remarked this winter, and who personified America in the quadrille of all nations, so much talked of at the Ministers of Foreign Affairs'. She died of typhus fever.

Monsieur Thiers made a very eloquent speech at the time of the bill of sale, of course quite against free trade; and the newspaper L'Opinion Nationale received a second avertissement (at the third, a paper is suppressed), for having supported too warmly Monsieur Laboulaye as candidate at an election; so there can be no possible envy between the Opinion Nationale and the Press, even on that score, both having, within a month or six weeks, received their second avertissement.

A society is just formed for dramatic publications; so that authors will no longer be at the mercy of editors. It is to begin to act on the 13th of May. Each member of the society will only have to apply to the agency for his works to be published; and his accounts will be regulated on the 15th of every month.

The drive to Longchamps, as usual, was an exhibition of equipages and new fashions, amongst which the new bonnet "Lambeau" excited great merriment amongst the ignorant crowd, whose feelings were so stimulated on the occasion as the different bonnets passed—now a crown of flowers, the shape and size of a tea-cup dominoes; now a bunch of hair, with an imperceptible something in tulle on the top, that the men and boys shouted and roared as each lady passed thus bedecked; and who could wonder at it? It was the same at the races in the Bois de Boulogne. Where female eccentricity will stop in bonnet-fashion it is difficult to say, though I do not see how it can go further. As for crinolines, they are just as much in vogue as ever, and just as much the annoyance of men, who are often obliged to stand, on their account, at the concerts and soirées given at the Ministries and at the Palace.

At the theatres there is nothing particularly new, without it be "Bluebeard" at the Variétés; an "Opéra Bouffe," by Offenbach, which is a success. The great event of the day at the Grand Opéra is the revival of "Don Juan," in which Faure is applauded with rapture. You all know Faure, in London. Apope was a réjouissance of his success in "Don Juan," the papers have published a sketch of the vicissitudes of his life. His father was chanter at Notre Dame, with a wife and three children to maintain. Faure, the eldest, gained six francs a month as chorister-boy. The father died, leaving his family without support. The child obtained the place of organ-blower. The fare was scanty, but they managed to find bread. A short time after, the boy contrived to get admitted as singer in the choruses at the Italian Theatre, where he gained 25 francs a month—a perfect fortune. But alas! soon his child-voice left him, and he was discharged from the Italian Theatre. What could he do? After great despair, he found a place as shop-boy at a bookseller's. There he stopped a month. The bookseller told him that he was good for nothing. He one day met another boy whom he had known in former days. "You can't find anything to do," said the friend to whom Faure related his case. "Well, I gain a little money in playing the fiddle at the balls in the suburb." Faure learnt to play a few airs, and, with his friend, went from ball to ball, earning now much—now little. In one of these ball-rooms, the young musician made acquaintance with a young comedian, an indefatigable dancer, who proposed, and got for him a place in the orchestra at the Odéon. While there, he felt his man-voice come to him. "We shall be rich, again, mother," he said, when announcing to her that he had succeeded in getting into the Italian Theatre, in the same employ as before, but with fifty francs a month this time. He soon after lost this position, for having asked an increase of salary. At last, he arrived at the Conservatoire; and there, after sixteen months' study, he carried off the first prize in singing. Several years passed, when one day he met, on the boulevards, his old camarade, the comedian, who had caused him to enter the Odéon. "Well, Faure," said he, "what has become of you all these years? are you still at the Odéon?" "At the Odéon! I am going to make my début to-night at the Opera Comique, in 'Galathée.'" answered Faure, smiling. "It is not possible!" said the other. "Yes; I sing as Pygmalion. Come, you shall have a place gratis." "I cannot, my dear friend, for I have to assist at the first representation of my first comedy, 'Les Filles de Marbré.'" The comedian was Lambert Thioufaut. Faure now gains eight thousand a year.

During the Easter vacations, the director of College Rollin went to Oxford with seven or
Leaves for the Little Ones.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

(Translated from the German of Christoph von Schmidt).

Minna was a very good-natured, benevolent little girl. She was very willing to share with others everything she had. She prepared garments for poor children, she made nice dishes for the poor sick, and often carried them to their destination herself. It gave her real pleasure to be able to relieve suffering with her pocket-money. Now it will hardly be believed that in spite of all her kind-heartedness, she gave cause of sorrow to many a good person, for she was—very forgetful. She made many a promise which by the next day she had forgotten entirely. She often thoughtlessly bought some article for which she had no use; and when help was sought by the needy, would first remember how much good she might have done with the money she had wasted. Sometimes she would forget to water the flowers before the window of the great saloon of the castle, and they would wither and die, to the great distress of her mother, who had placed them in her charge; sometimes she, who would not intentionally harm one of the meanest of God’s creatures, would let her canary bird almost starve to death, because she had forgotten to give him food.

In a village not far from Minna’s castle lived a poor little girl named Sophie. Her father, Captain von Bruhl, a very honourable, worthy man, was incapacitated from service from the effects of his wounds, and now lived upon his pension. He had retired to the country, hoping there to be able to live more economically; but even there his slender income would hardly cover the necessities of life. Besides, he received his pension very irregularly, and at the time of our story he had drawn nothing for several months.

Sophie his only daughter supported him in the meantime with her sewing, embroidery, and other female accomplishments. Minna had a high regard for the noble girl; she ordered a great deal of work from her, took lessons of her in embroidery, of which Sophie was mistress, paid her liberally, and never called her anything but her dear friend. But even this friend was many times grieved by Minna’s forgetfulness.

Once Minna’s mother was dangerously ill. A celebrated physician from a distant city was sent for. Minna had promised Sophie to take this opportunity to ask him to visit her father, who still suffered from his old wounds. As soon as Sophie had heard of the doctor’s arrival, she hastened to the castle to remind Minna of her promise; but when she reached there he had been gone about an hour. As Sophie entered the room, Minna remembered her promise for the first time. She was much shocked at herself, begged Sophie’s pardon, and shed tears of sympathy for the poor invalid; but it was too late to call the stranger back.

Another time Minna wished to embroider, with Sophie’s assistance, a lamp-screen for a birthday-present for her mother. She brought Sophie a pattern, representing a wreath of flowers of surpassing beauty. Sophie said:

“What shall succeed admirably with the wreath; but I must go into the city myself to buy silk, for in order to match the exact colour of the flowers and all the delicate shadings, the silk must be chosen very carefully.”

“It certainly would be the best,” said Minna, “if you, dearest friend, would be willing to take this trouble. Whilst you are gone, I will prepare a dinner for your father, and carry it to him myself.”

So Sophie depended upon Minna’s promise, and went into the city. Most unexpectedly some visitors of rank arrived at the castle, and Minna, her whole mind filled with the pleasure and bustle consequent upon the visit, no longer thought of her promise. The sick captain could not go out, and as the village-people were busiest in the hay-field, he could not call upon a neighbour; so whilst all in the castle were living in luxury, he must content himself with bread and water instead of the promised noon-day meal.

The following morning, Minna went to walk in the village with the two young ladies. Sophie was just then engaged in sprinkling a piece of linen, which she had spun herself in the long winter evenings, and had now stretched out to bleach on the grass-plot between her house and the creek. Minna started at the sight of Sophie, for then her promise came to her mind. Sophie was too discreet to reproach the conscience-stricken girl in the presence of the strangers. Still she wished in some way to remind her that for the future she must not be so forgetful.

Sophie invited all three young ladies to visit her garden. They went, and greatly admired the blooming rose-tree which Sophie had planted, and the forget-me-not which grew wild along the creek. She then led them to her neat sitting room, and at Minna’s request showed
them her work. Whilst the young ladies examined the embroidery and wondered over it, Sophie went into the garden to gather a souvenir of flowers. She gave each of the strangers a rose, but to the forgetful Minna a spray of forget-me-nots, to which she had only added a few fragrant green leaves. Minna well understood what was meant by this. She felt the tender forbearance of Sophie’s behaviour, and thanked her from the bottom of her heart for having reproved her forgetfulness in so delicate a way. “Indeed you well know what flowers best suit me,” she said, and blushingly placed the spray on her bosom.

Minna went back to the castle with the two young ladies, and accompanied them to their room. They all put their flowers in a glass of water, which stood in a corner of the window.

Several weeks after, Minna went by chance into the room. The two young ladies had taken their roses with them, but Minna had forgotten her forget-me-nots. All the fragrant leaves in the bouquet were withered; but the forget-me-not flowers were as blue as a blue, and the tender green leaves as fresh and beautiful, as though they had just been gathered from the brook. Minna wondered at this. How is it possible?” she said, “for there is not a drop of water now in the glass, and the other leaves of the bouquet look so faded and yellow?” She examined the flowers more closely, and beheld they were not natural forget-me-nots. Sophie, who was extraordinarily skilful in cutting out small flowers, had made them. Colour and form were so true to nature that one could not but take these artificial flowers for natural ones.

“Oh, you dear good Sophie!” thought Minna, “you are indeed right! I understand your meaning. Yes, I do need a last reminder. These unfading flowers shall ever say ‘Forget-me-not!’ Yes, my own true friend, I will never again forget you. From this hour I will use these flowers to remind me of my duty!”

She took the little flowers from out the faded leaves, and placed them in a pretty neatly carved gilt vase, which was used expressly for little bouquets of artificial flowers. Then she hastened to Sophie, thanked her for her ingenious reproof, and praised her skilful work. “Whenever I promise anything in future,” said she, “I will lay these lovely flowers on my worktable or piano, and there they shall lie until the promise is fulfilled.”

“Bravo! bravo!” said the captain. “Only do as you say. Whenever I want especially to remember anything I put a little piece of paper in my snuff-box; my sergeant used to tie a knot in his pocket handkerchief. For a lady, though, there could be no finer token than a flower. It is a beautiful idea to choose the loveliest flower of the brook as a token of friendly remembrance, and give it the name of forget-me-not. But to make use of the lovely flower to remind us of the duties of our daily life, particularly of the holy duty of charity, is still more beautiful! That was a happy thought; it pleases me very much!”

Minna kept her word; the pure forget-me-nots furnished her and many poor people with the greatest blessings. Many a poor invalid, whom Minna would formerly have forgotten, had the little flowers to thank for a strengthening broth, a flask of good wine, or a piece of money. Many a task which heretofore would have been neglected was now punctually executed; and thus Minna spared herself much trouble, many pangs of conscience, and many an unpleasantness.

Minna’s mother soon noticed how very much she had improved. “How is this?” said she, “you do not forget the least trifle any more. How has this happened?”

Minna related the history of the forget-me-not flowers, to her mother’s great joy. “You are good children,” said she: “I will take care to give you a reward.” So she gave orders to a jeweller in the city to make two rings of the purest gold; and on each ring a forget-me-not, formed entirely of precious stones—five sky-blue sapphires, and a clear diamond in the centre.

When the rings came home, she gave one of them to the much-improved Minna. “Use this ring,” said she, “as you have done the flowers. If you have made a promise to any one, or have an important task to perform, put on this ring, and wear it until you have kept your word or performed your task. Carry this other ring to your dear friend Sophie: the delicate manner in which she reproved you deserves a like return. The sweet forget-me-not she gave you is a more precious gift than this ring of gold and precious stones.”

Minna hastened to Sophie at once with the ring. “You certainly have no need to wear such a ring!” said Minna: “you never forget the smallest duty. Wear this ring, however, as a souvenir of a friend, to whom through this flower you have done the greatest service.”

“Oh, my dear friend,” said Sophie, “who does not need to be reminded of his duties? As often as we look on these costly rings, we will try to do some good; if it is in our power we will try to relieve a poor person, or give pleasure to some deserving being.” They shook hands upon this.

“That is right, dear children,” said the captain; “and whoever is not able to wear such rings can at least form the resolution, as often as he sees a forget-me-not by a brook or in a meadow, to do some good. Above all things, though, at the sight of the pure little flower let ever one think of Him who made it, and of whom every flower should remind us. Then every forget-me-not will have a greater value for him than if the whole plant were made of gold and every flower-leaf a precious stone.”

The affair of the forget-me-not had yet another good result. When winter drew near, and the beautiful lawn of the castle was covered
over white with the frost, and the wind whistled around the castle, Minna and her mother journeyed back to the Residence. The forget-me-not ring found great approval with Minna's friends and their mothers. It became quite fashionable to wear such rings. The story which prompted the giving of the rings soon became known everywhere, even at Court. The brave old captain, who was known and esteemed by the Prince, was brought to the latter's mind by the forget-me-not. The paymaster, who had forgotten to remit the pension at the proper time, received a reproach, which was a very grave forget-me-not for him. The kind Prince, however, gave orders for a considerable increase of income to the brave captain, whose needy condition was now first known; and the honest old soldier often said, "How many benefits has God granted to me and others through a forget-me-not!"

CONVERSATIONS WITH PAPA.

(Continued from last Month.)

TOM. I've finished my answer just in time (said Tom to his sister), and now we are to have another story. We'll go into the library, and wait for papa.

EMMA. Here he is! Let me give him your paper (said Emma; and she put it into her papa's hands as he sat himself down in the easy chair, and looked slyly at her brother, as if she expected his sympathy in the intended surprise).

PAPA. What secret is this, Emma? (asked Mr. Prescott, as he proceeded to unfold the mysterious note). Ah! I see; it is Tom's answer, which I will read aloud:—"The monarch's name was Boabdil, the last of the Moorish Kings of Granada." Short and sweet, Tom. But you should have said who had taken possession of his territories.

TOM. Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. From that time Granada, which had been nearly 800 years in the hands of the Moors, remained in the hands of the Christians.

EMMA. Christians! papa? Were the people not Christians who lived there before?

PAPA. You must tell us, Tom, how the Moors differed from the Christians.

TOM. They were people who believed in Mahomet, a false prophet, who taught them from a book called the Koran, instead of the Bible.

PAPA. Very good, my boy. A few words more about Boabdil. When I was in Granada, the spot was pointed out to me from whence the unhappy chief took a last farewell of his princedom. It is called "L'ultimo sospiro del Moro" (The last sigh of the Moor). Emmie is impatient for her story, as she calls it. Of whom or what is it to be about?

EMMA. About Robin Hood, please, papa. Why didn't he get punished for robbing people?

PAPA. Because he was never captured. The common people always gave him notice when he was pursued; so that he contrived to escape. The peasants disliked the severity of the game and forest laws as much as he did; and they liked Robin Hood because he never exacted money from the poor, but only from the rich abbots and merchants with whom he came in contact.

EMMA. But had these robbers never any home?

PAPA. No; they lived generally in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire, and killed deer and wild animals for their food.

EMMA. Who were Friar Tuck and Little John the story-books tell us about?

PAPA. One was the chaplain, the other the lieutenant, of Robin Hood. The right name of "Little John" was John Little. He was really a very big man, only he was called "Little" by way of amusement. Robin Hood lived until the age of eighty-seven; when, tired of his wandering life, he entered a convent, of which his aunt was the abbess, but the cruel old woman tried to put him to death.

TOM. Why, and how did she intend to do it?

PAPA. The cause of her dislike was not known; but she had resolved to have one of his veins opened, and let him bleed to death. Fortunately her nephew discovered this wicked design upon his life. He was ill; but, with his little remaining strength, he blew a blast on his bugle, which was heard and recognised by his trusty servant, Little John, who, at his master's request, put his bow into his hands, which Robin discharged through the open window. Where the arrow rested, there he was buried, and his grave is now shown to travellers at Kirklees Park, near Huddersfield.

TOM. What is meant by Robin Hood's Chair, Robin Hood's Hill, and Robin Hood's Bay, which are not near the place where Robin Hood lived?

PAPA. After Robin Hood's death, which happened on the 1st of May, games were celebrated as a sort of festival to his memory on every anniversary of that date. The peasants danced round a Maypole, and often personated the most remarkable persons of Robin Hood's band. There was the Lord of the May (Robin himself), and the Lady of the May (probably Robin's wife, who in the games is called Maid Marian), and his archers, all dressed in cloth of Lincoln green. Perhaps the places where these processions rested have more to do with the name than the man himself.

EMMA. Then, I suppose, he had a great many followers?

PAPA. Some accounts tell us the number of his men amounted to one hundred, all of whom were celebrated for their skill with the bow, and for all kinds of manly sports. Now, I think we have done with Robin.

TOM. Thank you, papa. It is my turn to
choose now, and I intend to go in for those queer-looking things we saw at the Crystal Palace the other day. Guess what I mean, Em, will you?

**EMMA.** Those terribly ugly women's heads all in a row—pinc, or lynx, or something else you called them.

**PAPA.** You mean the Sphinxes, which we look upon only as a piece of sculpture; but with the Grecians and Romans these symbols were considered part of their religion. Amongst the Egyptians, this figure with the head of a man and the body of a lion signified that the River Nile began to swell in the months of July and August, when the sun passes through the signs Leo (the lion) and Virgo (the virgin). As the fertility of their country entirely depended on these annual inundations, we may easily suppose that this hieroglyphic was looked upon with a sort of reverence amongst them. It is the fine black mud, that is left after the waters have subsided, that fertilizes the land in such a remarkable manner. Bring me the globe, Tom, and I will try to explain to Emmie that she may understand what I have been telling you.

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**MIXED PICKLES.**

*(A Sea-side Story.)*

**CHAP. VII.**

Miss Magnus was suffering from a cold—a circumstance that always tended to increase her deafness. Magenta had just had a tremendous scolding for locking up Tomkins, and she was seated under the table eating toffee, and wishing Colferino was at home, when Mr. Thorn was announced.

"Rose Mary," said Thorn, "do you like my brother?"

"Not in the least," replied Miss Magnus; for she thought he said, "Am I like my brother?"

"I'm very sorry to hear it."

"Why?" said Miss Magnus.

"I can hardly explain." "No, I don't think he's plain; but he's not a bit like you."

"Well, I'm glad I've found him at last: it's been a great pother, and now you see, my dear Rose Mary, I can have him for a groomsmen.

Miss Magnus nodded her head, for she did not understand what he said.

"Arthur Pickles is going to be married tomorrow," said Thorn. "I have had a letter by this morning's post, requesting the *honour* of my company at the breakfast. I've half a mind to go to Cocklesby and see the wedding."

Miss Magnus seemed very much astonished.

"Are you joking?" said she.

"No, indeed, I am not. The wedding is to be at eleven."

"It is quite impossible," replied Miss Magnus. "I can't imagine what you are thinking about. I should have to be married in this dress."

"Surely not: you'll have plenty of time to get one made."

"What in one day?" said Miss Magnus.

"What are you dreaming of, this morning, William?"

"I don't exactly understand what you're talking about."

"I didn't intend to shout," replied Miss Magnus, quietly; "but I think I'm a little deaf this morning."

"I think so too. Couldn't you get something for it?"

"No: I've tried several things; but it's no use. What did you say about the wedding?"

"I said Arthur Pickles was going to be married to-morrow."

"But why are you sorry? He isn't your brother, you know?"

"Aunt Mag!" shouted Magenta from under the table, "you will make nothing but mistakes this morning."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss Magnus, "I'd quite forgotten Magenta was here."

"I thought you had," said Magenta; "because you always send me away when Mr. Thorn comes; but I thought I'd stay this time!"

"I quite forgot," suddenly exclaimed Thorn, "that I promised to see Moor this morning; and I must go at once, or I shall be too late."

Mr. Thorn went to Pickleby Hall, but he found only Mr. Pickles at home, for Mr. Moor had just gone out. Mr. Thorn went, perfectly satisfied that Moor was his brother; and he came back perfectly certain that he was no relation at all. He had found out from Mr. Pickles that this Moor was older than he was; and, what was queerer still, that his name also was William. Mr. Thorn rubbed his hands, pulled his hat off, and nearly walked over the edge of the cliff; but still he could not understand it. Why should Tomkins be so certain that they were brothers? Perhaps he had two brothers; yet they would not call two brothers William!

"After all," thought Thorn, "I believe that Arthur Pickles, of Cocklesby, is my brother; but still I had not any sisters I am quite certain."

When he had walked on a little further another
thought came into his head. "Was his brother really drowned after all? Of course he was," thought Thorn; "and what an ass I have been to go hunting all over the world, and educating tobackoanist's apprentice, because an old mad woman got into her head that she'd seen him after the shipwreck. I can't imagine what the matter with me!" Thorn was just turning the corner when he came right against Mr. Moor. "You're the very person I wanted," said Thorn. "I can't understand it a bit!"

"Can't understand what?" said Mr. Moor.

"About your being my brother. I don't believe you are!"

"That's plain, at any rate," replied Mr. Moor, laughing: "but why do you think I am not your brother?"

"Well! just look here," said Thorn; "my brother that was drowned—we'll say he was drowned for convenience—well, he was younger than I, and his name was Arthur: now you're just the contrary—you are older than I am, and your name is William. I can't make it out in the least!"

"It certainly is very odd; but I can't help thinking that we are brothers for all that."

"Then there must have been three of us, that's all," said Thorn. "Do they call you anything else besides William?"

"No, but that is my name, I'm certain; for many of my clothes were marked William, and nothing else; besides I remember they used to call me Willy sometimes."

"Well, said Thorn," who had only heard the first part of what Mr. Moor said. "Don't you think you might have had your brother's clothes on?"

"Not very likely, when my brother was three years younger than I."

"Well, I don't know what to make of it. My brother's name certainly was Arthur; for I have a letter which my father wrote, and in which he says, that his youngest son was called Arthur, and the eldest William. So you see it is quite impossible that you are my brother."

"What does Tomkins say?" asked Moor, "I suppose you've seen him."

"Yes; he came this morning. He said he was perfectly certain that we were both Mr. Samuel Pickles' sons, and he would know us anywhere, from our likeness to him."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Nothing particular. You see this scar on my face? well, he said that it was caused by my brother trying to lift me up to see some puppies that were on the other side of a wall, and my brother let me fall upon a stone and cut my face."

"It is very strange that you should be lifted up by your brother, who was three years younger."

"Now you mention it, it does seem queer," exclaimed Thorn suddenly, stopping in the middle of the street, and staring hard at a child who was just eating an apple.

"Please sir, I didn't steal it," said the child, expecting the next moment to be handed over to the police.

"Let us drop the subject," said Thorn, going on again. "I can't make anything of it, I begin to think that Tomkins knows nothing about it; and he has made up this tale to get the money. By the by, Arthur Pickles of Cockleby is going to be married to-morrow."

"Indeed; he's a sharp fellow."

"He's a scamp," said Thorn; but I've half a mind to go and see the wedding, for it's awfully stupid here."

"I quite agree with you. I am going in to see Merton; will you come with me? I suppose you know that Hector Merton is going to marry Miss Deal?"

"No; I never heard anything about it. Then there will be two weddings. I mean—really—I hope it will be a fine day," added, he getting rather confused.

The next day poured with rain. When Mr. Thorn reached the station at Cockleby, he saw Arthur Pickles gaping and staring about in all directions, evidently looking out for him.

"I'll appear not to see him," thought Thorn: "he need not think I'm going to make a friend of him, because I thought he was my brother."

"Hallo! old chap, is that you?" exclaimed Arthur, who caught sight of Thorn's face as he was giving up his ticket to the porter.

Thorn seemed not to hear him, and began to make his way out of the station.

"Bill!" shouted Arthur, with all his might; and then walking up to Thorn, he seized hold of his hand, saying: "I think you've grown deaf, old boy."

"I must say good morning to you," said Thorn, "for I'm going to the Hotel."

"So am I: we can go together—you've no objections."

Mr. Thorn certainly had objections; but he did not say so.

"I'll tell you what, Thorn," said Arthur, following him into the principal room of the Hotel. "I fell in with a very odd gentleman the other day, whose name is Pickles."

"Pickles?" exclaimed Thorn, turning suddenly round; for he had been standing looking out of the window, with his back to Arthur.

"Yes, his name is Pickles; but what is still more curious, he doesn't know his Christian name: only that it begins with A."

"Most extraordinary," muttered Thorn, becoming interested in spite of himself. "How old is he?"

"He doesn't even know that. But his is a curious history: if you like I'll tell you it."

"Do so by all means."

"Well then, when he was a very little boy he was saved by a fisherman as a shipwreck."

"What was the date?"

"The date!" exclaimed Arthur, who had never heard of any other dates than those that are sold in grocer's shops—"I said nothin' about dates. Well, sir, this fisherman died almost directly afterwards, and left the boy all his
Mixed Pickles.

"Thank you, sir," said Arthur; "we are going to church directly."

Thorn proceeded at once to the church, and waited in the churchyard until the bridal party arrived. The service proceeded, until the clergyman inquired, "Does anyone know cause or just impediment," &c., when someone said, in a loud gruff voice, "I forbid it."

Mr. Thorn looked round, and recognized Tomkins. On being asked his reasons for forbidding the wedding, Tomkins said that Lucy Spratt was engaged to him, and the engagement had never been broken off.

"And I'll not break it off now, either," said the bride, who walking down the aisle until she came to the place where Tomkins was, and taking hold of his arm, went with him out of the church, to the intense dismay of Arthur Pickles; but, as he sheepishly returned to the shop, he thought after all he was more glad than sorry to escape her.

"Thank you, sir," said Arthur.

Deborah Broom was seated on a stool at the door of her little cottage, with an old, worn memorandum-book in her hand. This book had once belonged to Mr. Samuel Pickles, and had been picked up by a fisherman. After the shipwreck Deborah happened to see it one day, while he was out, and had bought it of his wife for a shilling. There was a great deal of writing in it, but it was very much faded, and it was difficult to make any of it out. She had just stumbled upon a capital A. "That stands for Arthur," thought she; but she found it was only a receipt how to make sausages. But the next memorandum was just what she wanted:


Eighteen hundred and thirty-three! That was thirty years since, and Mr. Thorn was only twenty-seven. Deborah turned over another page, at the top of which was written:

"Description of my eldest son, William.—Very tall of his age, rather shy, with eyes as black as coals."

Mr. Thorn's eyes were gray and his hair was very light-coloured. "Perhaps this William had died, and they had called the next son after him," thought Deborah; but she turned over half the leaves in the book before she came to anything at all satisfactory.

"Second son, Arthur, born May, 1836. Blue eyes and light hair."

That must be Mr. Thorn! His age, description, and everything except the name! Could he have made a mistake? He must have done so. He was Arthur Pickles himself. Then who was his brother? Mr. Thorn had told Deborah about the Pickles he had seen at Cockleby; but she guessed at once that it was nothing but a trick. Suddenly Mr. Moor came into her mind—dark eyes, tall, three years older than Mr. Thorn, and named William. "It must be,"
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

How is your Bohemian to begin to gossip de omnibus rebus, when there is so much for him to note, when everything and every variety of subject is clamouring for attention on all sides? Already as he stops to think, and poises his "Gillott" thoughtfully in the air, whilst half-a-dozen fiendare blowing a brazen, demoniacal version of the Mabel Waltz in the adjoining square, a day-dream of the season floats on his brain. Come then, ye visions of the past, to inspire him. Return recollections of certain Zoological Sundays, when we discussed with our companion natural history in a quiet sort of way. Dear old much-abused Exhibition of '62! We remember the love-making carried on in the Court of France, and the flirtations in that of Prussia, though we never had the privilege of being duly accredited as an ambassador to either. We recall a certain Saturday at Sydenham, a certain new bonnet, and a certain pair of bright eyes, which nearly made your Bohemian forswear Bohemianism, "to leave off sack and live cleanly," to become a rate-payer, a churchwarden, or hang out any other sign of "respectability" that the madness of the moment might have dictated. Fast away and gone! gone for ever! Still, like a whirling chromatope, the season comes round again and again. Comes round with its balls, its fêtes, garden-parties, kettle-drums, and dinners; with its club gossip, opera, and scandal; with its Rotten-row, and the ever-changing crowd of equestrians; its Drive, with every species of equipage; its flower-shows and fashions, with its attractions of iced-Moselle cup at Richmond, and whitebait at Greenwich, or brilliant race-days at Epsom the energetic, or Ascot the aristocratic; with its fast-flowing stream, carrying us along in its swift waters, unless we have power and courage to stand aloof on the brink, and watch the motley fleet sweep by.

"Spinning along with the ball, Here if we conquer or fall, What does it matter at all?"

But a truce to the prosings of "Y. B." London is fast filling up, and the lovely weather of the last few days has already given a fillip to the advancing summer. We are about to don our light clothing, rather rashly may-be, since a powerful sun is accompanied by a treacherous north-east wind, though we are already afloat on the pleasant waters of the London season. Regent-street has awakened from its lethargy, and is once more invaded and blockaded by long files of carriages. The benches and railings in front of Howell and James’s; Swan and Edgar’s, and Lewis and Allenby’s are again called into requisition, to support the stalwart, though lan-
guid forms of those "pampered menials," who lounge there in all the glory of large calves and hair-powder. Here may be seen, either deep in the mysteries of shopping or lolling in luxurious indolence in carriages, almost every variety of the latest and most exquisite toilette, and this brings us to an important fact. _Crimsonine is certainly going out._ We shall scarcely see a vestige of it next season. We are almost afraid to state our opinion on the matter at present, but we may privately whisper, that its relinquishment is a great improvement. It makes ladies look very much younger: several young ladies of our acquaintance, whose age we know to be at least two-and-twenty, have suddenly shrunk to girls of fourteen. At the _Opera_, the other night, _criomina was "conspicuous by its absence,"_ and we observed several ladies with the last novelty from Paris, namely, _Chaine Benoiton._

Apropos of the _Opera_, we fear that the great expectations which were formed of Mr. Tom._

Höhler will scarcely be realized. It was a bold attempt of a young singer to appear in the part of _Arturo_ in " _I Puritani,;" when we remember that the music was written by Bellini, especially for Rubini. Mr. Höhler was, as might be expected, extremely nervous on his first appearance, so it was impossible to judge fairly on that occasion. His voice, which is _tenore leggero_, is of very sweet quality, and in a drawing-room would be charming; but we fear it is scarcely robust enough for the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre. We may mention, _en passant_, that a facetious friend of ours, on the appearance of this singer, was heard to exclaim "Höhler boys, here's another Guy!"

At a recent meeting of the Royal Institution, a French gentleman, M. Baudr, by name, exhibited a novel musical instrument, consisting of 29 stones, comprising 23 octaves, with semitones. The effect is said to be different to that produced by any musical instrument extant. The exhibitor stated that it had taken him five years to collect the stones, and it is understood that the instrument will shortly be shown to the public.

Worthy of note is a letter which has recently appeared in the _Times_, signed "Anaesthesia," calling attention to the system of insensibility to pain, by mixed vapours of ether, alcohol, and chloroform, submitted to professional adoption in the _Lancet_ of 10th of February. It is notorious that chloroform depresses the heart, and that ether greatly increases the power; so that while both destroy pain, both agents in different ways occasionally kill the patient. It has been found almost impossible to kill an animal by these three mixed vapours, and the inconvenience of use caused by evaporation at different rates is completely got over by separate evaporation as described in the _Lancet_, so that "death by chloroform" should henceforth become an obsolete newspaper heading.

International copyright has been invited by literary celebrities in New York, as their books can be printed here, exported, and heavy duty paid, yet sold cheaper than New York publishers can afford to do it.

We spoke last month of the forthcoming publication of a volume of poems, by Mr. James Bruton, entitled the "Comic Idylls of the Kings." We have since been favoured with a glimpse at the proof-sheets, and from what we have seen, we can assure the lovers of comic literature that there is a rich treat in store for them. The whole of the ballads, of which there are five-and-twenty, glitter with _bon mots_ and puns, which are lavishly introduced with that ingenuity and peculiar vein of humour of which the author is so great a master. Whilst we regret we have not space for copious extract, we cannot refrain from quoting the lines in which the poet describes Sir Walter Raleigh.

"A courtier, soldier, statesman, Beheaded for no crimes; A man who did the leader-ship, The "Walter" of the Times."

We learn that Mr. Edmund Yates will bring out a new novel shortly: the title will be "Kissing the Rod." Your readers will probably notice a charming paper, entitled "The Old Poets on the Seven Deadly Sins," in the "Cornhill," this month. We have been particularly struck by its quiet scholarly tone, and its evidence of deep study and research. We believe we are violating no confidence when we state that it is the work of Mr. Henry Simpson, one of our young and rising literateurs, who is destined to set his mark upon the times.

The new "Graphotype" is a process by which the inventors state that they can produce engravings in every respect equal to wood, at about a twentieth the cost, and, moreover, can complete, in a few hours, that which would take months to engrave on wood. The process looks very promising at a first glance; but where it is likely, we think, to fail is, in the impossibility of employing a point—such as a pen or pencil—to draw with, on account of the softness of the surface used. We should advise the promoters to have two blocks drawn upon by one whose style was very marked—say, Mr. John Gilbert. These drawings should be both accurately similar—the one should be grapho-typed, and the other engraved in the ordinary manner. They should then be printed side by side, and we should thus be able to judge really of its superiority or inferiority to the old method.

Before "sending-in day," we invaded several studios in the artistic neighbourhoods of Camden-hill and Tottenham-court-road, and we are enabled to say that, though certainly two Academicians, whose works are annually looked for, will be absent, yet it will be, on the whole, an attractive exhibition. We can report very highly of Mr. H. O'Neil's "Deathbed of Raffaela," which is a very fine picture. Mr. O'Neil has also painted a portrait of Mr. Arthur Lewis—an admirable likeness. Hook sends some seaside gems in Brittany, and a
"Salmon Haul," in which he surpasses himself. Ansell has four Spanish subjects, in the old manner: "The Approach to Gibraltar near the Neutral Ground, on the Way to San Roche;" and some views near the Alhambra. This artist intends visiting Scotland in the autumn, which we rejoice to hear, as we have had rather a surfeit of Spain from his brush. John Philip, we are afraid, will slightly disappoint this year, inasmuch as his Spanish picture (a group around a brazier), though powerful in colour, as Philip always is, is less important than usual. A portrait of some distinguished gentleman (life-size), whose features we did not recognize, is painted in masterly style, and is doubtless intended for some public institution. Alexander Johnston has two charming pictures: "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Companions, at Inchmahane;" and "A Scene from Allan Ramsay’s ’Gentle Shepherd.’" Rankley sends a Gipsy encampment, and the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet," which he calls, "After the Mask." Oakes has painted the Devil’s Bridge, in the Pass of St. Gothard (very fine), and a view of Lago Maggiore; whilst George Chester has three scenes in Devonshire; and Macallum sends, in addition to two views of Venice, a very large and fine picture—"In Sherwood Forest." Brooks, in his companion-pictures, entitled "The Ebb and Flow of the Tide," has a bit of sea and sentiment which is excellent; the treatment of his subject is decidedly poetical. The Solomons (frère et sœur) have each a picture. Place aux dames. Miss Rebecca has a scene wherein a young lover urges his suit in the disguise of a pedlar, and is displaying his wares in that character; it is called, "Love’s Disguise." Simeon Solomon’s Jewish proclivities still cling to him; and though his efforts, to us, are exceedingly unpleasing, they find admiring purchasers. Last, but not least, completing our day’s inspection, was Mr. Jerry Barrett’s picture, representing a street scene, not a hundred miles from the Marble Arch, which will have numerous admirers who may have possibly witnessed a similar occurrence to that depicted by the artist.

To our obituary list we have to add the names of the Rev. John Keble, author of "The Christian Year;" Mr. Fairbairn, the well-known artist-antiquary, between whom and the writer of these "Mems" there had existed an uninterrupted friendship of more than five-and-twenty years; Dr. Hodgkin, a name recognized in the scientific world; Mr. R. Buchanan, one of the oldest of the journalists of the present age; and the once famous Mr. Gordon Cumming, the lion-hunter. Rigolboche, who, it may be remembered, created a sensation in Paris some years ago, has recently died in the ward of a public hospital. Sic transit!

We lately attended two soirées of a totally different, but equally agreeable character, one being a ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Buckstone, on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre, at which numerous literary and dramatic celebrities were present; the other, Sir Robert Murchison’s "at home," at Willis’s Rooms, to the members of the Geographical Society, on which occasion science was everywhere.

Mrs. Montague Williams (née Louise Keeley) has retired from the stage. That pleasing actress made her last appearance on the final night of Planché’s burlesque at the Haymarket Theatre, in the character of Eurydice.

We have heard various contradictory statements as regards Dr. Marston’s new comedy. By all accounts, it is very suggestive of Money; but whether it will draw any, is another question.

"La Belle Helene" is no longer announced in the Adelphi bill as in course of preparation; so that we presume "Crying Jenny!" may be accepted as her substitute.

Mr. Fechter has revived "Hamlet," to be succeeded by "The Corsican Brothers." We wish he would play Iago—not Othello—again.

We wonder who the dramatic critic of the Standard is? Lately, there appeared in that journal a notice of the old comedy of "Simpson and Co." with a description of the plot, as though it was a new piece; and more recently, Tom Taylor’s drama of the "House or the Home," produced some years ago at the Adelphi, was similarly treated. This calls to our mind the elaborate notice, in the same journal, once on a time, of a performance which never took place, but which, owing to the absence of the critic from his post, was recorded at great length.

We will conclude with a joke we heard the other evening; but which we have since seen in the Owl. We were informed that the motto for the present Ministry should be—"Honour Bright!"

Yours Bohemian.

The School of Cookery, under the able management of Mrs. Mitchell, 281, Regent-street, W., has just commenced its fifth spring course. Last session was most successful, and hundreds of cooks from the School are now in families of the nobility and gentry in all parts of town and country. All the newest styles in fashionable dinners, wedding breakfasts, ball-suppers, &c., have been well-mastered by the pupils, who do every dish themselves, under the directions of professed men-cooks, and they have been eagerly sought after for good situations. Mrs. Mitchell wishes every cook to know her business thoroughly and economically. Dinners are served daily, so anyone can test the productions of the School of Cookery; and ladies obtain servants of every description with excellent characters.
Our Library Table.

Debrett's Illustrated Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and House of Commons. (London: Dean and Son, Ludgate Hill.)—This new edition of Debrett is as complete as its title is inclusive. No expense appears to have been spared by the proprietors, or pains by the editor, to render it worthy of the patronage it has enjoyed for upwards of a hundred years, as an authority on all matters connected not only with the titled classes, but with reference to a large number of officers in the diplomatic, colonial, military, naval, and civil service of the state. Bishops, judges, knights, members of the House of Commons, younger sons, and married daughters of peers are also included. The special features of Debrett are its low price, convenient size, complete blazonment of arms, and the clear arrangement of the various points of detail. In the peerage the improvements for 1866 are the addition of a biography of the immediate predecessors of each present peer. The biographies of the younger sons and married daughters, though necessarily short, are considerably lengthened in this edition, and the subordinate titles and family names are alphabetically arranged. There is also a considerable extension of the ecclesiastical portion of the work, including biographies of the members of convocation. The correctness of these various biographical notices may be implicitly relied upon: each having received the revision of the personage referred to, or that of some member of the families. This is of great importance; for, notwithstanding the utmost editorial care, errors of a chronological character are apt to creep into works of this description, as well as in details. Considering our indifference to mere rank, we take an immoderate share of interest in the family history of the upper ten thousand, and like to be well up in such chronicles, and able to answer the ordinary questions—"Whom did the marquis of W—— marry?" "When did Lord B—— succeed to the title?" "Who was Lady C——?" &c., &c.—questions upon which the volumes before us will enable the most novices to become an oracle. The baronetage has likewise received additions, in a clear but concise biography of each member of the House of Commons, his place of residence, clubs, &c.; to which is added the name of the borough he represents, and the number of its population and registered electors. Thus a considerable amount of general information, valuable statistical facts, and interesting fragments of family history add value to the work of a kind quite independent of its special object. There is, moreover, even for those who do not bear arms, a certain interest in the heraldic lore of which these volumes treat that takes us back through many historic pages of our national chronicles, and now and then sets the blood tingling with the pleasant sense that the old empire was not bolder nor grander than the feats of modern chivalry that brighten a nation's history. Take, for instance, that epic comprised in the arms of the Earl of Camperdown, created 1831, and in that of the sailor who supports them on the sinister side:

This sailor is meant to represent James Crawford, a native of Sunderland, who, during the battle of Camperdown, for the first Earl wrested his crown red-handed in the service of his country. He fought up the stem of the mainmast of the "Venerable" (flag-ship), and, although the rigging was shot away under his feet, kept his position, and no less than seven times during the action nailed up the Admiral's (first Viscount Camperdown) flag, after it had been shot away. The present Earl, on the recent death of this brave sailor, had forwarded to him, by James Crawford's desire, the silver medal which had been presented to him for his gallant conduct, to fasten to the flag, which is still in the Earl's possession.

There is a story to tell English boys! And another bit of real story as redolent of romance may be found in the pages of Debrett. The Combermere crest and motto tell another gallant tale; for "Salamanca" will be a word of power in English ears so long as military glory finds worshippers. If we turn to the baronetage, we shall find actions of another nature acknowledged by social promotion—knights who have won their honours, not in historic battle-fields, nor on the blood-stained deck of a shattered frigate, but in the peaceful pursuit of science or knowledge; not the less resolutely and nobly won, nor fraught with consequences less glorious, though far more beneficent to humanity. Thus we find, under the head of "Jodrell of Norfolk:"

The first Baronet was John Hase (afterwards Lombe), who introduced silk-throwing into England. His silk-mill was at Derby, and there is a tragic story in connection with Sir John, who is said to have been poisoned by an Italian woman, bribed for the purpose, in revenge for his having stolen the art of "silk-throwing," as it is called, from the Italians. We all know "the high and most unrivalled distinction" the first Baron Lyttton, of Knebworth, has obtained as the author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "Last Days of Pompeii," &c., but some of our readers may not know, that in addition to his public services as a statesman and minister of the crown, we are indebted to his sagacity in the management of our colonial affairs, for the establishment of the flourishing colonies of British Columbia, Queensland, &c. Here is Sir David Brewster's patent of knighthood:

Brewster, Sir David, K.H., F.R.S., LL.D., born 1781, is M.A. of the University of Edinburgh, D.C.L. of Oxford, LL.D. of Durham and Aberdeen, one of
the Foreign Associate of the Imperial Institute of France, and President of the Royal Society of Edin-
burgh. This illustrious philosopher is inventor of the kaleidoscope, the lenticular stereoscope, and the
dioptric-lights, is Vice-Chancellor of the University of
Edinburgh; he was appointed Principal of the University
of Edinburgh in 1839, having, since 1838, been Principal of St. Salvador’s, and St.
Leonard’s Colleges, St. Andrew’s. He is author of “Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Isaac
Newton,” “Treatise on Optics,” “More Worlds than
One,” “Natural Magic,” “Treatises on the Kaledi-
scope and Stereoscope,” &c.

In looking through these volumes we are struck by the comparative newness of the creation of
the majority of the peerages, and by the extreme
antiquity of many of the baronial families: some
date back like the Pottingers, who, though only
recently arrived at the honour of a baronetcy
in the family, claim descent from Egbert, the
first Saxon King of all England, and grand-
father of Alfred the Great; or the Derings of
Surrenden—Dering Kent, who are also of
Saxon origin. A Derring appears to have
witnessed a deed of gift to the church of
Rochester in 890. The name of the Conqueror
is quite a common period for the foundation of
a vast number of our baronial families; but as
these founders must have had forefathers there
is no knowing how far we may carry specula-
tion on their antiquity. It would be sufficient,
however, for a plain man’s ambition, to be able
to claim the standing of the Welbys of Lincoln-
shire, many members of whose family have
successively sat in Parliament since the reign of
Henry V. Some persons may not know that in
these degenerate days there still exists, some-
where in the vicinity of the Herald’s Office, a
Court of Chivalry, with powers to carry its
behests into execution. In 1732, Sir John
Blunt of London, the first baronet of his
family, who claims descent from a junior branch
of the Blunts of Sodington, was summoned before
this Court for using the arms of Sir Charles
Blount, Lord Mountjoy, and the Earl of
Devon; but, instead of being doomed to a
triple combat, this rapacious first baronet of his
family was merely fined. Even from this he
appealed, and a day was appointed for the
hearing; but Sir John Blunt, on second
thought, appears to have thought it best to let
well alone, and no further proceedings took
place. We might extend our notes from Debrett
to a much greater length, but enough has been
quoted to show the interest of the volumes.
The embellishments of arms are very carefully
given, and afford an interesting subject of
study.

MAGGIE LYNNE. By Alton Clyde. Three
Vols. (T. Cautley Newby, 30 Welbeck Street,
Cavendish Square.)—We owe some apologies to
both the author and publisher of this agreeably-
written story for the tardiness of our notice of
it; but our space is very limited, and justice to
properly-received works obliged us to discuss
them first. Maggie Lynne is emphatically a
household story, with just sufficient mystery to
give it a dash of romance. The scene opens in
a quiet cathedral-town, and introduces us to Dr.
Osborne and his wife, a “pale, beautiful woman,
much younger than her husband, and looking
almost a girl in contrast with him.” Dr.
Osborne is this lady’s second husband, and
about her the little cloud of mystery is gathered.
We say little cloud, for it is very soon seen
through and disposed of. There are two children:
Maggie Lynne, the child of Mrs. Osborne’s
former marriage, and Florence Osborne, a
beautiful little girl, nine years younger, the pet
of the household, and the idol of both parents.
While this child is beautiful as an angel, Maggie
is a plain, strange-looking girl, with large eyes,
and a great forehead, out of proportion to the
rest of her face. But the writer, who evidently
believes with ourselves in compensation, makes
Maggie loveable and clever. The domestic part
of the establishment consists of a shrewd,
bright-eyed, rugged-looking, north-country
woman, who “ruled with sovereign sway;
Hannah, a sturdy country-girl, who acted as
housemaid; and Nat, a deformed boy, whom
the doctor had taken into his house from charity.”
Besides these, there was Nat’s particular friend
and protegée, Trab, the lean, shaggy house-dog,
with a torn ear, and mutilated tail, Maggie’s
great friend, playfellow, and protector. Mrs.
Osborne, who is not strong, has some secret
source of anxiety which preys on her, and her
fragility and reticence render her an object of
dislike to the Doctor’s sister, who before his marriage had been his house-
keeper. Previous to her first marriage, Dr. Osborne had been passionately attached
to his wife; but she had accepted the
brilliant Gerald Lynne the barister, before the
Doctor had made up his mind to ask her.
Three years after her marriage, Dr. Osborne
was one morning startled by hearing the news
that Gerald Lynne had just sailed for Calenitsa,
leaving behind, his wife, home, friends, and all
the brilliant prospects which his profession was
opening out to him. Very shortly the rumour
is confirmed by the return of Mrs. Lynne to
her friends, and thus again she is brought into
the doctor’s vicinity. Janet, the shrewd north-
country woman referred to above, who had lived
with her in her father’s home, accompanies her
in the capacity of nurse to her child who is two
years of age. No reasons are given for the
separation of the husband and wife, and the
giving up of the pretty villa near Lon-
don, &c. The poor lady consoles herself
with her child, and the gossips of the neighbour-
hood soon discover that Mrs. Lynne holds no
correspondence with her husband. In this way
a year wears away, during which she does not
find herself quite agreeably situated in her bro-
ther’s house. At the end of it tidings come
that Gerald Lynne has died of yellow fever, and,
being publicly announced in the newspapers,
reaches Dr. Osborne. In the meantime the
widow removes to apartments, having resolved
to seek employment as a governess—a proposi-
tion that very much offends her brother. A
brain-fever is brought on by protracted excitement and silent grief, during which the doctor professionally attends her; but with a devoted tenderness that, of course, paves the way from gratitude to a stronger feeling; and when, by-and-bye, he asks her to marry him, "he was not prepared for her sudden outbreak of emotion—for the shuddering way in which she covered her face with her white hands," &c.; for she remembers that she is bound by a promise to the dead, and can only tell him that "Time holds for her a sorrowful secret, which must be buried in her first husband's grave." Nevertheless, the doctor has no demur, and they are married. Out of this secret comes the shadow that falls on the doctor's happiness. His sister, of course, resigns the house-keeping department, but retains a hate to her successor—and when, years afterwards, having married and become a widow in the interim, she returns to their house a self-invited guest, it is only to awaken suspicion in her brother's mind, and find fault with the housekeeping, the children, and the servants. The melancholy that preys upon Mrs. Osborne is dispersed by the appearance of a stranger, who brings her news from India, and her husband's last words. An interview between him and Mrs. Osborne affords Mrs. Marshall an opportunity of poisoning the doctor's mind against her husband, in the course of which she reveals to him the secret. But the strain has been too much for her bodily strength, and in a few months she dies, leaving Mrs. Marshall to make the best of the situation, which she does by establishing herself at the "Most," as her brother's house is called. Maggie Lynne has a tutor, Paul Darrar, a young man of good family and small fortune, who has taken to school-keeping. Of course the pupil falls in love with her master, and a variety of contretemps follow, which we have no space to detail. All we can do is to promise our friends that Maggie Lynne is a really interesting story, suggestive of much latent talent in the author, who is evidently inexperienced, but, with fertility of resources, and sufficient power to do much higher work. It is impossible to follow the outlines of the story through their various windings and perplexities. Alton Clyde shows constructive power and much cleverness in the delineation of character, with an easy agreeable style.

Books received.—"The Life-boat," "Infant Nursery," "Odd-fellows' Quarterly," "Sunday Morning in Leather-lane," "Household"—all of which shall be noticed in our next.

SOCIAL SUGGESTIONS.

Autograph Letter of the Queen to Mr. Peabody.—The following graceful letter has been written by the Queen to Mr. Peabody:

"Windsor Castle, March 28, 1866.—The Queen hears that Mr. Peabody intends shortly to return to America, and she would be sorry that he should leave England without being assured by herself how deeply she appreciates the noble act of more than princely munificence by which he has sought to relieve the wants of the poorer class of her subjects residing in London. It is an act, as the Queen believes, wholly without parallel, and which will carry its best reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can little help themselves. The Queen would not, however, have been satisfied without giving Mr. Peabody some public mark of her sense of his munificence, and she would gladly have conferred upon him either a baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but that she understands Mr. Peabody to feel himself barred from accepting such distinctions. It only remains, therefore, for the Queen to give Mr. Peabody this assurance of her personal feelings, which she would further wish to mark by asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself, which she will desire to have painted for him, and which, when finished, can either be sent to him to America, or given to him on the return which she rejoices to hear, he mediates to the country that owes him so much." Mr. Peabody, in acknowledging the above communication, assures her Majesty that her portrait will ever remain a treasured heirloom in his family.

Munificent Gift to King's College Hospital.—Mr. Ralli, the Greek merchant, has just presented to the Committee of King's College Hospital, through Dr. Priestly, the munificent sum of £6,000, for the purpose of establishing a ward for poor sick children at that institution. The ward is to be called the
"Pantia Ralli" ward, in memory of the late Mr. Pantia Ralli, the father of the generous donor.

**Convalescent Hospital.**—The late Mr. Atkinson Morley bequeathed £172,000 for the purpose of building and endowing a convalescent hospital for the patients of St. George’s, London.

**A New Plant.**—The *Raphanus caudatus*, the giant radish of Java, where it is known as Mougui, has been recently introduced into England, and is found to thrive extremely well in common gardens, the seeds germinating easily, and the plants producing a profusion of blossom in about eight weeks, the plant often making a growth of five or six inches in twenty-four hours. The root is not eaten, only the pods, which often attain a length of three feet. The plants should be tied upright, as they produce from fifteen to twenty pods each, growing in fantastic and irregular shapes. Eaten raw the *Raphanus* has much the flavour of the most delicate radish, and is a great addition to a salad. When boiled it should be served up on a toast like asparagus, which it resembles in flavour, but with a dash of the taste of early green peas added. The pods also make a good pickle. The seeds are sold at the rate of three for half-a-guinea, and seven for a guinea, at Bull’s in the King’s Road.

**Improvements in the Regent’s Park.**
—Under the direction of the Hon. W. Cowper, Chief Commissioner of Works, vast improvements are taking place in the Regent’s Park. At the southern extremity of the broad walk the public are aware that exceedingly beautiful parallel parterres have been already carried out by Mr. Nesfield, upon the model of the Royal Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington. It is now proposed, and the works have already commenced and are in rapid progress, to extend the plantations to such an extent that in the course of a short period the whole space between the road running from Chester Terrace to the Royal Botanic Gardens and inner circle on the eastern side of the park will be laid out as garden-walks and flower-beds. It is for this purpose that the enormous mound of earth which rises at the present moment on the eastern side of the plantations exists. When the drain age shall have been completed, and the various ornamental beds planned, the mound composing this mound, previously sifted, is to be appropriated for their formation. When completed it is expected that the whole site facing the Colosseum, and between the Southern road leading to Park Crescent, as well as that leading to the eastern gate of the Royal Botanic Gardens, will form one of the most beautiful and ornamental flower and pleasure-gardens in England.

**Coffee a Disinfectant.**—The *Courier Medical* announced in one of its numbers that, according to a German physician, coffee was endowed with very remarkable disinfecting properties. Dr. Barbier, of Saint Symphorien-de-Lay (Loire), now confirms that statement in a letter, of which the subjoined is an extract: I was ten years ago making a post-mortem examination of a body at Maceraz, in a small inn. The heat was so great, and the odour from decomposition so oppressive, that I was about to abandon the task, when M. Ardaillie, examining judge at Roanne, sent for a handful of ground coffee, and stirred it on the body and about the room. The infection disappeared at once completely. I was astonished, and thanked that gentleman, without, however, asking him where he had heard of the remedy. Since then I have employed it more than 50 times in medical operations, and have never smelt anything but the coffee.”

**Death from Fright.**—A little girl eight years of age has just died at Lincoln, in consequence of being frightened by a companion, who dressed herself in a white sheet, to represent a ghost, as she said, “for a bit of fun.”

**Train Signals.**—It is stated, and on seemingly good authority, that it is the intention of Government to submit to a special committee the question of communication between passengers and the driver and guards of railway-trains.

**Cheap Dining-Rooms.**—The report of the cheap dining and cooking establishment at Glasgow, proves how dinners may be provided for working-men at 4½d. each, and yet leave a large profit to the speculators. The cash received for 1,650 amounted to £40,334, and many of the rations sold are only a penny each. After paying all expenses, and 5 per cent. interest on £28,000 of borrowed money, there remains a net profit of £286. Since the commencement of operations, the establishment has given away out of its profits £1,400 to various Glasgow charities.

**St. Pancras.**—It will be remembered that the laying out of a child for dead while it still lived, was recently brought to light by Mr. Hillocks, a scripture-reader, who accidentally saw the state of the case, as he was passing through the workhouse in the discharge of his duties. The guardians have taken precautions against the recurrence of such an accident—that is to say, the accident of discovery—by excluding Mr. Hillocks for the future from the premises.
THE LADIES' PAGE.

GOTHIC EDGING IN CROCHET.
WORKED THE SHORT WAY.

MATERIALS.—Boar's Head crochet cotton, No. 30, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby; crochet hook No. 20; Eagle card, broad gauge.

This size will serve for petticoats, or other articles of dress; but the pattern is sufficiently elaborate to be suitable for anti-macassars, toilet-covers, or even counterpanes. For the former Evans's Boar's Head Nos. 8 or 12, for the latter No. 4 will be proper. The hook must of course be proportionately large.

The pattern consists of a series of squares, in the centre of each of which is a small flower of four leaves; it is connected by lines with the corners of the open square; an open scollop forms the edge; an open hem separates every two squares; and a double row of the same is worked afterwards, at the top.

First Open Hem.—18 ch, miss two, dc on 3rd, × 2 ch, miss two, dc on 3rd, × 5 times.

Pattern.—16 ch, slip in 10th for a loop, 7 ch, slip in 1st for a loop, 7 ch, slip in 1st for a loop (thus three of the four petals of the little centre flower are formed), 9 ch, arrange the three loops so that one may fall to the right, one to the left, and one between the two chains of 9, slip on the first dc, 13 ch, form into a loop on the 7th round, which work 2 sc, 5 dc, 2 sc. Turn the work on the wrong side, 15 ch, slip on the base of the loop between the two chains of 9, 7 ch, make into a loop; turn the work; 23 chains, slip on 6th of 15 ch, 8 ch, slip at the base of the worked loop, 7 ch, slip on the 2nd dc stitch, 7 ch, slip at the extremity of the loop, slip on the 1st dc of open hem; turn the work; 5 ch, sc under 1st loop, 6 ch, close for a loop, × 7 ch, sc under next loop, loop of 6 as before, × 4 times, 5 ch, slip on last of 23, 5 ch, miss 2, dc on 3rd, × 2 ch, miss two, dc on 3rd, × 4 times, which leaves 9 of the 23, and completes one pattern. The fourth side of the square is worked on the whole length, after the entire quantity is done. It is made thus:

Sc 3 stitches on the end of every open hem, and make a chain of 14 between that and the next open hem, repeat.

For the heading work on the whole length 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 3.

2nd row, 1 dc on dc, 1 ch, miss 1, × 1 dc on 2nd ch, 3 ch, miss 3, × repeat.

If required deeper, several rows may be thus worked.

FLOWER-VASE MAT IN TUFTED NETTING.

MATERIALS.—Four shades of magenta-coloured wool; four very dark to a full light and bright pink; four different-sized meshes—one a round mesh, three times the size which would be used for purses, and three flat ones, the widest an inch wide, one three-quarters, one scarcely half an inch. Cardboard foundation the size of a pie-plate, some pink or green damask; a small centre of silk or velvet the size of the top of a breakfast-cup, or any interlacing pattern will serve.

It may be desirable to practise the tuft stitch with the widest mesh before commencing the mat. Take a piece of foundation netting, say six loops; net a stitch, net another into the next loop; then pass the wool round the mesh and up through the loop in which the stitch was netted; do this twice without netting; then pull the wool round the fingers as for ordinary netting, but instead of putting it into the loop, where now there are 13 loops, put the needle up the left side of the loop, and net the stitch; thus this last stitch will confine the whole of the others. Now net a stitch into next loop, and one into next, and in this loop which is netted into make 12 more sewing stitches (for these stitches resemble sewing); then net a stitch with the point of the needle coming up on the left side of the loop in which all these stitches are, and so continue.

Into a foundation of 63 stitches, with the darkest wool and round mesh, net 3 rows, then 1 row with the smallest flat mesh; then a tuft-stitch in the next loop, having only 8 loops over the mesh besides the first and last stitch; then net 2 stitches, and in the loop in which the last stitch was made make a tuft-stitch; finish one row of this shade of wool, and then a plain row with next mesh and same wool.

With next shade and same mesh work a row of tuft-netting containing ten loops in each tuft besides the first and last stitch, and making each tuft come under each of the former row of tufts; then a plain row with same mesh; then another tufted row.

With next mesh and shade net a plain row, then a tufted row.

With next shade and same mesh net a plain row, then a tufted row, then a plain row.

With the lightest shade and widest mesh net a tufted row; then a plain row with a mesh a size smaller; then a tufted row with wide mesh;
then a plain row with mesh the same as last plain row.

Cut a circle of coloured cambric about two inches larger than the cardboard; place it on the centre of the latter, and on the top of this the circle for the centre; sew the circle through to the cardboard; then place a thick stuffing of wadding round the edge underneath the cambric. Gather the cambric round at the edge, and draw it over the cardboard edge; then cut another circle of cambric; gum it on to the wrong side of the cardboard and make it adhere to the gathered edge of cambric; put it under a press to dry; put on the netting; sewing the narrow netting on to the cardboard at the extent of the silken centre.

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**THE TOILET.**

*(Specially from Paris.)*

**First Figure.**—Indoors toilet of gros-grain silk, trimmed on each side of the skirt with two broad bands of the same kind of silk, but of a darker shade, and cut on the bias: an entre-deux of gimp is placed between them. Jacket body, with white muslin body under it. The wristbands of the sleeves are trimmed with ribbon ruches of the same colour as the dress, and accompanied by two frills of Valenciennes. Collar to match the cuffs. The hair is worn en chignon and rolled back in the front. A blue ribbon, or one the colour of any dress that may be worn, ornaments it.

**Second Figure.**—Spring toilet, composed of a striped foulard dress, cut in the Princess form, and having a row of buttons down the front, from the neck to the bottom of the skirt. Over this dress is worn a gros-grain silk tunic, of a deeper shade than the material of the dress. Both tunic and dress-skirt are bordered with an ornament formed of Cluny lace insertion. Lamballe bonnet of fine fancy straw, trimmed with a cordon of wild roses: the same flowers inside. Strings on the edge of the front, and not inside of it. Chantilly-lace shawl; primrose-coloured gloves.

As balls and evening parties are just now in the ascendant, I send you the description of a few toilets which have appeared to me what our friends on this side of the Channel characterise as ravissant:

First, a bride’s evening toilet; the dress of white gros-grain silk, veiled by two skirts of tulle illusion. Body pointed and draped with tulle. The head-dress a coronet chaperon of orange flowers. No other ornament than a pearl necklace.

A second evening toilet consists of a straw-coloured gros-grain dress, trimmed with crape ruches. The corsage is pointed, and trimmed with a similar ruche above a lace bertha. Egyptian head-dress, composed of a white tulle bas-de-chaussé, accompanied by gold chains, and at the side of the forehead wild roses, and a bird of Paradise. Pray do not suppose that I endorse the good taste of this head-dress, in which I consider the primal principles of good taste are outraged. Hedge-roses and birds of Paradise, with an accompaniment of gold-chain and tulle, savour methinks of Egyptian darkness in what should be the very foundation of graceful dress.

A third toilet consists of a blue tunic, opening in front over a white satin under-skirt, puffed with tulle in front, and pricked down with small roses. On the hair chains of pearls supporting a cluster of wild roses above the forehead.

Have you seen any of the new spring bonnets, above all the charming form distinguished as La Lamballe? It promises to be the favourite, and is generally made of tulle covered with flowers. Another shape is the Pamela, which is ornamented with field-flowers, mounted as a garland. Ribbons of different kinds are worn in the hair, and form certainly one of the most graceful as well as simple coiffures for the interior.

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**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

Poetry accepted, with thanks.—“Daffodils”; “The Chronicles of England.”

Poetry declined, with thanks.—“The dead wife’s return;” “To a cowslip bathed in dew;” “Returning from church;” “To an early bee.”

Jewry.—Our kind friends are thanked for their offer, which will be gratefully accepted.

Prose received, but not yet read.—“Mauritius;” “The troubadours;” “Dancing;” “The golden resolution;” “Kentish wanderings;” “A lost opportunity.” The authors of these papers shall hear from us as soon as possible.

“Not wisely, but too well.”—Is the writer aware that a novel bearing this title is in course of publication in the Dublin University Magazine?

Prose declined.—“My first friend;” “Six months in Texas” (material excellent, but spoilt in using): “Good Friday sports in Cornwall” (the above applies equally to this article).

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THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

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

[CONCLUSION.]

CHAP. XXIII.

And thus Marcus was to make acquaintance with the mother who had ignored her maternity, who had disregarded every tie, human and divine—and for what? Regarding human things with the calm views of maturity, it seems to me now, that female frailty is the most bitterly requited sin on this earth. The men who are wronged, and the men who wrong us, are alike implacable. The one justly dreads the sinner: the other unjustly casts her forth to scorn, and often to deeper depths of infamy; and I believe if she meets, as, indeed she mostly does, with the virtuous disdain and pharisaical cruelty of her own sex, she is even more harshly treated by the partner of her guilt, who, one might think, should shield her from its consequences.

There never was a libertine in this world, I fancy, who was not also characterised by intense selfishness. Lady Laura had sacrificed all that woman should hold dear in honour and morality, to one, who, though, perhaps, he but resembled other men, in being a compound of good and evil, certainly shone pre-eminent for selfish harshness in his relations towards woman. What were hearts to one, who had in earliest youth frittered his own away? Say that the women who shared his sins and follies were as vicious as himself; still that fact can scarcely excuse his indifference to the objects of his base passion, when that passion ceased to be aught but a heap of ashes.

When my unhappy step-mother was somewhat recruited from her shattered condition, we procured for her clothes better suited to her station than the rags she wore, and took her to a celebrated oculist.

But his opinion was decisive: no human effort was likely to restore her to sight; and I had cause to dread the effect this decision would have on that mind, so ill-disciplined for affliction or suffering.

There was, indeed, for some hours, a wild mad despair, which no soothing, no argument could alleviate. How should it have been otherwise? what experience had this unhappy creature ever had of trust in God under trial, of resignation to a will she had passed her whole life in igno-
place alone. I could place my arms round her, and piteously implore that she would believe in the influence of Love, since it could make me, the passionate, the impulsive, the resentful, beseech her to love and forgive, as I loved and forgave also. She would dash me away from her, crying out that I was a hypocrite, and I must hate and detest her, and she wanted no mock maudlin professions of tenderness and sympathy. She detested me, and all, everything and everybody, especially good people. If she had not been thus blind, helpless, God help her! she would have been independent of this wretched pity; she would have ascended into unheard of vice; ay, she would have flaunted in the streets, a sight to wonder at, but not to be preached at or pitied.

Oh, the trial of those days! Tears and hysterics would come, and that reaction of vindictive feeling, which made her at last sob on my breast, and call herself a heartless wretch, who repulsed an angel. But these scenes were often repeated; and still I could not induce the true penitence—the genuine tears of repentance, which alone could wash away those almost indelible stains of sin.

At first, under the pretext of calming this unnatural excitement, Lady Laura demanded wine, and I soon perceived with deep sorrow there existed a decided tendency to drown the voice of conscience and reason with repeated doses of this stimulant. I spoke to her one day, firmly and energetically, on this subject. I told her I could bear her complaints, and even her anger and unjust accusations; but I could not bear the presence of that vile demon of intemperance, who had surrounded with unspeakable horrors the last days of my unhappy father. She wept, and asked piteously what she could do; but I had the satisfaction to see that the remonstrance worked its way. She abated gradually, and soon lost the zest for this terrible mode of consolation.

There was another obstacle. Mrs. Candy, albeit her first relentings at sight of Lady Laura’s misery, had strongly opposed my stepmother’s mingling, when she grew better in health, freely in our domestic circle at Ellisham. It was in vain that I urged my secluded life, and that not intending to enter society, it could have no ill-consequence. She insisted that Lady Laura’s name was too notorious, not to affect my own reputation, and that perfect seclusion to her own room was not merely desirable, but inevitable. I had to do battle single-handed with this virtuous resistance. I had to feel perfectly sure that it was right to perform a duty entirely, and not by halves—that I could make a sacrifice of whatever friends and connexions the future had in store for me. Self-sacrifice to be perfect, must be entire. I had some very trying scenes with my good old friend, who got angry in proportion to her sense of unreasonableness. She had always held her head up with the best, Mrs. Candy declared, and she could see no good reason for sullying her fair name, by daily contact with impurity, which she felt sure only kept a forced abstinence from sin.

“If Lady Laura had her sight,” said Mrs. Candy, with indignant emphasis, “we should see how long she would remain penitent. There is bad blood in all the Oldsters, and your stepmother has her full share of it. Depend on it she will never be a saint.”

“Not a saint, but a penitent woman, looking for all she has left, to another world, where I trust there is more mercy than the best show one another in this.”

I spoke bitterly. My friend was offended.

“Well, you will see. You will bitterly repent this Quixotic project of yours. You are young; happiness might be yours yet. You might live to be a happy wife and mother; but now, you have brought home the taint to yourself, and it will affect all your future life. People will talk. How are they to know you are any better than the degraded mistress of George the Fourth?”

“By my life,” I answered, indignantly. “Let the world surmise what it pleases: I know my own purity, that is enough: you know it also.”

Mrs. Candy shook her head. “No woman can safely put the world’s opinion out of sight, my dear. I do not go so far as to say that ‘to seem bad, is to be bad;’ but I do say that false appearances go a long way to brand us with the infamy we do not deserve. When Mary Wolstonecraft first began to talk nonsense about woman’s rights, which in her view of the matter simply meant full licence to do wrong, she was personally respectable and circumspect in her life; but she got credit for more harm through her wild talk than she deserved, and her actual descent into vice after that was rapid.”

“Are you comparing me with that godless, ill-disciplined woman?” indignantly.

“By no means: I only wish to point a moral. Think what a hard fate, to be attainted in the eyes of virtue, because you have an overstrained notion of a duty! I will give you an instance of how ill-report lies. Jane, the house-maid, Betsy’s auxiliary, has given warning, and when Betsy, astonished, asked her the reason, the girl said it would hurt her character to live in a family where there was a lady who had been a kept-mistress.”

My temper rose high.

“I do not know which I have the most scorn for—the silly, misjudging world, or your bitter, weak, and most feminine prejudices. Let Jane go—let Betsy go if she like—Lady Laura is the mother of my brother, and I will stand by her as long as we both live, though all desert me.”

Mrs. Candy took this ebullition very meekly. She wiped away a tear which fell down her withered cheek. No circumstance could have moved her to the high tone of passion and scorn in which my strong feelings found vent.

“I would not, could not, leave you, my dear Lady Dormington; but I do not conceal that I, too, am making a sacrifice to friendship.”

I grieve to say I lost patience completely at that speech.

“Is she living now in guilt? turn to the pages of your Bible. Who says ‘Go and sin
no more?" Who was unsullied, though he for-
gave and condemned not? Oh! what is woman,
with her panoply of untired virtue, thus to say to
fallen woman, "I am holier than the Saviour!"

Mrs. Candy was silenced, but, I much fear,
not convinced. She would have forgiven Lady
Laura, but she would have banished her. She
would have fed and clothed her, but she would
have put her for ever out of sight from the
world; and she regarded this Magdalen with
such a severe and awful aspect, sitting in her
presence bolt upright, in the attitude of a judge
giving sentence, that I felt it almost a relief that
the poor woman could no longer see the dis-
dain and loathing of this rigid virtue.

These conflicts ceased, when Mrs. Candy
found I was not to be moved from my self-
imposed task. Reading that one Book daily,
made way at last, though slowly. Sometimes
Lady Laura would ask for these readings, to
which she would listen with hands convulsively
pressed on her heart; and when the words
cessated, she has drawn a deep sigh, and said,"I am better now. I believe for myself,
notwithstanding the annoyances inseparable
from Lady Laura's residence at Ellisham. I was
happier than I had been for some time. Life
had now a purpose—to bring back this sinful
woman to the ways of peace; to try and imbue
her frivolous mind, with the knowledge, to which
since my own married life I had been slowly at-
taining, that happiness here is only to be ob-
tained by the reasonable hope of a happy here-
after; that every trial, every joy, every sorrow, are
only steps towards its attainment. When I lay
down at night, my reflections, that thus had I
taken revenge on my enemy—that I had given
love for hate, pardon for evil done—were the
sweetest I ever had in my whole life; that, how-
ever the world might condemn, I was performing
a duty—oppressive, repugnant, but still a duty,
and therefore, in my creed, an inevitable action.
The purist Jane was removed, and Betsy was
told to, and somewhat reprimanded perhaps;
for even that faithful servant represented Lady
Laura's presence in our home.

The regular habits of Ellisham, doubtless
worried Lady Laura much; she had been careless in her own, even when a girl at
school, and latterly, as my father's wife,
had been disorderly and extravagant. Even
now, she often demanded things which were in-
convenient to procure for her, and there was no
resource but to tell her I was not rich, and
could ill afford unnecessary superfluities. Still
with all, it was some pleasure to observe that she
began to place a restraint on herself; that she
heard works of reflection read, and that she
evined something like tenderness for her son.
Marcus daily went now to a tutor, who grounded
him in Latin, and those masculine studies,
which, even at his tender age, were necessary,
and beyond feminine power thoroughly to im-
port. I have always thought, in after-years,
that the partly simplicity and tenderness of my
brother's nature, arose from the happy mixture
of his instructors, the feminine cares which
watched over his tender years, combined with
the masculine tuition which we procured for him
as soon as he was capable of receiving it.

"Isabella," Lady Laura said to me one day,
when we were sitting together, and Marcus had
been reading, till I sent the child to play, "let
me say something to you."

I went to her, and took her hand between
mine, striking it softly.

"May God bless you for your love and ten-
derness to a poor sinful woman—for your
motherhood to that poor deserted boy. Lord,
Lord help me! I am a sinner; I would fain come
to Thee. I cannot soften this obdurate heart.
Make me wash Thy feet with my tears. Pray
for me, my—my sister!"

Yes, the hard heart was softening. The
waters of the Well of Life had slowly but surely
dropped on the stone till it melted. I clasped
her in my arms, and kissed her.

"Oh! forgive the days that are gone! God
forgive them to me! Isabella, mine eyes are
dark; but the light within shows how I have
wasted life."

"But you can redeem the time. You will open
those eyes one day, dear sister, on everlasting
life. You have never yet loved—yes, one, per-
haps. You will know what is that glorious suf-
ferring Love, which passeth all understanding."

She sobbed on my breast. From that day
she became more docile, and even sometimes
meek. Poor Mrs. Candy was melted by the
-touching humility with which her former pupil
now addressed her; for before there had been
some passages of arms between them, as far as
the keen encounter of women's tongues could
make warfare. My own spirits were lighter;
and as I did not deem it wholesome to have our
penitent always in a state of painful meditation,
I exerted myself to amuse my companions; I
sang a great deal. I narrated anecdotes of the
old people I had met in my Brompton days;
and with Marcus's pranks and exploits, time did
not seem heavy.

"Lady Dornington," said Mrs. Candy, one
morning at breakfast, "you must make a shop-
ing expedition to Manchester soon. We are
out of stores completely."

"Then I feel strongly inclined to go to-day,"
I replied. "I need air and exercise too. James
can drive me, and I am sure it will do the pony
good, for he is getting quite obese."

Mrs. Candy agreed that the sooner the under-
taking was achieved the better. With her usual
methodical ways she made out a list of her
wants, and I was soon on the road to
butling, close, and uninteresting Manchester.

"Whose house is that?" I said to the driver,
as we passed some handsome lodge-gates at the
entrance to the town, which I had often noticed,
but had never known to whom the white man-
sion peering through the trees belonged.

"That, my lady," said the man, "is Mr.
Thornmead's, the father of our member: a rich
old gentleman, too; and—so-ho!" addressing
the pony, whose ears were turned back.

I recollect very little more that transpired; a
The Commoner's Daughter.

violent start, a convulsive clinging to the frail carriage, the coachman threw off his seat, confusion, oblivion—a heavy blow—and nothing more felt or known till I found myself on a strange bed, many person-strangers—round me. I opened my eyes, and closed them again directly; the light streaming from a side-window hurt them sensibly, but my other senses were in full activity. I was conscious of severe pain in every limb. I heard voices around—subdued, but audible enough.

"Poor young thing!" said one, in a subdued tone. "I fear, indeed, doctor, she is past hope: do not you?"

"Madam!" (in an oracular voice), "while there's life there's hope. Good nursing is indispensible. Favete fluxus, as the classics say; which, if you understand Latin—"

"But, doctor, I don't. I understand common sense though, and I say bleed the young lady."

"Pooh-pooh, ma'am! No blood to spare. Syncope would ensue: the heart's action would cease, and death instantly would occur. There are coroner's inquests—I have a wholesome fear of them. Sibi quemque soave oportet—a vulgar proverb, but a "word to the wise;" if you choose to take the responsibility, here is my lancet: now decide."

"Well, doctor, I do not like such responsibility; and—"

"I will decide myself," I exclaimed, opening my eyes, and speaking in a very faint voice. "Here is my arm; pray bleed me. It will benefit me, I am sure. I have never before been bled."

"My poor young dear, I am glad you have come to your senses. Emma, get the basin; tell Mary to bring some old linen; she knows where it is. Now, my love, the pain is nothing, and it will keep your poor head clear."

The operation was soon over; the apothecary, who had hastily been summoned, shaking his head very wisely during the operation. When it was finished, and my arm bound, I was told to compose myself to sleep: that was not so easily done. I knew that there would be great uneasiness at home, and I asked what had become of poor James.

"Not much hurt," was the answer from the benevolent, shrewd-looking old lady, who seemed my head-nurse.

"Has he been able to return home? I live at Ellisham."

"So we have heard; but you must not talk. Dr. — will be here directly. I was alarmed at your long insensibility, and sent; but there is no danger, I believe. You are but a delicate kind, I think; and I daresay you have been greatly shaken."

"But I had caught a glimpse of a slight form gliding about the room, and the features of the face seemed strangely familiar."

"Do let me see that young lady: I won't talk, indeed; but I must know—Little Mary!" as she bent over me and tenderly kissed my brow.

"Yes, dear Lady Dornington; can you in deed remember me, after so many years? but I should have known you anywhere. No change, unless—yes, I think for the better."

"Little flatterer! But, Little Mary, I am getting quite an old woman; and to think I should find my good Samaritans in your family. How is—"

"I stopped, in some confusion. I forget that Russell had nothing for me but scorn and contempt. She understood me.

"Russell is very well; perhaps he will come before you leave us. He will be so surprised. But indeed you must go to sleep: my mother is looking quite cross. We shall take good care of you for our own sakes" (playfully). "You are, you know, our ground-tenant."

"What!" (rising) "was Ellisham yours then?"

"Yes, my father built it for me, and Russell furnished it. I was going to be a confirmed invalid; but I thought better of it, and turned quite a fine lady. Now I am rusticating at home, previous to a far more pressing business."

"I have heard of your grand doings, but you will go back with me to Ellisham—say, I shall take no denial!"

Miss Thornmead coloured too highly, I thought, for pleasure. She became embarrassed, and somewhat frigid, for the affectionate little Mary of Brompton days. "Could Russell and Thornmead have prejudiced his sister against me! I was too weak to say much: indeed Mrs. Thornmead, whom I now regarded with the curiosity attached to the sight of remarkable persons, came to the bedside, and peremptorily ordered her daughter away.

"Only one word, dear madam," I said—"promise that Mary shall return with me to Ellisham, and I will be the quietest of patients."

"Quite impossible!" she said, abruptly. "Mary is going to town. She is fond of pleasure, and she is to have her fill before she settles down, which she will do very shortly."

I pressed Mary's hand, and the pressure was cordially returned, with a faint, soft blush, very different to the strange glow of a few minutes previous. She kissed my cheek, as I lay quietly back, strange memories and feelings crowding over me—stranger reflections on the chance which had thus brought me into the bosom of the family of that man whom I had learned to regret as one of life's great prizes lost to me forever!

How ill I had judged! What dear experience of the worthless, ill-governed feelings of youth I had gained! He might well resent my sacrifice to age and querulousness, not knowing the potent influence that governed me. Before I slept, after pondering on Mary's confusion and her mother's abruptness, I discovered the reasons thereof, which brought the blood to my pale cheeks, and Mrs. Candy's words prophetically to my memory: "You have brought home the taint to yourself, and it will affect all your future life. People will talk: how are they to know you are any better than the degraded mistress of George the Fourth?"

How, indeed! Did I repent? I hope not!
If this dear girl was to shun me because I was the daily companion of one who had sinned, I must accept the penalty, though it was a hard one. How would Russell judge me now? How would Heaven judge me, if I turned recreant, deserting my charge, and bowing to that world of which I had had small experience, and which to me seemed, even in the prime and first summer years of my youth, so vain, so heartless, so unregrempising, so hollow and unsatisfying? May my reader give me full belief! If the idea crossed me as a suggestion only, it was not entertained for one second; yet my sensitive nature could ill bear to be obliged by those who I now instinctively felt, entertained an ill opinion of me, and whose prejudices were certain to prevent all further acquaintance. Mary, it seemed, was on the brink of marriage. I remembered Mrs. Candy's account of her fashionable career, and supposed, truly, that even a cotton-spinner's daughter, with thousands for her portion, might find a mate among the sons of nobility.

The family physician, whom Mrs. Thornmead sent for, arrived by the time I had thus cogitated, fallen asleep, and woke up again. I wandered a good deal when I was aroused, and fever then was setting in. I talked a great deal of home, I afterwards found, and insisted on going there, which was quite impracticable. My life, the physician said, entirely depended on the perfect quiet I could have. I do not now remember if the skilful doctor approved of our depleting practice; but I have my own doubts at this day, whether it was not rather hazardous. I dare say my previous agitations about my stepmother, my anxiety for her religious reformation and convictions, had much to do with my present state of health, which it appeared was not very favourable, for the severe accident I had met with, doubtless combined with the latter circumstance, caused severe brain-fever, which supervened ere night came.

On the fourth evening from my seizure, I woke—or rather came to myself after a deep sleep. A light was burning, and a familiar form sat by my bedside, damping the bedclothes with some fragrant essence. It was Mrs. Candy! That kind friend had come to nurse me. She had, moreover, for a woman somewhat unused to the melting mood, wept over me many times, she said. My death had been looked for, and though I now woke, recovered from danger, I was feeble as a new-born infant, having perceptions, but being quite unable to testify them.

There was every comfort in that great modern-built house—a combination of luxury, with homely convenience and absence of ceremony, only to be met with, I fancy, among persons whose early habits have induced them to make comforts spring up in homes barren of them.

Mrs. Thornmead, especially courteous to her daughter's former governess, was glad to see her, and, unasked, installed her mistress of the apartments she had placed at my disposal. The servants were not fine, but homely and civil, eager to oblige, and grudging no trouble. Our hostess spared none of her own. She had blamed her own interference as to the Sangrado practice, and was disposed to regard the neighbouring apothecary with much increased respect, because he half-predicted danger. Still she maintained that I should have been still worse had I not been bled. She was hospitable as the Lady Bountifuls of a prior period, and sorely oppressed dear Mrs. Candy—who was as abstemious as an anchoret, out of a secret dread that she should grow as fat as Miss Margaret Partridge, and thereby lose her claims to gentility—by offers of superabundance of food and wine, to support her in her nursing capacity.

"Such a kind woman, my dear," said Mrs. Candy—"and very strong-minded, I should think! Sees to everything in the house—makes the maids fly at her lightest word, and rules supremely: yet everyone seems to love her."

And I found afterwards, she was regarded with that warm affection which is mostly accorded to those who rule with a strong hand, truthful dealings, and strict justice, tempered with a feminine love of mercy, and a tenderness for all helpless and dumb things. One person only, this good, shrewd, keen-eyed woman deferred to, and that was her husband. She was proud and fond of little Mary; but her pride and fondness for her son were feelings more in accordance with the Roman mother, than the simple English one. She had grieved terribly at his early dereliction; and I knew afterwards that nothing had cut her heart so deeply, as in the warfare she had had between justice and inclination, when her husband arrived at the resolution that his son should marry the girl he had disgraced. She mourned with him, when his own heart was stung at Mary Anne Fielding's desertion; but secretly, as a woman and a mother, who dreaded shame most of all for her family, whose foundress she might almost be regarded, she must have rejoiced.

It was long years before I heard the story of those trials from her own lips, and what a noble part she had taken, in offering to receive shame into her motherly bosom, because her own son had caused it.

My recovery was tedious, and my anxiety to return home most ungrateful, in the sight of those who knew not its meaning. I insisted that I could bear the journey long ere the doctor would give his permission. I dreaded especially that Lady Laura, having no one to stimulate her feeble piety and penitence, might relapse. I insisted at last, that Mrs. Candy should return to Ellisham, which step she would not hear of, till I communicated to her my apprehensions.

After that she departed—and Betsy brought Marcus to see me. It was then that I made the acquaintance of an inmate of the house, of whose presence I was in ignorance, perhaps whose very existence I had forgotten. This was Russell Thornmead's little daughter, two or three years older than my brother. The children became fast friends directly, and though
the youngest, Marcus was so tall and so spirited, that he was quite the protector of Sarah Thornmead, who was a delicate tiny child possessing rare beauty and intelligence. Mary sat with me constantly; and entertained me with accounts of her brilliant London seasons, and her sojourn in the Duchess of Stilton’s grand mansion.

“But I love home far better, dear Lady Dornington,” said the beautiful girl, who was the more fascinating, because on the affectionate simplicity which had characterized her as a schoolgirl, there had been grafted the true refinement and polish, which perhaps nothing but constant intercourse with rank and birth can effectually bestow. Mary Thornmead was as unaffected, simple, natural, and high-toned, as if she had been her Grace of Stilton’s daughter, instead of her Grace’s protegée. Good Mrs. Thornmead affected to laugh at Mary’s aristocratic ways; but I believe in her heart, she was gratified that her daughter would be as worthy of the noble family as to enter, in manner as in mind. Lord Ernest Bays, second son of the Earl of Forestwood, was Mary’s lover and fiancé, a young gentleman of whom report spoke highly, one of that new race of nobility just then springing up, few and far between, who believed they were sent on earth to be of use to the poorer and humbler classes of society.

“True quality,” said Mrs. Thornmead, one day, when we were discussing Mary’s marriage—“true quality are always the simplest of folks. I’m straightforward enough myself, and I hate shams; but the Countess of Forestwood puts me to shame with her want of all pretension. I was foolish enough to put myself in a fuster, when they came to Thornmead Park the first time; but when I had spoken to Lady Forestwood for ten minutes, I felt as if I talked to my own sister. I had had some grand gowns made for the occasion; but I put the finery away next day, when I saw my noble visitor’s plain silk dress. It is only the people who try to be great, that out-dress their neighbours now-a-days. Those who are so really, can afford to be simple and at ease. Mind that, Mary.”

Mary, who has a taste for magnificence in dress, for French silks, and blondes and rich laces, becoming enough to her beauty, blushes a good deal at this lecture, but presently revives, and informs her mother that Ernest likes to see her handsomely dressed.

“Men are most of them slaves of the eye,” said Mrs. Thornmead sententiously. “A good thing too, for trade. I dare say, Polly, if you had had on a print gown and a dowdy bonnet, the first time you saw him, he would never have dreamed of making you Lady Ernest Bays. Show is gaining on the world: I see it everyday, my dears. I shall not live to see it; but if the world goes on at the rate it does, there will be in another generation nothing left of the true and honest left. Vice and virtue are sadly confounded now-a-days. The one, I fear, is all to glide into the other.”

I took it into my head that Mrs. Thornmead was talking at me, a species of censure I have a great dislike to; it gave me an opportunity I had been wishing for.

“I conclude,” I said quietly, “that, as I am denied the pleasure of Miss Thornmead’s society at Ellisham, you are aware that I have received as an inmate beneath my secluded roof, my unhappy and repentant stepmother, Lady Laura Castlebrook. I own, when I asked Mary to come and see me, knowing my own worthiness, I had quite forgotten that circumstance, which I presume will henceforth put me as completely out of the pale of the virtuous society of my own sex, as if I were myself guilty. I can only say, I have received Lady Laura from a sense of duty—not alone in regard to her relationship, but from that feeling which should prompt every virtuous woman to seek the reform of a fallen sister, and to aid her to retrieve the fatal steps of sin. I do not wish you to class me in your minds with those who have done evil. You know now my views about to forgive me by them and them only, and I shall be satisfied. Nothing perhaps is more galling than misrepresentation.”

Mrs. Thornmead heard me to the end of my speech very quietly. There was even a pause before she answered. She cleared her throat before she replied.

“My dear young lady, that I am satisfied you are an innocent woman you may take for granted, from the fact that I allow my daughter to be in your society, and that I partake with her: but, even after hearing the facts from Mrs. Candy, whose residence with you at first rather surprised me, I can scarcely acquit you, at your age, of imprudence.”

“Imprudence, perhaps, as far as society is concerned. I do not much regard society which can judge so prematurely.”

“Few right-minded women can be independent of appearances. It would have answered every purpose if you had placed Lady Laura near you, and visited her. To domesticate her with your own unblemished character, to make your respectable friend appear to countenance guilt, even penitent guilt, seems to me a fault against yourself.”

“You will at least acquit me of selfishness.”

“My dear, there is the selfishness of common sense, as needful to our preservation as the love of life, which keeps one-half the world from committing suicide, and makes the other take care of itself for fear of death! You would not headlong cast yourself into a gulf of polluted waters. People never walk on burning plough-shares now: they know, in a natural way, they would scorch themselves! So, in a social point of view, you haveno right deliberately to sacrifice your own good name, to put your hand into a flame, and believe you would not get burned.”

“Socially I do not deny you are right: morally and religiously I believe you to be wrong.”

“I am an old woman, and I have very little of the true and honest left; but would you think it right that I should convert my house into a penitentiary for Magdalens, and insist on my daughter as-
sociating with them? She might not reform them—I am afraid they might contaminate her.

"I scarcely know how to refuse you: you are putting an extreme case. I have only aided a single erring, wretched fellow-creature—the mother of my poor little brother—the wife of my father."

"My dear young lady, I honour you and love you for your unselfish conduct: I would say that to few women: but I pity the false position in which you have placed yourself; and—you must excuse me—Mary cannot go to El-lisham!"

"I shall never again ask her or you!" I said, with a choking sensation.

"Mother, for once I think you wrong!" said a deep voice from the further part of the room, where a screen, placed before the door, had hid from notice the entrance of Russell Thornmead. His mother and sister started up, and clung fondly to him: then they rushed to an elderly portly gentleman, on whom they bestowed the same warm caresses. I have not said that I had seen the master of the mansion during my sojourn there, but in reality Mr. Thornmead was absent on an expedition with his son, and they had just returned.

Remembering our last parting, I was embarrassed and stiff in Russell Thornmead’s presence; but there was neither resentment nor coldness visible in his behaviour. He was evidently aware that I was a visitor—most probably from his sister’s letters.

After some moments, when Mr. Thornmead had retired to change his dress, Russell sat down by us, and took up the conversation he had broken.

"I heard some of your arguments, mother," he said, "and I totally condemn them for want of charity. After all, you are a woman, I see. What has Lady Dornington done to merit such blame?"

"Lady Dornington will hardly like her affairs to be discussed amongst us."

"But Mr. Thornmead knows something of my family troubles," I replied. "I have no objection to ask him if I have acted wrongly?"

His mother repeated to him in very good language the history of Lady Laura. I anxiously watched his countenance as he listened. He rose up when Mrs. Thornmead had ended, and approaching me held out his hand.

"I reverence," he said, "your heroism. If I ever hear your name misrepresented, by man or woman, it shall be resented. Mother, you are to blame to censure Lady Dornington: she has acted most nobly!"

How sweet those words were in my ears he had no idea of.

"Ah, well!" said Mrs. Thornmead, "man and woman were ever at war on these points, and I suppose ever will be. Let us change the subject. Russell, how long have you had a beard like one of the patriarchs?"

Her son laughed. "Do you like it, ma’am? People say it gives me a warlike look. It is only of six weeks’ growth. They wear them this way in Russia."

"Pray go and shave yourself! that is, if ever you wish to kiss your mother again. I vow you are a most affectionate parent yourself; you have not yet kissed your little girl!"

"Indeed I have. My little Sarah was the first person I visited; and I find, mother, you have provided the young lady with an humble servant since I went away. Your little brother, Lady Dornington, is very like yourself."

"My little brother, Mr. Thornmead, is all that makes life endurable to me. One must have a future to regard, even if not one’s own. I trust Marcus may have a brighter lot than mine has been!"

"Surely!"—with a bitterness of tone I well understood, though others perhaps did not—"Lady Dornington has all she set her heart on! rank, wealth, a title, a position!"

My brow clouded. "Lady Dornington has these advantages in a very limited degree—nor did she ever covet them. Oh, Mr. Thornmead!" (irrespective tears rising in my eyes) —"you did me most unspeakable injustice on that day we last met!"

"I remember it well, Isabella: it well-nigh killed me. A man recollects death-blows!"

Mrs. Thornmead, who heard this dialogue, which on my part was certainly one of impulse, lifted up her eyebrows in a very astonished way.

"Hey-day, young people! So, Russell, you have been very sly with your old mother! What is here?"

Her son kissed her hand: "Nothing, dear madam—literally nothing: Lady Dornington can tell you so. Had it been otherwise, how joyfully I should have asked you to accept another daughter, who might have supplied the place of the one you are going to lose."

"Hem!" said the old lady. "But you know, Russell, there is a vulgar rhyme—"

‘My son’s my son till he gets him a wife; But my daughter’s my daughter all the days of my life!’

Well," she went on to say, "I thought I was too old to be surprised; but I own I have been. Pity! she said, rising up, and taking the silver-headed stick she habitually used when dressed, though she needed it not in dishabille—pity, an old woman should hinder a conversation so interesting: I will leave you awhile."

I was angry: I thought Mrs. Thornmead spoke sarcastically, and somewhat rudely—that the wealthy cotton-spinner’s wife looked down on the poor and parvenue Countess. At that moment I wished a bitter wish—that I had never married Lord Dornington.

"You need not retire on my account, madam," I said, with a burning cheek: but Mrs. Thornmead was already out of the room, and her son was standing before me, gazing on me with a face in which there was a strange mixture of sternness and tenderness.
He broke silence first: I petulantly pulled my work about, till the poor muslin was well-nigh frayed. "What injustice did I render you, Lady Dormington?" he said. "A man can only judge by what he sees."

"Of course; that is the custom of your sex. You never look for holy, pure motives hidden within the recesses of the woman's heart; outward and visible tokens alone you see, not the inward and visible signs of the spirit."

"You had just lost one to whom you had given what I deemed a priceless treasure—your love. If—as I well-knew—he was quite unworthy of any good woman's affection, your error was still in my eyes a sacred one. Women rarely love wisely: at best they love capriciously. They fix on their idol, and deck him out with the fond hallucinations of their own fancies. Suddenly you mate yourself to an aged wealthy man, from whom you had previously fled, and whom, to avoid, you gave up the shelter of a home. Now, what was I to make of such proceedings?"

"Mr. Thornmead," I said, "I might very well tell you it was no business of mine to justify my actions to any person who seemed so determined to distort them. You were, however, a kind friend in a time of need; it is not my nature to be ungrateful or unforgiving; let me tell you why I acted as I did, and how it was that I had no alternative except to have the weight of a father's death for ever on my heart."

Was I wrong? To him who had once confided to me his early love and wrongs, I told the agony I had undergone in Vincent's worthlessness, in his horrible death—how, though I had torn the betrayer's memory from my heart, there yet gaped a wound wide and bleeding—how I was roused from this state, by my father's ruined circumstances, by his solenn oath to destroy himself—that nothing remained but harsh duty, and that by this sacrifice I had at least obtained such love as my father had to give me. By the time this narrative was ended, I was weeping scalding tears, and Russell Thornmead holding my hands, looked into the very depths of my soul. We kept silent a long time after that, but our most secret thoughts were holding communion. At last he spoke:

"When men worship goodness, they do so with all their hearts, their entire souls—Isabella, so I worship you! Martyr! I have wronged you! No saint are you, but that better, holier creature—a thoroughly unselfish woman! Ah! if it were my lot to inspire a happier, a serener love—to know that the fever of first and erring passion over, in both our souls, we might dedicate to each other the purer fires which, phœnix-like, have arisen from the ashes of the past—Isabella, speak! do I deceive myself again?"

Oh, what a wrench I then thought myself! To have this priceless prize, the love of a good man, in my grasp, and to be compelled to relinquish it! Those who read may shrug their shoulders, and cry, "Where was the obstacle now? This woman does not know her own mind!"

This woman did know her own mind. Alas! it was ever her lot to yield an inclination as soon as it was formed. Still I must soften the blow. I did not withdraw my hands, nor was there either any of that confusion so dear to the lover, so embarrassing to the beloved one, in the words I spoke steadily. I should, I suppose, have coyly permitted him to guess his love was returned! Will my sex forgive me because I told him so plainly, and without any very great reserve?

"Russell Thornmead, I should wrong your much-tried, noble nature, if I allowed you to think that in one way you deceive yourself. You love me still, and you believe me still worthy of love. It has revived, only to be repressed. I have an errand to do: even you will not tempt me to forego it."

When that interview ceased—and it lasted some hours—many arguments had been urged by Russell's lips to induce me to rescind my resolutions. It was in vain. I was, perhaps, as much actuated by pride as duty. I felt his family looked down on me, and I could not brook it. Strange reverse! When I was apparently poor and humble, he affected humility: now I was above him in rank, I was regarded as something to which he might condescend, but not his equal! I told him at last I intended to return home the next day with Marcus. We shook hands at parting: he told me then he should travel for some years. His last words I well remembered:

"If, when next we meet, we cannot meet to part no more, let us never meet again!"

There was no small amount of anger in his tone. After all, it was natural, perhaps: a woman should give up all for the man she loves, but I dared not cast away the bonds in which I had encircled myself. Again Mrs. Candy's words came to haunt me.

Mrs. Thornmead met me at breakfast somewhat grimly. Russell, she said, had gone on a visit a few miles from Manchester. "After that," she said, while tears forced themselves into her eyes, "he is off again, just as I hoped he might settle, and let us see his children grow up. Ah! well the mother whose happiness lies in her children will find herself a grieved and disappointed woman."

I murmured some foolish words about hoping he might be happy.

"That's just nonsense, Lady Dormington; if you had wished my boy to be happy you might have given up some of your crochety ways for the lad. Oh, but a woman that sets herself up for a model of duty is about the hardest-hearted creature I know! Maurice Thornmead, my husband's nephew, who went out to India fifteen years ago as a cabin-boy, and is now making his thousands in the Company's service, has been tormenting Russell for years past to go out and study that outlandish place; and now Russell is going in good earnest, to see if
the sun will scorch out his disappointment, poor fellow!"

"To India!"—in dismay.

"Yes. You can alter your mind, however: a beak of that long white finger will do it!" (I shook my head sadly). "Well, well, I don't know, not I, why I should plead for Russell! Any woman, Countess or cotton-wool, might jump at him!"

I felt now that a sort of stiffness ensued between us, and rising, I held out my hand to the good mother.

"Farewell, dear madam! I cannot requite your hospitalities; you forbid it. I can but thank you. Think kindly of me; remember we have one common tie between us—we both love Russell!"

She was not proof against that speech. She folded me in her strong arms; she kissed me, and called me a foolish child to play with life as I did. How was it I could not persuade her that to please ourselves was not our mission here? Was I wrong, or she right? That was a question I spent many weary future hours in trying to solve. I had not even the satisfaction usually pertaining to obnoxious people who are upheld by a perfect belief in their own infallibility.

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CHAP. XXIV.

Six months after Russell Thornmead's departure for India, a serious difference took place in Lady Laura's health. Her symptoms alarmed me: I had seen similar ones in my childhood make rapid progress in Susan Liscombe, and I made Mrs. Candy lose no time in sending for a physician. A few weeks only had emancipated Lady Laura dreadfully: she was hollow-eyed, and had a cough which left her no peace night or day. When I asked what could be done, the medical man said simply, "Nothing but a warm climate—Italy; or, if that did no good, Madeira." Either, with my narrow means, was embarrassing; but, at last, I determined that Mrs. Candy and myself should accompany the invalid to Florence. Marcus was sent to a school of high reputation in Manchester, to be prepared for Eton; Betsy had sole charge of the house; and as for myself, I believed I could write for my London publisher as well in Florence as at Elsham.

We set out, not, as may be supposed, in a very extravagant style: three pilgrims, we fared simply, and travelled as cheaply as was consistent with respectability. I obtained a promise from Mary Thornmead that she would correspond with me. Russell had arrived at Calcutta by the time we were about to start for Italy. The thing that best reconciled me to our travels was the great enjoyment of Mrs. Candy in foreign scenes and manners. At Florence, after eight months' residence, it was, however, evident that Lady Laura grew no better—if anything she was weaker.

"We will go then at once to Madeira," I said.

I was indeed weary even of beautiful Florence. Although we lived in the strictest retirement we met, in that out-of-door existence peculiar to Italy, many persons known to us in former days—persons, in short, who had visited at Carlton-house, and at our own humbler mansion. Forgetting, for a moment, that I had connected myself with Lady Laura's disgrace, I once recognized a family of ladies who had been my step-mother's intimates, that is as far as she ever was intimate with her own sex; they were, in fact, the very ladies to whom I had sung on my return from school. First meeting my salutation with a deliberate haughty stare, directed both to myself and the poor afflicted creature who leaned on my arm, they turned haughtily away, and the words "creatures" and "insolent presumption" came audibly to my ears. I was speechless with mortification. After that, I always waited to be recognized; but I found, invariably, that if we met any former acquaintance, we were universally shunned.

The passage for three persons to Madeira was expensive. We went from Genoa, and arrived at Funchal Roads, much shattert with the sea voyage. The strange scene depressed and confused both Mrs. Candy and myself—the crowd of boats awaiting at a distance the fiat of the sanitary officers who came on board; then the swarm of swarthy, half-pirate looking men contending for our luggage. We landed on the beach near the town; our boat ran on it; and then, jumping out, our strange guides pulled it out of the reach of the waves and surf. After we were somewhat settled, and had hired a small quinta, or ready-furnished house, in the neighbourhood of Funchal, a perceptible amendment appeared in Lady Laura's health. She was almost universally melancholy, but subdued and patient. She showed an attachment to me that penetrated my heart, and made me think at last I ought not to deem any sacrifice too great to have won the love of an enemy. Our time was entirely devoted to her amusement, and in reading such books as might give her food for reflection without incessantly preaching to her of her sin.

We were compelled to a somewhat strict economy, and we found a residence in Madeira far more expensive than Italy. The air of the place did not agree with me; my nervous system was excitable, and the warmth, so grateful to Lady Laura's incessant cough, made me languid.

I had, however, frequent communications from England. Mary Thornmead had become Lady Ernest Bays, had had a grand wedding, and now was on her continental tour. She was an excellent letter-writer, and corresponded with me frequently.

After the first two months in Madeira, my stepmother's symptoms increased in severity. Medical attendance is an expensive luxury in this island, and we were compelled to economize in that, as in most things; I got the doctor, however, to write out for me a code of treatment, and thus we could dispense with daily visits, only calling him in when the symptoms were mos
urgent. From the first, he had given but faint hopes. I believe the invalid herself scarcely desired a prolonged life. I am certain now, that the dreadful affliction of blindness had drawn her sooner to God than would have been possible had she had that outward enjoyment of life which hitherto had been her sole pleasure. Her death, though inevitable, was sudden at last gentle, and she was sincerely penitent for her wasted life, and her deep sin. She expired one day, about five months after her arrival in Funchal, her head on my breast, her lips uttering blessings on my head and her boy's. She rests in the strangers' ground in Madeira; a plain white stone marks her grave, which is covered with the abundant shrubs of the island.

We had no motive for remaining in Madeira. I longed, indeed, for the voyage home, to recruit my languid energies by the fresh sea breezes. Previous to our departure I received a letter from Lady Ernest, who was in London, enjoying her first season as a bride. It contained news which drove the colour from my cheeks, and made my blood chill into ice. After some details of her new life, Mary wrote:

"But our greatest news is, that Russell is about to return from India, where his sojourn has been very short, for the climate has seriously affected him; still, however, he seems to have made good use of his time. Mary dear Isabella, are all men naturally inconstant? Was not my brother deeply devoted to you when you parted, though with a somewhat sore feeling on his side; is it resentment, or what? Russell desires my mother to prepare for the reception of a young Mrs. Thornmead, of whom he speaks in glowing terms. He expects, he adds, to bring her home in two months' time; he sends the letter by a vessel they spoke with, bound for Lisbon. Heaven knows what this new sister may prove, but I am sure I shall never love her like you. Dear Isabella, I have but one hope—that you may not love my brother as deeply as we thought he was attached to you. At any rate I long to see you; and if we are in town, I insist on your staying in Grosvenor Square, till you return to Elsham."

This letter had been written in answer to the one in which I announced Lady Laura's increasing illness, and my intention to return to England immediately in the event of her death as soon as we could obtain berths—which we now found to be somewhat difficult matter, the mail from Brazil and the African mail being usually so full of passengers when they touched at the island, that unless the officers gave up their own berths there was little chance of procuring them. In this way we had to wait four months before we could depart, and at last we embarked in a brig, in which we arrived at Southampton in about fourteen days. From thence we started direct for London, and proceeded to our old lodgings in Clarges-street, for I had no desire to be a burden to Lady Ernest in her gaiety.

I was compelled to stay in London for a while. Of course I called on Mary, who was fortunately in town, taking care to visit her early, ere she commenced her fashionable day. Lady Ernest Bays was the same warm-hearted Mary Thornmead who had been my little pupil. I had occupied myself during the homeward voyage in endeavours to discipline my poor torn heart, which suffered deeply from the easy forgetfulness of Russell Thornmead. I think I was as much hurt at finding his attachment for such an evanescent nature, as I was to find that the tardy affection I had accorded him was so rudely thrown back to me—tardy it might have been, but it was now as the fibres of my heart itself, and to tear it up, even though another claimed him, was impossible. Yet that feeling shocked me.

"What! continue to love a man that is married? Oh, Isabella! what can be this passion of love, which warps every honourable feeling of a woman's soul?"

I shall never forget the struggle of those long, sea-bound days. Nothing remained for me now but a life of dull calmness—happy if my tortured soul could ever attain such a state. Why did I not yield to his wish, ere he left his country—left it, indeed, to find that I was not so indispensable to his happiness as he had declared; then came a blessed vision of a woman, who, through self-sacrifice, had been led to wash her Saviour's feet with tears—on whose head I had heaped those coals of fire, which finally purified and made her fit for heaven—the fires of love and forgiveness. I had still one tie. Oh, if it misled me—if Marcus should turn out ill. If indeed the bad blood of his mother's family tainted the not very pure stream of his Castlebrook paternity, where would be my future? All seemed dark. I had been unable to conceal Mary's letter from Mr. Candy. My first burst of grief was so violent, so uncontrollable that my kind old friend could not but perceive it; but she had never been emotional, and now age was creeping over her, and dulling her sensibilities and sympathies.

"You will do very well yet, my dear," she said; "you are a fit match for any one."

It was in vain I protested that never could any one be to me again in such relationship. She smiled, and said she had known worse love affairs than that, heal up and be forgotten. I kept my feelings, after that, to myself. I had a tough battle while on board, and I fancied I had come off conqueror.

Now the sight of Mary renewed all my agitation. Lady Ernest embraced me warmly, and there was a degree of archness in her welcome, which first surprised, and next irritated me. Pride came happily to my rescue—with all my self-sufficiency I never was deficient in that. I asked first for Mr. and Mrs. Thornmead senior.

"Quite well and happy. Is there no one else, dear Isabella, you would ask for?"

"Certainly! (with a haughty calmness), "had Mr. Russell Thornmead arrived yet in England, and did Lady Ernest like her new sister?"

Mary laughed. I certainly could not have expected meritment from her, which was little less than insult. I maintained my sang froid, however.
“Lady Ernest,” she said, “my dear Lady Dornington, likes Mrs. Thornmead junior exceedingly; seriously, she is an amiable, and also a very beautiful person. I am sure you will like her. Of course you will visit Thornmead as soon as you return to Ellisham?”

I was about then to be indignant, but with a violent effort kept cool, and resolved to treat the young lady in her own way.

“Certainly,” I said: “I know of no reason why I should not. Is your brother’s health amended?”

“Indeed no,” Her levity vanished directly. After all, how she did love her brother! “Russell is a sad invalid. He has paid dearly for that freak of going to India. My dear, he had to thank you for that!”

“Pray, Mary, cease all painful retrospection. Mr. Thornmead has speedily sought his own happiness; believe me, if I have suffered, I know how to be silent. Let us say no more; you, under all circumstances, I shall always regard as a sister, if you will let me.”

She took me in her arms, and I saw tears fill her pretty brown eyes.

“I hope so, dear Isabella. You know not how dear you are to us all. Surely you ought to be happy—you will!”

“Now, dear Lady Ernest, I must go; I cannot partake of your gaieties, and I shall leave London as soon as possible. I have nothing had occurred? Of what would they do they take me?” That was a question which haunted me, till we left London for Ellisham.

Dear Ellisham! there it was, in high beauty. Good Betsy! she had been a faithful steward, and everything was in prime order except the pony, who was outrageously fat. Marcus sprang into my arms as we drove up to the door. How the boy was grown! and how keen his sensibilities were! I echoed from my very soul Mrs. Candy’s words as she sank into her own easy-chair, “Well, thank God we are at home again!”

CHAP. XXV.

I was soon deep in home cares and home thoughts. Marcus was not to go to Eton till he was twelve. In the meantime he was making excellent progress, and we determined to keep him at his present school till that age, only having him home on Saturdays till Monday. The boy was happy, healthy, and high-spirited, without being mischievous. We were beginning tranquilly to settle down in domestic life, when, one morning, as I was busy writing for my London music-publisher—who profited largely by his bargain—a carriage drove up to the hall-door, and from it alighted Mrs. Thornmead. The old lady leaned on Mrs. Candy’s arm, who went out to receive her, and entered the house. She was not usually much more demonstrative than her supporter; I was therefore somewhat surprised when she placed her arms round my neck and gave me several hearty kisses. “Sympathy” was my first thought, and my reception of these caresses was very passive.

“You are a naughty child!” was Mrs. Thornmead’s first salutation. “You have been home a week, and neither you nor my good friend here have been kind enough to apprise us of the fact, but you make an old woman—who, by the way, as you see, is getting very infirm—come and wait on your ladyship! I heard of your return from Mary. So, dear old Ellisham, I see you at last.”

“Your obstacle,” I said, a little bitterly, “is removed now.”

“Poor soul! she is at peace, I trust. Her memory, Isabella, must be balm to your soul. Few of us, I am afraid, would have had courage to act as you did.”

“Isabella!” she had never called me by my Christian name before. Sympathy again.

“I shall take you back with me,” said Mrs. Thornmead, in a very positive tone. “I suppose you will like to see our new inmate? You will be quite taken with her. I am not fond of strangers, even though they are my own relations; but Cecilia Thornmead charmed my heart in no time, and she shares it with my other children.”

“Is your son still an invalid?” I asked, not knowing what to say.

“Oh dear! yes. I tell him I have no pity for him, and want to pack him off to Cheltenham. His liver is touched, but he has good nursing.”

“I cannot return with you, dear madam. I will call on you some morning, and pay my respects to—”

“Some morning! Lady Dornington, are you growing cold like all the world? The fact is, Russell ought to have come himself; but, my dear, strong man as he is, he is weak as a child in some matters. These masculine natures are so. There’s no accounting for it. She will repulse me, mother. I do not believe she ever loved me at all!”

But here my temper rose: “Mr. Russell Thornmead is welcome to lay that unctious to his soul,” I said, “if he pleases: I do not reproach myself.”

“Surely not, my dear: it is no fault of yours if he chose to go to India and come back with a sallow face—not that Russell was ever very blooming; but, my dear, a good wife will soon nurse him well; and, after all, it was a little your own doing.”

“I shall be happy to see him and shake hands with him,” I said, with a dignified effort, “without reference to the past.”

“That you can settle yourself,” said Mrs.
Thornmead, composedly: "but I will not stir unless you return to dinner!"

She became at last so positive, that I could not resist her without showing more resentment than my pride permitted. "After all, I may as well have it over," I thought: "the stranger's presence will be a very effectual way of subduing all appearance of feeling. I suppose they have had the grace to keep the circumstance from Mrs. Russell Thornmead. I ordered luncheon and retired to dress.

I do not deny that, as far as a morning toilet permitted, I endeavoured to look my best—with what effect the reader can best judge from Mrs. Thornmead's exclamations when I descended, ready to accompany her to Thornmead Park: "Child, you look five years younger than when you left England." I answered pointedly that my health was now very good, and that I hoped for a quiet tranquil future.

"Something more, surely. I hate to hear young folks dismal, and with that serenity which is only becoming to old women like us, Mrs. Candy; and even I have very little of it. Won't you come, too?"—to her.

But Mrs. Candy declined. I saw she felt for me, and also with me, that the sooner a disagreeable duty was over, the better.

"I shall not easily quit Ellistham again," I whispered, as I kissed her, "when I once return."

Our drive was passed in questions from Mrs. Thornmead about Lady Laura's death, her state of mind, and my descriptions. Mrs. Thornmead wiped off a tear. "I fear," she said, "I was not quite right. As far as general principle goes, I was. But for your sake, good soul, I was too harsh. I should not have minded myself, but, you see, Mary's marriage might have been spoiled. We mothers are selfish for our children, if not for ourselves, as you will find out, perhaps, one day. Here we are."

We got out. There was Russell at the door.

What did this greeting mean? How unfeeling! He clasped both my hands, pressed them—and to his heart—there was a look of intense pain as I withdrew them hastily away.

"Come into the drawing-room," said his mother. "Is Cecilia there?"

"She is," he said, and led the way.

As we entered, a pretty graceful young lady, who had an infant of a year old on her lap, rose. My heart thrilled strangely.

"Mrs. Thornmead" (from Russell).

We bowed.

"Come, come, Russell," said his mother, gaily. "I shall not yield my rights: Mrs. Thornmead Junior, if you please. I'm not dead yet, Cecilia, my dear."

"Cecilia protested she had nothing to do with Russell's rude mistake.

"Kiss the baby, my dear," said the old lady to me. "He is a fine child, and perhaps he'll thrive here, though he began to pine in India."

"The baby!" I looked from one to another.
high principle find record. He has long since wiped away the tarnish from our father's name. He married very early in life Sarah Thornmead, between whose age and his only a very slight discrepancy existed, one at least never thought of by either. The old estates of Castlebrook and De Trevor may never belong to Marcus; but he has long since earned a noble income of his own. People say there is a prospect—not a very distant one either—of the Woolsock for Mr. Castlebrook, who has proved himself on more than one occasion the Right Man in the Right Place.

THE CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Yes, well I remember how oft, in my youth,
On History's records I bent a rented glance—
Rejoiced when the dim, dreary desert of truth
Was cheered by a bright little beam of romance.
Tis hard to be forced my belief to retract,
Yet modern historians such skill have employed
In branding as fiction each treasured-up fact,
That my thoughts are confused, my illusions destroyed.

Queen Eleanor, armed with a dagger and bowl,
It seems, never went to fair Rosamond's bower;
King Canute essayed not the waves to control,
Deriding the courtiers who flattered his power.
King John, although prone to some trivial mistakes,
His power as an uncle discreetly employed;
King Alfred the Great never burnt up the cakes;
That picturesque, sweet cottage scene is destroyed!

King Richard the Third was a straight, proper man;
King Henry the Eighth a nice conscience possessed,
That led him severely his duties to scan:
He beheaded his wives; but he meant for the best!
Queen Mary was blamed by a turbulent throng,
But only was cruel when vexed and annoyed.
I can't quite distinguish the right from the wrong,
In this glittering wreck of illusions destroyed.

We scarcely can tell how to praise or to blame,
When Royalty moves in so mystic a way;
Yet hold! I can mention a Sovereign's name,
Who walks in the broad, open sunshine of day.
Transparent and pure was her young maiden life,
And holy her life as a matron has been;
By all was she honoured as Mother and Wife,
And England rejoiced in the bliss of its Queen.

How truly our sympathy now we impart,
And share in the Widow's devoted regret;
Her People, we know, have a place in her heart,
She aids us, she loves us, she prays for us yet.
Our eyes on the long, dreary records we cast,
That tell of the Rulers our country has seen;
The Present, we feel, makes amends for the Past,
And England may justly exult in its Queen!

DAFFODILS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Down the cool darkness of the dell,
Past scanty grass and rifts of clay,
The river, which I love so well,
Went sighing on its seaward way.
Around the old accustomed larch,
And 'neath the rusty-red beech-trees,
The golden daffodils of March
Were tossing in the gusty breeze.

Standing amid the blossoms fair,
As she had stood in bygone years,
I saw her with her floating hair,
And eyes which startled light from tears.
'Twas not the wind the trees which shook,
Her cheek with hues of carmine dyed;
And the small slender hand I took
Trembled, and yet was not denied.

So when the shadows left the plain,
And light shone on the distant hills,
We, who were boy and girl again,
Lingered to gather daffodils.
And in my heart a soft sense grew,
Vague and imperfect, but yet sweet
Those blossoming Lent-lilies threw
A garland fair at young Love's feet.

ALONE.—Solitude, though silent as light, is, like
the light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is
essential to man. All men come into this world alone;
all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread,
whispering consciousness that if he should be
summoned into God's presence no gentle nurse will be al-
lowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry
him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepida-
tions. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philo-
sopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries
alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world
appalls or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of
a far deeper solitude through which he has already
passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through
which he has to pass; reflex of one solitude—pre-
figuration of another.
YUCATAN.

On the sixth of December, 1492, Christopher Columbus, having touched at the Bahamas and Cuba, landed on the north-west promontory of a large island, to which he gave the name of Espanola—Little Spain. Afterwards it was called Hispaniola, then St. Domingo, and finally Hayti.

Cuba was at first supposed to be a portion of the main Western Continent. The fact of its being an island was not determined until 1508.

In 1511, it was taken possession of, and the natives exterminated except such as were placed in abject bondage—by the Spaniards, under command of Don Jago de Velasquez, who thereupon became Governor, and the island remained under Spanish rule, with little interruption, until 1741.

Fourteen years after the discovery of Hayti, an adventurer—Juan Diaz de Solis—in company with Vincent Yanez Pinzon, being on an expedition of discovery, sailed west from Hayti, and, having encountered a series of terrific storms, suddenly, at the close of an intensely dark night, they found themselves floating calmly within a half-league of a beautiful coast.

The view was magnificent. Extending either way, as far as the eye could range, was a dense forest, stretching back into the interior. High mounds covered with verdure, visible in the distance, rising above the luxuriant foliage of the shore, added a picturesque feature to the landscape.

Before the sun was an hour above the horizon, on the morning in question, a large number of natives had collected on the beach, and were jostling together in tumultuous strife, in the effort to push forward to the front. Their piercing yells echoed off on the deep ocean, re-echoed back through the heavens, and died away in the great wilderness.

Towards noon Solis dropped in near the shore, and for several days cruised along the coast, carefully observing the general features of the country, and ascertaining, so far as possible, the peculiarity of its inhabitants. He then turned back to Hayti, giving exaggerated accounts of his discoveries.

In February, 1517, a Spanish hidalgo, named Francisco Hernandez de Cordova, under the patronage of Velasquez, fitted out three small ships, and with one hundred and ten soldiers, sailed from Cuba on an exploration of the country discovered by Solis.

They followed the direction designated, and at the end of twenty days anchored off the north-eastern coast of the peninsula of Yucatan.

The necessary reconnoissance having been made, Cordova prepared to disembark, and take possession of the country in the name of Castile. This movement, however, was temporarily deferred. The shore was thronged with Indians, and some had pressed forward waist-deep into the water.

The morning of the second day dawned, yet the multitude had not diminished, and their menacing demonstrations were such as did not invite a nearer approach.

Early in the day two canoes filled with warriors pushed off toward the fleet. They advanced resolutely until within speaking distance, then paused, as if reluctant to proceed.

After repeated signals of invitation, being unable to converse with them, Cordova succeeded in inducing three young chiefs from one of the canoes to come on board his ship. They were clothed only with a small covering about the loins, and examined everything around them, even to the garments of the Spaniards, with inquisitive minuteness.

One of them took a musket from the hand of a soldier, and having observed it closely, returned it with a peculiar grunt and shake of the head. He then grasped a club, hanging by his side, drew it from the fastening, and whirled it with a motion like lightning. Pausing abruptly, a grim smile of self-conceit passing over his features, he thrust the weapon back in its place, and pursued his observation.

Just then a sea-fowl lit on a floating log a few rods away. Cordova, to give the Indian an idea of the value of the musket, ordered the soldier to shoot the bird. He raised the gun and fired. The gull fell into the water, dead. The savages dropped on the deck as if struck by a thunderbolt, and it was some time before they could be reassured.

Their cupidity having finally overcome their fears, they expressed a wish to have the weapon given them. Cordova readily assented, when an angry dispute arose between the three, who should possess the "fire-gun." The difficulty, however, was soon settled by the presentation of two other muskets and a few trinkets, when the young warriors left the ship, apparently well pleased.

The character of these Indians was fully demonstrated, even in this short interview. They were shrewd, fierce, treacherous. The object of their visit was simply to learn what they could of the number and power of their sudden enemy, and the Spanish commander had exerted himself to impress them with a sense of his superiority.

The morning following, an Indian casique, with a few retainers, came off in a single canoe to the ships, and by signs invited the Spaniards to the shore. This was what Cordova desired.

The pantomimic invitation was readily accepted; but the cautious Cordova, observing that nearly all the savages had left the beach, decided to use his own boats. He diplomatically declined the generous offer of the wily chief of a seat in his
Yucatan. 295
cance, much to that person's chagrin, and affecting not to notice the expression of disappointment, he ordered a corps of musketeers, with swords attached, to accompany him.

What few Indians remained in sight retreated as the boats approached; and when the shore was reached, the last one had fallen back among the thick foliage. Immediately, however, two or three of the more inquisitive returned, but a gesture from the cazique sent them back to their cover.

There was a short delay necessary in perfecting arrangements, when the column moved off toward the interior, led by the chief, who had represented his village as being near.

The wary explorer did not intend to penetrate far into the forest, or place himself in a position from which he could not easily retreat, did such a movement become expedient. The probability of a village within leagues was wholly discredited. The condition of the wilderness, its wild natural state, the thick growth of shrubbery, and an entire absence of any improvement, admonished him that he was on soil seldom trod.

The desire, however, to obtain a view of the country, to learn something of the natives, their resources and manner of living, had overbalanced calm conviction, and he was voluntarily placing himself in imminent danger. "We concluded," wrote he in his diary, "that if attacked, we would give the painted heathens a taste of Spanish powder and Spanish valor."

Having traversed a half-league through interwoven foliage, they came abruptly into an opening. Here they halted. They would proceed no farther. The cazique was very anxious that they should continue on, and affected displeasure at their refusal. His designs were palpably evident, and preparations were made to prevent their consummation.

Not comprehending the movements, and watching a favourable opportunity while standing near the edge of the forest, the plotting chief and his associates darted away among the bushes. The invaders were now alone, and silence rested upon the scene. It was an ominous silence. Quickly, terrific yells were heard on every side, dusky features were seen peering out from the leafy coverts, and a volley of arrows fell upon the adventurers.

Seeing the extent of his danger, Cordova turned his column with all possible dispatch and commenced a counter-march. The Indians, emboldened by an appearance of flight, saluted out resolutely to cut off the retreat. This was what the Spanish commander wanted. The manœuvre was expressly for this purpose. It enticed the enemy from their hiding-places, and he ordered his men to fire. A full round of leaden balls was poured into their midst with terrible effect. Without a moment's delay, Cordova threw his hand upon the staggering Indians, charging them with the sword.

The result was all that could have been expected. The savages fled in every direction. Terror-stricken at the discharge of fire-arms, and amazed at the number of their comrades slain, they skulked away in the thick forest, leaving a wide unoccupied space in the direction of the beach. The Spaniards did not tarry at the scene of action, but gathering up their wounded, returned to the boats and re-embarked.

For several days they cruised westward along the shore, making such discoveries as were practicable, without venturing within reach of the incensed natives. At this time their fresh water became exhausted, and it was indispensable to obtain a supply. Bypassing the mouth of a river, they bore in toward the land—the present site of Campeche.

There were at this time no natives in sight, and they flattered themselves with the prospect of a peaceful ramble in the forest. How little they yet knew the desperate spirit of those Indians! Cordova, so it appears, was not without a doubt, and as a precaution proposed a reconnaissance in force. A detachment of sailors, detailed to replenish the casks, were to accompany them.

The importance of this movement was soon apparent. They had not proceeded ten rods from the river, when a small band of warriors was discovered approaching.

Preparations were made to receive them amicably or otherwise, as should be advisable; but, professing friendship, they were permitted to advance unmolested. Their eagerness, however, to impress a belief in their pacific purposes carried them to such extremes as thoroughly established the conviction of deception, and yet Cordova assumed to accredit their assurances. He wished to defer an attack until his water-casks were full. The natives again invited him to their village, representing it not far away. During this pantomimic colloquy, which was purposely prolonged, the sailors were filling the casks, and placing them in one of the boats.

Then, with a wild whoop, a large body of savages—"not less than ten thousand"—came pouring out of the great forest. With an answering cry, the parleying party joined the assailants. The Spaniards then fell back to the beach, and embarking hurriedly, pushed off from the shore. A comfortable supply of water had been secured, and as soon as practicable the ships were got under way, with a view of coasting farther westward.

At the expiration of two days a large bay was discovered. Cordova at once conceived the idea of entering this and establishing himself permanently on the land. The design being communicated, was warmly approved, and the armada turned toward the shore.

Standing a little back from the beach, and partly concealed by the rank vegetation, were a number of Indians watching the new course of the ships with apparent interest. This was significant. It was not improbable, indeed it seemed certain, that a line of observation had been formed along the coast, with swift-footed heralds stationed at frequent intervals, to report at the rendezvous of a neighbouring tribe, who in turn communicated with others, until every chief on the peninsula received such intelligence
Yucatan.

Though repulsed, they were not conquered and, from that time until morning, a continual storm of arrows, darts, and missiles of every description was hurled into the inclosure, yet without doing as much damage as might be expected. "It was a night of horror!" cried Cordova. "The darkness was so intense that no object a yard distant could be observed. We could hear the hissing sounds of their weapons passing through the air, and could feel the weight of them as they struck the ground, yet we could distinguish nothing on which to retaliate."

If it was a night of horror, what must have been the morning, as they beheld the myriad hosts encompassing them, and who had made every preparation to cut off their retreat?

About midway from the garrison to the beach, and extending on the right and left, as far as could be discovered, was a compact line of Indians, armed with arrows, sticks burned at the end, lances pointed with sharp flint, and two-handed swords of hard wood. They had strange devices of flutes, large sea-shells for trumpets, and had turtle-shells, on which they struck with deer's horns, making the wakir ring with united clamour.

Realizing the impossibility of maintaining his position against such odds, Cordova suggested that each man should sling his musket upon his back, and with his sword cut a passage to the boats. The proposition met with a hearty response, and steps were taken to put it into immediate execution.

The carnage among the savages was startling. It caused a momentary panic, but rallying quickly, and with increased strength, they renewed the charge, disputing every inch of advance with determined resistance.

The old warrior and aged squaw, the young brave and tender maiden, even children, joined in the mêlée, completely overpowering the Spaniards, who fled in confusion to the beach. The Indians followed closely, even pursuing them into the water. In the rout the boats were overloaded and capsized; yet by hanging on, half-wading and half-swimming, they reached one of the ships which had come to their assistance.

Fifty-seven Spaniards perished in this engagement, and five more died of their wounds soon afterwards. Cordova received twelve arrow-wounds, and oh! saved his life by plunging under the water, and swimming a long distance. His pursuers—the warriors having had a special eye on him—supposing him dead, gave up the chase. He was with great difficulty rescued, being almost exhaust by loss of blood.

This disaster compelled him to return to Cuba, where he died from the effects of his wounds a few days after arriving.

Velasquez, now thoroughly aroused, fitted out another expedition, which, under command of his nephew—Juan de Grijalva—sailed from the port of St. Jago, on the morning of April sixteenth, 1518, for the coast of Yucatan.
This expedition consisted of four vessels, and two hundred and forty soldiers. Following the current further south than his predecessor, he discovered a large island, called by the natives Cuzamil, now known as Cozumel. Sailing along the coast a few leagues, he turned off to the main continent, and finally entered the bay, memorable as the place of the fatal repulse of Cordova.

The ever-watchful natives were not taken by surprise. The fleet was discovered while off Cozumel, and its course having been followed, preparations were made for an attack. Without heeding the hostile demonstration, Grijalva bore directly toward the land, and disembarked.

Embittered by former success, the savages charged on him while yet in the water. The Spaniards forced their way to the shore, and gave battle to the hostile array. The strife was fierce, desperate. It lasted five hours, and would have resulted in quick defeat to the invaders, but for their position on the beach, where they could not be surrounded.

Despairing of a cessation of hostilities, and witnessing the steady increase of his foe, Grijalva decided to teach them a lesson they would not soon forget. He ordered his men to draw their swords and charged upon the assailants.

This was a hazardous alternative. In making the advance the Indians might close in around him and cut off his retreat. The movement, however, was the commander’s only hope. Had he attempted to re-embark in the face of such opposition, he would have been overpowered instantly. It was only by standing resolutely, and exerting himself to the utmost, that he was able to hold the enemy in check. The least hesitancy would have been a signal for a movement by which those maddened warriors, with more impetus, would have overwhelmed his slender force.

The rapid discharge of musketry had lost its effect, and the fatal devastation of the balls, crashing through flesh and bone, and piling the gory corpses one upon the other, only served to make room in front for those behind, who were crowding forward to hurl their weapons.

The charge was made with that reckless daring and execution for which the Spanish cavaliers of that period were noted. The murderous blows of their weapons threw the Indians into dismay, and they fled in frightful terror.

The advantage was promptly followed up, and the bodies of the slain strewn the ground for nearly a half-league—“so thick,” says one who saw them, “that we could have walked back to the beach, stepping from one corpse to another.”

This punishment was severe, fearfully severe, to be inflicted upon a people whose only crime was the defence of their country from the grasp of usurpers. In its execution the Spaniards had not escaped unharmed. Sixty of them were killed, and over one hundred disabled. Grijalva was wounded three times. One arrow struck him in the face, and displaced two of his front teeth. Gathering up their dead and maimed, they re-embarked and stood out to sea.

Continuing westward, they espied the mouth of a very broad river, which, as Yucatan was then supposed to be an island, they concluded was the boundary. Sailing on still further, they reached what is now the province of Tabasco. Here they first heard the name of Mexico, and were astounded by the representations of the grandeur of its courts. Then, having proceeded on to an Indian town called Culua—now San Juan de Uloa—they turned back to Cuba, giving fabulous accounts of their exploits.

The ambitious Velasquez, elated with the glowing description of Mexico given by his kinsman, and flattered with the prospect of securing to himself untold treasures, entered into an arrangement for another expedition, which should be on a scale commensurate with the object sought. Ten ships were fitted out for this undertaking; but owing to a combination of circumstances, Grijalva was not appointed to the command. This honour fell upon Hernando Cortes, an alcalde of Santiago de Cuba, a man then little known, but who was destined to become one of the most brilliant and successful commanders of which history gives us any account.

This expedition sailed, but not to Yucatan. Mexico was the field of thrilling military exploits, in which Cortes figured so conspicuously, and where he achieved a name and fame that will be blazoned on the pages of history while the world stands.

With these facts before us—pending the subjugation of the Aztecs—it is not surprising that the interest hitherto attached to Yucatan should have been temporarily abandoned for the greater inducements presented in the conquest of such a vast nation as Mexico, rich in gold and silver and precious stones. These events, too, happening so soon after the defeat and death of Cordova, who had not given a very flattering exposition of the country or people, detracted materially from its importance. It was left, for the time being, undisturbed. Even at the present day very little is known of the peninsula, and by far the largest portion of the territory is an unbroken, unexplored wilderness.

Those deep wilds covered with luxuriant groves of tropical verdure, those haunts of Indians, those dens and abodes of lizards, snakes, and beasts, and those walls of ruined cities fast crumbling away, remain un molested by the tread of the white man. This country, once inhabited by a people whose knowledge in architecture, in sculpture, and science, and apparently in all that goes to make a great nation, excelled even that of the Mexicans or Peruvians, lies buried in one vast labyrinth of forests.

Mould and rubbish, the natural deposits of centuries, repose un moved in halls, saloons, and chambers of what were once stately edifices, teeming with living beings, jubilant with merry voices. Those massive structures, then towering aloft amid all the regal splendour of a mighty people, now lie half-entombed in the dust of ages. Here, perhaps, kings and princes once trod; here the dark-eyed beauties of that
period were wooed and won; and here the valiant warrior in armour contended in gladiatorial strife for the smiles of his lady-love.

A dark pall is spread over the past of this people: an impenetrable cloud has arisen between them and us. We behold, and are amazed. Our minds wander back over the old records in vain for one note of the lost race. The elaborate ruins of the country—the wonder and admiration of the world—alone remain as evidence that such a people ever existed. They have passed away, and the knowledge from whence they came or whither they have gone is blotted from the pages of human history for ever.

The ever adventurous spirit of the Spaniards was not long to remain idle, after the conquest and establishment of New Spain in Mexico. Immediately subsequent to that event, Don Francisco Montejo, a gentleman of Seville, who had figured conspicuously in the Mexican campaign, applied to Charles V. for, and obtained, in consideration of services rendered the crown, a grant for the subjugation and pacification of Yucatan. This instrument bears the date of December 8th, 1526.

In the year following, this armament—four ships and four hundred soldiers—sailed from Seville, and in due time landed on the island of Cozumel. The Spanish commander, realizing the importance of securing an interpreter, began immediately to make arrangements to obtain one. He found some difficulty in effecting this object, owing to the distrust of the natives; but finally, with the offer of a liberal reward, a selection was made in the person of an intelligent youth, who expressed a willingness to accompany him. Montejo then crossed over to the continent; he did not disembark at this point, however, but doubling Cape Catoché, continued westward until he reached the bay of Campech. Here he decided to establish the basis of his operations, and here the Armada came to anchor.

Arrangements were quickly made, when Montejo, with his entire available force, landed, and with imposing solemnities took formal possession of the country on behalf of the Spanish crown. The royal standard-bearer was the first to leap ashore. Thrusting the flag-staff into the soil, he pointed to the unfurled emblem, and shouted, "Espana! Espana! Viva Espana!"

The wary natives, ever on the alert, had, as in the case of Grijalva, discovered the ships while off Cozumel, and messengers were despatched to the different tribes of the interior, carrying the intelligence of another threatened invasion. Sentinels were also placed along the coast, and the progress of the fleet closely watched.

It was the full determination of the natives entirely to destroy the Spaniards this time, did they enter the country; and to make certain of success they resorted to artifice. This latter decision may have been agreed upon after Montejo disembarked; for in the military pomp and show attending the movement, the Spaniards presented a far more formidable appearance than in any of the previous expeditions. Cavalry was a new feature too, and the Indians looked on the horsemen with amazement, at the same time extending the hand of welcome with superfluous expressions of good-will.

Montejo was a keen observer, and his experience in Indian tactics did not fail to aid him on this occasion. He at once, and with great cordiality, gave apparent credit to the friendly intimations, but at the same time increased his own vigilance, and required the utmost watchfulness of his followers.

Without unnecessary delay, they, under the guidance of the Cozumel youth, commenced a forward movement in the direction of an Indian town called Conil. Here Montejo was thrown off his guard. The apparent sincerity of purpose on the part of the natives—their anxiety to convince him of their peaceable intentions, together with the abundance of provisions furnished, and the innumerable offices of kindness bestowed unasked—came near effecting a disastrous defeat. Before leaving Conil, however, an incident occurred which prevented the overshadowing calamity.

An old crone, doubtless impatient at the tardiness of her people, watched a favourable opportunity, and, snatching a knife from the belt of a soldier, made a furious assault upon Montejo. An officer standing near detected the movement, and with one blow of his sword severed the neck of the doomed woman, who fell writhing at the feet of her intended victim. A scene followed which evidenced the real disposition entertained by the people. It was anything but favourable.

Montejo decided to leave the place at once, and, still under the direction of the Cozumel Indian, who exhibited a warm attachment for the Spaniards, and through whom they could already communicate with the natives, set out for another village called Choaca. They did not, however, pursue the course expected by the scheming savages, but having learned of an ambuscade, passed around it.

The invaders now began to experience the difficulties of being in an enemy’s country. The supplies of provisions were discontinued, and everything that could possibly administer to the comfort or necessity of an army passing through an explored wilderness was removed from the line of march. More than this, they were constantly harassed by small detachments of warriors, who, perfectly familiar with the dense woods, left no opportunity unimproved to exhibit their hostility.

Having encountered severe hardships, they reached Choaca, and found it nearly deserted. Inquiring what had become of the inhabitants, they received this ominous reply: "Gathering for war!"

While here, intelligence was obtained of a great movement progressing among all the tribes of the country. They were uniting to drive the Spaniards from the land. What the result would be it was difficult to determine; yet, buoyant with hope and confident in the su-
priority of science over the rude implements of the savages, Montejo moved forward still farther into the interior, and arrived at another village called Ake.

Unlike the Aztecs, the natives of Yucatan had no capital or great cities. They were divided into different tribes, each having a cazique and cluster of huts, and each constituting an independent government. On important occasions like the present they would unite in a common cause against a common enemy, and when thus combined were numerous and powerful.

At Ake, Montejo learned that an immense army of the allied tribes were encamped at no great distance, and prepared to give him battle. He hastily made such disposition of his troops as the exigency of the moment demanded, and awaited the attack. He had not long to remain in suspense, for the myriad hosts, led by their caziques, decked and painted in all the paraphernalia of Indian warfare, came rushing, howling, on to the fight. Their weapons were far inferior to those of the Aztecs, and their expression of intelligence by no means to be compared with the warriors of Montezuma.

The battle of Ake began early in the morning and continued until sundown without intermission, when the assailants fell back to their coverts. This engagement was peculiarly illustrative of the fiendish hatred of the natives, and the reckless stubbornness of the veteran heroes of Castile.

The cavalry had performed deeds of valour. As the fiery steeds dashed through the staggering, struggling mass of Indians, and the reeking blades crashed right and left, a swarm of withering victims marked the course of devastation.

All night the Spaniards lay on their arms, expecting a renewal of the slaughter; but no further attack was made. The natives, under cover of darkness, were perfecting arrangements by which they intended to defeat and destroy their enemy.

The dawn of morning revealed the magnitude of this movement. It caused the Spaniards to tremble for their safety. From their position, look which way they would, was a vast array of warriors. The design was plain. It cut off effectually all prospect of retreat. Destruction seemed inevitable. Montejo was sorely depressed, and a gloom rested upon the features of his followers.

Like the calm that precedes the hurricane, so a profound stillness prevailed: then a yell, that seemed to rend the heavens and "caused the earth to quake," broke upon the morning air. This was the signal. The warriors were in motion, and the ground shook beneath their tread.

Nobly they were repulsed again and again, yet still they rallied and renewed the charge. Noon came, and their dead lay in heaps. Over these mangled corsos the survivors clambered to hurl their missiles, only to meet the same fate, until the dead formed a breastwork behind which the living sought protection.

These barricades of flesh and bone did not impede the stoic cavalier, who sealed the gory heaps upon his war-horse, plunged deep into the Indian phalanx, trampled them under the iron hoofs, or cut them down with the sabre; then, wheeling his charger, fought his way back to his comrades. These feats were attended with great hazard, and many were slain; yet it checked the frenzied violence of the savages, and did much toward weakening their attack.

When the sun was midway in the western horizon, a lull was apparent in the conflict. This was followed by a retrograde movement in front, extending quickly to the allied caziques, when they fled to the woods. The battle was won.

Montejo issued an order that his own dead should be properly interred, and the maimed carefully attended. He then sent a communication to the natives, requesting them to come and remove their wounded and bury their dead. They were sadly frightened, and in their consternation not one could be induced to return.

Two days of a tropical sun on those mangled remains rendered the vicinity untenable, and Montejo fell back to his fleet. No effort was made to hinder him. It was necessary that his men should rest. They had suffered from long marches and scanty food, and had triumphantly repulsed a terrific attack. This was the reason given for his return to the coast. It may have satisfied his followers, but it was wide of the real cause. His number of efficient men had decreased, and he could not cope successfully with another formidable assault. That hostilities of a magnitude even more overwhelming than those he had just withstood were yet to be encountered there was not a shadow of doubt. A backward movement was the only alternative—accepted, it is true, with great reluctance. Intrenching himself on the coast, he remained inactive until 1528.

Having at this time received additional forces and ammunition, he decided on another campaign. Familiar with the character of the natives, he determined to avoid a general engagement until his situation would warrant the striking of a crushing blow—one that would further the object of a final conquest.

Just here a grievous blunder was committed. Disheartened at not finding gold, but hearing that it was obtained in large quantities in Bat Khal—country lying on the eastern coast—Montejo divided his army, a part to remain with him, the rest, under command of Davila, to go in search of the promised El Dorado.

The weary caziques watched these proceedings with peculiar interest, and were not slow to take advantage of the weakened condition of their enemy. All communication between the divisions was cut off immediately, and they were beset with dangers innumerable.

After many disasters and much privation, Montejo's command was reduced to the last extremity. They had dwindled away by the various casualties of the campaign, until there were less than two hundred. These were suffering from the incessant heat and poor food,
and were hourly threatened with an engagement from the allied chiefs.

In these straitened circumstances Montejo erected temporary fortifications at a deserted village, perhaps two leagues from the fleet. Here he was able to defend himself from the assaults of prowling warriors constantly hovering around; yet it was sufficiently evident he could not hold out for any considerable length of time. Large bodies of savages were collecting in the neighbourhood, and events appalling to contemplate could not long be deferred.

The old veteran of Mexico, the hero of a hundred battles, now for the first time in his life gave himself up to despondency, and watched the gathering hosts with anxious eye. He saw but one possible course that might lead to triumph. To remain in the garrison would result in certain defeat, if not entire destruction. If he sallied forth and attempted to reach the beach, some, peradventure, would escape; while a vigorous charge in the face of the enemy might result in a great victory. His decision was made. He would march into the open field and give the savages battle.

This plan was no sooner adopted than Montejo’s native spirit—his martial pride and self-reliance—burst asunder all shackles of doubt and hesitancy, and, mounted upon his war-horse, his sword poised aloft, he rode hither and thither, inspiring his men with the zeal that burned in his own heart. He called upon them to strike once more for the Virgin Mary, for the Holy Catholic Church, and for the honour of the Crown of Castile. His words were like fire. Swords flashed in the sunlight, shouts rent the heavens, and wild huzzas drowned the voice of the commander. “Down! down with the heretics! Strike for the Cross!” was the cry, as they rushed upon the foe.

These matters of history, when presented in detail, read like an overwrought work of fiction—improbable, impossible. Yet when we realize that the Spaniards were armed with such vastly superior weapons, and that each movement on the battle-field was with the precision and steadiness of discipline, while the Indians, with rude implements of warfare, though immense in numbers, were yet weaker from that fact, we need not wonder at the astonishing exploits of those Castilian heroes among the weak and superstitious natives of the New World.

When Montejo and his little band appeared outside their intrenchments, the savages closed in upon them, and then commenced one of the most fearful engagements ever known between the Europeans and Indians—fearful from the great disparity of numbers and the valiant desperation of the assailants.

This battle continued a day and a night, sustained throughout with the most consummate perseverance and daring. Thousands of the savages were slain. No power which they were capable of bringing to bear was sufficient to withstand the stern impetuosity of men fighting for their lives.

The iron bravery of the Spaniards and the fatal execution of their weapons finally caused a panic, and the natives turned in full flight. Again were the invaders victorious, but their success had cost them dearly. More than half their number lay dead on the field, and scarcely one of the survivors had escaped a wound. In a pitiable condition indeed, they marched back and reoccupied their encampment.

Davila and his expedition met with no better success. They reached Ba Khalal with little difficulty, and sent a messenger to one of the principal chiefs, inquiring for gold and asking for provisions. The fierce cacique returned for answer:

“I will send fowls on spears and corn on arrows; as for gold, there is none for the invaders.”

After an absence of two years, during which time they suffered untold privations and disasters, a few of them succeeded in making their way back to Campechy, where they rejoined Montejo and his remnant of followers. Nearly two-thirds of the expedition had perished.

With a spirit of perseverance—almost desperation—Montejo and Davila decided to make one more effort to subjugate the country, but with no better success. Failure and death met them at every turn. They were seldom defeated in regular battle; but the natives were numerous, and being perfectly familiar with the forests, were able in many ways to harass and impede the progress of an invading army.

About this time Montejo returned to Spain, leaving the expedition in command of Davila. With the most strenuous effort and the expenditure of immense treasure, he fitted out a new fleet with reinforcements, and sailed for Yucatan.

He was now hopeful and sanguine; but, alas! a death-blow had been given the enterprise in the discovery of Peru. This country opened a brilliant prospect to the ever-greedy Spaniards, and they sought eagerly at the glittering promise.

Under these discouraging circumstances, it was not long before Montejo’s army numbered less than previous to his visit to Spain. Some had died, more had deserted. Almagro—Pizarro’s colleague—then at Panama, was holding out every inducement to the roving spirit of that period, while collecting materials for the conquest of Peru.

For a time Montejo bore up under these accumulating disasters, pressing steadily on to the accomplishment of his purpose. To add to his discomfiture, a malignant disease broke out among the troops, and he was at last compelled to the dire necessity of remaining and perishing, or of giving up the enterprise and abandoning the country. The latter course was reluctantly decided upon, and in the year 1535 not a Spaniard remained on the peninsula.

The armada, with its disheartened commander, did not return immediately to Spain, but sailed westward along the coast until opposite the present province of Tabasco. Here they fell in with a Spaniard (Gonzalo Nieto), who, with a small band of followers, was drifting
from point to point without any fixed purpose. Eager to retrieve his fallen reputation, Montejo conceived the idea of subduing the province of Tobacco. He was successful in inducing the straggling adventurers to join him in the enterprise.

The subjugation of this people, however, was not so easily accomplished as had been anticipated. By continuous intercourse with the Spaniards, they had become familiar with their designs, and were not readily put to flight. The condition of the country, too, especially on the coast, was particularly hazardous for the movement of cavalry, and dangerous for infantry on account of the low, swampy nature of the land.

Under these difficulties it was not long before a feeling of dissatisfaction became prevalent among the soldiers. Instead of obtaining booty by plundering Indian villages and devastating the country, they were bent up in a dismal marsh, surrounded by justly indignant natives, who were scoffing at their misfortunes and tauntingly inviting them to come out to battle. In this dilemma many became disgusted with the enterprise and deserted. Some went to Spain, others to Mexico, and not a few joined Pizarro at Panama.

Any other commander than Montejo, who had pledged his life and fortune on the issue, these reverses would have utterly disheartened. Not so with him. Every defeat served only to bind him closer to the undertaking. In conversation with an officer at this momentous crisis, he said: "Though every one of my present followers desert me, yet will I conquer both Tobacco and Yucatan, or perish in the attempt."

Fortunately for the interest of the expedition at this critical time, a Spanish hidalgo (Diego de Contreras), with a large number of associates, arrived off the coast, and despatched a messenger to Montejo, intimating his willingness to embark in any enterprise that promised a fair reward.

Montejo, pleased with the proposition, at once held an interview. The substance of this conference has not transpired, but the result was that Contreras disembarked with his companions, and joined in the conquest of Tobacco.

This unexpected assistance gave Montejo a firm hold on Tobacco, and additional reinforcements having arrived from Spain and Cuba, the subjugation of the province was effected.

This achievement was followed by a sudden influx of adventurers and desperadoes, and heartrending scenes of rape and murder were enacted. Sad indeed was the fate of that people.

Late successes having aroused the drooping spirits of Montejo, and flattering encomiums having been received from his government, he turned his attention once more to the subjugation of Yucatan.

In 1577, after an absence of two years, he again planted the royal standard on the soil of the peninsula. The Indians allowed him to land without any demonstration, and affected to take no interest in his presence, yet he was destined to experience a more serious opposition than on his former campaign.

Intelligence of the conquest of Tobacco had preceded the conquerors into Yucatan, and the natives there fearing another unfriendly visitation, a scheme of resistance had been prepared, extending to every cactus on the peninsula. It was a powerful league, and organized by a perfect understanding and concert of all the tribes. This explains the passive submission with which they suffered the invaders to approach.

Emboldened by recent victories, and confident in his present strength, Montejo marched resolutely at least two leagues into the country. After a careful reconnaissance, he located an encampment on a beautiful mound, upon the top of which were the ruins of an ancient building. The location was not far from the present site of Chiquimulon, and near the river by the same name. The fleet lay at the mouth of the stream.

The spirits of the Spaniards were inflated with the brilliant successes of the past few months, and they were looking forward to a speedy conquest. They did not rightly comprehend the inactivity of the natives. It was erroneously attributed to an acknowledgment of the superiority of Spanish arms, and with this fatal illusion the invaders were lulled into a belief of their security.

They sallied out in little bands, prowling over the country, and had even commenced the re-enacting of those scenes of licentiousness, cruelty, and death that had devastated the fair plains of Mexico and Tobacco.

Montejo, using the loose blocks of chiselled stone scattered over the mound, made his position temporarily secure, and was prepared—so he thought—to establish Spanish authority in the land. He soon awoke from this delusion.

On an intensely dark night a large body of Indians were silently approaching. They came from every point of the compass, creeping cautiously along the paths that led to the mound-garrison. The Spaniards were censurably imprudent. A false confidence had taken the place of watchfulness. A continued absence of anything like hostility completely deceived them.

Detachments of cavaliers had scoured the forest for leagues around, without meeting any demonstration, and Montejo flattered himself that no more resistance would be made to Castilian authority. He was preparing to send such intelligence to Spain.

It is true, certain adventurers had wandered off alone in quest of plunder, and had not returned. The thought never occurred that they had been murdered by painted warriors, even within a half-league of the garrison.

Under cover of darkness a mighty host was moving forward, slowly, stealthily; stealthily. The soft tread of their bare feet gave forth no sound; their grasps tightened on their weapons; a fierce fire burned in their eyes; a deadly animosity filled their hearts, and every muscle
was strained to wreak vengeance on the invaders. Meantime the Spaniards slept. Their slumber was undisturbed by thought of peril. Their dreams were not of murderous strife or doubtful issues, but of pillage and gratification. Hark! The report of a musket startled the half-roused garrison. The sound was ominous of danger. They listened. There was no repetition. The silence of death surrounded them. The shades of Erebus encompassed them.

Montejo caught the note of alarm. Springing from his couch, he seized his sword and shouted:

"To arms! To arms! The foe are upon us!"

That instant, a Spaniard rushed up the mound side and into the presence of his commander. He asserted, with the most palpable indications of affright, that they were completely surrounded by savages, and that he had saved his life by shooting one who attacked him. This was the report he heard.

A momentary confusion ensued, but with the discipline of veterans, each man sprang to his place ready for action. The preparation was not any too soon. There was a terrific yell—a confusion of trumpets—a rattle of turtle-shells—a rush—and the assault commenced.

The assailants were repulsed with terrible effect. The solid mass of warriors surged back an instant appalled at the shock, then rolled forward again to meet the same stern phalanx bristling with reeking swords, only to recoil with greater force, leaving heaps of their comrades weltering in blood.

Finding they could not enter the fort, they fell back under cover of darkness, and the attack was not renewed. The Spaniards rested on their arms, and in the morning discovered the enemy in large numbers, but at too great distance to be assailed from the mound. They had not removed any of their dead or wounded.

Seven days the besieged lay in their fortification. Every avenue through which they had hitherto obtained supplies of water and provision was closed, and the atmosphere was intolerable from the stench of the slain.

On the morning of the eighth day, a change was visible in the disposition of the natives. They were much nearer and their lines more compact. Another attack was designed. Their military tactics did not extend to a regularly organized siege, or they could have soon reduced the garrison by hunger and thirst. As far as the eye could reach, extending entirely around the mound, was a formidable array of savages, and every possible arrangement was made to meet the shock. The works were strengthened and every man assigned to his duty.

At last the assault began. The besieged kept the enemy from the houses, and did ample execution, but there was no hope of success. As well might they have attempted to stop the flow of the river Amazon, or level down the Andes, as to have maintained their position before that innumerable host of incensed warriors.

How soon the tables had turned! Only a few days before, they were flushed with hope—almost certain of triumph; now, alarmed at their situation and meditating an escape. How was this to be accomplished? It was a question of no small importance. At this crisis Montejo sat upon his horse, viewing the mighty array against which he was contending. His eagle eye scanned the whole scene. His conclusions were made. He saw but one way in which he could ever expect to hurl back the dusky legions sufficient to effect a retreat, and that was to march forth and charge into the midst of them.

Hungry, thirsty, and weary, at the hour of noon, a meridian sun pouring down upon their heads, the besieged gathered hastily such articles as they could carry, and sallied forth amid a storm of missiles. The natives closed in upon them, fighting hand to hand and stubbornly contesting every foot of advance. With almost superhuman exertion the Spaniards cut their way to the plain.

The slaughter, drenching the mound side with blood, caused a sudden fright among the savages immediately engaged, and with howls of rage and pain they fell back, leaving an ample space for the re-arranging of the Spanish columns. This was hastily done, when the word was given: "Forward!"

The invaders now charged upon the savages, driving them in the direction of the beach. True to Indian instinct, instead of following up their fleeing 'enemy and destroying them (as could have been done during the two leagues' march to the coast) they contented themselves by clambering into the deserted fortification, and appropriating such articles as in the hurry had been thrown aside.

This propitious moment was eagerly improved by the adventurers. Pushing forward at a "double-quick," they reached the boats, having sustained a loss of not over one hundred men, and were soon floating off toward the ships.

The Indians now came howling down to the beach, many of them clothed in the spoils they had obtained, and taunting the Spaniards with cowardice, dared them back to fight. Maddened by the taunts, they resolved to punish the audacious heathens. Turning their boats about, they gave battle—"fighting as never man fought before."

Springing into the water waist-deep, they grappled with the warriors and hewed them down until the water was crimsoned with blood. Pressing steadily on, cutting their way inch by inch, they reached the shore. Terror-stricken at the fearful havoc, and astounded at the bravery displayed, the savages made a precipitous flight.

This defeat of the natives disheartened them greatly, and many of the allied caniques dispersed to their homes. Others, with their followers, skulked away among the bushes, or sat couched on the ground, their faces bowed in desponding meditation.

Meantime the Spaniards, having recovered from the effects of the engagement, established themselves on the coast by entrenchments, with a view to permanency. These movements were
watched by the natives with lowering scowls and menaces; but finally, apparently convinced of their inability to drive the usurpers from the soil, they formed a passive friendship with them, commingling more freely than ever before.

Montejo encouraged this sentiment, employing every means in his power to foster amicable relations. Thus matters moved on more quietly for a series of months, when a small expedition was fitted out to reconnoitre an Indian town some five leagues distant. This party had not proceeded far before they discovered indications of disapprobation, and soon detected evidence of contemplated resistance, which sent them back quickly to the coast. This was the renewal of hostilities.

The garrison was at the mouth of a river, having ample depth of water to accommodate vessels of the heaviest draught, and, being already known among mariners, was occasionally a point of interest to ships passing and repassing between Spain and Mexico.

These periodical visits relieved many of the pressing necessities of the land-beleaguered invaders, and gave them information of concurrent events outside of Yucatan.

Montejo now returned to Tobasco, and was confirmed as adelantado at Chiapa, the southern portion of the province. He left his son (Don Francisco) in command at Champoton. Here commenced a series of misfortunes almost fatal to the enterprise.

At one time only nineteen Spaniards remained on the peninsula. Again were they relieved, and again reduced. The glowing accounts of the wealth of Peru—her temples of gold and mines of silver—were the general theme of conversation; while the innate ferocity of the natives of Yucatan and the absence of all interest in their subjugation were alike prominent in the minds of those coast-bound adventurers.

Garrison duty was not congenial to spirits inured to a roving, boisterous life on sea and land. The monotony of camp regulations was irksome, and, despairs of ever bettering their condition in the country, they talked openly of abandoning the expedition and going wherever fortune might direct.

At this unfavourable period, Don Francisco sailed for Tobasco to confer with his father. In his absence the discontent became more rampant, and a revolt was threatened. The commanding officer called together those whom he knew to be faithful, and after a consultation the disaffected ones were summoned into his presence. He then calmly upbraided them for cowardice and want of faith, yet told them they could leave their comrades if they desired, and he would even assist them to go, promising to send them in the only remaining vessel in the river to any point they might choose.

This so discomfited the conspirators that they decided to remain, pledging their honour to abstain from all discord in the future. The point for was gained, and for a time the prospects brightened.

No succour came. The absence of Don Francisco was prolonged. The promised reinforcements were delayed, and dissensions began again to be rife. They now had been in the country three years without making any advance towards a conquest. The natives were insulting in their conduct and exorbitant in their terms for the supply of food and other necessaries, and foreboding clouds were gathering. It was even whispered in the ear of the commander that some had packed their luggage and ship stores and were ready to embark on the first opportunity.

In the midst of these depressing circumstances, one more effort was made to save the remnant of the expedition, and with it the only hold upon the peninsula—that which had cost so much, and which was all that had been achieved by years of toil and privation. The position must not be relinquished without a struggle. This lost, the country was no nearer being subjugated than before it was discovered by Solis and Pinzon. It was not so near: the natives were far more formidable through their intercourse with the Spaniards.

Thus argued the commander, and, in hopes of preventing the impending calamity, he sent a special messenger to the adelantado at Chiapa, praying for help, and declaring that without it the garrison would be lost. Montejo, alarmed at the condition of affairs, returned an immediate answer, assuring the petitioner that assistance should be forwarded without delay, and urging the importance of maintaining their position.

Again were the spirits of the invaders raised by the hope of deliverance, and then again were they depressed. Still the necessary aid was deferred. It was not until the close of 1539 that Don Francisco arrived with the long-hoped-for relief. It was like a spark to the tinder, so vacillating were the minds of those malcontents.

From despondency to joy was but a step, and with the first appearance of activity all contemptions ceased.

Directly after this, Montejo, in the multiplicity of cares attending his duties in Chiapa, and wishing to relieve his mind of the additional anxieties consequent on the conducting of the campaign in the peninsula, sent for his son, and by a formal act substituted him in all the powers conferred on himself by Charles the Fifth, for the subjugation and pacification of Yucatan.

He could not have made a better selection, or performed an act more calculated to further and hasten the conquest. The new commander was young, brave, and ambitious, and assumed the reins of control as one having an undertaking in view and possessing the pre-requisites to success. He returned to Champoton with a large additional force and heavy supplies of ammunition, for prosecuting the campaign on a scale more extensive than any before inaugurated.

The plan of operation was immediately arranged, and the army—leaving only a guard at Champoton—commenced a forward movement in the direction of Campechy. Here it was in-
tended to establish another garrison and port for the direct reception of supplies and reinforcements. They had not proceeded a league when they encountered a strong body of Indians, and, after a sharp engagement, routed them. Determined to make no countermarch, they encamped on the battle-field.

The natives, exasperated at their defeat, began erecting rude obstructions or fortifications in the way of the Spaniards. These they defended with the most unflinching obstinacy. One redoubt was no sooner carried by storm, than another appeared, swarming with savages besmeared with sweat, dirt, and blood. The heavens echoed with their yells, the earth shook with the din of their trumpets, and their charge was like the roll of a mighty wave. It came, it enveloped, then surged back, leaving the sturdy veterans dripping in the crimson flood. These assaults were fearful, but were met by men whom nothing—not even death itself—could appall.

Thus Don Francisco pressed forward, contending, at the point of the sword, for every foot of advance, and not unfrequently the heaps of slaughtered victims actually impeded his progress. In one day he fought three desperate battles, gaining a victory each time, and each time confronted with an array of warriors even larger than the preceding. These terrible scenes of blood inspired him with ardour, and he dashed into the thickest of the fight, regardless of consequences. His example prompted his followers to signal deeds of valour, and with such a leader they were invincible.

At Campechy they halted to rest, but not to remain idle. With a delay of only one day, he commissioned an officer—one of his most trusted colleagues—and ordered him to select fifty-seven men, then proceed forthwith to an Indian town called Tihoo. He would remain at Campechy to receive and organize expected reinforcements; then push on to their assistance.

This insignificant command—one officer and fifty-seven privates—set out on an expedition, fated to experience the most excruciating sufferings yet sustained by the invaders. It was a distance of about twenty-five leagues, through an enemy’s country, of which they knew nothing, and where they would be exposed, not only to the dangers of an unexplored wilderness, but to the continued assaults of infuriated natives.

It does not appear credible that any commander would have tolerated the movement, much less conceived and directed it. The record of this reconnaissance—we can call it nothing else—bears the impress of absurdity. Impossibility is stamped upon every sentence; and yet we are forced to credit its truthfulness, for we see the results arising from its successful consummation.

The first two days they encountered multitudes of warriors, intrenched behind defences of every description. These were reduced one by one. When it was found impossible to stay the progress of the invaders by force of arms an effort was made to destroy them by hunger and thirst. With this intent the ponds and wells were concealed or rendered unpalatable by the carcasses of mutilated Indians in all stages of decomposition; and as there were no streams or fountains, the tortures of the Spaniards under the scorching sun soon became unendurable. In this frightful situation, they had recourse to the blood of their victims to satisfy the all-consuming desire for drink. Food they had none. For days they lived on berries, roots, snails, and insects. Some cut flesh from the limbs of the slain natives, roasted and ate it as a dainty morsel, so ravenous and ungovernable had become the cravings of appetite. To add still more to their sufferings, their course lay through an interminable forest, with only a path, and sometimes not that, where, at every turn, they met warriors in ambush, who hurled javelins and darts with murderous effect. Fortunately, they emerged from the labyrinth of foliage into an open country, and soon reached a village called Pokbo. The inhabitants had fled in consternation. Here they found wholesome water and plenty of provisions, and, by the exercise of judgment, no disasters arose from the too free use of drink or food. Having encamped in the village, they decided to wait for intelligence from Campechy. Such is an outline of the incidents attending the advance of that little band, over the first section of their designed route into the interior of Yucatan.

On the second night of their sojourn at Pokbo, they were startled by a cry of “Fire!” Springing to their arms, preparations were made to repel an assault, fearing the savages more than the destroying element. The alarm was false, so far as the natives were concerned. The fire was accidental, and not only frightened them needlessly, but in the confusion, thinking first of self-defence, much of their baggage was consumed.

They remained at this point several weeks; then, no reinforcements having arrived, they resumed their march, and in 1540—the day and month are not given—reached Tihoo. The place was found deserted, intelligence of their approach having preceded them; and without a moment’s delay, work was commenced on intrenchments, in anticipation of an assault.

On the third day they were most agreeably surprised by the arrival of seventy-five of their comrades from Campechy. This was fortunate. That very night an attack had been arranged by the natives. The presence of additional Spaniards deferred the movement until a larger body of warriors could be collected.

Vigorous measures were in progress, when intelligence was received that an army of savages was encamped about five leagues distant, and would soon give them battle. The sanguine informer, with much show of satisfaction, asserted: “They are more in number than there are hairs on the skin of a deer.”

The Spaniards, nothing daunted by the estimated power of their foe, left a small guard at
Tho, and marched out to give them battle. They met on a beautiful plain, three leagues from the village, and, without any preliminaries, the engagement commenced.

The savages fought "like devils, defending themselves bravely," but the Spaniards gained steadily, and having slain "vast numbers," the rest were put to flight. The victorious invaders now returned in triumph to Tho, and the natives were so depressed by their defeat, that they hid in the forests, or lay prostrate on the ground, their faces in the dirt, moaning pitifully.

The day following the battle, Don Francisco arrived at Tho with still additional force and ammunition. His presence was hailed with joyous acclamations, and he openly applauded their bravery and successes. Hilarity prevailed throughout the garrison, and, for a time, they gave themselves up to rejoicing. Meanwhile a deeper gloom set upon the natives. In the augmented strength of their foe they saw nothing but swift destruction.

Thus hesitating, some of the neighbouring caziques came forward and proffered submission. They did not wish to continue the sacrifice of their people. Encouraged by these tokens of conciliation, a speedy pacification was anticipated, and every effort made to disseminate the feeling; but a storm was arising. The horizon was beginning to darken with portentous clouds, and ominous thunderings were heard in the distance.

All the Indians east of Tho were combining for one more attempt to destroy the invaders. This great movement was instigated by a fierce cazique—the one who held the interview with Cordova—and whose hatred toward the usurpers was more vindictive than that of any chief in the land.

The confederacy—"over seventy thousand"—were preparing for an attack on the Spaniards at Tho. What a contrast! Two hundred against seventy thousand!

Don Francisco, having learned of this host and its purpose, commenced preparations to meet them. He erected barricades around the village, and gathered large stores of provisions. They were now too far from the coast to retreat. It was conquest or death, and with this conclusion their arrangements were made.

Days passed, and the vicinity was deserted by the natives. The Spaniards were apparently lords of the country; but Don Francisco was not deceived. He knew that a great battle was impending. He knew, too, that the issue of that battle would be triumphant success—subjugation of the natives, or his own defeat and death. Like his father before him on a former occasion, he called his men around him, and urged upon them to strike for the Church and the Crown of Spain—to strike for honour and life. He represented their true position, contrasted their number with the mighty host against whom they would have to contend. He eulogized their past exploits, and assured them that now there was no danger, if they put forth all their strength. His confidence and words fired them with zeal, and they became clamorous for the foe to advance. They even urged to be led forth to the fight; but the cautious commander knew better than take the hazard. It would be enough for him and his cause to defeat them from behind his intrenchments.

Near the break of day, one beautiful morning, the first note of alarm was sounded, and immediately the confederates were moving to the charge. The Spaniards were not taken by surprise.

The assault was repulsed, and many Indians slain. Others instantly stepped forward, and the attack was renewed. These in turn were driven back with severe loss. Again they rallied, and the swords cut them down by hundreds. The cavaliers were not idle. They plunged with their foaming beasts into the thickets of the strife, dealing death at every blow, and trampling the wounded, and the dead under their horses’ feet.

The battle raged nearly all day. The towering form of the cazique in command was everywhere visible. He urged his followers on, setting the example, and with the sweep of his club laid the way open for advance. He obtained no advantage however, gained no ground.

At this time, Don Francisco, seated on his horse, saw a hesitancy among the savages. The auspicious moment had arrived. He spurred to the front, brandished his sword, and shouted: "Charge, charge, my brave men! Leap the barricades! One vigorous stroke, the victory is ours!"

With loud huzzas that drowned the yells of the savages even, that little band sprang from the inclosure, and pressed hard upon the enemy. The fire of their muskets, the flash of their swords, and the fearful onslaught staggered the already wavering mass of warriors, who gave way in terror. The rout was complete, and the Spaniards pursued them for a long distance.

Don Francisco, with dripping steed, having outstripped all his companions, was suddenly confronted by the leader cazique, who with one blow of his club laid the horse quivering on the ground. The savage then assaulted the dismounted cavalier, fighting with the spirit of madness. The officer was a good swordsman, but he could not cope with his powerful antagonist. Thrice was he struck nearly senseless, and his strength was beginning to fail, when a Spaniard, arriving opportunely, shot the Indian through the heart. The invaders had now achieved a great triumph, and the natives never rallied for another battle. Don Francisco, for over a year, was engaged in winning over the different caziques, they not being willing to submit readily, even though appa-
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You will forget me, Chrissy.”

“I will never forget you, Angus.”

“I do not know that so well! I am going away for seven years—for seven long years, Chrissy. You are very young and very pretty; and I may toil and wander myself away in that confounded Bush, and come back to find you married to old Dr. Ravenscroft, perhaps.”

He spoke lightly; but I could see that his lip quivered, and his face was very pale. We had sat here for nearly an hour, the last or almost the last for many a long year. I was very miserable, and, as he spoke the tears rolled down my cheeks and fell upon his hands, as they held mine in his.

“And you will swear to be faithful, Chrissy—to wait for me—to be mine indeed, even if I am seventy, instead of seven years, coming home?”

I could only sob, and cling closer to him.

“Listen, Chrissy,” said he at length, holding me tighter as he spoke: “we have loved too long and too well to part as common lovers. I have loved you ever since you were a baby—a little Dot this high,” placing his hand on a level with his knee, as he spoke. “I shall go mad out there, if I think you may be lost to me, my pretty Ina, my golden-haired Ina. I have seen this a long time, and have prepared for it: why else should I have left Rosenthorne, and stayed in this miserable town the last month? You must be my wife, Chrissy—my own, for ever and ever. No one can take you from me then, thank God.”

“But you go to-morrow, Angus; and we are away from home; and Aunt Agnes would never—”

“It has nothing to do with Aunt Agnes, my precious one. You know Maitland is an old and dear friend of mine, and so he has promised to marry us, Chrissy; and I have been to-day to Winchester, and got a licence, and to-morrow you shall be my wife. No, do not speak yet; do not object; you are always up early. We need not be more than three quarters of an hour. And I shall leave happily—at least as happily as I can do, leaving you behind.”

“But my dear father—oh! Angus, it will be very wrong. I shall never dare go home and face them.”

“How can they know anything of it? You silly child, you will be home long before your Aunt Agnes is out of bed. And even if she missed you, she knows what old friends we are. You must marry me, Chrissy. I will not go at all if you don’t; besides, it is all arranged, Maitland won over, and all. He made a deuce of a fuss at first though—talked of the risk, and all that; for you are under age, Christine, and I nearly got in a scrape about the licence. Lock up, Chrissy, and smile. Only fancy me in the woods, knowing I am a married man, and working hard for a home to fetch my dear little wife to!”

“Cannot you stay, Angus? You are so clever, I am sure you might do a thousand things in England; and they do say that Mr. Rosenthorne is not as unkind as you fancy.”

His eyes began to flash, and his colour rose.

“Understand me,” he said hurriedly, “I will have no favour, no obligation to owe to Cyril Rosenthorne. He has cheated me of my Mother’s love: he has defrauded me of my Father’s lands. I tell you, Chrissy, I will make my own fortune. If I was starving, I would not take a crust of bread from him to-morrow. I have only a thousand pounds in the world. When can I make my fortune in England with that? we should be old and shrivelled before I had enough to buy my gloves with. Where I am going, I can work and strive; and, please God, this time seven years I shall be here again, and to fetch you—to fetch home my wife—my bride, Chrissy.”

He folded me in his arms, as he spoke, drawing me to his heart, and kissing my long curls as they hung upon his shoulder.

“You are the sole comfort of my life,”—he said—“my only joy. There must be no possibility of our paths in life lying apart.”

I heard a rustling in the drawing-room, and my Aunt’s voice, crying, “Chri-iss! Chri-iss! come in, child. You will catch your death out there on the damp grass.”

He would not let me go, but continued to keep me folded to his heart, until the shadow of my Aunt’s approaching figure in the moonlight made him release me. And we went into the drawing-room hand-in-hand.

“We have been having a farewell chat, Aunt Agnes,” said Angus, “and quite forgot the dew and night-air. You must take better care of her when I am gone.”

“I fear I have not been careful enough over her,” said my aunt, mournfully, as she looked at
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My flushed cheeks and tell-tale eyelashes. “I fear me you have been upsetting the child’s mind, Angus Gordon.”

He seized himself beside her on the sofa, and took her hand.

“Oh, Auntie,” he said, “take heed to my birdie when I am far away. I have loved her for many years.”

“I was afraid of it, Angus. I thought so when you first came; and yet they say those brought up together, like you and Chrissy, never do fall in love. But you are a winsome gallant, Angus Gordon. There must be no tie between you both, and you so young. I could not answer to my brother Strotto if there was. Begone now, my laddie, and in the morning we will see you early. It is very late, near upon ten.”

“Then good night, Auntie,” he said, rising and taking his arm in his hand as he spoke; for he seemed to wince uneasily when my Aunt began to speak of there being no bond between us.

“Good night, Chrissy”—he drew me near the door—“be ready at seven in the garden, as you love me, my darling;” and he was gone.

I seemed in a dream. I am afraid I heard but little of the prayers Aunt Agnes read that night, and even remained kneeling when every one else had risen. God forgive me! I was only praying for and thinking of Angus. Aunt Agnes was very grave, but very tender; and when I had been in bed some time, and fallen into a half-dreamy state, I felt my curtain opened and my brow kissed. “God bless you, my birdie,” she said. I think she was thinking of the days when she was young, and parting from some one dear to her as Angus Gordon was to me.

I was awake before daylight, and rose stealthily and dressed myself, putting on my palest lilac morning-dress, and my bonnet trimmed with white; and when I was dressed and quite ready, even to putting on my solitary pair of white kid gloves, I felt half-inclined to take them off, and run and confess all to my kind aunt. But then I thought of Angus—of his anger—how he said he would leave me, and never see me again; and when the clock struck seven, I glided quietly down-stairs, and, opening the drawing-room window, went out into the garden. I saw Angus waiting for me, and as I came up he pressed my arm very tightly to his side.

It seemed to me, at this distant time, but misty and indistinct. I remember entering the church and seeing Mr. Maitland, looking pale and very grave in his white robe, waiting for us; and the clerk, an old man, very bald and very red-faced, who shut the church door and hurried us up to the altar. I had no female to support me: only a small antique of Angus’s, who was going to sail with him, was there to give me away, and witness the ceremony. It was so sudden and so hurried over, and I felt so frightened, and above all so ashamed—thinking of the crime I had committed in the deceit towards my friends, and ashamed to my very soul as to what these strangers must think of me.

It was over. We went into the vestry and signed our names, and then I remember Mr. Maitland took my hand in his. “God bless you, my child,” he said: “my conscience smites me sorely for having yielded to my friendship for your husband. You have years of trial before you. Be faithful to him, O young wife, child that you are! If harm befal you, very hard would it be for my soul before my Judge.”

And then, as I wept bitterly, Angus came up (he had been paying the clerk and dismissing his friend) and, chiding Mr. Maitland for distressing me, in high spirits he bade him a hasty though affectionate adieu, and hurried me away, leaving Mr. Maitland looking after us sorrowfully and regretfully.

“Maitland is but a bird of ill omen, my darling,” said Angus, as we re-entered the garden adjoining my aunt’s house; “he is frightened to death of the risk he has run. I do believe he wanted to shirk out of it the last minute. It is very hard to have to leave you now, Chrissy, my wife; but I shall have the comfort of knowing no one can take you from me now.”

The clock struck eight as he spoke. I was clasped for a moment in one long embrace. He kissed my hair, my eyes, my lips, over and over again, and loosening me he was gone in a moment.

I ran up-stairs and hurriedly took off my things, bathed my eyes, smoothed my hair, and, kneeling down, I prayed—prayed earnestly, for pardon, for help, erring child that I was. And taking my wedding-ring from my finger, I kissed it, and, sewing it in a little bag of crimson-silk, placed it in my bosom, and trembling like a guilty thing—fancying my aunt would see all that happened in my eyes—I crept down-stairs, stopping at the dining-room door, with my hand on the lock, not daring to open it. It was a relief to me when Sarah came up the kitchen-stairs with the toast and eggs; and I opened the door boldly, and entered the room.

“How late you are, Christine!” said my aunt, after she had kissed me and taken her seat at the table. “Sarah told me she saw you with your bonnet on; were you in the garden?”

“I was in the garden, auntie.”

I felt my face flush crimson as I spoke, and a deadly faintness coming over me.

“Was it with Angus, Christine?”

And my aunt fixed her glance full upon me. I strove to speak, but I could not: the room swam round; all was dark, and holding out my arms to my aunt—for I thought I was dying—I for the first time in my life fainted. I must have been insensible for a long time, for when I came to myself I was undressed and lying in my bed. I thought of my ring: if my aunt had undressed me it must have been seen. I looked round, and saw my clothes lying in a heap on a chair by the window. I rose, and holding by the curtains—for I felt
strangely weak and giddy—I reached the chair. I felt something under my foot, and, looking down, saw, to my joy, the bag containing my ring lying on the floor. It had dropped, unperceived, in the confusion that my illness had occasioned. I seized my treasure, and regained my bed, only too glad to lay my aching and heavy head on the pillow, and fell asleep. It was many hours later when I awoke. I had been dreaming of Angus, and awoke fancying I felt his kiss upon my lips, and found—not Angus, not my husband, but Aunt Agnes bending over me, and kissing my hand.

"My poor birdie," she said, "how you frightened us! I was so glad to see you had fallen asleep! Dr. Jervis told me you were asleep, not insensible, when he came at eleven; and so I have sat here by you."

"Is he—is Angus gone, auntie?"

"He is gone, dear. Be patient, Chrissey: don't cry, my dearest!" (for I had closed my eyes again, and the tears were stealing from under my lashes and rolling down my cheeks). "He wanted to say good-bye, and he would come up and see you. I told him you had fainted, and were asleep, and scolded him well for taking you out for so long a walk this morning. He told me he had persuaded you to take a long walk. I could not prevent him, though I am sure Sarah will think it very odd, when I told her afterwards that Mr. Gordon and my Christine were like brother and sister. She laughed, and looked so saucy I got quite put out."

"So he came up, auntie?"

"Oh yes, he came up; and he cried, and I really think would have awoke you if I had not forced him away, and the cabman sent up to say he would miss his ship if he stayed a moment longer; so he just snatched up my scissors that were lying on the bed, and in a moment he cut off a curl of your hair. I am sure it will leave an awful mark, for it's just in the front! And he kissed you twice, and went, poor laddie, and never said good-bye to me!"

And so I parted from my husband. He was gone. I did not even know how I should hear of him; for, though my father was rector of the parish where his mother and brother, or rather stepbrother, lived, Mrs. Gordon and her eldest son had been abroad for two years before I came home from school, indeed; so I knew but little of them of late years, though when we were children we were scarcely ever a day apart. Mrs. Gordon had married, when very young, her first husband (a Mr. Rosenthorne). He was a man of good family, but his father and his grandfather before him had lived too freely, and so he was obliged to save his father from disgrace and cut off the entail, and Rosenthorne Manor was sold, and his father and his mother lived at Boulogne, and were great people there—greater than they had been at Rosenthorne, where they only ranked as country proprietors, and were patronized by the nobility and high people of the county; while they were wealthy people at Boulogne; and Mrs. Rosenthorne, who was a fine handsome woman, was queen of everything. Mr. Rosenthorne, the stepfather of Angus, was a merchant, and a successful one; and though Rosenthorne Manor was in other hands, yet, when he died, and left his money to his widow, it was under an injunction that, if ever his paternal estate should be in the market, she should buy it, and that the person to whom she bequeathed it should take his name. Six months after Mr. Rosenthorne's death a son was borne, and when Cyril was eight years old his mother married Mr. Gordon, and two years later was born Angus.

Mr. Gordon was a just and honourable man, and when, some few months after Angus's birth, the Rosenthorne estate was advertised for sale, he bought it. Mr. Rosenthorne had laid nothing more binding than a request on his widow respecting the buying or dispensing of it. He had not known, poor man, of the son that was coming, and Mr. Gordon might have retained it as belonging to his wife's dowry, or settled it on his own son; but, as I said before, he was an honourable man, and he settled the estate, as he was in duty bound, upon Cyril Rosenthorne.

Mrs. Gordon was a tender mother, but the glory of her life was Cyril. He was a fine tall youth when Angus was born, I heard my mother say; passionately fond of his mother, and too disposed to be jealous of the new comer; but he went to school soon after, and was very clever, and went to Oxford, and then into the army.

I lost my mother early, and so I was much at Rosenthorne, for Mrs. Gordon pitied my motherless state, and Angus and I were playmates and companions almost from our cradles, though Angus was six years my senior; but he was a delicate lad, and never was sent away to school. He never cared much for Cyril, indeed, when Cyril was home for the holidays; and his mother took a pride in pleasure in his handsome, noble-looking son, devoted herself to him without meaning to neglect Angus; but she had him always, and Cyril only for a few weeks in the year. Then Angus would tell me he hated Cyril, and would be peevish and ill-tempered all the time his brother was at home; and so little things grew into great ones; and when Mr. Gordon died, and Angus found Rosenthorne was indeed Cyril's—he had always had a hope that it would be at any rate divided, and could never see the justice of its being entirely Cyril's, though bought with his father's money—then I say Angus's rage indeed burst forth; and as he had only two thousand pounds left him when he came of age—for Mr. Gordon had left his property, some four hundred a-year, to his widow for life, and not to his son until after her days—then there was a sad scene at Rosenthorne. Cyril, or Colonel Rosenthorne as he was now, had come down to the funeral and to take possession, and his mother's joy at meeting him only incensed Angus the more. It was in vain poor Mrs. Gordon endeavoured to show him the justice of Cyril's possession, and besought him to let her make over his father's
property to him. "Yes, Cyril would provide for her," she said. But he cried "No; she had always loved her first husband's son above him; and he would not accept a farthing. His father's wife and his mother should at all events have the means of being independent of Colonel Rosenthorne."

And so things grew worse and worse until Colonel Rosenthorne, after offering to do everything in the world for Angus, and receiving but hard and bitter words in return, grew angry too; for Colonel Rosenthorne was also a passionate man, and his patience was exhausted; and so, finding his mother's entreaties and tears availed nothing with her headstrong son, Colonel Rosenthorne went to Nice, where there was a family—friends of his—whose daughter, they said, he greatly admired; and Mrs. Gordon accompanied him. I remember how, the day they left, Mrs. Gordon came to the Rectory, and entreated my father to be a guardian and friend to Angus, and went, and took her son in her arms and caressed him as if he had been a child again; so that his heart was melted, and he put his arms round her, and called her his mother. He "dear mother" (she had been but "Mrs. Gordon" to him lately); but then Cyril came in to bid my father good-bye; and Angus was proud and wilful again, and only kissed his mother's hand when he bade her adieu. Angus lived with us when they were gone, and Rosenthorne was all but shut up; and soon after, my father sent me to Southampton on a visit to my aunt—his only sister, a maiden lady—as he did not think it fitting Angus and I should be so much together now we were growing older.

I was very sorry to leave my home—very sorry to leave my father and Angus; and when I had been at Southampton a full year, only seeing my father and Angus twice when they came to spend a week there, and was weary to death of the dull routine of my aunt's life, sighing for the freedom and the fresh breezes of Rosenthorne, I had a letter from home to say that Angus was tired of a medical life; he had been studying medicine with the doctor at Ashton (our nearest town), and had decided on trying his fortune in Australia; and shortly he came, and somehow he was half his time in Bateman Place, where my aunt's house was, and the days flew on, and I thought I never loved anyone, or could love anyone as dearly as Angus, though I had no distinct idea of any closer tie than that of brother and sister, or someone very dear, until the evening before he sailed, when he told me I must be his wife before he left.

And now it was over, and he was gone, as I said before, not even knowing how I should hear of him, though of course he would write to my father; but still that would not be for me. I weared strangely, after he left, of the dull town, of the duller walks, especially of the stiff, dusty road, with its straight, uncomfortable, prim-looking trees on each side, where Aunt Agnes always would walk of an evening; and I quite hated the sight of Sarah, my aunt's confidential maid—a small, shivered, sour-looking woman of middle age, who had, I think, lectured my aunt severely on the impropriety of "allowing a young man like Mr. Gordon to be always hanging after such a child as Miss Christine." And I wrote to my father begging to return home. Poor man! he thought it impossible I should not prefer a town to the quiet seclusion of Rosenthorne, even such a town as Southampton. He was pleased to have me home, to see his "household fairy" once again, as he said; and indeed I found the house sadly in want of me; for Angus and he had made but sorry housekeepers; and I don't think either Mary (our cook) or George (our man-servant) ever saw dust, let it lie about as thick as it might.

I was only too glad to leave Southampton; for I was sadly nervous, and fancied every knock at the door was someone come to inform my aunt of what I had done; and I sometimes met Mr. Maitland; and, in short, I was but too glad to be away from it all again.

And now four years have passed away; Mrs. Gordon has returned to Rosenthorne; Colonel Rosenthorne is travelling in the East, and a heavy sorrow has fallen on me. I have lost my father; a stranger fills his place in the parish church and the old rectory—a widower with a large family of children, who gambol on the lawn as they will, and are very healthy but unruly. I had a long illness after my father's loss, and Mrs. Gordon had returned and come to nurse me, and when I was able to be moved, I went to Rosenthorne and remained with her.

"I am a solitary woman, Christine," she said, "and you have been as a daughter to me: remain with me, my child; at all events for the present—until Cyril returns, and brings home, perhaps, a young bride: let me have your fresh young face to look at, Christine."

I was but too pleased to accede. I had no other choice but my aunt's house, which I shrank from surprisingly now. I loved Angus still—deeply and tenderly I thought as ever; though in three years I had heard but once from him, in a letter through Mr. Maitland, and twice of him from hurried letters to his mother. I wrote to him after my father's death, to the care of the agent at Melbourne, to whom his mother's letters were addressed; but had had no reply as yet: it is a weary time to wait for a reply from Australia. In his last letter he told his mother he was sick of the Bush, and he had thought of entering into partnership with a merchant at Melbourne, whose family he was intimate with, and who was a very wealthy man.

It was one stormy winter's evening, and we had just seated ourselves comfortably for the evening before the drawing-room fire, with our work and a book, which we read aloud in turns, when we heard the sound of wheels on the carriage-drive and the dogs barking. I was just going to set light to our candles, and Mrs. Gordon had run to the window to see what it
might be, when a hasty step ran up the stairs; there were voices and a rustling in the hall; the door opened, and the tall figure of Colonel Rosethorne was on the threshold.

"My dearest mother!"

"My darling Cyril!"

It was thus I knew him; for the fire gave but a fitful light, and he was covered with a large and heavy travelling cloak, and I could see only his stalwart form, and his eyes shining like fire in the dusky light. He did not see me, and Mrs. Gordon had quite forgotten me, and so I slipped out of the room, desiring John, as I met him, to take in lights. And now Colonel Rosethorne had come home, the whole house was changed; he was fond of company, at least so Mrs. Gordon said; and we had balls, and dinner parties, and concerts, and dîners during that long bright summer. I was not happy; see him sometimes for daring to be so happy when Angus was away; but I was young, and very fair to look upon in those days. Mrs. Gordon was very proud of her son, as I said before; and very worthy of it he was. I had made up my mind to dislike him at first; but he soon overcame my prejudice. How often he spoke of Angus, and lamented his headstrong course in forsaking his country and his kindred! I always retained a certain dread of Colonel Rosethorne; and for his part he treated me so like a child, that I chafed under it sometimes; for, though I was very slight and youthful-looking, I was now twenty.

He was not unlike Angus; for he too inherited his mother's blue eyes and chestnut hair; but he was taller and broader—a very tower of strength I used to think, as he came riding home from the hunting-field, looking so many and handsome, in his red coat and his velvet cap, on his fine horse, for he rode well and nobly.

It was many months since Mrs. Gordon had heard from Angus, and she had become nervous and uneasy on his account, and whenever we were alone (for she seemed to avoid much mention of him before her eldest son) she would harass herself, and me too, by imagining him in all perils and dangers her excited fancy conjured up.

It was one morning, when we were all three sitting in the little breakfast-room—Mrs. Gordon at her tapestry; Colonel Rosethorne arranging, or rather putting-by his fishing-tackle, at a table by the fire; and I was standing idly at the window, looking out in the long avenue, now half-covered with the fallen leaves. Presently I saw a stranger coming up the drive. I could not see his face at that distance; but there was something in his walk that seemed familiar to me, and for my heart beat as he drew nearer and nearer. Why was it? I knew it could not be Angus; for he was tall and very slight when he went away, and this was a man short and rather stout. As he passed under the window he turned his head towards the house, and stood a moment, as if uncertain which way to take. I saw his face. My God! it was—

Yes, I remembered it well now—it was the face of Mr. Maitland. Why had he come? Was it to confess all to Mrs. Gordon? What should I do? Where should I fly? How I felt all the errors—all the impudence of what I had done! I should have been glad to die that minute. I do not think I even breathed during the interval that elapsed from the time he knocked until John entered, and announced that a gentleman wished to see Miss Fether, handing me at the same time his card. I had no need to look at it: I knew well what name was there. I came out from my hiding-place in the window—my face flushing crimson.

"A gentleman for you, Christine!" said Mrs. Gordon. "Why, who can it be—you must mistake, John. My dear child, you did not expect any one, did you? how flushed you are!"

"You must have seen him from the window as he came, Christine," said Colonel Rosethorne. Who is it? Not Mr. Gerard, I hope, come to offer you the control of these seven sweet children of his, with his hand and heart thrown in as an inducement."

"No," I said, hesitatingly; "it is a gentleman from Southampton; I have not seen him for six years; he came up so suddenly he frightened me."

"Come from your aunt, perhaps?" said Mrs. Gordon, resuming her seat, from which she had risen. "Well, then you can go and see him, Chrissy, alone, and I will come in presently. He must have come by the coach from Ashton. Tell John, as you go, to take in lunch early."

"Yes, ma mère."

I called Mrs. Gordon maman sometimes.

In the drawing-room I found Mr. Maitland. He came to meet me as I entered, looking almost as grave as when I saw him that morning years ago.

"I am afraid I am intruding," he said, "Mrs. Gordon" (how strange it seemed to hear the name applied to me, but he said it pointedly and distinctly); "but I had occasion to go to Ashton, and there I heard of you, and I could not let the opportunity pass without calling, for your welfare has laid heavily on me ever since I saw you last. I heard you were living here with Mrs. Gordon, and that her eldest son was at home. I heard your names coupled at Ashton: they said you were always together; that he is young and very handsome. Does he—does his mother—your husband's—know how you are situated?"

"You are very kind," I said, moving myself a little as he spoke; "but you need have no apprehension on Colonel Rosethorne's account. I have always looked upon him as my brother. I wish they did know all. I feel but a guilty creature sometimes. Mr. Gerard is very kind; I would have confessed all to her many a time, but Angus made me swear to keep my secret until he came home. He said they need never know it—that our marriage was only a surety that I should be his wife when he came home, and that we might be married again openly."
"I know he did; but, my child, are you wise in remaining here? would you not be better with your aunt?"

"I have been at Rosenthorne all my life," I replied. "Oh! why did Angus burden me with this secret? why did I consent? Oh! Mr. Maitland, why did you?" I hid my face in my hands and sobbed. I had never seen the folly and crime of what I had done so clearly. Oh! what would they think of me when they knew all? I was not afraid of ma mère. She was kindness and gentleness itself; and would only rejoice at there being a tie to recall Angus home again; but Colonel Rosenthorne, how he would despise me!—he, the very soul of honour. I almost hated Mr. Maitland—ungrateful creature that I was!

"You are very lovely, Mrs. Gordon," he continued, taking my hand. "Angus will be a happy man when he comes home. Think over what I have said. I tell you frankly, I consider you would be better socially placed in your aunt's house, unless your position was fully explained to your husband's mother. I shall be at Ashton until Thursday, and will take any commissions to Miss Farquhar. Have you heard from Angus lately?"

"No; it is some months since Mrs. Gordon heard from him. I have only heard twice. He could not well write to me without raising suspicions of our position; though why should he wish for secrecy I scarcely know."

We were still standing side-by-side, my hand in his, when Colonel Rosenthorne came in. I thought he seemed gloomy as he entered, and I noticed that he frowned as he saw me draw my hand away and colour, as I felt I did. I introduced Mr. Maitland to him, and left the room to find Mrs. Gordon. I found her in the drawing-room, for luncheon was on the table.

"Well, Chrissy," she said; "and what has all this long interview been about? Cyril got quite impatient at last, and was not a little displeased at my allowing you to go in alone. Is Miss Farquhar well? I hope she does not want you?"

"Aunt Agnes is quite well, ma mère; and—" I stopped, for I heard their steps in the passage, and in a moment more they came in; Colonel Rosenthorne looking sternener than I had ever seen him, though he was a very courteous host. Mr. Maitland hardly spoke to me, but talked to ma mère; and at last said he had been trying to persuade me to go to Southampton.

"I don't think we can spare her," replied Mrs. Gordon, smiling. "We should lose all our sunshine if Chrissy went. Miss Farquhar was here for a month last spring (I have forgotten to say Aunt Agnes had been to Rosenthorne to see me every year). I don't think Southampton agrees with Christine. She was very much thinner. Mr. Farquhar told me, when she came home after her visit there, 'You don't want to leave us, do you, love?' turning to me.

I rose from my seat, and kissed her forehead. "Oh, no, ma mère!" I said; "I never want to leave you. I should never be as happy any where as I am at Rosenthorne."

Mrs. Gordon laughed, and seated me beside her; and Colonel Rosenthorne condescended to relax his brow a little, and even to ask Mr. Maitland to take wine; and so they conversed on the usual topics—the weather, the country, the scenery, politics, and the times in general—until Mr. Maitland rose to go, reminding me how pleased he should be to be the bearer of any message or commission to Miss Farquhar; and as he bade me adieu he held my hand again—longer, evidently, than Colonel Rosenthorne liked. Poor man! he repeated so deeply the part he had acted that spring morning six years ago. He knew the world better than I did—its trials, its sorrows, its temptations; and pressing my hand again, he took leave of Mrs. Gordon, and left; Colonel Rosenthorne accompanying him to the park gates.

Ma mère and I sat talking by the dining-room fire for nearly an hour, and I was almost in high spirits again; for, after all my fright at first, it had comforted me somehow to see Mr. Maitland, and the interview had gone off so well, it did not matter much whether Colonel Rosenthorne was pleased or not. What could it matter to him? I thought, except that Mr. Maitland was a friend of Angus's, and had spoken so kindly of him? I began to feel irritated against Cyril, and was not soothed when he came in, and, after complaining of the cold wind and bad fire, turned to me and said:

"How did you ever come to know that vulgar man so intimately, Christine?"

"I don't consider Mr. Maitland a vulgar man," I replied. "He was a great friend of your brother's, and I saw a good deal of him when I was in Southampton."

"Well, we won't dispute about it, Christine; but I wish he had not come this morning; he has spoilt a whole batch of March browns and cooch-y-bonddus."

"Suppose we put on our bonnets, and walk to Merton's, for the wools you were speaking of this morning?" said ma mère, rising; "and then Cyril can finish his flies without interruption."

I had but a tedious walk, for the excitement of the morning had made me feel exhausted and weary; and I am afraid ma mère found me but a sorry companion that day, though she did not seem to mind my silence much; for the sight of Mr. Maitland, or rather his conversation, had turned all her thoughts upon her absent son; and she talked of him the whole way as we went; and, for the first time, I listened unwillingly to his praises. I began to chafe under my chain. Why had Angus imposed silence on me? Why had he entrapped me into this burdensome secret, so that I trembled at a strange knock or a strange face. Who had I to fear? Would not ma mère, I said before, be but too pleased to have a tie to bind Angus to his home? and whom else had we to consult? I would tell her. I would confess all to her that
night; and—she need not tell Colonel Rosenthorne. I shrank from his reproval; he was so proud, so honourable, so open in all his doings, that he would, I felt sure, despise me for my weakness, and be even more estranged from Angus than he was. But could ma mère keep a secret? I feared not. I was considering all this a long time—long after we had returned home; and when, after tea, Mrs. Gordon laid herself on the sofa, to take her accustomed evening doze, I retreated into the window-recess to think over it again. I had a book in my hand; but I could not read, and soon it fell, unheeded, on my knee; and I was lost in remembrances of the past and dreams of the future. It had turned chilly this evening, and the wind sighed through the beeches on the lawn, scattering their faded leaves upon the drive at every fresh gust.

"Is your book so very interesting, Christine?" said Colonel Rosenthorne's voice, close by my side. He had come into the room unpictured by me, and was standing near me, looking at me, I could see, even by the dim evening light, for his eyes were always bright and flashing.

"Oh, no!" I replied; "I was thinking, and, in fact, had quite forgotten my book."

"And what were you thinking of, my little woman, with that grave face? What were you thinking of?" he continued, laying his hand on my head as he spoke. His voice was very soft. He spoke to me in a tone he had never used before; and, I knew not why, but it sent a strange thrill through me.

"And so you are happy at Rosenthorne, are you, Christine?"

I felt the tears rush into my eyes and steal down my cheeks—I was so low-spirited, and his kind words touched my heart. It was very childish. I do not know what possessed me; but I took his hand and kissed it, and felt my tears drop on it as I did so.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "Why are you crying, Chrissy?"

"I cannot tell. I am very weak and foolish to-night," I replied, collecting myself a little, and rising as I spoke. "Let me light the lamp; ma mère will be awake soon."

"Stay one moment. Let me tell you why I came here, Christine. Oh! Chrissy," folding me in his arms—"oh! Chrissy! my life! my darling! I love you! You must be my wife! my own for ever! for I love you beyond all the world—beyond my soul. My birdie! my treasure!" covering me with kisses.

What was this, that stopped my very breath? that caused every drop of blood in my veins, every nerve in my body, to tremble with a strange thrill of delight so great that it bordered upon pain, causing me to lie resistless in his arms, returning the burning kisses he pressed upon my lips, my cheeks? Why did I feel as if I could die in the joy of that moment—in the pressure of that passionate embrace? Was this love?—this wild rapture—this bliss—was it love?—and of him? An hour, a day since, and I had scarcely thought of him; and now he encircled me in his arms. I felt his heart beating against mine, as if it would break from its prison—his breath upon my lips, his hair resting upon my cheek!

For one moment this trance of strange rapture, and the spell was broken. He was my brother! I tore myself from his arms, and rushed from the room. I loved this man, then! The fire of love wherewith he loved me had burnt itself upon my heart—upon my soul. In these brief moments I knew my master! I knew the great passion of my life! I was insensible to all but the knowledge of this love; and I threw myself upon my bed, hiding my face upon my pillow, in an agony of passion—agony and remorse.

I scarcely know how long I lay thus, only remembering his fond words, and feeling again his arms clasping me to his beating heart. I think it must have been an hour, for every ray of light had faded away when Mary tapped at my door. I rose, and after bathing my flushed face and smoothing my hair, undid the bolt. She had brought up my tea.

"Colonel Rosenthorne had told Mrs. Gordon I had a headache, and had gone to my room; and she had sent up my tea, and would come in and give me some camphor-julep, as she went to her room; and Colonel Rosenthorne had sent me the letter I had not taken."

She laid down the tray upon the table; and after insisting upon aiding me to take off my things, and seeing me seated in my dressing-gown in the easy-chair that stood by my table (for I suffered her to do to me what she would), she left me.

The letter was sealed, but undirected. My heart told me it was from him. I opened it, trembling as I did so:

"Christine, I love you—I have loved you for months and weeks and days and moments, from the first moment I saw your sweet face. You were so young—you seemed so entirely ours, that I hid my love in my own heart, hoping to win upon your affections by time; until that man came this morning. Oh! Christine; what torments of jealousy I suffered! I cannot bear any eye but mine to rest on your treasure; the bare possibility of losing you would drive me mad. Do you love me? Oh! yes, Christine, you do. I know that you loved me. I felt the pressure of your sweet lips. Yes, Christine; you love me. I held you in my arms—I held the pride of my life to my heart; and I knew that my birdie was my own—and how soon to be my very own Christine? I shall speak to ma mère to-morrow. We have nothing to wait for: why should we delay our happiness, my sweet one? What blessing in the knowledge that your heart is mine? Good night, my life! my love! Oh! how many hours it will be until the morning, until I see my darling's sunny face! Again: why did you weep, Chrystal—my Christabel? You must tell me in the morning. Good night, my soul! my rose! Good night."

"C. R."

With a sudden impulse I hurried on my dress, and, throwing a shawl round me, ran down-stairs, and into the drawing-room.

The opening of the door made ma mère look
My Morning's Mistake, and its After-shadows.

up from her work. Cyril sprang from his seat, and came to meet me; he stopped short when he looked at me. I did not wonder; I was frightened myself at the flushed wild-looking face I saw reflected in the mirror. I had left my hair all unbound as it was, and it floated over my shoulders and below my waist, almost covering me, as with a veil. For a moment, I fancy he thought me mad.

"Stand back, Cyril!" I said, putting him aside as he drew near me, and tried to seize my hand. "Do not look at me so, ma mère; I am not mad! I came to tell you what I ought to have done five years ago: I have come to hear you scold me, Cyril Rosenthorne; to hear ma mère curse me perhaps. Mother, I am your son's wife! I am the wife of Angus Gordon!"

I did not look at Cyril; but I saw, or rather felt, that he stood, as if shot, looking at me, his eyes flashing fire at me as he gasped.

Mrs. Gordon rose.

"Child! child!" she said; "what have you done? why will you break my heart? Cyril, what does it mean?"

He did not speak; but I threw myself on my knees before her, hiding my face in the skirt of her dress.

"Mother!" I cried—"mother, do not curse me! do not hate me! do not let Cyril kill me, mother!" For he was looking at me with a gaze that chilled me with terror.

"I cannot hate you, my poor girl," replied ma mère, re-seating herself, as I still clung to her; "and Cyril will not harm a woman; though I fear you have killed him, weak child that you are. Tell me all. Be composed, if you can. Let me know how far you have deceived me, and broken my son's heart, Christine."

I had not given ma mère credit for so much fortitude and energy of mind. The tones of her voice soothed me; and, kneeling before her, I confessed almost every word that had passed those two last days at Southampton; for I remembered it all now, my memory was very cruel! Everything that had seemed so indistinct before was vivid enough now. I saw and remembered all.

I had told her all, even to that last kiss of Angus's as he wept over me as I lay asleep that morning, so long ago; and ma mère had bent her head upon mine, and was weeping too.

I felt a strange hand clasp me, and I was raised to my feet, and held up by Colonel Rosenthorne; he grasped me so tightly that he left the mark of his fingers upon my wrists.

"Swear to me," he said, and his voice was changed—so changed, O my God! from the voice that called me such tender names but a few hours before—"swear to me, as you hope for heaven—as you dread hell—fair and frail and false as you are, that you have spoken truly—that you were Angus Gordon's wife in name alone!"

"I swear I have spoken truly, so help me God! Cyril Rosenthorne."

"Then," seizing me in his strong arms, pressing me to his bosom as if he expected me to be torn from him by force—"then you are mine, Christine! Do not move, mother; I tell you no one shall tear her from me. What right have you to come between us? Why did you ensnare me with her fair young face? Why has she been before my eyes and by my side all these days and months, until I have poured my whole life's love upon her—until the only heaven I ever care to see is in Christine's love? It is but a feeble tie that binds her to your youngest son. He has broken it by leaving this young thing alone and unprotected these five years. If you had not protected her, mother, where would she have been? With this same aunt—this virtuous lady, who allows a girl—a child of fifteen—to see and hear and be embraced by any and every beardless stripling! How did she know anything of Angus? No! Christine is mine, and death only shall part us now; for she loves me, mother. Christine, tell her you love me; tell her so, Christine, my soul's darling!"

I felt so blissful in his arms, so secure from evil. Oh! why was this heart to which he pressed me not to be my haven of rest—my abode for life? What was life to me now, deprived of him?

Ma mère laid her hand upon his arm.

"Give her to me, Cyril!" she cried. "Have you not wealth and rank and youth? is not my second boy poor, and an alien from his home and friends, toiling, far away, for the sake of this erring child resting upon your heart? He will come and require her at my hands. Cyril, let her go! set free your brother's wife!"

"His wife, in the eyes of men, mother; but mine—mine before God! She shall not go!"

"Oh, Cyril! my first-born—my son. Cyril, be merciful! Oh, Cyril! have pity upon your mother! Do you not see that she cannot move? that she is more dead than alive? Loose her, Cyril, my son."

"Will you go, Chrissy?" he said, softly laying his burning cheek upon mine. "Will you leave me, my life's joy?"

How could I leave him, when he held me in a clasp of iron? and oh! how could I leave him when I loved him so wildly, now that the courage of the despair I had experienced had left me weak and helpless?

"I think I am dying," I said. "Oh! kill me, Cyril; better to die in your arms, than live for another."

I heard him call me again every name that was precious and passionate, and I know no more. I had some idea of his releasing me, and that ma mère laid me on the sofa, her tears raining upon my face. Then all was blank for many a long and weary day and night.

I was lying in my own bed, the room carefully darkened, a small fire burning in the grate, the mantelpiece crowded with phials, some full, others half-empty. Sitting on a low chair by the fire was Mary, knitting. I could not see her face; but I knew it was Mary by the shawl thrown across her shoulders. I seemed very
weak and feeble, and my head dizzy and confused. I was surprised to find what an exertion it was to me to put my hand to my head. My hair was gone, and my head was covered with a wet linen.

"Mary."
She started to her feet, and came to the bedside; looking, I thought, frightened, to hear me speak.

"Am I very ill, Mary?" I said, wonderingly.
"You have been, ma'am" (she called me ma'am); "but, thank God! you are out of danger now. Now please don’t speak, miss. I will call Mrs. Gordon in a moment."

"Yes," I said, faintly; "I want ma’mère."

How quickly she came to me, my kind mother; leaning over me, and kissing me.

"You have been very ill, my Chrissey. Thank God! you are spared to us."

At that moment (for I had not thought of it before) the past came before me; it gave me strength for a moment. I turned my head and met my mother’s eyes resting fondly on me. She was paler and thinner—dear mother!—and dark lines under her eyes told of nightly watches and of nightly tears.

I must ask her; I could not rest until I did. She appeared to know what I wished for, for she took my wasted hand in hers, and smoothed it with her own.

"Do you think you can bear me to tell you something, my child?"

I nodded, for I had no strength to speak.

"Christine, my daughter; we have a returned wanderer amongst us now."

I found my voice; I cried; "Oh! mother; it is Angus! it is Angus!"

"Yes, my child; it is your husband. You shall see him to-morrow, Chrissey."

"No, mother! No! no!"

"Be calm, my love. He knows all, Christine. I told him. He loves you dearly. He blames himself alone; he has nothing but fondness for his heart for you, my child."

"No, ma mère! No! no! let me die. Why did you save me?"

"Hush, Christine. Be grateful for the mercy God has shown you, daughter. Angus is your husband. You must strive to atone for past errors now."

"When did he come? and, mother, where—where is he?"

Her colour changed.

"They had stormy words, Christine. Cyril has gone: he is in Lincolnshire. It is better so, my child. And now close your eyes, and lie still, and you shall see your husband to-morrow; but not until you wish it, my dear."

I had no alternative but to say I was worn out; and I turned my head away and closed my eyes, and fell into a sort of stupor—not insensible enough or tranquil enough for sleep.

When I was again sensible, it was not ma mère who was beside me—not Mary. It was indeed my husband’s face that I looked upon—more manly, sunburnt, and embrowned; yet handsomer—the face I had thought no time could ever efface from my love; and now I shrank from it, and from the gaze of those kind eyes watching me so tenderly.

"Angus."

Oh! what a joyous smile he gave when he heard me.

"My sweet Christine."

"Forgive me, Angus; I have suffered—yes, I have suffered."

How tenderly he raised me on my pillow!

"Forgive me, Christine, in that I tempted you, and left you, so young and so lovely, to stand alone against the trials that awaited you. I see it all now—my folly and selfishness; and I thank God he has spared you to me, that my life’s devotion may strive to atone for the pain I have caused you. It is my fault, dearest."

And so I was pardoned by my husband; and as the long tedious days passed, while I was still too weak to leave my bed, and afterwards, when I was recovered enough to sit up a few hours in an easy chair, propped up by pillows, he was always beside me, soothing me, attending to my wants, never alluding to the past; the name of Cyril never passed his lips, or ma mère’s either.

It appeared he had arrived suddenly, in the height of his danger; and Cyril had reproached him, with the bitterness of despair (for they thought I had no chance of life then), as the cause of my death and his misery. But at last he had been in a measure soothed. They had parted, if not friends, yet without the same burst of anger as they had given way to at the first; and when I was pronounced out of danger, Cyril had left Rosenthorne, and gone into Lincolnshire, where he had a small property.

As I recovered, my husband spoke of his plans. He had obtained a Government situation of some importance, in Melbourne; and as soon as I was well enough, we should set out. I was thankful for it. I felt I had no chance of controlling my weak and sinful heart here, where everything reminded me of the one so dear to me—of the love I knew to be a sin in God’s sight; and often I thought of him, until my heart bled for the misery I had inflicted on him. Why—oh! why had I concealed my marriage? All this had been spared then. His passion had not arisen for Christine Farquhar; he would never have so loved his brother’s wife. And then my husband—so tender, forgiving—so gentle—touched me to the soul; and I determined to strive my utmost to do my duty, and recall my wandering heart to its due allegiance. I thought, when I was once away—far away—I could feel more submissively—I could sooner forget. Forget! Oh! how could I ever forget Rosenthorne? and, above Rosenthorne, its master?

* * * * *

It was a bright morning, some weeks later, and Angus, seeing me so much better, had determined to join the hunt that morning. He came into my room, where I was sitting with ma mère, booted and spurred, and looking
handsomer than I had ever seen him. He left, after embracing me tenderly, and charging his mother to take good heed to his jewel in his absence. Ma mère stood at the window, watching him as he rode off; and then she came up to me, and laid her hand upon my head.

"Be a good wife, Christine," she said. I saw the tears in her eyes as she spoke.

"Dear mother," I replied; "the devotion of my life can but ill repay Angus for the forbearance I have experienced at his hands."

Two hours later there were strange sounds and steps in the house, and strangers passing through the long corridors, bearing a burden in their arms; and that was the body of my husband. He had been thrown from his horse, and was brought home, not insensible, but suffering untold agonies from some internal injury. For three days and nights we sat by him; his moans tearing our hearts, and he so patient, so resigned.

"Telegraph for Cyril, mother," he said, when he first saw her; and ever his eyes wandered from our faces to the doors, listening at each sound for the steps of his estranged brother. The third day he felt no pain, and then he knew his end was very near; but his agony had been so intense, that he hailed joyfully his release from torment. Bitterly I wept beside him; bitter was my remorse.

"Do not weep, my wife," he said, as I knelt by his bed, holding his hand, and bathing it in tears. "Rather be thankful that I am freed from that heavy suffering—able to lie in peace, and gaze on the faces so dear to me, before the curtains of death are drawn before my eyes—on your sweet face, my Christine—my child-wife—the young bride I so often lay awake thinking of, in that far land, picturing our happy future. It is hard to die, and leave you, mother; and you, my sweet wife."

"Angus, say again you forgive me. I have wronged you, Angus; I thought to atone by the love of many years. What shall I do now, Angus, my husband?"

We heard the dogs barking, and the sound of wheels.

"It is Cyril," he said. "Fetch him quickly, mother—dear mother!"

And Cyril came, saddened and bowed down too, with sorrow and regret; and he too fell upon his knees, crying, with tears—a man’s tears, so painful to see shed.

"Pardon, Angus! Forgive my harsh thoughts and bitter words, brother better than I! Forgive me, my brother!"

"Rise up, Cyril. Christine, rise up. Do not shrink from me, my wife; I was to blame; I have felt it long, and oh! how clearly these last hours. I lied you by a cruel promise—a heavy chain—too heavy for you, my poor dove. Cyril, I did you grievous wrong. I knew she was youthful and beautiful exceedingly, and I thought I could have inflicted a pang on you by wresting her from you, by making her my wife. I have sinned; and I am punished. Farewell, sweet visions of home and wife and children! The grave will be my marriage-bed: I shall rest in the cold arms of death; not in thine, my Christine! Mother, kiss me. Do not grieve, my poor mother. I thank God I die seeing you—you with me at last, even as at the first. Cyril, take Christine’s hand. Yes! yes! I will have it so. My brother, cherish her. Be to her what I hoped to have been. Cyril, be very tender and forbearing with my flower; and you, Christine, lay your hand fearlessly in his. He will be a better husband than I have been."

He closed his eyes wearily, holding our hands clasped in his.

"Are you there, mother?"

"Yes, my son."

"Christine?"

"I am here, Angus."

"It is very dim; the shadow of death is upon me. Take me in your arms, Chriassay; put your cheek to mine—your lips. Kiss me again, sweet wife."

I took him in my arms, pressing his cold lips, and wiping the death-damp from his brow. He turned his face upon my bosom, and slept. From that sleep he never awoke; it was the sleep of death.

The stillness of death was upon us for many days. God is my witness, there was no thought of love between us—between Cyril and I—in those days; only mourning and heaviness of heart. Death! mysterious death! Oh! how fearful art thou! what a dread presence thou hast! Cold and dead! Not hearing loved voices, nor the clinging of fond arms. Cold and dead! Insensible alike to joy and sorrow. Poor mother! heart-stricken as thou weepest over the son of thy womb—thy baby who lay upon thy bosom; who was cradled on thy heart—oh! lonely and repining mother! it is bitter indeed for thee. How every careless word or action rises in judgment against us, graven in letters of fire on our bleeding and wounded hearts! Angus, my husband! companion of my childhood! heavily did we mourn for thee.

* * * * *

Cyril went abroad the day after his brother’s funeral. We, too—ma mère and I—left Rosen thorne for a while. Ma mère never quite recovered the shock of her son’s death. She was a great invalid from that time. We travelled from spa to spa; more, I think, for change, and escape from thought, than any real hope of good to her—dear mother.

Two years after his brother’s death, Colonel Rosen thorne returned home.

"If, my still-beloved, your heart can obey poor Angus’s last requisition—if you will indeed let me strive to make the happiness of your life (dearer to me than ever, you are, Christine; and my wanderings have been as centuries of trial to me) —if, I say, you love me, write and bid me come to you, my heart’s love. I am at Rosen thorne; I arrived yesterday. It is not Rosen thorne without you, my birdie. I am sure our mother is weary of travels, and will be glad to settle on her own hearth again. I have not written
Masks.

The habit of disguising the face by a mask seems to be of very ancient origin: we may trace it from the monumental records of the Greek and Roman plays, through the wild orgies of the higher ranks in the days of Margaret of Burgundy in the Tour de Nesle, to the Italian bravo who hid his crime behind this covering, not venturing to show his face to the pure light of heaven, and the poor prisoner of Bellisle and Pignerol, who, encased in the iron mask, was obliged, for some secret state reason, to pass his days in hopeless captivity. We find, from the early Christian writers, that on the Feast of the Circumcision, or New Year's Day, it was the custom of the Christians to run about masked, in imitation of the superstitions of the Gentiles with whom they lived. St. Maximus especially condemns the practice, and in some of the most ancient missals it is prohibited in the mass for this day.

The strolling players of the ninth and tenth centuries, in their mumming plays and processions, were quite ready to adapt the masks of the heathen days of Germany to the grotesque Roman figures they had inherited from their forefathers; so that Bacchus and the satyrs figured beside the goblins and giants, the white horse of Woden, and the bear of Donar.

In later days the quack-doctor came over the mountains from Italy, and set up his booth, wearing, in company with his attendants, grotesque masks, selling his wonderful Orvietan, and bringing a camel with him. To him we are indebted for the harlequin jacket, felt cap, and mask. The many professed to come from Bergamo, the Magnificus from Venice, the Ruffiana from Padua, &c., all wearing their appropriate masks.

At carnival-time a stage was generally erected for the solemn entry of the doctor, mounted on an elephant made-up for the occasion. A person suffering from the tooth-ache would appear from the crowd; and the quack, with blacksmith's pincers, laid hands on him, and soon drew a tooth as long as an arm or that of a sea-horse, which it really was. The doctor loudly harangued on his prowess in being able to pull a tooth of that size without the least pain, and advised every one who had teeth not to lose such an opportunity; upon which several boors stepped up to be cured. Often a mask representing a regular court-physician would appear, attack the empiric, and then followed a contest full of fun. The quack brought out all sorts of testimonials, parchments, papers, privileges, and attestations from emperors, kings, electors, and princes; whilst the state-physician mocked at them all, and displayed medals of gold hanging round his neck. An astrologer, with enormous spectacles on his nose and a telescope in his hand, was a very favourite mask; whilst the goblet-players, vaulters, tumblers, and merry men, all appeared in their Indian or Chinese dresses.

The higher classes, finding much amusement in these exhibitions of the lower orders, determined to get up something better in their own apartments, and in the fourteenth century we find the masque much in fashion, which at that time consisted of nothing more than a few nobles grotesquely dressed, and without any preconcerted play, such as afterwards formed the beauty of Jonson's masques. A most tragical event happened at one of these masques in France during the reign of Charles the Sixth. At the marriage of one of the queen's maids-of-honour the Royal lady gave a ball, to which all the court were invited. The king took a fancy to disguise himself as a savage, with five other nobles dressed like himself and chained together. When the mirth was at its height they entered the ball to frighten the guests, having taken the precaution to order all torches to be extinguished before the masquers entered. The Duke of Orleans had not heard the command, and lowered a lighted torch on the head
of one of the savages. His dress, which was made of linen covered with pitch and lumps of tow stuck on, took fire instantly. The flames communicated to his companions, and the hall resounded with the screams of the masks. Fortunately the king had left them, and was talking to the Duchess de Berry; but neither she nor any of the assembly could distinguish him. He was leaving her when she stopped him saying, "Where are you going. Do you not see your companions are on fire?"

He revealed his rank, and she, with admirable presence of mind under a catastrophe so shocking, covered him with the train of her mantle. The other five could not release themselves from the tightly-sown garments. Four perished in the flames; the fifth, more happy, ran to the buttery, threw himself into a tub of water, and was saved.

Another use of the mask, in 1483, was more amusing. When Louis, Duke of Orleans, was a child, he was so hideous that his poor mother, Marie de Cleves, was in despair; yet she left nothing undone in his education, though all seemed useless, so great was his indocility. As he neither bear correction nor reprimand, the officer who was appointed to chastise him was obliged to put on a mask and disguise himself, or the young prince would never have suffered him to be near him after. Happily time mitigated the evil; for when king, under the title of Louis the Twelfth, he was remarkable for his moderation and sweetness of temper.

With the reign of the Stuarts masks came into fashion, and were much worn by ladies of the higher classes: they were generally made abroad, and borrowed from the French, and held with one hand before the face, so that they were easily removed. A feather fan was carried in the other. It need scarcely be added that this absurdity of fashion roused all the ire of the Puritans and ministers of religion, and the authorities in many instances condemned the practice as highly immoral.

In the carnival mummeries of North Germany masks swarmed through the streets, the favourite costumes being those of Turks, Moors, and Indians. So charmed were the people with these entertainments, that when the Council of Leipsic prohibited them, they appeared armed with spears and pistols, and tumults arose with the city watchers, whose duty it was to put them down.

Sophia, Electress of Hanover, who entered into these amusements with all her heart, gives us a description of one of these festivals, in a letter to the Landgrave Ernest: "On hearing the masks were assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, I bought a mask, and went at eight o'clock from the Castle, before which "pitch rings" of all colours were burning, making the street as light as day. Before the Hôtel de Ville stood a guard of musketeers, who examined every one, to ascertain if he wore a mask: no one was admitted without. I entered the saloon of homage, adorned with three great glasses, three lustres, and many candles in brass sconces round the walls. On the left of the entrance, in two galleries, stood the musicians and pipers, who played from music-books many pieces, as ballets and minuets for dancing. The masks danced in three places, namely: in one circle Ernest and Sophia and their Court; in another the burgchers; and the canaille in a third, who in their diverse masks were frightful to behold. At last the illustrious guests of the Brunswick family, all entered a side room, assembled round a large table, and played the game of zed, whereby the Duke of Hanover won fourteen thousand dollars. During the game all the ladies and princes put off their masks. The Duke of Hanover wore a night robe or domino, with gold flowers; the young Princesses of Zelle and Wolfenbuttel wore cardinals; the ladies red dominoes, embroidered caps and casquettes, with high feathers. Some of the ladies wore men's cravats, others neck-handkerchiefs, like those of the common people. There was a great display of pearls and jewels. A few steps higher was a smaller room, where Italians sold confitures, lemonade, and maccaroni cakes. Others sold wine, beer, spirits, white bread and brown, and all for ready money. The masquerade had begun at four in the afternoon, and continued until ten at night, during which time the common people amused themselves with chattering, joking, and tickling, when not dancing. All these masks of lower degree left the Hôtel de Ville when the duet trumpets sounded for supper."

The reign of masks may be now said to be over: in feasting-rooms and in toy-shops only are they to be found. The yearly masked-ball of our neighbours the French at the Carnival is a very poor remnant of past gaieties, and each year finds the people less inclined to join in its follies.

Old Age, 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.
CONCERNING ENGLISH PRIDE.

"Here let us fix our foot, and take our view
Of English pride . . . .
And learn to try false merit by the true."

STILLINGFLEET.

That the English are unquestionably an unsociable people is a well-known and proverbial fact. We had frequently heard the assertion; but our mind rebels against taking things for granted upon the faith of others, be they even our relations or neighbours; and as we had not the means of deciding by comparison, we kept the point open for "future judgment," as my Lord Chancellor is apt to do when he does not know what to believe. A residence of some years abroad on "foreign service" has helped us to a verdict much sooner, and at much less expense than we would have obtained it in our courts of law, which is our only consolation in making the reluctant confession that the charge is undeniably true. No sooner had we discovered the fact, than we proceeded to explore the causes of this English antipathy to communicativeness and goodfellowship; which, after tracing them through all their ramifications and disguises, we found invariably converging in one little corner of the heart, inscribed with the word "pride." Captain Speke was not satisfied when he bestrode the streams whose union formed the Nile; and in like manner we pursued our researches until we discovered that the great pride-fountain, from which the bitter waters of English reserve pour their petrifying influence, was the pride of wealth! National pride, pride of birth, of rank, of talent we had encountered in foreign countries; but this giant-folly, which in England swallows up all the rest, appears to us to be indigenous to the soil, sharing that honour with its congenial products the crab-apple and the thistle. To a certain extent this feeling may have originated in the absolute necessity for riches, in a country where no man can maintain an establishment, or even move in circles at all elevated above the mechanical classes, unless he possesses an income which upon the continent would enable him to compete with half the nobility. Without this infallible proof of a man's gentility, he must subside at once into those proflane ranks of the vulgar, which "Odean" Horace abominated—a degradation to which the perpetually rising tide of prices, during the Crimean war, condemned many an unpensioned "spinsters" and respectable annuitant. It is some comfort to the poor plebeian, who cannot afford to be a gentleman, to throw the blame of his exclusion from "polished society," and of our expensive modes of living, upon ministers; but the paltry distinctions, the jealous hauteur, the "Meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust," the "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness," embittering the system of that social intercourse into which he is unable to gain admittance, are the faults of the people themselves, and may well reconcile him to his exemption from their influence. Let our august Sovereign, the Lords and Commons, retain their respective pales—we speak not in any spirit of anarchy or levelling; but we would laugh to scorn those fantastical shades of difference by which the "middle classes" affect to regulate their intercourse, and which, however disguised, ultimately resolve themselves into that most contemptible of all prides—the pride of purse. Literary talents, virtue, powers of amusement, congeniality of disposition, all fade away before the irresistible attraction of a certain style of establishment; and who can wonder that parties constituted upon this principle are uniformly stiff, stupid, and ceremonious? We hate ceremonious people. We honour those who, breaking through the ice of conventionality, offer us "pot-luck" whenever we give them an opportunity of so doing, and who waive all thought of ceremony and "proper means" of judging us, by the visit-per-visit system, or in the words of a comic doggerel, by

"Calling on you when you've called, Or paid a visit first."

In assemblages of the "stiff character," it sometimes appears to be a received maxim that "talking" spoils good society; and its most distinguished members are apt to resemble Baron Grimm's friend, who

"Possessed such a wonderful talent For silence, and holding his tongue."

There is scarcely a parish in England which is not divided into "visiting" classes, kept separate, with almost as rigid an inviolability as the castes of the Hindoo or Brahmins. The China merchant, the squire, or the retired manufacturer, who inhabits the great man's, looks around him for all the similar establishments within the limits of a drive or ride, and confines the honour of his acquaintance to those whose merits are attested by an unquestionable quan-
ty of brick and mortar. He visits the house, and not its inmates; and his mode of estimating their value is not a whit less preposterous than that of the pedant in Hierocles, who, having a house to sell, used to carry about a brick in his pocket as a specimen. Next comes the class who, without arriving at the dignity of a park or a domain, have been fortunate enough to lay up a store of good porty gout and ill-health, by keeping their own carriages. They remember the proud exclamation of the Spaniard, who fell in crossing his garden, “This comes of walking upon earth,” and carefully abstain from noticing all such terrestrial animals. They compose friendships as Sir Richard Blackmore did his poems, viz., to the rumbling of their carriage wheels, and entertain a vague notion of Damon and Pythias, Pylades and Orestes, and Aeneas and Acastes, as gentlemen in easy circumstances, who duly went to call on one another in their own chariots, and scrupulously left cards or P.P.C.’s if either happened to be out. In the third-class are those petty dignitaries, who, as a line must be drawn somewhere, openly maintain the double resolution of only visiting where a man-servant is kept, and a shop is not kept. The former is the grand desideratum. “It was once the fashion,” says the author of the “Tale of a Tub,” for “all the world to wear shoulder-knots.” “That fellow has no soul,” exclaims one. “Where is his shoulder-knot?” Exactly thus do their modern imitators doubt whether a man can possibly possess a soul fit for their sublime notions, unless there be a tag-rag and bobtail flapping from his domestic’s shoulder. That Deedemonus should “See the Moor’s complexion in his mind,” and fall in love with a young gentleman “of colour,” they condemn as unnatural, at the very moment when they are perhaps attaching themselves to a blackguard, because they see a bit of gold lace upon his footman’s collar. Last of all come the of polloi, the canaille, the rabble, the “lower orders,” as they are termed, whose social intercourse, if not so refined as that of their superiors, is probably more productive of enjoyment, by its freedom, unreserve, and exemption from all heartburning and rivalry. Knowing that “Their miseries can never lay them lower,” they exemplify the meeting of extremes, and prove that the only classes who taste the true comforts of fellowship are the few who are above jealousy, and the many who are beneath it. Nor is this absurd arrogance by any means peculiar to the country: it exists in full force among the “middle classes” of London, particularly in the city, where the virus of the disease must be expected to manifest itself with peculiar malignity. “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme” is there daily enacted with even more farcical pretension than Molière would have ventured to delineate; and we have often seen “substantial” men, after laughing heartily in the theatre at the representation of “High Life below Stairs,” return home to perform, in their own persons, the very follies which they had ridiculed in their inferiors. Doubtless some of the fair readers of this magazine may have somewhere or another read of an awful and august conclave of salutary civic magnificos, who used to style themselves the “City Assembly,” and held their solemn festivities beneath the appropriate roof of Haberdasher’s Hall, “deep in the labyrinth of some lanes within lanes,” whose name we have forgotten, or rather would, but cannot, recall to mind. It was the selecta *à veteris,* or rather the selecta *à profanis,* of the then Cheapside and Broad-street. To be a member was the summit of civic ambition; and happy was the mercantile aspirant who could even get a ticket, or order, for admission once in the season. Upon the old principle that to be sociable you must be exclusive, brokers and persons standing behind a counter were, by the rules of the establishment, declared inadmissible; and many a long debate was there, among these

“Potent, grave, and reverend signiors,” on the important points, whether certain merchant-brokers of indisputable wealth came within the first exception; and whether bankers, though avowedly within the latter, were excluded by the spirit of the second. As Tyre and Sidon, Palmyra and Carthage, have been swept away by the scythe of old Father Time, we cannot so much wonder that the “Assembly,” with all its plums, diamonds, lord-mayors, aldermen, gorgeousness, vulgarity, mock-turtle soup, and liver-ensnaring banquets, and pride of rotten aristocracy, ceased to exist long ago, or that its equally dull and narrow-minded rival, the “London,” should have shared the same fate. But their spirit survives yet:

“Even in their ashes live their wonted fires,” and the prostration of mind with which their worthy descendants fall down before any “golden calf” would have done honour to the worshipers of Baal.

Among women, too, where wealth admits of obvious manifestation by external signs, it attracts a deference equally unqualified; and we once amused ourselves—for we cannot employ a more definite term—with following an expensively-dressed female, and marking the effect of her magnificence upon those whom she encountered. On the faces of the more amiable of her own sex we read unfeigned admiration of the display, mixed with some shadowings of regret that they could not, by an equally costly style of dress, participate in the happiness which they conceive to be its inevitable concomitant; but we must confess that the greater number of countenances expressed an angry scrutiny, that seemed to measure the value per yard of every lace and satin, while, in the eagerness to depreciate that which they could not hope to rival, we caught mutteredings of “The veil is only a net-lace, after all,” or “The trimming of the
pelisse is nothing but cotton velvet." One would have thought it hard enough that the insatiable demands of Government should consume so much of our substance, and drink up the very life-springs of our hospitality; and certainly, we might as well have had Popery at once as the National Debt, for it condemns us to as many fast-days, without affording us any chance of absolution. It is a millstone around the neck of our social system: it compels us, like the Dutch malefactors, to pump ourselves to death, that we may keep our heads above water: it has destroyed more good dinners than the worst chef de cuisine in Christendom: it squat itself in the middle of our kitchen-grate, like a huge nightmare, and with one hand stops the smoke-jack, while with the other it pokes out the fire: it compels us to shut the door in the faces of our friends, that we may open them to the tax-gatherer. And yet, as if the bounds of joviality and companionship were not sufficiently circumscribed by this voracious monster, we must voluntarily narrow them still further by acknowledging the supremacy of a new friend, a little demon, the demon of Luxury. Enjoyment of our friends' society was formerly considered the rational object of a dinner-party; but in this matter-of-fact and money-getting age, you now invite them that you may exhibit your superior magnificence, and, by exciting their envy or anger, do your best towards converting them into enemies. Sir Balaam's frugal but substantial meals have been long exploded, and the reign of alternate fasts and feasts has been substituted. Servants and horses are half-starved, and friends wholly excluded, for a month, that the portals of the mansion may be thrown open for one day of emulous ostentation. We never sit beside a silver plateau—too often a compound of meanness and vanity, a showy but sorry substitute for solid fare—without fancying that we hear the grumbling of the numerous stomachs at whose expense it has been purchased; nor can we be easily brought to acknowledge the wisdom of either giving or receiving one grand dinner, where there were formerly five or seven pleasant ones. Here, again, is another pervading cause of the sullenness and unsociability of which we are accused. Conviviality is exchanged for competition; hospitality, unless it mean to finish its career in the Queen's Bench, must be frequently niggardly, that it may be occasionally gorgeous; and the apple of discord is thrown down upon every table, long before the appearance of the dessert. Jones refuses to visit Brown, because the latter gives French wines (not in accordance with the Caledonian tariff), which he cannot afford to retaliate; and Buggins withholds the light of his countenance from Briggs, because he never gives him a second course, although he always provided one for the said Briggs at his own house. Nay, so minute are these balancings and calculations, that they even take cognizance of fractional meals: "Excessively ashamed of Mrs. Partington," we heard a lady (at whose house we formed one of the voraciously-
The Stabat of Pergolesi.

A young man, wrapped up in a light mantle, was slowly crossing a narrow street in Naples one evening in the year 1736. Though the stars were shining with the brilliancy of a southern clime, he could scarcely recognise the houses; it was evident that the place was not yet familiar to him, for he sought his lodging and could not find it. Sleep had closed every eyelid, and lips were mute for joy as for grief; so he met no one to whom he could apply. At length he stopped before a small house, the miserable state of which too clearly betrayed the scanty means of the tenant; but the look of satisfaction which spread over the young man's face succeeding that of anxious preoccupation, showed that he had discovered the object of his search. But at the moment that he was raising the latch, something arrested his hand. He stopped to listen; for from the opposite house a song reached his ear, which seemed to nail him to the spot.

He who listened with so much attention was Giovanni Pergolesi. He had come to Naples with nothing but his violin, his enthusiasm for music, and a strong determination to perfect himself in his art under the most celebrated masters of San Carlo. His means were so small that any other would have lost courage; yet his wants were happily as modest as his pretensions. Nature had early called him to live for art, and various circumstances had ripened in him the resolution to follow his vocation. Thus he had reached Naples with a contented mind—a real son of Italy—and hired a poor attic in a shoemaker's house, furnished with a pallet bed, a chair, and a broken table; it was all he wanted.

What captivated him at this moment was a song he had heard before from the sailors on the mole, and yet this seemed to be totally different. On the sea it had been sung by men's voices—here it was an angel's voice that repeated it. Never had he heard its equal—so fresh, so pure, so full, and sonorous. Standing immovable as a statue, he did not even move when silence returned, imagining that the song would again return; and, when he reached his little chamber, the ravishing melody haunted his dreams.

On the following morning he sought out his landlord, and spoke to him of this magnificent voice, asking if he knew the songstress.
"Ah! signor," cried this son of Crispin, "have you at length heard the nightingale? It rarely sings during the day, but in the evening it charms all the neighbourhood; and, if you were in the habit of returning home at sunset, you would long ago have known what a treasure we possess in our street. By St. Januarius, I had been in your place I should have known, before two hours had passed, that the prettiest girl in Naples lodged opposite to me; but I can tell you she has better eyes than you, and is not mad after those little dots which they call notes. She asked me who you were, and I answered: 'The most honest and industrious musician in Naples.'"

A truce to your pleasantry," said Giovanni, "and come to the point."

"That is to say, the singer," replied the shoemaker. "Well, she sings like an angel, is pure as an angel, and beautiful as an angel: her name is Annunziata. Her father was a fisherman, who was drowned in a storm which wrecked his boat near Cape Messina. At this present time she lives with her mother in the cottage opposite, gaining a living by the work of her hands, and she will be delighted if you will call and see her. Must I prepare her for the interview?"

Giovanni longed to see this beautiful girl, and replied in the affirmative to the shoemaker's question, who, leaving his last without hesitation, ran across, telling the musician to wait for a few minutes. At length he returned, crying:

"Long life to St. Januarius! You shall see her. She will expect you this afternoon. I have said so much in your praise, that her ears tingle with the sound of it."

The young man waited with the greatest impatience for the time; then, with his dear violin under his arm, and, more carefully dressed than usual, he descended the narrow staircase from his garret. His landlord, seated at the door on his three-legged stool, watched him.

"Ha, ha!" cried he, "your patience is as short as your shadow," laughing with all his heart. But Giovanni, irritated at such foolish mirth, crossed over to the opposite house. An aged woman, whose pale features still bore the trace of former beauty, opened the door of the room.

"Come in," she said: "you are the young musician who wishes to hear my Annunziata sing. Have a moment's patience, she will not keep you waiting long."

Giovanni felt a load taken off his mind: he had wondered how he should introduce himself, and all was now arranged in so simple a manner that his natural timidity vanished. Whilst carrying on a common-place conversation he cast his eyes around him. Everything betrayed great poverty, but extreme cleanliness gave a touch of elegance to the room. There were fishing nets which the widow was busy mending, and many other pieces of feminine work showed that Annunziata was a skilful needlewoman. The latter soon entered: the shoemaker had not overpraised her: she was one of those striking beauties, which are more rare on the Neapolitan shores than anywhere else; her eyes expressed her satisfaction at the visit, and she fully accepted the compliments which the young man paid to her voice, offering as many to him for his talent.

"I overheard you," he said, "and your song still resounds in my ears."

"Your violin has given me the greatest pleasure," she replied.

"Can we not occasionally sing and play together?"

"As often as ever you wish."

"Have you sung from notes?"

"Notes? what are they?" she asked, with the greatest simplicity.

"Do you really not know what the notes of music are, beautiful Annunziata?"

"You are a strange man," she cried; "why should I tell you a falsehood? It would be a sin."

"Well I will teach you what they are," said he, seating himself beside her.

Little explanation was needed, for she proved to be an apt scholar.

"Do you see, now," he added, "that it is impossible to have an angel's voice without singing according to rule?"

Somewhat humiliated, Annunziata replied, "Now I understand you, and acknowledge the truth of what you say; but is it too late to learn what I am ignorant of?"

"No; and it will be very easy," answered Giovanni. "A pupil like you will soon be in the first rank, and I see you already prima donna at San Carlo."

She clasped her hands with excitement, blushing deeply. "Do you speak seriously?" she inquired.

"Certainly, for in sober truth your voice has not its equal in Italy."

The lessons were immediately begun: such extraordinary talent could not fail to make rapid progress under so zealous and skilful a master. He returned home in a state of enthusiasm.

"Have I spoken the truth?" said the shoemaker, as Giovanni entered. "No, you will not find such a girl as that on the shores of the Gulf; and whatever may be the fame of the beauties of Ischia, you will seek for an Annunziata in vain!"

Giovanni soon spent half his days in her company, and was not long before he felt that these beautiful eyes had bewitched him. Wherever he went, he saw her before him: when not at her side, something seemed wanting to his happiness; restless and distracted, his own studies suffered: he could not resist the charm which fascinated him, and his heart never dreamed of resisting it.

From the day that Annunziata had accompanied Giovanni for the first time to San Carlo she appeared changed. Study, which was like play in the early days of the lessons, now became a passion: the sting of ambition was sharpened.
and her ardour daily increased; for she had an end in life. Her progress was in proportion, and Giovanni was overjoyed: each day made their relations more intimate: their hearts were but one—separated they were miserable.

On the first arrival of Giovanni at Naples, he had, by one of those happy events which we call chance, been introduced to a person who exercised a great influence over his future life. Among the acquaintances and friends of his music-master was the Marquis Spinessa—a great amateur, and fond of assisting rising talent, his large fortune permitting him to second the wishes of his heart. He had taken a great fancy to Giovanni, and generally assisted him: the young man, in return, showed his gratitude by a diligent application to his studies. But after his interview with Annunziata his love for art seemed dried up: he neglected his master's studio, and when occasionally he visited him he was so abstracted, that the clever maestro shook his head with a meditative air. One day, the master meeting the Marquis, who had just returned from a long visit to his estates in Sicily, the latter inquired, "How is our Pergolesi getting on?"

"Badly. He has lost all love for art; and, if he does not alter, he will never rise above the rank of a vulgar musician."

"That is a severe judgment, signor; but what do you think has produced such a change? Where does he live? I must look after him."

The violinist gave him the address. Two days after, the marquis came to him, with a dejected air.

"I know the cause of this neglect," said he; "love is the chain which is arresting the course of this young man in his progress towards the most brilliant future. One of my servants knows the shoemaker with whom Giovanni lives: he found no difficulty in discovering the cause of his indifference to his art, for his landlord was quite proud of having introduced him to a pretty girl, who, they say, is endowed with a charming voice and a pair of irresistible eyes. This is what has turned the young man's head."

"Exactly so," said the master; "I suspected as much."

"Yes; but what must we do to draw him out of the net of the enchantress?"

The two friends deliberated some time.

Some weeks after this conversation, an elegant travelling carriage left Naples: at the right of it was seated the Marquis Spinessa, grave and serious; at the left, a pale, sad young man, with tears in his eyes—it was Giovanni Pergolesi. A diplomatic mission called the former to the Court of Florence, but on his way he was to stop some time in Rome.

Giovanni had acknowledged the truth of the warnings of his two patrons: his character was amiable, and a decided resistance was less to be feared than the obstinacy of feeling which mastered his whole being. They had represented to him that he had no occasion to break off the connection with her he loved, and that his marriage with her should be the end, the recompense, and crown of his exertions; thus he had consented to go to Rome for the study of sacred music, and with promises of eternal fidelity and the shedding of many tears Giovanni tore himself from Annunziata.

Arrived at Rome, the marquis confided his protege to the Cardinal Barberini, in whose palace he lodged, and who was not long in discovering what a treasure the church possessed in this young man, whose early essays were so loudly applauded. But Giovanni did not forget his love: he wrote the most passionate letters to Naples; and though the young girl, like most of her class, was unable to answer them, yet there is a remedy for that difficulty in the public letter-writers, who are found in the cities of Italy. Thus a year passed away, and the Marquis of Spinessa returned to take Pergolesi with him to Florence; there he introduced him into society and presented him at Court, where music was honoured and cultivated; his life was one round of gaiety and delight, but the heart could not be at rest, for his letters were un replied to. "Dead!" such was the cruel word which echoed through his soul and paralyzed his whole being; melancholy seized upon him and breathed through all his compositions. The inimitable hymn of Jacopone, the Stabat Mater, expressing the grief of the mother standing by the cross of her son, alone defied his attempts to set it worthy to music; the more he sought for an air, the farther it seemed to fly from him. He wandered about, sombre and desolate: one day he laid his hands, by chance, on the first letter he had received from Annunziata, in which she said that she should die if he did not return to her. It was irresistible. Without saying a word to any one he set off to Naples, and at once hurried to the well-known street; but what a change! Nothing but blackened ruins and half-burnt houses: Pergolesi stood immovable as a statue. At last a poor man came out of a hut near to him, and said:

"Are you seeking something, signor?"

"Ah, I have lost all!" cried Giovanni, tears streaming down his cheeks. "Where is Annunziata?"

"What Annunziata? You know that is a common name."

"Annunziata Marini, who lived opposite to the shoemaker Tibaldi."

"I knew neither the one nor the other." An icy coldness chilled the young man's heart; he turned away without a word, to return to his hotel.

"Dead!" thought he—"dead, that is the reason she never wrote."

A woman came up to him at the moment: "Ah, maestro," said she, "you have returned."

He looked at her, fixedly. "Do you know me?" he asked.

"It would be strange if I did not, when I have so often listened to your playing the violin and accompanying the songs of Annunziata."
"Where is she gone?" asked Giovanni, with a trembling voice.

"Alas! it is a sad story; but I will tell it to you, though my children are pining for me at home. She loved you much, and the grief she felt at your departure distressed her extremely; but sorrow does not kill, as she once thought. When this disaster arrived she had already lost her mother, and her house being burnt down she took refuge with Tibaldi, who had removed into another street: there she made the acquaintance of a man who completely enthralled her; he had a bad reputation—that of a bravo, but was handsomer than any one on the Gulf of Naples. He played the lute and she sang; wherever they appeared hundreds of listeners gathered around, for you know how charming was her voice. Just at this time a gentleman was found dead in the Rue di Toledo; he had struggled long against his murderer before falling a victim to his blows; the assassin had left his poignard in the side of his victim, and it was recognised as belonging to Tommaso, the lover of Annunziata. Both suddenly disappeared; they were married, and the Abruzzi served them as a place of retreat. The public soon found that out, for never was there a bolder brigand or a more pitiless assassin than Tommaso; the public had no security, and there was not in the neighbourhood a castle which could not be gained by the robber and his band. His wife, too, the beautiful Annunziata, shared her husband's renown. She sang, seated on the edge of the road, and travellers who stopped to listen were invariably lost: it was even said that she took part in more hazardous enterprises, and showed greater courage than her partner in guilt. But I know not if it be true. You will believe that this could not last long: the carabiniers were sent against the brigands; the greater number were taken, among whom was Tommaso."

"And Annunziata?" asked the young man, breathless.

"They know nothing of her. Tommaso is at St. Elmo, and his last promenade will be to the gallows."

The woman laughed in her misery, and stretched out her withered hand to Giovanni, saying: "Give me something for my poor little ones, who are dying of hunger." Giovanni threw her a trifle and walked away, staggering in his emotion.

Two months had passed, when one day a large crowd passed the door of the house where Giovanni lived: he followed them, and, from his weak step and mortal paleness, it was evident he had been seriously ill. Plunged in his reflections he did not listen to the conversation around him, and it was only when the city gates were reached that he discovered the cause of excitement was an execution.

"He was one of the worst brigands that ever robbed the passengers on the Terracina road," said some; "and he only gets what he deserves."

"Poor Tommaso!" cried others: "he is condemned to die, whilst greater rogues are allowed to live because they are gentlemen."

The name of Tommaso made Giovanni shudder. Was not that the bandit's name, who had stolen Annunziata from him? No time was given him to inquire, for the culprit arrived at the moment, escorted by the soldiers and some monks. He was a handsome man of twenty-five, with a firm and even proud manner. The exhortations of the monks did not seem to make the least impression, whilst his sparkling eyes never flinched from the gaze of the multitude. The sad scene passed over, and Giovanni, deeply affected by what he had witnessed, turned homewards, when suddenly the crowd was divided.

"Ah, the poor creature!" was echoed on every side. Giovanni could not see the person to whom this exclamation was addressed, but a presentiment warned him that the dreaded moment when he would see Annunziata again had arrived; his anxiety was increased every moment.

A young woman rushed towards the scaffold, her long black hair floating in the wind, her remarkably rich dress in complete disorder, but her features still presenting a type of the rarest beauty. She uttered a piercing shriek and threw herself at the foot of the scaffold, clasping it with arms whiter than snow, and with a tone which pierced Giovanni's heart like a sword, she cried:

"Tommaso, my good Tommaso!"

A single glance had sufficed to convince Pergolesi that the being he had so fondly loved was before him; but she was no longer his pure and innocent Annunziata; there was something wild and mad in her manner, and the expression of her eye was restless and sinister. The crowd, up to this time tumultuous, now sank into a deathlike silence; every one seemed to be praying with the unhappy wife, who remained on her knees clasping the post, and her head bent to the ground. Suddenly she rose: with a violent gesture she pushed back her dark tresses, looked up at the corpse, and, with features convulsed with grief, sang the Stabat. But it was to an air that no one had ever heard before: the sounds seemed to issue from the depths of a broken heart, and suited the words in a manner so tender, plaintive, and eloquent, that every heart was attracted and conquered by their power; tears came to every eye, and a sigh escaped from every breast. A moment afterwards the unhappy woman had disappeared; and a few weeks after, a corpse which was cast upon the mole by the waves was recognized as that of Annunziata.

A pale young man wandered up the side of Vesuvius, and prayed the hermit who lived near the burning crater to give him a horse for a few weeks. The pious old man granted the request, the more willingly as the features of his visitor betrayed a suffering heart, seeking in this solitude, surrounded by nature in its most desolate form, forgetfulness of the grief of his
mind. He wandered silently through the mountain, often seated on a block of lava; he drew from his violin powerful tones, so sweet that the heart of the listener was touched, yet it was always the same air; he seemed to know no other, and never to weary of playing it.

The young man was Pergolesi, and the air that which Annunziata had sung; it was indelibly engraven on his memory; no other musical thought could find a place there. The hermit tried in vain to talk to him; his lips were mute and his eye seemed to ask forgiveness; but what filled the monk with the greatest anxiety was the visible failure of the physical strength of his guest. One day a party came up from Naples to see Vesuvius; the larger number had passed the hermitage; but two men who were conversing remained behind.

"I have followed his steps as far as Torre del Greco, where he stayed some time after Tommaso's execution; but since then he has disappeared."

It was the Marquis Spinessa who spoke to the maestro, Giovanni's early protector. He replied:

"Who knows but the hermit can give us some information. Might not the young man, with his lacerated heart, have taken refuge here, where the awful scenes of nature are so much in harmony with the state of his mind?"

Both approached the hermitage; as soon as they entered they perceived Pergolesi seated in a recess, with his head resting on his arm. A serenity, such as the hermit had never marked before, spread over his pale face at the sight of these two friends, who gazed with horror on his emaciated appearance. Their affectionate entreaties prevailed on him to return with them to Naples and consult a physician. They never left him again, and even succeeded in restoring to him a love of life; but his heart was broken. He languished for some months, during which he completed the composition of the Stabat, which he had heard sung by Annunziata.

It was the dying song of the swan; he departed from earth in the year 1739, in the flower of his age.

As his two protectors were returning from the cemetery they pressed each other's hands, and the maestro said with a trembling voice:

"Ah! if we had only left him at Naples!"

The marquis silently cast down his eyes, and, after a time, replied:

"Our intentions were praiseworthy, that ought to sooth our grief, and the world possesses the Stabat."

"As for me, eccellenza," replied the master, with tears in his eyes, "magnificent as the Stabat may be, I would give it willingly to regain Pergolesi."

### IMPROMPTU.

(On entering St. George's, Hanover Square.)

One moment on the altar—step she gleamed,  
A vision of delight! She felt alone,  
Thee many were around her—yes, a throng  
Of bridesmaids fair—the noble and the young  
The gay, the beautiful; and still alone,  
In single sorrow inexpressible.  
The eye might glance around, and find, perchance,  
A brow as spotless, and an eye as bright;  
But the soft magic of a nameless grace,  
Which mantled o'er her virgin loveliness,  
Went to the very heart, and drew from thence  
A gush of blessings on her gracious head.  
Well has the bard pronounced that "Loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament."  
Who did not feel it, as they gazed upon  
That, young and noble creature, in her garb  
Of strict yet beautiful simplicity?  
Gems might have glittered in her sunny locks,  
Art might have decked her in all costliness,  
And she had still been lovely; but the spell  
Which made her seem almost ethereal,  
A something not of earth, had vanished then.  
The daughter of a noble house—her brow  
Seemed like the marble throne where meekness sat  
Of lofty station, yet the liquid glance  
Of her calm eye was full of gentleness:  
A softness most madonna-like was sung  
Round her bright beauty. Here I saw a flower,  
All spotless in its fair transparency,  
The pure, unstained Camellia, blossoming  
In sole unwedded whiteness, 'mid a glow  
Of autumn-flow'r's gorgeously array'd,  
Tinging the air itself with colour'd richness—  
So deep their blushing honours—till the eye  
Ached with its admiration; but the heart  
Clung to that virgin—blossom's pearly sheen,  
Loving it better—oh, how dearer far  
Than all the varied pomp and garish hues  
Its bright companions sported! Thus it grew,  
An emblem of that gentle form which floats  
O'er my mind's vision of the Beautiful!

March 23rd, 1866.  

ANTHONY MONTFELL.

### A SMILE.

—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. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a woman resemble an angel.
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 impending war is almost the only topic of conversation now in Paris, and the democratic pulse beats high with eager expectation. Monsieur de Bismarck, for whom hanging would have been too good last year, is now the champion of liberty and the beacon of hope. If human life were not at stake, it would be truly amusing to listen to the far and against, to the different opinions and aspirations of the loungers on the Boulevards, in the circéés, or in the cafés, and particularly to those gallant warriors who proclaim war a necessity, and gain battles comfortably seated before their writing-desks, and who are ever ready to kindle the flame. They say here that the Emperor is determined on war, so war we shall have. At the last ball at the Tuileries, it was remarked that the statesmen and foreign diplomatic personages looked very grave and anxious; while his Majesty was radiant with smiles and good-humour, as if he had the coveted Rhenish provinces already in his grasp. The Germans seem to play the game entirely into his hands; so what can the poor man do but swallow the oyster after they will insist upon putting it into his mouth? It is noise abroad here that Russia has declared that she will join the power attacked; so, I suppose, it will be a general conflagration. Garibaldi is becoming popular again, now they think that they will want him; and I should not wonder if the Prince Napoleon forgets his wrongs in his father-in-law Victor Emmanuel's interest, for he has returned to the Palais Royal, after a long absence in Italy.  

The uncertainty of coming events keeps the Court much longer in Paris this year than usual, but preparations are being made at Fontainebleau to receive their Majesties, who in July are expected at Strasbourg, after a visit to the camp at Chalons. The young Prince is to accompany them.

The racecourse still continues a fashionable place of resort, and the Lamballe bonnets excite more and more the merriment of the vulgar, but diminish nothing in their smallness and eccentricity for all that. A bon mot on these unfortunate head-dresses in a piece on one of the stages obtains great success: a husband—a vulgar-thinking man—receiving a box of handkerchiefs in his wife's new bonnet, opens it to get a peep, and taking out the minutest object possible, he turns to the public, exclaiming—"O finira par ne plus porter que la facture!" (they will finish by only wearing the bill!). But apropos of races, the two young officers killed the other day at Lyons in a steeple-chase has raised a hue-and-cry in the press against this English innovation; and I really do think that it is right-down suicide to put one's life in danger in such a stupid way: let me tell you, on the contrary, of inventions to save life; for, after all, nothing is so sweet. A new invention was tried in the carriages conveying the sporting world to Chantilly races a week ago, by means of which every traveller is in communication with the guard in case of a dangerous companion; but I am afraid it is too complicated to succeed, particularly for a woman: there is a glass to break with your elbow (a rather disagreeable operation with a thin dress), a string to pull, and it is necessary to wave your arm at the same time. However, something may perhaps be made out of this, for a first invention is often susceptible of simplification.

Monsieur le Marquis de Boissy is in a very great rage. You know the amiable senator is fearfully afflicted with Anglophobia; but the English are not the subjects of his ire this time: a French jury has made the little man grind his teeth with fury. Fancy, his portrait has been rejected in the exhibition of paintings, now open at the Palais de la Industrie, and the admiring public are debarrèd the pleasure of gazing on the features of the "Spirituel Sénateur," as the penny newspapers call him. He has written letter after letter to the papers on the subject, and I must say the jury had but little to envy the English in the invectives launched on them by the irritated nobleman, who, I should think, passes sleepless nights in the affliction of his soul. They did say that he intended to have his portrait exhibited at his own mansion; that he was also preparing a pamphlet on the present sénats; but he denies such intention. Great pity! there being ample scope for his criticisms in the Exhibition; for, on beholding some of the daubs of portraits admitted there, one wonders what the rejected one can be. As usual, at the opening of every exhibition of the fine arts, the public declare that there is nothing worth looking at, and end by finding several good things. The honours of the collection are decreed to Monsieur Courbet: his "remises des chereveux" (a landscape with deer) is certainly the best painting there, and is already sold for 15,000 francs; he has another—"La femme au porroquet," which is allowed by all to be an excellent work. The realists are certainly gaining ground, and a critic raises Monsieur Manet, a pure realist, on the highest pinnacle of glory, for the extraordinary verity of a lady's dress, which is truly marvellous, and attracts the eyes of the most ignorant in the art of painting.

So you have taken the divine Patti from us. They say that she has promised to return next winter for the whole season; they say also that an opera is being composed on purpose for her when she returns. The director of the opera, to console us for the loss of Haure, has brought out a young Russian dancer (Mlle. Gran Brow), who, in "Griselle," enchanters and carries off all hearts; but still we regret "Don Juan,"
which is not to be played again until next season, when Haure is home again. The Théatre-Lyrique has also put this admirable opera on the stage, and in a very creditable manner. Three female voices are exquisite, many prefer them to those of the opera. We have also lost another favourite in the theatrical world: Mlle. Thillier, at the Odéon, has withdrawn from the stage on account of bad health. It was she who created “La petite Fadette,” from one of George Sand’s pretty tales; and it was in that character she appeared for the last time at her benefit, the other night, before a crowded and enthusiastic house. She never played better; but fainted as soon as she was off the stage. It is feared that she is in a consumption.

We are going to have another specimen of English comedy, and your celebrated author, Mr. Boucicault, is for the moment director of the Gaié, Monsieur Dumaine having given him hospitality for the representation of a comedy they call “An Irish Wedding,” or something similar, which is soon to be performed here. M. Dumaine playing the principal part, at the request of the English author. Let us hope that the numerous whistles (instruments for hissing here) sold the other day at the late Clapisson’s auction will not play their parts in the performance. The collection was prodigious; they were in every possible material—in iron, mother-of-pearl, ivory, tortoise-shell, ebony, wood, crystal, amber, bronze, coral, jade, lapislazuli, amethyst, silver, bone, horn, china, earthenware, glass, and several other compositions which I forget—wherever the man got them from, Goodness only knows, or what unfortunate authors they have helped to condemn. The public appeared very eager to get possession of them, and some sold for an enormous price. There was also at this auction a magnificent spicket, of the sixteenth century, a chef-d’œuvre of Annibal Rougix, ornamented with more than two hundred precious stones; but no one offered the price demanded—25,000 francs (£1000), and so it was not sold.

Monsieur Renan’s “Apostles” are still the aim of numerous pamphlets. L’Abbé Lehir, his former professor of Hebrew when at St. Sulpice, has undertaken to give his refractory pupil another lesson in Hebrew, in a critique on his works, which it seems has proved to him that he is not so clever in the Jewish language as people imagine, and that his productions are more the fruits of a poetic imagination than of solid science. Well, they must settle the quarrel between them: I do not suppose that M. Renan, or any other anti-Christian, will annihilate Truth, so I feel very easy on the subject; for in all these discussions Christianity, methinks, comes forth more beautiful than ever. But it really is laughable to see how dexterously the journalists here handle the Scriptures, and prove to you that they are all nonsense. After reading an article of two columns on the Acts of the Apostles, in L’Opinion Nationale, one is full of pity for those divines who, for nearly nineteen centuries, have spent their lives in studying and expounding such absurdities, when a simple journalist can settle the question in a few hours!

I have just seen one of those terrible insects that are now devastating Algeria—a locust. A young African of my acquaintance has received a box full from home. They are not exactly like our green grasshoppers; they are several inches long, and are brown, with greenish wings, and multiply at least twice a year. They have no wings at first, but devour all the surrounding verdure. As soon as their wings are grown they fly in the air; and if the wind blows hard it raises immense clouds of them, and carries them across the sky, making a muffled noise. They fall as soon as the wind ceases, and not only cover the trees and ground, but enter the houses: very unwelcome guests I imagine. Whilst we are in Algeria, did you ever hear of the singular monument they call there “le tombeau de la chrétienne?” It is a prodigious mass of stones, which numerous authors have visited, and travellers have in vain tried to penetrate it; but which all allow to have been built before the Christian era, and cannot decide its purpose. During the Emperor’s last visit there, he ordered two scientific men to try again; but until now their efforts had been useless, when the other day, Mr. McCarthy discovered the entrance to a gallery which they have explored, but as yet have found nothing to throw light on the subject, it being full of dust only; they hope, however, to penetrate the mystery soon. The demolitions in Paris bring forth many old histories and souvenirs. Amongst others, they are now pulling down a house (Rue des Marmousets) to which is attached a disagreeable tale. Here once lived a pastrycook, whose pies were in great renown, till it was found out that they were made of human flesh, he having killed a man, aided by a neighbour, a barber, who pretended to shave the victim. “The pies were very delicate, because human flesh is very delicate on account of the food of man being better than that of animals,” says the chronicler. But as this legend is found in an author of 1613, one may suppose that the house is not the same, although there are in the city very old places. The house before which Henri IV. was murdered (Rue de la Ferronnerie), the 14th May, 1610, has disappeared, as well as a great part of the street, to make a new entrance from Rue de Rivoli to the new market; and the old hospital (the Hotel Dieu) will soon come down also, much to the regret of the inmates—I mean those who belong to it. Apropos of this edifice, a journalist quotes a characteristic anecdote of a poor peasant-woman, who, when before the doctor there, was horrified at being told that she must take a bath (the peasants in France are very hydrophobic). “A bath, sir! oh, never did a drop of water soil my poor body!”

You know how much those infamous men love to turn poor women into ridicule—one cannot now put on a bonnet that will suit
them, and because one adds a poor little lock of hair to the stock Nature has given us—for as the bonnets do not cover the head one must cover them with something—these men must have their bon-mot on the subject. I have just read this: A gentleman was pitying a Chinese who had died in prison with grief for having lost his hair. "Ah! I understand that well," answered a lady; "for what anguish would it cause me if I lost mine?" "And yet, mamma," put in a bothering child, "you do not die every night!"—Urchin!

Mlle. Bouvet was married the other day to Monsieur Carette, and the Empress made her lady-in-waiting immediately a very handsome marriage present.—Adieu! S. A.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CONVERSATIONS WITH PAPA.

BY M. C.

PAPA. Now, show me Egypt, my dear. That is the country where so little rain falls, that the land would soon be burnt up by a scorching sun and hot winds, were it not for the overflow of this great river, the Nile.

EMMA. Do the people ever think they will be drowned, Papa?

PAPA. No; because the river-banks are higher than the soil, so that the water does not go over; and cuttings are made, to let it flow out to the parts not covered by the flood. Generally the people live on the higher lands. Do you know what is meant, Tom, by the term Delta?

TOM. It has something to do with the Nile; but I don't know what, Papa.

PAPA. Don't be ashamed of your ignorance, my boy: always ask for information where you can get it—just a little here, and a little there; you will be astonished how much you can pick up in the course of a year. But about the word "delta." The term is applied to the land at the mouth of a river which has been gradually formed by the accumulations of mud and sand, such as that of the Nile, which first received this name from the country it enclosed, resembling the Greek letter Δ, or delta.

TOM. There's a good deal about Egypt in the Bible; but I don't remember anything about the Nile there.

PAPA. It is called by various names in Scripture—"the sea," "the great river," "the flood of Egypt." The Greeks called it Melas; the Romans Niger. Can you tell me the most remarkable event connected with this river?

TOM. When its waters were turned into blood.

EMMA. That was one of the plagues brought upon Pharaoh—wasn't it, Papa?

PAPA. It was, my dear, and we can well imagine how dreadful this punishment must have been to the Egyptians, who disliked even the sight of blood. We cannot be surprised then that in their blindness they should have paid almost divine honours to their river, which was the source of all their blessings. Its fish; and the fruits of the field (which by its waters were made abundant), provided for their daily wants; for they ate little animal food at any time.

TOM. Was it anywhere about here that Mungo Park travelled, papa, and met with people who believed such queer things about the sun?

PAPA. What were they, Tom?

TOM. They thought that the people of the west fried the sun when he went down to them, and, after making him burning hot, they took him round by a private passage to the East.

PAPA. It is not surprising that they were puzzled; for uncivilized people can have little knowledge of astronomy. Can you remember anything more, Tom? for Tiny looks better pleased with your stories than mine.

TOM. It's rather a pull upon a fellow's memory (said Tom, looking a little important). Em is always asking me for funny stories; I dare say she'll call this a dry one. It was in Toulouse, that's in France (said he, turning to his sister), about two hundred years ago, that somebody had foretold, by looking at the stars, that the world was to be drowned again on a certain day. So the people set to work to build boats for themselves, and one gentleman made an ark to save himself and his friends.

EMMA. Well! I think they were very wicked, Papa, don't you, when God had said that He would not destroy the earth any more by a flood?

PAPA. I think too, my dear; but when people believe that others can tell them what is about to happen by looking at the stars, in all probability they do not believe in the God who made and takes care of them, and who in His wisdom does not see fit that we should know what is to take place in the future. By-the-bye, Tom, you have gone from astronomy to astrology: both words mean the "science of the stars." The last is derived from astra a star, and logos a discourse. When future events are predicted by their position, the term astrology is used.

TOM. What is science, papa?
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

Every one prophesied we should have a miserable Derby, both on account of the unusually early occurrence of the "great event," and the unaccountable lateness of the season. Many people, warned by the soaking they had on the memorable "dirty Derby" of '63, went armed with umbrellas and macintoshes, whilst others took a serviceable supply of thick winter coats in their carriages, half-expecting they might have a snow-storm to mark with a white flake the glory of Lord Lyon, just as it did the victory of a horse, name forgotten, at a certain wintry Derby many years ago. Your Bohemian and his friends certainly acted on the last suggestion; but, as it turned out, they had little occasion for such precaution. The weather was very fine—a trifle chilly, perhaps; but there was no rain, and the dust was as voluminous and ubiquitous as only Derby dust can be. As for the road, it was the same as ever: the samequantity of pouting school-girls in cool morning-dresses, under umbrageous trees: the same phalanx of young-monkeydom, armed with the surreptitious pea-shooter, and under command of a grave pedagogue of the Sandford and Merton school; the same well-appointed residence of the well-to-do city merchant, with its smoothly-shaven lawn, ample green-house, and cool shady dining-room, so suggestive of hot-house grapes and thirty-four port: the same amount of footmen, in striped morning-jackets, butlers in their shirt-sleeves, and gardeners apparently with nothing on earth to do; the usual display of comely blooming housemaids, and rubicund crummy cooks, who occupy the top windows, and beam admiringly at the swells as they pass by. We fancy, however, that that good-humoured footman of Balham, whom we have apostrophized as "Thomas," and commanded to "go in and clean the plate" any time during the last dozen years, has more lines on his face and has one grey hairs in those luxuriant whiskers than when we madly assailed him with all the glorious flow of spirits and mad impudence of our first Derby. That jolly cook at Sutton has become more corpulent and less sportive since the year of "Caractacus." Those short-frocked school-girls on a certain pleasant lane at Clapham Common have budded into blooming damsels, and have lovers, and are even talking of being settled in life. But with all these changes, the road remains the same. There is the swell four-in-hand, with all its appointments so perfect, with its hampers from Fortnum and Mason's, and its silver tankard for champagne, with its scrupulously-dressed occupants, with their light dust coats and mauve veils. As a contrast to this, there is the Whitechapel-van, peopled with gentlemen of the raffish persuasion, and ladies who bear a strong resemblance to the immortal Mrs. Brown, and evince the same attachment to the stone bottle and "hegg-cup." There are also waggonettes, containing ladies and gentlemen, whose conduct is of a decidedly sporting and playful character, which leads one
to wonder how they will ever reach Epsom, and if so, whether they will be able to see the race; and, if they are fortunate enough to see it, how they will manage to get back to town again. Then there are ‘the costermongers’ carts: there are four-wheeled cabs, with four inside and eight outside, together with every variety of vehicle, from the patrician barouche to the plebeian flying bedstead, and all kinds of quadrupeds, from the donkey to the thoroughbred. But, despite all this wondrous and ever-changing crowd, it was decidedly a dull Derby: it was a quiet Derby; and we never recollect to have seen less fun and geniality on the road. This is attributed by some to the weather, and by others to the abolition of turnpike tolls; but the greater number set it down—and we think not without reason—to the commercial crisis in the City. No one, we feel convinced, would have enjoyed this Derby much, if a shareholder in the firm of Overend, Gurney, and Co.

Apropos of the panic, we were in the City on that memorable Friday—black Friday as it is called—and certainly never recollect having witnessed such a scene. Lombard-street was impassable, though we are inclined to think that the crowd was much increased by those who, like ourselves, had no balance at their bankers’.

A new magazine will shortly be before the public, namely, the “Public Schools’ Magazine.” The first number will be published on the 1st of July. We may further mention that the Official Review, a weekly organ devoted to the interests of the civil service, but combining therewith a large amount of literary and artistic criticism—though it has scarcely been published a month—has taken a good stand, and is destined to hold an important position amongst our reviews. “Aunt Judy’s Magazine”—a new monthly magazine for young people—is also likely to succeed. Of works recently published we would call our reader’s attention to an amusing book, entitled, “A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe,” in which the author (Mr. J. Macgregor, M.A.) has described a voyage made last autumn in a small canoe, managed by himself alone, the route leading sometimes over mountains and through forests and plains, when the boat had to be carried or dragged. We have recently perused, with much pleasure, Mr. Henry Holl’s last novel, “The White Favour,” and Mrs. Linton’s new work, called “Lizzie Lorton, of Greyrigg.” The former is, we think, taken altogether, the best work that has proceeded from Mr. Holl’s pen, and moreover possesses a certain amount of historical interest. Some portions—the description of a duel, for instance, when the combatants meet by accident—are exceedingly fine. Mrs. Linton, in “Lizzie Lorton,” brings before the reader a graphic description of a picturesque village in the lake country, which she calls Langthwait, and which, added to a pleasing narrative, cannot fail to interest and charm the reader. Professor Morley’s “Old Playgoer, 1851-66,” is a record of the chief dramatic events extending over that period, and contains some valuable criticisms both on the plays and the actors. Another work we would refer to is Mr. Jordan’s “Men I have known,” with fac-simile autographs, and which is a welcome reprint (with additions) from the “Leisure Hour.” The Sketches relate to notabilities who have passed away, and it will be found to be a volume of amusing gossip. Mr. Jordan questions if our native school of art can ever produce another David Roberts. How much more just is such an estimate of the deceased artist than the term “fallaciously” so ungenerously and untruthfully applied to him in a recent article on the present exhibition of the Royal Academy, which appeared in the Athenaeum, and which was simply an uncalled-for bit of spite—the kick of a jackass bestowed upon a dead lion!

By-the-way, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, we understand, is about to pay a visit to America. We feel assured that there are four artists and authors but will rejoice at the event.

We have received a circular of the subscription testimonial to George Cruikshank, and we observe one or two unaccountable omissions from the first list of names on the committee—notably those of Charles Dickens and Harrison Ainsworth; John Tenniel’s name, too, is absent. Mr. Charles Dickens’s readings, at St. James’s Hall, have been very fully attended. There will be but two more, and everyone should take this opportunity of hearing Mr. Dickens give life to his own creations. The management of his voice is something wonderful. Every word is distinctly heard from all parts of the large hall, and the audience listen with marked attention, occasionally expressing their delight in loud and genuine applause.

Mrs. Yelverton’s readings do not appear to have met with similar success, now that the novelty of her first appearance in public has worn off.

On Saturday, the 26th ult., the complimentary dinner to Mr. Godfrey Turner, the Jamaica correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, and whose letters were distinguished by their high literary ability and strict impartiality, took place at Messrs. Spiers and Pond’s, and passed off with great éclat. Mr. Andrew Halliday occupied the chair, and Mr. Tom Hood ably filled the vice-chair.

Mr. H. C. Cholmondeley Pennell, recently the editor of the “Fisherman’s Magazine,” is about to issue a volume, entitled “Fishing Gossip.” Messrs. A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh, will publish the work.

The gas-explosion at the residence of Mr. Gambart, the well-known and highly-esteemed director of the French gallery, is an event that is much to be deplored, resulting in the sacrifice of life, and in the loss of thousands of pounds. We are glad to learn, however, that several valuable pictures, at first thought to be destroyed, have been saved from the fate of the ball-room and its collection of Palissy china and delf, valued at between £2,000 and £3,000; in
which room there was to have been a fancy-dress ball, of unique character, to which the most eminent French and English artists had been invited, in addition to numerous literary celebrities, the extensive preparations for which would appear to have been all but completed when this unfortunate escape of gas turned that which would have been, in a few hours, the rendezvous of a choice assembly of notabilities, into a scene of death, resulting also in the destruction of numberless art-treasures.

The death has recently occurred of Lord Glenelg, at the advanced age of 87, his lordship leaving no successor to the title.

By the death of the Rev. Francis Mahony (the celebrated "Father Prout") the old race of writers for "Fraser’s Magazine" has not become extinct, as has been stated, although the circle is gradually narrowing. Out of the twenty-seven who figured in Maclise’s cartoon, in "Fraser" (1835), six, we believe, are still living; among whom are William Jordan and Harrison Ainsworth. "Father Prout" spent the last period of his life in Paris, where he was correspondent of the Globe, and where we saw him, two years ago, dining regularly at the Palais Royal; also at his favourite haunt, the reading-rooms of Galignani’s Library, and in his chambers, in the Rue des Moulins, where, we believe, he died. His manner was very abrupt—almost unaccountably so—even to those who knew him well; but he was no common man. We always felt inclined to overlook his eccentricities for the sake of his high attainments, and, now he is gone, many agreeable associations in connection with Francis Mahony are vivid in the memory of your present contributor. A charming life-like sketch and interesting memoir of him has appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette—evidently by one who knew him intimately.

In our obituary-record we would not pass over the death of "Ole Bull," the celebrated violinist.

With much regret, we have also to announce the death of Miss Cottrell, lately known at Her Majesty’s, under the name of Mdle. Edi, formerly a well-known singer and burlesque-actress at the Olympic and St. James’s, and a niece of the late Mrs. Nisbett. She was seized with a fit whilst rehearsing the part of Lisa, in "La Sonnambula," and she died two days afterwards, at the early age of twenty-six.

The building of the New Theatre-Royal, Holborn, is rapidly proceeding, and it is expected that it will be open early in September. We have no doubt it will be a great success, as the want of a theatre in that part of the town has long been felt; and the locality selected will, we imagine, not be found to clash with the little houses in Dean-street and Tottenham Court Road. We have heard it mentioned as a fact that Mr. Bouicault, on being applied to, informed Mr. Sefton Parry that his terms for supplying two dramas would be £20,000; but we do not vouch for the truth of the statement.

The Keanes have returned to the scene of their former triumphs, and have met with a tremendous ovation after their "three years’ absence" and their "voyage round the world." They have only appeared, as yet, in "King Henry VIII.;" but we suppose they will be seen in their repertoire, although the engagement is for a limited number of nights. Louis XI. should be often given, as it is Kean’s finest performance; after which Benedick, Ford, Shylock, and Mr. Oakley rather than Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello. Let him also remember that Shakspeare is not so much his forte as Sir Walter Amyot ("Wife’s Secret"), Courier of Lyons, and Mephistophiles, and then we will go to these preliminary farewell appearances.

"Love’s Martyr" has been deservedly withdrawn, and "The Ticket of Leave Man" substituted, at the Olympic, where, there can be no doubt, the revival of "Money," for Mr. Neville’s benefit, will cause "numerous inquiries for its repetition."

At the Adelphi, "Crying Jenny and Laughing Johnny" is so well acted, that its vocal shortcomings are scarcely apparent. Miss Furtado is lively, without an atom of the vulgarity of many young ladies who shall be nameless. It is very refreshing to witness elegance, with just sufficient abandon to be agreeable—in which Miss Furtado thoroughly succeeds, and is entitled to the highest praise. The Fast Family" appears to be a success—to which result Mrs. Alfred Mellon is said mainly to contribute; and when "La belle Helène" (again underlined) will be produced, we have still not the remotest idea.

At the Haymarket, "The Favourite of Fortune" continues to draw good houses. We hear, however, that a comedy, by Mr. Tom Taylor, is in rehearsal.

"Paris" delights crowded audiences at the Strand, where the posthumous play by Sheridan Knowles is, by all accounts, unfitted for representation anywhere in general, and by the Strand company in particular, though it may possess a certain amount of literary interest for the student.

We may also refer to the brilliant success of Mr. Byron’s new comedy, at the Prince of Wales’s, which we have not yet seen, but "which is received nightly with the greatest enthusiasm, by crowded and fashionable audiences;" so that, altogether, we should say the theatres were doing a fair amount of business.

Your Bohemian.
O D D  F E L L O W S'  Q U A R T E R L Y  M A G A Z I N E:
Manchester.—We must again express our regret at the want of publicity which the local publishing of this magazine entails upon it. The contents are of such general interest and practical utility that thousands of readers outside the pale of Odd Fellowship would be glad to benefit by them. The various articles on subjects connected with social economics are of universal interest: we allude, in the present instance, to the papers on “The Physiology of Health,” on “Clothing and its Materials,” and the editor’s “Wise Beneficence,” all of which are admirable. Eliza Cook’s poem, “Girls and Boys come out to Play,” is, to quote a line from it,

“‘As fresh, and as free, and as bright,’”
as the brightest of her early carols—it has the old rythmic ring.

“Girls and boys come out to play,
And play as long as ye can;
For the lad and lass see greener grass
Than grows for the woman or man.”

Mrs. C. A. White’s “Rue: a Tale of the Tally System,” is drawing to a close. Y. S. N., an old contributor to our pages, has a pretty little poem entitled “Lily-bells,” and the paper “Personal Observations on the Habits of Insects,” notwithstanding its defective style, is exceedingly interesting.

“THE HOUSEHOLD.” (Groombridge & Sons, 5, Paternoster-row.)—The volumes of this well-managed, useful, and cheap monthly promise to become quite a dictionary of domestic economy. It has some advice to give or hint to furnish on almost everything connected with the family. Household desiderata, management, and manipulation occupy a large part of each number; leaving room, however, for the pleasant serial story by the author of “A Trap to catch a Sunbeam;” with familiar essays by Shirley Hibberd, Mrs. C. A. White, and other writers.

S U N D A Y  M O R N I N G  I N  L E A T H E R  L A N E.—
(Ricingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge.)
—The author of this well-written brochure has done good service in publishing his very graphic picture of the Sunday Fair; by no means, however, confined to the locality of Leather-lane; similar scenes are to be found in many other parts of London while the church bells are “tolling-in” the decorous portion of the inhabitants to morning prayers, Westminster (within a stone’s throw of St. Margaret’s and the Abbey) offers a proper pendent; Bermondsey, too, is busy in the back streets with a fac-simile of the repugnant scene; and though the vendors of vegetables and unsavoury viands, of staylaces and leather-thongs, straps, umbrellas, print-sellers, &c., are absent, the dog and bird fanciers are driving a brisk trade in St. Martin’s Lane, with half the densens of the Seven-dials, and a fair proportion of the male inhabitants of the outlying districts of Copenhagen-fields, and Agar, and Somers Towns for customers. Some years ago, when the present writer, astonished at the existence of the Sunday morning street markets of London, made some inquiries on the subject and its cause, it was said that among petty employers and needy tradesmen, it often happened that the difficulty they found in getting together the means of paying their workmen, often kept these unfortunate persons for hours in a public-house, exposed to all the temptations such a rendezvous offers to too many of them, or waiting in the street or outside the house of the employer of labour without capital to defray its wages, till so late at night that there was no possibility of purchasing necessaries for the next day or week’s provision. If such a state of things still exist, it will account in part for the Sunday morning fair in Leather-lane, and point to the persons with whom the praiseworthy abolitionists of this and similar scenes have primarily to deal. Forced by the necessity of providing meat and bread for their families, the vegetables would follow as a matter of course; and the prejudices against Sunday trading (if they ever existed on the part of vendor and purchaser) having been overcome, week by week sees new additions to the number of sellers and the variety of their wares, and custom increases the nuisance. There is nothing in the pamphlet that at all tends to that most objectionable style of literature, the religious tract style—there are no moral platitudes, no improving the subject on the pound-text principle; the writer has his own proper feelings on the fitness of times and places, and describes vigorously and well a scene that too often offends the moral and religious sense of many who, like the writer, feel dissatisfaction and disgust at this open desecration of the rest and peace and purity of the Sabbath-day.

T H E  H A R L E Q U I N. Conducted by Oxford men.—(T. and G. Shrimpton, Broad-street, Oxford.)—This is a new aspirant for public appreciation and literary honour; and judging from the third number which lies before us, promises to deserve both. All orders, professions, and fraternities in these days appear to demand a special organ; and it is not surprising, therefore, that Oxford, with “all the talents” within the walls of its colleges, should choose to be represented in periodical literature. The
Exhibition for the People.

Harlequin comes into the same category as Punch and Fun, and occurs to us as the offspring of both; but its comedy is for the most part local, and the field of its wit bounded by the University, instead of having, like its aspersed progenitors, the Universe for its hunting-field, with an unlimited game licence to forage therein. Bold, clever, and not without excellent purpose are some of the articles in number three: take the little essay entitled “Cherostics,” which being interpreted means the science of getting into debt, for instance; and the quiet sarcasm at vulgar prejudice in the “Portrait of Napoleon III.” In College bounds Harlequin is quite at home, and, having his eyes bandaged, uses his wand to good purpose, without respect to persons, the proctors and even the dons themselves coming in for a good share of whacks. This is not bad: “Why is a pipe like a periodical? Because it is of no use unless it’s puffed.” We regret that we have not space to crib “The Dream of the Junior Proctor,” or even to help disseminate the “Statute recently promulgated” against smoking. The illustrations are particularly good, and the etching “Pur Blind E Justice” artistically clever, both in manner and treatment. The only article with which we find fault, and which we think offends against good taste, is the wicked paraphrase of Pope’s fine lines, “The Dying Christian to his soul,” under the title of the “Adieu of the Swell.”

Infant Nursing and the Management of Young Children. By Mrs. Pedley.—(George Routledge and Sons, Broadway, Ludgate Hill.)—We have much pleasure in recommending this little manual for the use of inexperienced mothers and young nurses. It is brimful of sensible advice and practical suggestions, calculated to save much pain and tribulation in the nursery, and amongst infants and young children generally. We very readily endorse Mrs. Pedley’s views of her subject generally; her remarks on nurses deserve to be imprinted on every mother’s mind. “The well-being of mind and body, present and probably future happiness, are in her keeping. And if these advantages are to be acquired by kind treatment and the addition of a few pounds to ordinary wages, can kindness and money be placed at better interest?

Let parents engage only such nurses as they themselves can respect, and the love and obedience of children will follow as a matter of course.” Notice of “The Mysteries of Isis” in our next.

C. A. W.

NEW MUSIC.

Silvia Valse. Composed and dedicated to Lady G. M. Clerk. By Frederick Muckler. London: Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond Street.)—This is a very pleasing and elegant production, the composition of an amateur, whose youth gives a wide margin for growing knowledge and musical experience. In the verse before us the author exhibits a graceful style, good taste, and excellent harmony.

Royal Polytechnic Institution.—The entertainments at the Polytechnic are just now of a more than ordinarily interesting description. The delight of the young people are never forgotten by the clever manager, and the Whitsuntide amusements are still retained.

“Exhibition for the People.”—M. Roland, Minister of the Interior, was directed to take measures that the Museum of the Republic should be open to the citizens, in a gallery of the Louvre, on Aug. 10th, 1793. It was accompanied by a catalogue, bare in detail, but reporting the presence of 337 pictures and 124 objects of art—including bronzes, busts, marble tables, china, and clocks.” This, then, was the first assertion, in this form, of the same law for rich and poor; the first exhibition for the people—a curious characteristic of that Revolution which, in its fierce ferment of fine purpose and foul deeds, separate really, yet too often mingled, alternately rushed madly to destroy, and toiled earnestly to redress and preserve. Whether this exhibition was formally opened, how, and by whom, we are not able to report. But as we picture to ourselves the groups of citizens, pig-tailed or wooden-shod, mounting the stairs which lead to the familiar long gallery, an involuntary association of ideas carries the mind to certain other exhibitions, so-called, of the people, which our own happier times and land have witnessed; these last solely suggested and mainly organized by the best and wisest of modern Princes, and opened and inaugurated by his Sovereign, with himself at her side, and their tender children on their right hand and on the left; that of 1793 decreed by a tribunal unexampled in crime, demanded as a right in the polluted name of Liberty, and gazed on, by some at least, with the zest of revenge; while the Sovereign, to whom individually the greater portion of the unwonted show belonged, lay heedless in his bed of quick-line, and his miserable widow and their tortured children bided their time in prisons not far removed from the festive scene. New and horrible things were these, in the annals of royal experience!—Quarterly Review.
SOCIAL SUGGESTIONS.

ESCAPING FROM FIRE.—Human life has been often thrown away from persons not taking the precaution to accustom their minds to dwell at times on the proper method of acting in emergencies. From want of this, many rush into the very jaws of death, when a single moment's calm reflection would have pointed out a certain and easy means of escape. It is the more necessary to fix in the mind a general course of action in case of being in a house while it is on fire, since the most dangerous conflagrations occur at dead of night; and at the moment of being aroused from a sound sleep, the brain is apt to become too confused to direct the bodily movements with any kind of appropriateness without some previous preparation in the manner contained therein. The London Fire Department suggests, in case premises are on fire:—1. Be careful to acquaint yourself with the best means of exit from the house, both at the top and bottom.—2. On the first alarm, reflect before you act. If in bed at the time, wrap yourself in a blanket or bedside carpet. Open no more doors than are absolutely necessary, and shut every door after you.—3. There is always from eight to twelve inches of pure air close to the ground; if you cannot, therefore, walk upright through the smoke, drop on your hands and knees, and thus progress. A wetted silk handkerchief, a piece of flannel, or a worsted stocking, drawn over the face, permits breathing, and, to a great extent, excludes the smoke.—4. If you can neither make your way upward, nor downward, get into a front room; if there is a family, see that they are all collected here, and keep the door closed as much as possible, for remember that smoke always follows a draught, and fire always rushes after smoke.—5. On no account throw yourself, or allow others to throw themselves from the window. If no assistance is at hand, and you are in extremity, tie the sheets together, having fastened one side to some heavy piece of furniture, and let down the women and children one by one, by tying the end of the line of sheets around the waist, and lowering them through the window that is over the door, rather than one that is over the area. You can easily let yourself down after the helpless are saved.—6. If a woman's clothes catch fire, let her instantly roll herself over and over on the ground. If a man be present let him throw her down and do the like, and then wrap her up in a rug, coat, or the first woollen thing that is at hand.

A NEW DECORATION.—The Queen has been pleased to institute a new decoration, to be styled the Albert Medal, to be awarded, in cases where it shall be considered fit, to such persons as shall endanger their own lives in saving, or in endeavoring to save, the lives of others from shipwreck or other peril of the sea.

Sydney Smith, in one of his popular lectures, observes: "If you elevate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying, beyond measure, the chances of human improvement by preparing and mediating those early impressions which always come from the mother, and which—in a great majority of instances—are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of men. If women knew more, men must learn more; for ignorance would then be shameful, and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; it makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the feminine character. The education of women favours public morals; it provides for every season of life as for the brightest, and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of Time, not as she is now [this was written in 1805], destitute of everything and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men."

Yet we are pretty much in the same condition now as when Sydney Smith made (fifty years ago) his eloquent appeal for woman's enlightenment. Of course woman, as the educatrix, has never been thought of by our legislators; and yet the greatest statesman among the aristocracy bows his knee willingly to the sceptre of his Queen; and he will acknowledge that women have made the best sovereigns of England. They manage things better in America. The schoolmistress is Queen there. Young women, as teachers in public free schools, now greatly outnumber the men. In the Eastern States particularly very few schoolmasters are abroad. The interests of popular education seem to prosper wonderfully under feminine sway; while the sure spring that moves all the forces of true feminine advancement in its own sphere of doing good, is a good education. If this can be secured to woman, and its use be encouraged and honoured by men, all professions that she might fill will, in time, be open to her—as a woman. "For woman is not undeveloped man." She should not ask his place, nor his pay; nor covet his wealth, nor usurp his title. Her rewards are rarely in any great material gains for herself; a true woman finds her best recompense in the good she does.
THE LADIES' PAGE.

CHILD'S BIB IN CROCHET.


Make a chain of 61 simple stitches. Upon this chain make 61 back stitches, then backwards and forwards on this foundation without cutting the cotton.

2nd row. 61 back stitches, with one simple stitch at the end of the row. 3rd. 62 b s, 1 s s. 4th. 63 b s, 1 s s. 5th. 64 b s, 1 s s. 6th. 65 b s, 1 s s. 7th. 66 b s, 1 s s. 8th. 67 b s, 1 s s. 9th. 13 b s; return on those, and at the end of the row 1 s s. 10th. 14 b s. 11th. 14 b s, 1 s s. 12th. 15 b s. 13th. 15 b s, 1 s s. 14th. 16 b s. 15th. 16 b s, 1 s s. 16th. 17 b s. 17th. 17 b s, 1 s s. 18th. 18 b s. 19th. 19 b s, 1 s s; reverse your work. 20th. 35 b s, 1 s s. 21st. 36 b s, 1 s s. Make 20 rows, increasing 1 stitch each time, and making a simple stitch at every other row. 41st. 55 b s. Make 26 rows of 55 back stitches each. 67th. 54 b s. 68th. 53 b s. Make now 20 rows, 1 stitch narrower each time. This narrowing should come parallel with the stitches increased between the 20th and 40th rows. Make the second armhole exactly like the first, and then make 8 rows for the shoulders. Make a row to join the shoulder to the front. Make a double row of stitches on the neck, the armholes, and the lower row of the apron. Now knit a broad crochet lace, and put it on all round the bib.

LOUNGING-CAP—CROCHET.

Materials.—An ounce and a-half of green spangled wool, three skeins of gold-colour floss-silk; one gold tassel; Penelope crochet, No. 2.

With wool make a round foundation of seven stitches; work 27 rounds in double crochet, increasing by making two stitches in each in the first round, in every alternate in the second, and in the same stitch in the succeeding rounds. Work 18 rounds without increasing; after which detach the wool, and work with silk.

1st round. Double crochet.

2nd. (wool). 1 long, 2 chain, miss 2.

3rd. (silk). Double crochet.

The remaining rounds are worked with silk and in close and open squares, two chains being worked between the long stitches in the latter.

4th. 1 close square, 3 open; repeat.

5th. 1 open square above close, 1 close, 1 open, 1 close; repeat.

6th. 1 close above open, 3 open; repeat.

7th. 1 close above centre open, 3 open; repeat.

8th. Like 5th.

9th. Like 6th.

10th. Like 4th.

11th. Like 5th.

12th. Like 6th.

13th. Open squares.

14th. Double crochet.

15th. Open squares.

16th. Double crochet.

17th. 3 double crochet, 5 chain, miss 2, 3 long, 5 chain; repeat.

18th and last round. 1 double crochet in centre of 3 double crochet, 7 chain, 1 double crochet in centre long, 7 chain; repeat.

Line with green silk, and attach the tassel to the centre of crown.
SUMMER TOILETS.

First Figure.—Dress of grey gros-grain silk, or any light material of mixed woolen and silk. Jacket: body long, and oval behind. Close-fitting sleeves, finished with epaulets. The sleeve is cut sufficiently short to show the under sleeve, and is ornamented to match a trimming at the side of the skirt, formed by a robing of Cluny lace, headed with black ribbon velvet. A double border of lace and velvet ribbon encircles the jacket. Cambric collar, with medallions of guipure in the corners. In the hair, above the chignon, a comb with a gallery of silver filagree-work.

Second Figure.—(Toilet for a little girl three years of age, in a frock of any fancy tissue). A very low corset. Black velvet waistband. Chemisette laid in Swiss plaits. Italian straw hat, with brim turned up, and separated in the middle behind and before, where there is a little plume of cock's feathers. White stockings, with boots very high on the leg, and pointed in front.

Third Figure.—Foulard dress, ornamented on all the joinings of the skirt with a double row of white guipure laid on flat, and having a narrow black lace. Body round at the waist. Lambelle bonnet of white tulle, decorated with primroses. For strings tulle bars, with a bouquet of primroses where they are fastened.

The Gabrielle (or, as it is now called, the Princess) style of dress is much in vogue for young ladies, but is rarely becoming to the figure after the age of twenty-four or five.

Notwithstanding the quantity of new toilets, fresh novelties are in preparation. I have seen a charming robe of grey silk, trimmed with five rows of black velvet at the bottom of the skirt, which is delightfully fresh, simple, and at the same time effective. A robe of gaze de soie, with white rays on a nearly grey ground, is finished at the bottom of the skirt with three rows of ruches of the same guaze, each bordered with a bias of rose-coloured taffetas. This ornament may either encircle the bottom of the skirt, or remount to the waist in the form of a tunic.

The corsage is decolleté, after a very original fashion; it is cut nearly as high as the middle of the back, and then a great snip with the scissors cuts it down several inches: these are made to fall back like revers. In front the same revers are repeated, and two tiny ruches, with a heading of guipure resembling those on the skirt, are disposed on them. This corsage has short sleeves formed simply of revers, garnished like those on the front, it is completed at the waist by a long basque-shawl and a tuft of long ends of rose-coloured taffetas. Over this corsage is worn one of muslin, with five plaits behind and before. Medallions, lozenges, entre-deux, &c., garnish all sous-corsages of muslin, which are always lined with taffetas to throw up these ornaments. A sous-corsage of rayed foulard, white and rose colour, may be worn with this toilet, or a casque of either white or black Chantilly, with or without sleeves.

The absurd Lambelle bonnet is still seen: but the shape known as the Pamela, composed of straw and ornamented with flowers, prevails.

I have seen the chapeau Pamilla in Italian straw, garnished with the wild service-berries, looking very charming with a toilet of black silk. The brises of this bonnet were of sorbier-coloured velvet, bordered with white blond. In the interior the same berries. I signal the appearance of toilets entirely white.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received, with thanks.—“Love of the Country,” “Reading and Thinking,” “Roses and Thorns.”

Poetry declined, with thanks.—“To a Myrtle Sprig,” “Love, let me dry thy Tears,” “The Two Springs,” “The Chimes at Night.”

“A. M. C.”—We regret to be obliged to say no.

We never purchase first novels. We will read, and give an opinion, however. “A Night at a Fire.”

MSS. returned to “Miss E. C.” “K. L., Bridge-

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Erratum:—In page 292, the last line of the first column, "That into sighs so softly die," belongs to the first stanza of "Time's Revenge" in the second column of the same page.
MINNIE’S ELOPEMENT.

(An Episode of Society forty years ago.)

BY AN OLD CLERGYMAN.

The richest people of my parish live in an ancient precinct called “The Sacristy.” Why the neighbourhood obtained this appellation is a mystery as yet unsolved by the profoundest antiquaries of Eastminster. Some say that when the great house of the Dominicans, hard by, was dissolved by Henry VIII., the vestries of the conventual church became a private dwelling, surrounded by extensive grounds, in which time were so called; that the other buildings, refectory, dormitories, library, kitchens, &c., of the monastery, gradually shared a similar fate, until an irregular precinct was formed, containing residences strangely interwoven with one another. The apartments of some of these are large and stately enough for a palace; and more than one dining-room would not be misplaced were it a college-hall at Oxford or Cambridge. Such is the Tudor Sacristy. It possesses, besides, some cubical houses of red brick, with fourteen windows in front and a centre door of bright mahogany, evidently of Orange politics and Dutch invention; an Hanoverian assembly-room, as ugly as the very mistresses of George I. could have wished, and a bran-new Baptist chapel, tricked out in the latest variety of Byzantine polychrome. In the centre is a glorious grass-plot, smooth and green, surrounded by white posts and chains, the joy of babies and cricketers, and boys let loose from the hot city schools. These animals shall never be shut out, if I can help it, in my time. I think the small boys know that I keep up a mild protest against the importation of beauded into their sanctuary, and so they touch their hats, with a thankful air. As to the householders, despite of my Puritan rival, they are all my fast friends, and offer their Easter-dues to a man.

In the year 18—, there came to live in one of the oldest of these houses a gentlewoman and her niece. It was rumoured that they had recently arrived from Jamaica, and that the young lady was immensely rich. To this was added an obscure whisper that she was almost a negro, and more than one well-bred Sacristian doubted the propriety of forming her acquaintance, until it was explained that the word creole, applied to her, did not mean that she was a mulatto, quadroon, mestizo, or some such possibly unpleasant person, but only a child of European parents, born in the West Indies. The brightness and bloom of the aunt were wonderful, considering she must have been fifty years old—a presumption derived from her clear recollection of certain historical events; but her young companion was the greater marvel. Minnie Weatherall was just eighteen; the witching age, when the beauty of the child deepens and develops into that of the woman. She was rather little, but of exquisite symmetry. A sculptor would, perhaps, have slightly altered the shape of her nose, but every other feature he would have modelled with rapture. The merry ring of her laughter, was like the dulcet voices of distant chimes. If the saying be true that the fruit is sweetest which has been most kissed by the sun, Minnie had been kissed by his tropical rays to the very tips of her rose-tinted, filbert-shaped nails. If ever she cantered across the Sacristy green on her fat, white pony, who bore her as proudly as ever Bucephalus carried Alexander, or Bavieca the Cid, the cricketers, stopped their game and uncovered to the fair vision. Meanwhile Minnie was quite unconscious of the interest she excited. To ride her pony; to visit the widows of an ancient almshouse; hard by—a sort of deaconess work, to which I had appointed her, at her urgent request; to play her harp, and attend the choral service at the cathedral—these were her chief delights. No wonder the last; for Dr. Counterpoint was a magnificent performer on the organ. Grand old man! We have had organists of greater mechanical execution, but never one who made our far-famed instrument sing and speak, and warble and thunder like you! The echoes yet linger in my ear, as they swept through the aisles of our minster. They shall travel still further, and the memory of them, perhaps, outlive the rest of the narrative in which they are now recalled.

The dainty lady and myself soon became fast and intimate friends. Young gentlewomen often look upon an old clergyman as a kind of feminine being, towards whom they may safely indulge a little sentimental attachment, half
Minnie’s Elopement.

filial, half platonic. She had plenty of weakness. One was indiscriminate, unreflecting almsgiving. Yet it led her sometimes to noble deeds; as when, one chilblainite, she gave a pair of good thick-soled boots to every poor boy in the parish. Another thing was, an inordinate passion for ancient furniture. Her bed was a huge towering structure, surmounted by ostrich plumes, and bearing the arms of Marie of Scotland, Queen Dowager of France. Do I not well remember the day, when, with infinite self-denial, I went in her behalf to the sale of the interior fittings of the Hall of Barber-Surgeons in Eastminster, on the untimely dissolution of that venerable guild, and bought chairs, tables, rude cariatides, renaissance mouldings, coffres, and oak carvings countless, enough to have stocked an antique-furniture warehouse?

Minnie and her aunt might have resided in the Sacristy about a year and a half, when two houses became vacant by the insolvency of their owner, and were to be let furnished. One was known by the name of Strawberry Hill, not because situated on an eminence, but because the proprietor had the quaint tastes of Horace Walpole. Every room was full of valuable knick-knacks. The red hat of Cardinal Pole; the walking-sticks of John Knox and Archbishop Laud; and a splendid reliquary containing the arm of St. Frances, and the nails of St. Denis the Areopagite, may serve as specimen of a long inventory, privately printed in rubric, of which a large-paper copy lies before me.

The other house, strange to say, was next door to that occupied by the Weatheralls. It was a vast rambling old place. It spread its feeters into many a nook and corner of theirs. There were means of intercommunication, long walled up; and doors covered with bright green bed-room papers, which conveyed I dare not say how much poisonous arsenical miasma. And who should come and take both houses, in a surreptitious, unexplained manner, by private contract, and over the heads of two aldermen of Eastminster, both reputable tradesmen (I beg pardon), merchants of our venerable city, but a certain unknown, unannounced Count Paternoster—count, it was affirmed, of the holy Roman empire, and Consul-general of the German State of Thurm and Taxis, wherever and whatever that may be.

I never was more than a passing acquaintance of that clever, and, as I sometimes feared, unscrupulous adventurer; but I cannot deny that he was very good-looking. Forty summers and winters had not grizzled one of the bright golden hairs on his massive head. He had the broad rotund jaw which is said to bespeak an indomitable will. Ill-natured people said that his flowing locks were red; and one wintry morning when he was present at the cathedral service, kneeling by the side of the choristers in rapt devotion (for reasons best known to himself), during the litany, a crazy squire, who occupied the prebendary’s stall above him, stretched out his thin hands, with a half-suppressed chuckle, which set the chorister-boys laughing, and even decomposed the reverential dean, and deliberately warmed his fingers over the resplendent crop, as over a rudely fire. At this time I did not know the man intimately. He had features, glassy, basilisk eyes—and such eyes I never could abide. He had an ugly habit of feeling his wrists (the bands were of the finest linen and spotless) as if, once on a time, they had been bruised by handcuffs. He gave admirable dinners, to which I was sometimes invited, but never went. Those who did averred that his cabinet Johannisberg was unexceptionable, and his knowledge of politics and philosophy shown to be deep, though never obtrusively pressed on his guests. Those who were not invited whispered that he was a Rosicrucian—perhaps a coiner; for he had a secret laboratory; at any rate, a most dangerous man. He brought with him a butler, nearly as tall as himself, and a little French grissette, who acted as housemaid. The remainder of his domestics he hired in Eastminster.

About this time there appeared in our local newspapers a series of clever papers on the defective drainage of the Sacristy. It was affirmed to be a mass of seething cesspools, and a disgrace to the magistrates and corporation of the city. Sanitary questions were then a novelty among us, and as we read of the sulphurated hydrogen which lurked in the pleasant green-award of our precinct, we began to be not a little alarmed. To think that the sacred Sacristy well, the pump of St. Bridge, was nothing but the overflow of dead men’s juices! Meanwhile the house of the Weatheralls was filled with diabolical odours. The kitchen, the perfumed boudoir of Minnie, the drawing and dining-rooms, were unbearable. Auntie was in despair, and Minnie went from pure vexation. Meanwhile, Count Paternoster’s French grissette began an obscure flirtation with their ancient footman. She pulled his grey whiskers, she flattered his vanity, and she added, in seductive tones of broken English, “O that her bon madame and Madame Mme!” Their house was infected with bad smells; but his “beautiful chateau, Strawberry Hill,” was charmingly free from them, and might be had by such sweet ladies for a mere song.

And thus the Count beguiled the domestics, obtained an introduction to my sweet little friend, and fairly carried away captive her susceptible aunt.

It was soon agreed between the Count and Mrs. Weatherall that she should become the tenant of Strawberry Hill. Meanwhile, we all remarked that Minnie grew dull, pale, and abstracted. Her widows were entirely neglected. There was but one duty in which she seemed to take undiminished pleasure, and that was her attendance at the Cathedral services. It might be remarked that the Count was always there. I began to grow alarmed. I ventured to hint my suspicions to her aunt. I was disappointed at the result of our confidential conversation.
If it meant anything, it meant that she herself was the object of the Count’s delicate and reserved, but not the less intelligible attentions. They took the new house; but Minnie displayed great reluctance in leaving her present abode. Her refusal to do so appeared at last so obstinate that it was determined to retain both residences. About the same time, her aunt intimated to me that their first house was haunted. A strange weird sound of music, like the tones of a wind-swept Eolian harp, was heard, sometimes in the drawing-room, sometimes in the kitchen, and at others in Minnie’s bed-room. And Minnie herself revealed to her aunt, in strict confidence, that when half-asleep, she had felt the presence of some one walking in her chamber. Though her eyes were shut, and her senses dulled with indescribable drowsiness, she had become conscious of hands passed over her throbbing temples, and of some one wastfully gazing on her. I suspected, but without a scintilla of evidence to support my theory, that the Count must have discovered some means of communication between the two houses, and that the unscrupulous Consul-general was at the bottom of all these supernatural and puzzling circumstances. I spoke most seriously and gravely to Mrs. Weatherall. At first she was incredulous. She plainly stated that I was unreasonably and cruelly prejudiced against the Count. He had, by some diabolical mystery, so completely penetrated her will and suffused it with his own stronger volitions, that she was like a child in his hands. I suppose this is a way of philosophically saying that he had thoroughly talked her over.

It was plainly my duty, as an experienced beneficed clergyman, to exorcise the malign spirit. This was a thankless and difficult task. At last I so far succeeded that the following arrangement was secretly planned between us. Minnie was to retire to rest, as usual, in her own room. She was to place herself in bed, extinguish the light; she was then to say her prayers, and proceed straight to her aunt’s chamber. I was to pass in the dark, and to take up a post of observation behind a large antique press, and to wait the issue of events. Did I not feel afraid? said aunty. No, not I; I did not care a pin for all the spectres in Eastminster—for all the monks, nuns, friars, canons, bishops, or beguiled maidens, who were said, on St. John’s Eve, and at other strange epochs, to revisit the earth, and to choose for their untimely calls our Catholic city. Nor did I mind their human and living representatives. Least of all was I afraid of the Count and Consul-general. Was I not the best boxer and wrestler in my time at Peterhouse? I have overhauled three barges, on the Cam, “one down and the other come on,” and won spolia opima from all three. But let those juvenile adventures pass. O Dr. Barnes, O Dr. Barnes! why did you set your face against such Old English, manly sports? My heart is not within me, when I recall these early exploits, and, as it ought in a descendant of the sec-

kings, the fire burns. But there was another cogent reason for my bravery. I had a dog, rejoicing in the glorious cognomen of Podger Mastiff, bull-dog, terrier, greyhound, mongrel—whatever else he was, he had those two elements of character which a celebrated Presbyterian divine says are necessary to eventual success in dogs and men—he had, in a noble degree, power and promptitude. It was this rare combination which founded the Bonaparte dynasty, and it was marvellously concentrated in Podger. No wonder I did not care for all Count Pater- noster’s conjurations and second-hand imitations of Mesmer and Cagliostro, when I was the owner, and, what is far better, the personal friend of that prince of mastiffs—that animal without a pedigree, but with the heart of a lion—Podger. Our arrangements were made in darkness and silence. Minnie, all unconscious of the part she was to play in our mystification, retired at the usual hour to the scene of her painful unrest. Unexpectedly summoned by a cry of fire or robbers, she was withdrawn from her vast regal bed, and safely lodged in her aunt’s distant room. I took up my position behind the medieval press, and at my feet, silent as the grave and remorseless in his bite as Time himself, crouched the dutiful, magnanimous Podger. I am sure that he knew what he was to do, without our telling him. His countenance was at all times radiant, and his quick eye all but human. Supposing that there is any truth in the doctrine of metempsychosis, he might have received for that night the soul of a perfect detective. If I had ever sent him to church he would have gone straight to the churchwardens’ pew, and turned over his prayer-book with his fore-paws, like a Christian. Podger and I—
to me detur digniort—Podger and I awaited the breath of the ghost in silence. We had not long to wait. I felt a quiet movement at my feet. It was the steady, unfailing instinct of Podger. Something, somebody was coming. Another pressure at my knees in the dark. A few moments more and Podger was gone! There was a scuffle, a deep thud, a low moan of agony, and all again was still. I felt Podger embracing my feet. I emerged from my concealment, and called for lights. There was no ghost seen that night. We examined the paper and panelling of the room everywhere, without success. We could not find a trace of human intruder, not a footprint, not a chair upset, not a scent-bottle broken; but Podger’s nose and teeth were steeped in blood, and he showed signs of having received a heavy inward bruise, as from a kick. He looked up in my face, as much as to say, I have done my duty as a dog. As for the Count, he had gone to London (so we were told) the day before. He was not to be seen for a week; but when he returned, and at length emerged from his house, he walked lame and uneasily. Well done, Podger!

After this event Minnie was not haunted by any more nocturnal spectres. The Count listened to Mrs. Weatherall’s narrative of the rendezvous with well-dissembled astonishment. H
freely offered her his zealous services in discovering the real or pretended ghost. He did this with such perfect *sang-froid*, such open-hearted *bonhomnie*, that I was fairly non-plussed. Mrs. Weatherall was evidently pleased to find me at fault. O that I had had presence of mind enough to accuse him on the spot! So I sometimes think: at others I am convinced that I should have vainly stormed, while I only promoted his ends and my own discomfort.

And so "explicit **fitte** y**' first, as the ancient rhymers would say, of the Sacristy romance. We kept the whole of it a profound secret from the gossips of the neighbourhood. If there is one thing which the rector of a suburban parish learns from experience, it is the rare virtue of discretion, which "in quietness and confidence" has its "strength." Of course, every venerable maiden speculated on the possible destiny and adventures of the beautiful little heiress. Was she engaged? Was Alderman Plum's son the lucky fellow? Had Minnie any of the simple self-assurance, the inward sense of superiority over other girls, which distinguishes a *fiancée*, and sometimes adds such a quaint charm to a young beauty? I furnished not a single hint to young gentleman, married gossip, or old maid. What, indeed, had I to hint? Nothing but a confused suspicion, which, while it haunted me daily, was too hateful ever to be clothed in words.

The winter of 18— was one of the severest ever known in Eastminster. Our noble river was frozen to the depth of several feet. A snow-storm came, with a driving north wind, which drifted into the hollows of the roads, and completely cut off all communication with other towns. Several coaches were snowed up. The passengers alighted, weary and frost-bitten, at little road-side inns, where they consumed the provender which was being conveyed on the coach to distant places. We beguiled ourselves in the city as well as we could. Several balls were given, and morning entertainments commencing with luncheon at about twelve o'clock, in which, I confess, I took great delight. They were temperate literary reunions. We conversed, we ate fish and game, we drank the cup that cheers but not inebriates; but we neither gambled nor tipped—two bad habits of Eastminster, which date from the Heptarchy, and had something to do with the overthrow of our Saxon forefathers at Hastings. One of the most successful breakfasts of this kind was given by Mrs. Weatherall, at which I had the good fortune to be present. Although the weather was bitter, and the sky like lead, all the rank, fashion, science, literature to be found within ten miles of the city were there. It was a glorious agglomeration of the best thinkers and talkers in the county; and every article of rare furniture, every piece of *cirtu*, from the arm-chair of Dryden to the snuff-box of Queen Charlotte, supplied the material for pleasant discussion or the text for lively repartee. The titled Bishop and the Rt. Hon. Lady Fontevrault were among the guests; and the nephew of the latter, the heir to an earldom, as tall and handsome as Darnley, the second husband of Minnie's Mary of Scotland, whose portrait, by Zuccherio (but quere) graced the dining-room, and as clever as Professor Grewell himself, of whom we used to say at Peterhouse, that science was his forte and omniscience his foible. Unless I am greatly mistaken, he had fallen deeply in love with our exquisite Minnie. After breakfast (for which I was commanded by the Bishop to return thanks—a mark of his lordship's regard that I ought not to forget), the young man offered her his arm, and requested that she would accompany him through the rooms and explain the manifold curiosities which they contained. I watched them with deep emotion and many prayers; I rejoiced to observe that he gazed on her with unconcealed rapture, and spake words with whispered fervour, which called the sparkle of flame into her black eye, and the blush of maiden delicacy to her cheek. Meanwhile I also watched the Count. He was simply amusing himself, with perfect nonchalence, in explaining the mechanism of an intricate lock belonging to an inlaid Bolognese chest, to the civil bishop. It was just such a chest as concealed the Italian bride of Rogers' song, and just such a lock as "fastened her down for ever." If the Count's eye followed Minnie, it was more than I could discern, with all my penetration. He scarcely spoke to her at all. If he paid attention to any, it was to motherly women, some overdressed and belted, like so many Turks, according to a fashion which, like themselves, has long passed away. "What a happy event," I mused inwardly, "it would be, if our Minnie, instead of being thrown away on the oleginous son of some Eastminster drysater, should become Countess of Fontevrault! As for the consul-general, let him find a *fruadis* to love him, in the once famous Electorate of Thurm and Taxis!" And so the morning passed away till the cathedral chimes rang for evening service. Then the carriages drew up silently in the snow, and their wheels just left a white thin mark behind them, as they carried off in succession the numerous guests, who had assembled to do honour to Minnie and her suitor.

I had at this time a pake, worthy curate, with a stout, jocund wife, lusty and deliquescent, as the facetious Sydney Smith would have said. A great bishop divided the Anglican clergy into two classes—those who had a dozen children and those who were about to have them. My poor curate was not an exception to the general law of clerical increase. He had eight or nine "we, toddling things," and how he managed to feed and clothe them was then, and has always since been, a mystery to me. I am an ancient bachelo—t, with an equally ancient Margaret for my housekeeper, servant-of-al! work, and (must I add?), gouv~r~n~ante. The sight of my good curate's daily trials helps to comfort me when I muse over an early disappointment, which for long years embittered my soul—yea! and embittered it still. I loved once: I shall never love any more.
Well, Minnie took a great liking to my curate's wife and her bonny offspring. I am not surprised at it: they were the sweetest, cleanest, prettiest children in Eastminster. There was one small boy of seven years old rejoicing in the sobriquet of Bibi, though why given to him—unless it was his own abbreviation of Baby—we never knew. Minnie petted, clothed, scolded, taught, and even washed that precious boy.

It is remarked of an eminent French philanthropist, well-known at Mettray in Touraine, that he gains the confidence and seeks the improvement of outcast lads by seeing them well-scrubbed from head to foot. I am not deeply versed in the philosophy of the reformation of juvenile criminals; but I commend this fact to their patrons. It is but a new and popular version of the time-honoured doctrine, that "cleanliness is next to godliness." So Minnie's love for Mr. Poundtext's little bairns grew into an absorbing passion, and from nine o'clock in the morning till one at noon she was generally employed at the minute bjos of a house which my clerical subordinate inhabited. She was now less abstracted, and more companionable, than during the weary months which followed Count Pater- noster's first arrival at Eastminster. Her confidence in me seemed to return, like the warm sun after rain. Once or twice I ventured to praise the young Lord Fontevault. I dilated on the gold medal he had just won at Cambridge—on his bright, unsophisticated simplicity, and on the ingenuous modesty which had led him to conceal his honours, so that his family had first heard of them in the newspapers. Minnie acquiesced with undisguised pleasure in all that I said. It was plain that she was not indifferent to the attentions he had paid her, or to the brilliant promise of his career. Why, he might in time be Prime Minister, and the Rector of St. Peter ad Vincula might win his favour and receive some substantial promotion, not as a testimony of his lordship's regard, but as homage to public opinion and the imperative claims of a worthy man.

Besides my curate aforesaid, I had another clerical parishioner, a strange, eccentric being—the Rev. Jonathan Timbertofts. He was rector of the rich family living of Sheepsail-parva, in the fens; but the bishop wisely allowed him to be non-resident on account of his manifold oddities. It used to be remarked of him that he was "better in bottle than in wood," for he was occasionally a lively and facetious companion, but always a most dull and somniferous preacher. While delivering a dry, metaphysical lecture one hot Sunday afternoon in August, at Sheepsail, everybody in the congregation, curate, clerk, choir, and all, fell fast asleep. His intonation was one continued, high-pitched, monotonous recitative. Seeing what had happened, he quietly took up his manuscript, and kept preaching on, as he went with silent footstep, down the pulpit-stairs—preaching on and on through the vestry, a little louder as he receded from the sleepers, until he had passed thechurchyard gate, and reached the parsonage. This was an exploit which it pleased him much to tell of. "How long the congregation slept on I know not," added he, with a merry twinkle of his eye—"perhaps till now!" At the time of which I write he had taken into his head to believe that he was possessed by the devil, and the only way in which he could temporarily get rid of this morbid, maddening fancy was, by singing an old Methodist revival hymn, of which the chorus was

"I am bound to the land of Canaan,
Canaan, Canaan,
I am bound to the land of Canaan."

This simple, wild strain he had learnt from his nurse when a little boy, and it soothed his melancholy. Hearing of the delicate sensibility and rich power of Minnie's singing, he besought her to let him teach her the mystic strain which sent him back to the days of his childhood, that he might listen to it, as though trilled out by an angel-voice, fresh from the perfect diapasons that give the keynote to the harmonies of heaven. Minnie, with her boundless good humour, immediately consented. I happened to be present; and I shall never forget the scene. The tall old man, with his long white hair streaming over his shoulders, sobbed out the solemn air of the tune; and Minnie soon caught it, improvising an accompaniment which would not have discredited Beethoven himself. Her tiny fingers, just able to span an octave, and no more, made her grand pianoforte alternately fill the chamber with waves of delicious sound, and whisper like the voice of a young mother lulling a sick baby to sleep.

"I am bound to the land of Canaan,
Canaan, Canaan!"

So she warbled, and the old man wept, and his troubled soul was immediately healed. Thus soothed by the power of song; he purchased a magnificent instrument; and often might the pony of my beautiful friend be seen fastened in the forecourt of the gloomy house, while she sang to its melancholy occupant of the joys of the far spirit-land. She was like the sweet singer of Israel in the abode of the jealous and moody Saul.

But now an event occurred which filled us all with deep anxiety and dismay. Mrs. Weatherall came to me one day, about two o'clock, in great perturbation, saying that Minnie had disappeared! She had been sought for in all her usual haunts, but without effect. She was not singing at Mr. Timbertofts, nor helping Mrs. Poundtext. Her pony was safe in his stable. What made her aunt chiefly anxious was, that all the keys of the housekeeping cupboards under Minnie's control were found in an orderly row on her dressing-table, and the harness of Mrs. Weatherall's travelling-carriage was cut so as to render it utterly unserviceable.
Minnie's Elopement.

I was just about to say to her, "Madam, this is exactly what I expected!" But remembering that such is the barren formula of all wise-people when anything unexpected happens, I refrained.

That wicked count—where was he?

"Gone to London," so Mrs. Weatherall had been informed.

He is always gone to London, thought I, when any diabolical sträktage is in course of final development.

Were there any signs in Minnie's room of a hurried flight?

"Yes, her drawers had been hastily ransacked, and many articles necessary to a lady's comfort in travelling were missing."

"More than Minnie could carry in a bag?"

"Yes, more than could be stowed away in two large trunks."

Two large trunks, indeed! Had anyone seen them taken through the house, or down the stairs, or anywhere?

"No," said auntie.

No! then surely here was another unfolding of the mystery of Minnie's haunted chamber. Not a moment was to be lost. It flashed across my mind that the sweet girl had been persuaded, under some fatal fascination, to accompany the Count in his hurried flight, and that he meant to conceal her somewhere in the infinite labyrinths of the mighty capital. She is a ward in Chancery, thought I; and if her aunt does not bring the whole concentrated batteries of the civil and criminal law to bear upon the guilty miscreant who has stolen away from her natural protectors, she ought to be—

I was checked in my swift thoughts by auntie herself, who implored me to be her guide and adviser in recovering Minnie—acknowledged the depth and versatility of the Count's wickedness, and evidently feared the worst fate for her darling.

"I hear, Doctor," she hoarsely whispered, "that he has already a wife in Germany!"

Eccentric though he might be, no one of my acquaintance was, on an emergency, more fertile in resources and swift in action than Mr. Timbertofts. He seemed to revel in a storm of excitement. Hurrying across the green to his house, I found him murmuring to himself,

"I am bound to the land of Canaan!"

I told him of Minnie's disastrous flight, abduction, disappearance, or whatever else it might be termed. Without allowing him a moment's interval to bewail the loss of the fair witch who dispelled his terrors, I set him the task of going first to Messrs. Parchment and Trytion (Mrs. Weatherall's solicitors and mine), next of acquainting the police, and next of taking one of the lawyers with him to Barmouth, the port of Eastminister, to intercept and search any steam-packet or sailing-vessel about to leave the harbour. I then rushed back to Mrs. Weatherall's. Meanwhile she had not been idle. She had borrowed a neighbour's carriage that was waiting in the road, and driven rapidly to the Eastminster Arms Inn—the great posting-house of the county—to inquire what chaises had been hired that morning, and in what directions they had gone. Only one had left the yard, to carry Mrs. Hoggany, the upholsterer's wife, to a christening at Barleywood. "But," said the friendly landlord, "you had better ask at the George and Dragon."

At this remote hostelry Mrs. Weatherall encountered at first some reluctance on the part of the people to answer questions; at last half-a-crown, judiciously administered to a stable-boy, loosened his stammering tongue, and the startling fact was elicited that a chaise-and-pair had left for London not more than an hour ago.

"How many persons were there in the carriage?"

"Two: a tall gentleman and a very little lady."

"What colour was the gentleman's hair?"

"Bright, and almost red."

"And the little lady, what was she like?"

"Oh, she was very, very pretty, and had the look of a foreigner."

Here were the Count and Minnie described to a titlle. Mrs. Weatherall had called at the rectory, where Margaret had been told that it was possible her master might be absent for a few days. She had packed up a few "things" for me in a carpet-bag, and there was the bag at that moment in the hall.

"I have them, I have them, these English," said the Emperor Napoleon, at ten o'clock on the morning of the Battle of Waterloo: at eight in the evening he would have made a different exclamation. "We have them, we have them, these naughty fugitives!" said I to Mrs. Weatherall, as a light post-chaise with four fleet-footed horses drove up to the door. At nine in the evening Mrs. Weatherall, with big tears in her eyes, entreated me to accompany her to London: at another time I might have questioned the propriety of sallying forth in an infinite wild-goose chase after two runaways of my parish. Just now the question was not one of ordinary policy or prudence, still less of prudery. Minnie had been inveigled away from her natural protectors. Either she had voluntarily eloped, which was a wrong thing for a young gentlewoman to do; or she had been the victim of some abominable conspiracy, for which it was the duty of every honest man to bring the culprits to account. So I handed auntie into the post-chaise, and in another moment we were bowling along the road to London at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

It may be that, before many years elapse, there may not live anyone who remembers from his own experience the manner in which I travelled to the capital of the empire. My grand-nephew has once or twice asked me what a post-chaise is? Sometimes I have visited Montagu-house, now called the British Museum; I suppose that the last surviving post-chaise will be placed there as a curiosity, among
the saurian remains, or the friezes of the Parthenon! I remember one day meeting a trustee of that then nascent institution, and suggesting to him that the collection ought to contain a series of models illustrating national costume. "Ah!" said he, "the thing you propose is impossible, for want of room. No building would be large enough to hold the specimens of fashionable caprice. The Prince Regent has had two hundred and seventy different waistcoats!"

Laurence Sterne here would inquire what is an episode? Why, my foregoing observations is an episode; and what epic was ever complete without one? Let the reader understand that the present narrative is the fragment of an epic in prose.

For the first stage the road to London was as level as a billiard-board. My sensations in traversing it would have been exquisitely exhilarating if my errand had been less sorrowful. Mrs. Weatherall sat in her corner of the carriage, pale, silent, and sad. We swept past dwelling after dwelling, and their houses nestling amidst ancestral trees. Here and there the landscape, thoroughly English, was varied by some Elizabethan mansion on an eminence, lording it proudly, with feudal pomp, over the surrounding country. At last the panting horses drew up before the door of an old inn, and our first stage was done.

Out of the front-door of the hostelry came an ancient and respectable landlord: he saluted (may I say waddled?) forth, the true representative of a race which has passed away. He carried in his right hand a silver tray, on which were some biscuits, and two delicately ornamented glasses, which might have served Rembrandt for a model. He held, jauntily, in his left, a bottle of golden Madeira, which, as he carefully informed us, had twice made the voyage to India. Mrs. Weatherall had shown such manifest signs of faintness during the journey from Eastminster, that I felt deeply thankful for this delicate attention on the part of the landlord. She seemed refreshed by the beverage, and the first words she uttered were at once signs of her gratitude, and of her unabated interest in Minnie.

"Thanks, many thanks," said she, "for your thoughtfulness. "Have you seen a post-chaise pass this way lately?"

"Yes," replied the landlord, apparently a little piqued by any reference to the affairs of his inferior competitor in posting—"yes, about an hour and three-quarters ago an old chaise, dragged along by two tresses, with a boy at top. They were going very slowly, madam; and I wonder how any man, with a spark of feeling in his heart for the poor, silent dumb brutes, could ever have put them into a chaise at all! I reckon we do not serve our customers in that way, madam! If the two young people inside at all belonged to you, madam, and you wished to overhaul them twenty miles this side Aldgate pump, you have only to say the word, madam, and we'll do it; or I'll give up my lease at once as landlord of the Royal Arms of England!"

"Of course," said I, in a mild whisper to Mrs. Weatherall, "the landlord of the Royal Arms of England must possess the fastest horses on the road; so en route, en route!"

"What did you say, sir?" said the post-boy, touching his cap.

"As fast as you can," was my prompt reply, "Catch the chaise before you, and I'll give you half-a-guinea!"

The postboy did not reply: in another minute we were rattled in full gallop along the smooth road. It soon became very lonesome and dreary. We no longer met or overtook carts, with jolly red-claught peasants seated inside—we no longer heard sounds of Merriment from hooded sociable or jingling shandrydan. We passed the last enamelled meadow and golden cornfield; and then came a lonely common, herbage with scanty furze, and decorated with a ruined gibbet, on which a morsel of rusty chain clanked in the fitful wind. Next appeared a deep pool, covered with dark slime, and exhalings deadly misasias. Our swift horses, on approaching it, instinctively swerved to the other side of the road, for the place was cursed with an evil name. Then we entered a mighty wood, of which the tall, overhanging trees almost shut out the cheerful light of heaven. Here and there a long vista opened at right angles to the high road, and illustrated the doctrine of the architects, that the idea of the far-stretching, ribbed aisles of English minsters was derived from avenues of ancient oaks.

Another stage was now completed, another turnpike paid, and, with mingled fear and excitement, we entered the pebble-paved street of a prosperous market-town. On alighting from our chaise, inexpressible was my joy and surprise to see jaded horses dragging a similar vehicle, in the direction of Eastminster, the driver being no longer seated on his horse, but on an uneasy bar, which was slung on leather straps between the fore-wheels. I rushed after him with a vehemence which I fear must have appeared sadly undignified in a somewhat venerable clergyman. He stopped at my shout. I asked him if he came from the George and Dragon. With a sly twinkle of his eye, as though he had been participes criminis in an elopement, or at least an accomplice after the fact, he confessed that such was the case. If he had disowned the connection, I should have simply disbelieved him, for there were the well-known symbols of our national hero (an Arian bishop, we have too much reason to believe) broadly emblazoned on the panels of his shabby carriage. I inquired next, with an earnestness which almost amounted to violence, what had become of the tall gentleman and little lady whom he had driven from Eastminster? This was a chance shot from my bow, drawn at venture. Happily it hit its mark, and the driver replied, in broad West Riding of Yorkshire accent, "What, master, they stopped to get a mouth-
ful of food at t' Swan, where we put up this stage, and there was a Lunnon chaise waiting to return; so they've just gone on in her."

"How long since?"

"Maybe half-an-hour."

These were glad tidings. We were gaining on them every minute. But why should I detail all our alternations of hope and fear, expectation and disappointment during that memorable journey to London? It was long past midnight when we reached Mile End Gate: the drowsy turnpike-man there told us that we were only ten minutes behind the chaise which I inquired after. Now the clue seemed entirely lost. Among the five hundred hotels of London, to which would they fly for accommodation? Supposing that they determined to continue their journey, where would they change horses? Assuming that the Count, fearing that we should make England too hot to hold him, was hurrying to a southern port, which would he select for his embarkation?

I held forth with a council of war with Mrs. Weatherall: she remembered that Count Paternoster had loudly praised Stivart's Hotel in Jermyn-street as the only house in town where a traveller was sure to get a well-cooked dinner and drinkable claret. The coarse imbibers of port and sherry might be accommodated in many places; there alone were to be found in perfection the vintages of Chateau Margaux and Lafitte, the unsophisticated pressure of the Bordeaux grape, the tipple worthy of gentlemen. On the slender probability of catching our fugitive darling at Stivart's, thither we drove at full speed. On arriving at that celebrated house we roused the night-porter with difficulty, and found a civil chambermaid ready to receive and accommodate any belated guests. The night was dark and stormy; the old-fashioned street looked shabby and mournful. But once inside the house we found all splendid, bright, and hospitable.

Tasked instantly of the Abigail—whose attire was quaint, for her arm was bare, her wrists mittened, and her cap of an ancient serving-woman's shape—if another postchaise had recently arrived with any guests. Her answer filled me with irrepressible glee, for she described exactly the Count and Minnie; and on lighting me to my sumptuous chamber she pointed out a wee pair of shoes by the side of two large military boots, put out of an adjoining door by the last arrivals, to be cleaned for use in the morning.

I asked at what hour they had wished to be called.

"At nine," and breakfast was to be ready at half-past.

Now, was I forthwith to summon auntie, and make a commotion? I could not bear that Minnie should be exposed to the terrible misconstructions which such a proceeding would inevitably cause. So I contented myself with quietly determining to lie down without undressing, to obtain a few winks of cat-like repose, and be ready with the dawn to send a servant to rouse Mrs. Weatherall, and request her to meet me in our private sitting-room, regretting the hurry of our departure from Eastminster, which had prevented her from bringing her own maid with her. My slumber was restless and broken, and I awoke early, weary and unrefreshed. The finding of Minnie seemed almost as distressful and melancholy as her sudden departure, when the first excitement of overtaking her was over. Passing by the door of the room where the boots were deposited overnight, I observed that the large pair was gone, but the little shoes remained. No time was to be lost. I hurried with a beating heart to meet Mrs. Weatherall, whom I had already summoned to join me in our saloon. She was not long in coming. Her face was pale and careworn, and a large tear stood in each red eye.

"Ah!" thought I, "you naughty Minnie, how could you behave with such cruel indifference to your indulgent aunt, whose chief fault was an unremitting, unresisting compliance with all your pet caprices, with the follies of your early childhood, and the failings of your later years?" If, in past times, auntie had been more strict in discipline and grave in rebuke, Minnie might have grown less infirm of purpose, and less unstable when the onset of temptation came. Nothing would satisfy Mrs. Weatherall, but that she should go straight to Minnie's room, and should ask to be admitted. On approaching the door, we saw a tall figure disappearing down the staircase at the other end of the passage, along which we were walking. Auntie knocked at the door. There was no reply. Another louder knock. Still no reply. What was the meaning of this? Had Minnie received any mysterious hint that some one was on her track—anxious to promote her interests and secure her welfare, or to harass her with persecution, and tear her away from her beloved Count? At that critical moment back came the tall person who had just gone down stairs.

"Mille tonnerres!" he exclaimed, "quelle chose étrange! Monsieur le Rector et Madame Weatherall! Your very humble servant, Madame, is it dat you vant my own petite epouse, Marie? For what you vant her? to make von leetle present on her marriage peut-être?"

And lo! there gleamed the impudent countenance of the Count's tall, good-looking butler; and in two moments the bed-room door opened, and the French ghetté stood curtseying before us. The tall butler grimaced; Marie blushed and smiled. As for myself I never felt so utterly nonplussed in my life, or so outrageously and thoroughly done! It is said that when the news of the Emperor Napoleon's escape from Elba first reached the congress at Vienna, the impulse of the assembled members was to indulge in a loud fit of laughter. It was exactly the same sort of feeling which caused Mrs. Weatherall and myself to laugh outright. For an instant I stood stupefied, and without a resource in all the wastes of being and thought. Grouped there in the long lobby of the hotel
—amidst doors opening, and shod hands thrust out for boots, and now and then a head protruded, and eyes that looked the natural inquiry, What’s the matter?—were we four: the French butler, insolently humble and reticent, and his new wife, alternately conscious of Minnie’s elopement, and beaming with sly humour at her own! I am sure the minx knew that she had been mistaken for Minnie, and was vain as a peacock at the compliment. And then the obvious double ruse of that clever trickster the Count to put us on the wrong scent. And our own journey to London, at marvellous costs and charges, to catch a couple of well-matched servants, out for their honeymoon! The whole thing was so infinitely ridiculous, as well as vexing, that we both laughed on the spot. A moment sufficed for this cachinnatory explosion, and I requested the butler and his wife to accompany us to our sitting-room, as I had some business of importance on which I wished to converse with them. After a few rapid questions: “Sass,” replied the chef maître, Monseigneur, said to me a few days ago, “Lescamp, if you wish for a vacation from service for a month, you can have it, and I desire that you will marry your fiancée Marie, and take her to de hotel Stivart in London, and here is a rouleau to defray your expenses. You must attend to all my directions, and start when and go where I tell you, and take de chambre at de hotel that I take, and demand me no question. Dr. Umpleby, you are true gentleman; you will not ask me to betray milord’s secrets, even if I guess them and find them out, which on my honour and by all the saints I have not.”

“But consider, Lescamp,” was my reply, “you both know as well as I do that Miss Minnie Weatherall has disappeared.”

Here the butler and Marie both screamed so naturally, and with such fierce exclamations, as to convince me for a moment that they were ignorant of the Count’s recent proceedings: in another instant I detected a glance of entire mutual understanding passing between them.

“And if you know where she is, do for heaven’s sake, and to relieve the agony and distraction of Mrs. Weatherall, just assure us of her safety and happiness. I appeal to your good feelings and humanity.”

I might just as well have appealed to the four winds. Auntie immediately threatened and intimated. I tried dignified remonstrance, offers of money, banter, pleasantry—all in vain. Not a fact, not a hint of importance did we elicit by fair words or scolding, concerning the whereabouts or destiny of Minnie or her master.

“We retired to our room to breakfast with the sickness of the fact that we were thoroughly outwitted.

“Oh! where is my Minnie, my own precious nurse, Minnie?” exclaimed poor Mrs. Weatherall.

With great difficulty I persuaded her to eat something. Misery and disappointment sometimes make people hungry—perhaps as often as they destroy the appetite. After my sleepless night a cup of the fragrant mocha did me a world of good. My spirits rose, my faintness departed as my appetite was satiated, and I disclosed my plans to my saddened companion. I knew one of the magistrates at Bow-street. I would go to him, obtain a confidential interview, and ask his advice as to our future proceedings. We must adopt all possible precautions, that our adventures did not get into the newspapers, which were short of curious matter during the parliamentary recess. Those rascally foreigners would be sure to keep their secrets well, and I trusted that the people ignorant of ours would be equally discreet. Nothing would satisfy Mrs. Weatherall but that she should accompany me on this sorrowful errand; so, having called a hackney-coach, we went together. I lighted at the magistrate’s door in Bow-street, hardly persuading Mrs. Weatherall to stay in our musty and disagreeable vehicle. Happily it was the turn of my acquaintance to sit on the bench that morning, and he had not yet begun his dreary task of probing to the uttermost with surgical anatomical skill the wounds made by lust and theft and murder. We had not met for several years, and on any other occasion should have had much to talk about. At present neither his nor my pressing engagements allowed either any leisure to recall pleasant reminiscences. I told him briefly all our story. In those days there were no authorized detectives or private-inquiry offices; but he gave me the address of a clever fellow who rejoiced in the euphonious surname of Goosey, and whom he described as an unsurpassed “runner,” a man of infinite resources; who was in confidential communication with the police of France, Austria, and even the Sandwich Islands for anything he knew; and who would delight to ferret out a mystery, like that which I had described. Poor Goosey! He came to an untimely and unhonoured end; for instead of a pension and fame, he found, two short years after, a grave. He watched a snupider at a gambling-house near the mews at Charing-cross one wet November night, from seven o’clock till the break of day, caught a galloping consumption, and died! Poor Goosey! He was a genius in his way, and he lived in Greek-street, Soho. The worthy magistrate (that is the orthodox epithet for such officials, I believe), and myself coveted an opportunity of recalling our pranks at Peterhouse; for the present it was denied us, and off went Auntie and myself to instruct our spy.

We were somewhat amused to find that the hackney-coach in which we were travelling bore the resplendent armorial bearings of the Duke of Eastminster, and had once belonged to the head of that illustrious house. “To such base uses do the best of our garments and furniture, nay our precious selves, come at last!” In passing with my sombre and tearful companion through the celebrated precinct of Covent-garden, I could not help calling to mind some of the illustrious or notorious persons who at different times had frequented that locality: the poets, from Dryden, carousing in
his chimney-corner; the wits and moralists, with
Addison and Steele at their head; the architects,
and in this group stood conspicuous Inigo Jones,
whose church and dwelling-houses still remain,
the ornaments of a neighbourhood, now in com-
parative decadence; the actors from Betterton
to Kemble, Young, and Kean. Nor could I
refrain from the remembrance of the unfortunate
Duke of Monmouth, as our labouring vehicle
approached the region of the once-fashionable
Soho.

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READING AND THINKING.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by read-
ing, but Thought is the winnowing machine."

How just are these words, how impressive, how true!
What various readers they bring to my view,
Who laboured the riches of knowledge to gain!
Alas! of those riches few tokens remain.
The harvest, so fair and so lovely at first,
Was gradually wasted, misused, and dispersed:
They kept not the treasure so eagerly sought—
They gave it no home in the chambers of Thought!

Ye students, who wish in your course to succeed,
Know this—you must think, even more than you read.
You aptly must sever the good from the ill,
With steady research, and with resolute will.
Then garner your treasure—no fear need you feel
Lest spoilers your cherished possession should steal.
A warden is ready to come to your aid,
And your trust in her faith shall be never betrayed.

"Tis Memory! Fail not her service to seek;
She is only decried by the vain and the weak:
Say, what can the safety of knowledge impair,
When Memory guards it with vigilant care?
Oh! take her, your friend and companion to be,
And give to her keeping the mystical key,
(A key by no human artificer wrought)—
The key of the wonderful storehouse of Thought!

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ROSES AND THORNS.

BY ADA TREVANNON.

I see the wild dell yet,
The maze of tangled thorn;
And the young roses, wet
With tears of the June morn,
The dawn would have been dumb,
But for a fleeting note,
Echo of hours to come,
Faint in the fields remote.

The poplar tree, wind-blown,
Rocked 'gainst a purple cloud;
I deemed myself alone,
And breathed a name aloud.

But, graceful as a god,
Beside the little rill,
One stood, who to his nod
Could move my heart at will.

What did I do or say?
Oh! I was careless quite,
On that thrice-happy day,
Of all the hard world's spite;

As one who, by sweet spells,
Which scoffers ne'er may know
'Mid fairest flowers dwell,
In lands of ice and snow.

But hopes, however bright,
On earth are smirched in mire:
My joy had taken flight
When sunset touched the spire.

The roses culled that day
I've wept o'er many a Pawn:
Their blooms have passed away
And left me only thorns.

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RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

Like down of thistles the moments fled,
So soft they were and light,
When we hid from the gently-plashing rain,
Under the hedge by the side of the lane,
Returning from church one night!

Ah! never a rose blushed half so red,
And never will it again,
As that I stole from the flowery hedge,
Nestling under its blossom edge,
Out of the beat of the rain.

I cannot think of a word you said,
For you spoke so sweetly low;
But with the weeping rain-beads in your hair,
Methought there was naught in the world so fair—
And you took my rose, I know.

And when the angels to love you pled—
The balance of life was tried—
That flower I gave you beside the lane,
Sheltered under the hedge from the rain,
Safely kept you on this side!

Alas! my ruby-lipped rose is dead,
And gone is love's own dear prime.
In the hair of my darling, now, the rain
Has frozen to snow, and we both are faint
To hide from the storms of Time!

Bayswater.

ANTCHASMONTELL.
A SEAMAN’S WORK ON SHORE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. WHITE.

In the reign of Queen Anne, when Addison wrote his eloquent Essay on Infanticide (1715), there was no Founding Hospital in England. Paris possessed Les Enfants Trouvés, and similar institutions existed at Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, Venice, and Amsterdam; but England continued to ignore such establishments, upon national, religious, and moral principles. They were foreign, they were Roman Catholic, and, above all, they gave encouragement to the vice that necessitated their existence.

Amongst the thinking part of the community there was a stir for pity’s sake; for in England generally, but especially in London, deserted children were left on bulks and at door-steps, in field-paths and by the highways, as commonly as they subsequently were in Ireland, where Mr. Courtney, in the House of Commons (1781), described them lying on the dunghills as thick as almonds in a tansey pudding. The phrase is an exaggerated one; but the fact of frequent child-murders and the more frequent exposure of tender infants was patent, and had led to various resolutions and suggestions as to the establishment of a Founding Hospital, which were not, however, brought to any practical issue; though many persons, in the belief of the ultimate existence of such a charity, had left bequests of money to assist its support.

Reading Addison’s essay is like reading (with a difference of style) a leader of to-day upon infanticide, and suggests to the student of social history the involuntary question, Do aggregations of sin revolve with the cycles, and abnormal crimes break out periodically, and overshadow and sicken our moral, as fatal epidemics do our natural atmosphere? Certain it is that this monstrous sin against society and human nature, continued for more than a score of years after the publication of the essayist’s strictures, to deprive the population of a large portion of its possible numerical strength. Neither the surveillance of parish officers, the penal discipline of the cage or hemp-yard, nor the last offices of the executioner (for even concealment of birth entailed death on the assumed murderers in those days) put an end to the cause of the crime and to its recurrence.

To-day, more than a century later in our civilization, the same hideous and unnatural crime is rampant amongst us, deteriorating the sacred institution of maternity, and producing daily violations of the laws of Nature, which even the brutes respect. If we accept the theory of moral epidemics, it is consoling to believe also in the uprising of some individual with moral power to fight against and overcome the evil; and in all our social exigencies, by some unerring law in the providential government of human affairs, such special persons crop out, as special minerals do in the kingdom of Nature, at the precise period when the wants of society most require them.

It was thus that the Founding Hospital, talked of in Queen Anne’s reign, but the idea of which had died out for want of exertion on the part of its projectors, came to be realized in that of George II., through the untiring energy and single-heartedness of an individual.

No statesman, in the plenitude of power eager to mark his period by a measure of lasting benefit to the nation; no ambitious special pleader, with eloquence equal to the pathos of the subject, and able, with the aid of winged words, to bring the murdered blossoms, whose cause he advocated, into the very presence of his auditory; no white-handed, soft-voiced preacher, practised in all the arts of touching oratory; nor large-hearted, pitying woman, lifted out of herself by tenderness for the little helpless yearnings, and inspired to cry aloud the wrongs done to womanhood and maternity in the misusage and murders of these little ones—by none of these was the evil remedied, and the establishment of the Founding Hospital effected. My readers know this as well as I do.

Many of them have visited the hospital, and remember the handsome plainness of the spacious building, the breezy freshness of the wide playground in front, and the statue of the founder pedestalled at the gate, and keeping mild watch and ward, from year to year, over the playing children, who, through his efforts, are sheltered and reared within its walls.

Wanting niche and nimbus, there are few saints in the calendar who deserve them more than the old master-mariner, whose benevolent lineaments are preserved in that carved stone. There he stands, in the quaint habit of his times—the wide-skirted deep-cuffed, broad-flapped coat, and that roll (his title to nobility, that bears rank even on the other side of the valley of shadows), the charter of the hospital, in his hand; his hair—the hair that grew grey, O ye children, fighting the battle of your feebleness against the hardness and sin and luxury of the age in which he lived—flying to his shoulders; broad ones according to the author of the “Scandaladise,” who, when he would have turned him into ridicule, involuntarily bore witness to the simple honesty of the old seaman’s character:

“Lo! old Captain Coram, so round in the face,
And a pair of good chops plumped up in good case;
His amiable locks hanging grey either side,
To his double-breast coat on his shoulders so wide.
Maledicent, he cries: ’Tis with sorrow I see,
A scheme made a job of, projected by me.”

* An allusion to the management of his colonization scheme for Carolinas, in Nova Scotia,—Eh,
Jobs, in the then and present acceptance of the term when applied to public affairs, could have met with no countenance from the ruggedly upright sailor, in whose manly, simple nature, loyalty to King and country, religion and benevolence, were vital principles, without a speck of selfishness or self seeking about them.

What does it signify in our estimate of such a man, whether he was a descendant of the Corhams, of Kinterbury, in Devon, and as such entitled to bear arms; or the son of a rough fisherman or humble mariner of Lyme Regis? Nature herself had conferred the degree of gentleman upon him, and made it patent in his acts. Born in the little sea-port of Lyme Regis, about 1606, Thomas Coram began life, as many a brave adventurer has done before him and will do again, on the lowest round of a ship's ladder, as cabin-boy; but he must have climbed it pretty quickly, for in 1694 we find him at Taunton, Massachusetts, occupied as a shipwright; or, in other words, a ship and boat-builder. He has been prosperous, calls Boston (New England) home, and is twenty-six years of age. Remembering her simple, puritan name, it is not unlikely that he chose Ennice (which I take to be a misprint for Eunice), his wife, from among the daughters of the Pilgrim fathers, or that his religious earnestness may have been confirmed by companionship with her; certainly it was another quality from that of the times when a man's politics as a rule governed his religion. He appears for the next nine years to have resided sometimes at Boston, at others at Taunton, and from shipbuilding to have become a shipmaster (probably owner) and to have made money in trading to Newfoundland and other colonies, with the wants and products of which he made himself thoroughly acquainted, and while in this comparatively humble position originated many noble schemes for their benefit. Shortly before his return to England, we find him inaugurating, as it were, his subsequent long course of active benevolence and public service by a deed of gift to the governor and other authorities of Taunton (Bristol county) of 59 acres of land, on condition that whenever, in the course of civilization and the increase of inhabitants, the people of the place should desire the establishment of the Church of England (out of his love and respect for which the gift is made), then the land or a suitable part of it should be granted for the purpose, or for a school-house if necessary. The deed is dated December 8th, 1703, and the inhabitants of Taunton, Massachusetts, keep the record of this Christmas gift of Thomas Coram, in the name of the mother church, which is dedicated to St. Thomas, and so recently as 1844 were about to raise a chapel in connection with it, and a table: to the memory of the philanthropist. Years after his return to England, when his diligence in the public service had enabled him, scripturally speaking, “to stand before Kings,” he remembered his sojourn in the bookless, churchless wilderness, and the intellectual dearth of its inhabitants, and sent out an excellent library of books, partly of his own giving and partly contributed by affluent friends, whom he had interested in the mental wants of the far-off plantation.

He seems to have settled in London immediately after his return from America, and to have recommenced business as a shipwright and timber-merchant. Somewhere, therefore, by Thames-side, the good, honest name of Thomas Coram must have stared the scullers and their passengers in the face, and have shown where sound work was done and good timber was to be purchased. Only a very few years after his establishment in London, in 1719, we find him contracting with Government for the supply of timber to the dockyards: it was not his first contract, and we incidently learn how conscientiously he performed them; for in this year, being on board the ship “Mayflower” (we wonder if Eunice so christened her?), the vessel is stranded off Cuxhaven, on her voyage to Hamburg, and the people plunder her cargo; whereupon, with his natural intrepidity in the cause of right, Captain Coram made a stand against the pirates, but was overpowered by numbers, and, with others in authority, was greatly illused. In the affidavit set forth of this outrage he is described as of London, mariner and shipwright, and as usually having sold his Majesty, in years past and at other times, quantities of naval stores from America, for the supply of his Majesty’s navy, and farther, that he did, about February last, design to visit his Majesty’s dominions in Germany, to see what supplies of timber and other naval stores could be had from them for the use of his Majesty’s navy.” His contracts for the government were continued for long years after this, and in the course of Mr. Brownlow’s researches for his interesting “Memoranda of the Foundling Hospital,” a letter, dated “Portsmouth Office of Ordnance, 15th Nov., 1730,” was found, from which it appears that Captain Coram not only contracted to supply timber, but was engaged in manufacturing gunpowder, and had accepted a contract with the Honourable Board of Ordnance for supplying them with it. Looking at his honest, cheerful countenance, as his friend Hogarth depicted it in the latter part of his life, we have no difficulty in tracing the character of the man: the genial eye and flexible mouth balanced by the firm chin, and open honest brow, rugged with causality and individuality (to use the language of phrenologists) gives us the idea of an energetic person, of warm temper and strong will, abounding in benevolence. Whatever his early lack of education, it is evident that he possessed great natural abilities, and had turned his opportunities to the best account. His active intelligence, his love of enterprise, his quick powers of observation and of adaptation, which enabled him not only to perceive, but to plan, and to grasp, as it were, the capabilities of a position, and the possibility of turning them to advantage, were not only of the greatest use in furthering his own success in life, but eventually in benefiting his country.
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He appears to have lost no time, upon his arrival in England, in making known the advantages derivable from the colonies to the mother-country, and which she in return could confer upon them by the interchange of commodities. The practical nature of these plans, their patriotism and utility, soon brought him in contact with the first public men of the day; and twelve months after his deed of gift to the people of Taunton, we find him actively engaged in planning and procuring an Act of Parliament for encouraging the making of tar in the northern colonies of British America, by a bounty to be paid on the importation thereof, whereby not only a livelihood was afforded to thousands of families in that branch of trade in North America, but above a million sterling was saved to the nation, which was heretofore obliged to buy all its tar from Sweden at a most exorbitant price, besides being imported in Swedish vessels.*

As with every other public scheme he devised, he "touched the pitch, and was not defiled" in other words, he carried his honesty into every action, and took nothing by his efforts for the national good, but the pleasant consciousness of effecting it, and—yes—the respect of men of all ranks and parties.

Of his domestic life and companionable hours we know little or nothing, only what his friend Dr. Brocklesby has recorded—"that in private he showed the same probity, the same cheerfulness, the same frankness, the same warmth, and the same affection that he discovered in matters which respected the public, so that as a master and as a husband he acted upon the very same principles that he would have certainly shown if he had been raised to any conspicuous station of life. Yes, there is one other eloquent fact—that when late in life, Eunice, the childless mother of so many children, was taken from him, her loss is said to have been the only personal one for which he ever grieved."

The very place of his residence, previous to 1750, is simply spoken of as "that part of the metropolis which is the common residence of seafaring people." But at the above date Mr. Brownlow states that he resided at Rotherhithe, then, as now, a congeries of docks and building yards by the waterside, with streets which stretched up and met the town.

The morals of this maritime district were not more pure than the morals of such districts generally. Its sanitary condition was upon a par with its morality.

London in those days had no special-commissioners for the carrying out of little-known and less-cared-for conditions. The pigs of poor neighbours enjoyed right of way and free warren in the open gutters and refuse-littered streets, and in the face of these facts Captain Coram, in his walks to and from the City, where he often went early and returned late, frequently saw exposed on doorsteps, or by the footway, dead and dying, sometimes living infants, left to the commissation of chance passengers for burial or preservation.

The frequency of such occurrences rendered it impossible for individual efforts to prevent or relieve them. It was, as I have said in an early page of this paper, a common incident, and by no means confined to the water-side localities of the metropolis. Other men had seen and shuddered, it may be, but "passed over on the other side," that they might not have their thoughts haunted by the remembrance of some piteous baby-face, or their senses—pah! I will not write it.

Women, too, wrung their hands, and cried a little I dare say, over this worse than Herodian murder of the innocents, the commonness of which could not accustom mother-nature to it. But none meddled more than temporarily with the subject. It was everybody's business, and therefore nobody's business—very sad, very shameful, very shocking, and so on, through a list of dolorous adjectives, but no help!

The poor-laws of a hundred years back ignored the claims of deserted children to the public protection. They were too wretched even for the benevolence of beaddledom, and were thus left to perish, except for the casual compassion of the passers by.

It was a dreadful state of things in a country calling itself Christian. No wonder that the great pitiul religious heart of the sailor should be moved, or that being one of those healthfully energetic men, to whom the presence of an evil becomes the opportunity of doing good, he should at once set about endeavouring to remedy and overcome it. To be sure, there was his business at the water-side, his contracts with government, his grand but at present immured schemes for colonizing various parts of North America, for supplying the Fishermen of Newfoundland with salt, and I know not how many other private matters and public plans, suggested solely and with the most disinterested singleness of heart, for the good of king and country, occupying him, yet not to the forgetfulness of the social sins of those times as of our own, and the pleadings of the pale, innocent dumb lips, or the piling helpless cries that went through the strong man's soul, and called on all his energetic nature to help, prevent, save.

The work was one that enthusiasm alone could not accomplish. It required tact, courage, patience; while Thomas Coram is simple as a child, and more straightforward; but he knows no fear where truth and justice are concerned, and has a very reliable quality of unaltering resolution.

He is fifty years of age—a very good age to be resolute in the bringing about of any good or great aim—and so his mind is made up to save the little children whom "nobody owns," and who for the sins of their parents are perishing miserably. It is a period of the coarsest sensuality—the subsidency and dregs as it were..."
of more mercurially dissipated ones—a period in which a queen prepared the apartments of her husband’s mistresses, and received them in her own—a period when the grossest Grub-street literature ran side by side with Pope’s Essays and the elegant productions of Addison and Steele—a time of public bribery and political corruption. The plays of Ephraim Benn, coarsely licentious, kept the stage, and ladies of fashion went masked to the theatres in order to enjoy them. The inferior clergy smoked their clay-pipes by alehouse fires, and Fleet marriages were an established institution. It is with reason that Dr. Brocklesby observes the honesty and rugged integrity of the old seaman’s character, that “they distinguished him exceedingly in that present age, and would have done him honour in better times.”

In short, Hogarth—who, by the way, had only just come of age—drew the social and moral features of the times as he found them, and as they remained long afterwards. Against this tide of selfishness, frivolity, and worse vices, Captain Coram had to row single-handed. For seventeen years—he was a great bore, there can be no doubt of that—for seventeen years he carried his beloved scheme with him into every company; sounding, to use his own phrase, how far the sympathies of his auditors went with his own, and to what extent he might depend on public opinion. But, though few persons dissented from his views, a very few were prepared to enter into the spirit of his project with an answering enthusiasm to his own.

He had to contend with lukewarmness and delays that would have broken the spirit of a petitioner less in earnest and sanguine than himself. But his steady zeal, his untiring efforts, the disinterestedness of his design, his indifference to difficulties, and the unlearned eloquence with which the pathos of his object supplied him, gradually gained ground. The public had long since declared in favour of his proposition to establish a Foundling Hospital for the preventing of the frequent “murderers of poor miserable infants at their birth, and suppressing the inhuman custom of exposing new-born babes to perish in the streets, or the putting out such unhappy foundlings to wicked and cruel nurses,” and, in 1741—conditions wide and comprehensive enough to include, without other qualification than their necessity, the whole infant misery of the metropolis. Indeed, wanting this inclusiveness, it is difficult to see how the charity was to fulfil the end for which it was intended, and prevent the crimes of infanticide and desertion.

To preserve the child, and give the wretched mother a chance of retrieving her disgrace, was clearly the intention of the projector; for the cruel laws of the period (may we not say the same of them now?) fell crushingly upon the woman, thrusting her out from all compassion, hope, or opportunity of avoiding publicity, or of recovering during her life from the effects of one false step taken at its commencement.

When the wretched Letitia Pelkington had her own sins revisited on her by the return of her daughter, unmarried, but about to become a mother, she writes to the benevolent author of “Clarissa,” that she is terrified by the visits of parish officers demanding security that she will not be troublesome to them, in the event of the mortality of her daughter or her child. Again, that these men in the insolence of office, are threatening to send the miserable girl (who is expecting hourly the birth of her infant) from parish to parish back to Dublin. And in a third letter she is begging old linen of Mrs. Richardson, because her landlady having seized for rent the baby-clothes her daughter had provided, the absence of them may expose them to be “judged to have intended to destroy the child.”

Doubtless to save the woman’s shame, by enabling her to secretly dispose of her infant where it would be nurtured and cared-for, was a paramount idea in the scheme of the philanthropist; which was limited in its benefits (like the Foundling Hospital at Paris) to the deserted and unprovided-for babies of London and its suburbs. The monstrous notion of making it a national institution was not an offspring of the practical brain of the founder. Meanwhile, the years ran on; and while he is planning to remove the shame of England in the absence of so necessary a charity, and pleading with real passion the cause of the helpless and the unborn, the ship-building and timber-yards suffer for want of the personal supervision of their owner, and his own worldly interests are neglected for the sake of the public benefit he has in view. It is to be hoped that the womanly heart of Bunice went with him, in all his travail, and from just one little circumstance, to be mentioned hereafter, we think it was so.

Who knows but it may have been at her inspiration that it suddenly occurred to Captain Coram to appeal by a special memorial to the ladies of England? It was necessary, too, for the legal establishment of the charity, that it should be incorporated by Royal Charter; and to obtain this the memorial must be numerous and influentially signed.

In this Captain Coram had hitherto failed; but now the old seaman turns courier, spends his days west of Temple Bar, or rather in the neighbourhood of St. James’s, and, armed with his petition, dances attendance with the topings of the day in the ante-rooms of ladies of quality. “He knew,” says Dr. Brocklesby, speaking of his having recourse to womanly intervention—“he knew their nature and their influence”—as if Bunice had comprehended in herself all the tenderness, enthusiasm, and persuasiveness of the sex!

At all events, the ample earnestness with which he urged, for humanity, religion, and the

* An account of the Foundling Hospital: London, 1807.

* In 1745—Richardson’s Correspondence.
nation's sake, the cause of children orphaned before their birth, and of the lost and wretched women who bore them, made its way at once to the hearts and understandings of his hearers, and won their ready sympathy and help. Occasionally he failed—as when he solicited the aid of Lady Isabella Finch, lady in waiting to the Princess Amelia, to present his memorial to her royal mistress; but she would neither read it nor hear his prayer, but "gave him rough words, and bade him begone with his petition," as if he had been a mendicant, and his memorial for the saving of so many tender souls and bodies a begging-letter! His ladies' memorial shows, however, a grand array of noblewomen's names, amongst which those of the Duchess of Richmond and Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany's and Dr. Young's "sweet Duchesses" are prominent. Of course the names of their husbands appear on the duplicate memorial, with as many others as their personal interest and persuasions could win.

Henceforth it was all plain-sailing with the old sea-captain, as far as the ultimate realization of his project was concerned; and, under the date of Oct. 25th, 1739, in the historical chronicles of that vilely-indexed, but most valuable work, the "Gentleman's Magazine," it is recorded that, "Upon the humble petition of Thomas Coram, Esq." [you see by this time he had won his degree of gentleman without reference to the Herald's College], "on behalf of great numbers of helpless infants daily exposed to destruction, His Majesty's Royal Charter passed the great seal," &c. In the long list of governors and guardians, many of them noblemen of the highest rank, there appears a good sprinkling of professional and artists' names, amongst which Hogarth's stands out with its own decided individuality. He was the personal friend and firm ally of the founder. Many a time I have no doubt had he and the kindly old seaman taken counsel together, the one consolidating, if that were needed, the determined resolution of the other; for we know that the persistence of Thomas Coram found its match in the obstinate determination of Will Hogarth, and that in better ways their dispositions ran in the same groove. We can imagine the two men, so dissimilar in years and appearance, so sympathetic in a keen sense of the evils of the times in which they lived, and the desire to better them, gravely discussing these matters over their evening pipe, while the satirist's "inseparable companion," his "honest friend Towner," than whom no dog, unless it be Punch's dog "Toby," is better known to the British public, sits back on his hind-legs and looks his part in the deliberation.

"Tis a toit, nor yet his canonical ear, (Quoth a sage in the crowd); for I'd have you to know, sir.
Tis Hogarth himself, and his honest dog Towner!"

And the scene is not, to us, without its pathos, in the rough sea element, and the broad, comic humour, softened in these childless men to almost matronly tenderness, while they talk of what is to be done for the women whom no one helps, and the children, who are in a double sense the victims of this indifference. I can see their eyes grow humid and their honest brows luminous with the manly pity that subdued, and the hopes that brighten them.

At this period, and for some years previously, Captain Coram had removed from Rotherhithe, and resided—as he deserved to do, had the name any real significance—in Goodman's fields, then a district in favour with rich Jews, retired master-mariners, and citizens of good means. He had resided here in 1735, when his scheme for the colonization of certain parts of Nova Scotia was under consideration; and now, on the morning of Tuesday, Nov. 20th, 1739, we find him going thence to Somerset House, to attend the "first general meeting of the nobility and gentry appointed by His Majesty's royal charter to be Governors and Guardians of the Hospital for the Maintenance and Education of exposed and deserted young Children, to hear their charter read, and to appoint their Secretary and a Committee." "Previous to the reading of the charter, Captain Coram, the petitioner for the charter, addressed his Grace the Duke of Bedford, the President."

It must have been a proud and happy moment for the old man, when, coming forward with the charter of the charity—for which he had striven so unflaggingly—in his hands, he presented it to the Duke, who was the centre of the remarkable group of men present, and made his sensible and well-sounding speech, at the conclusion of which Dr. Mead (the most celebrated physician of the day) came forward, and in the most pathetic manner set forth the necessity for such an hospital, and the advantages that must accrue to the nation by its establishment. The doctor's speech, Mr. Urban tells us, met with immense approbation, since nobody could doubt the truth or certainty of what the doctor affirmed. At a subsequent court the same learned person moved that the thanks of the corporation might be given to Mr. Thomas Coram for his indefatigable and successful application in favour of the charity, which otherwise would have had no legal foundation. Then the old man, gratified to receive the only reward of which his services were capable, in replying to the elegant doctor's compliments, desired to accept only a share of the praise, and begged that the thanks of the corporation might be likewise given to the ladies, without whose aid he did not think he could have succeeded, and this he was empowered to give them; a pleasant task, we may be sure, and one that the old salt—who, like most men of his profession, had, it is evident, a tender reverence for women, and a quaint chivalry in his estimate and treatment of them—would be certain to act on con amore.

But though the foundation of the Hospital
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has thus far been effected, there are still delays and disappointments in the way of its immediate practicability, sufficiently irritating to an ardent temperament like that of Captain Coram. The open fields by Lamb’s Conduit promise the best situation for the intended building: but my Lord Salisbury, whose property they are, refuses to sell any portion of them; the governor of the Foundling may have the whole or none. And this arbitrary outlay of the funds of the young charity naturally occasions some demur on the part of the committee. Yet the site is the very best that can be found. The town has not yet encroached upon it; the fields themselves, and the paths leading to them, still bear the flowers that Gerard found in them and figured in his “Great Herbal” when Elizabeth was Queen. The fresh breezes from Hampstead and Highgate hills take the fair meadows in their way that lie on either side of Kentish Town (then a sparsely populated village); and nothing intercepts the view of these wooded heights but a tawny-turf and occasional houses, on the way to Pancras Meadows and its isolated church—a favourite Sunday afternoon’s rendezvous (the tea-houses, not the church). The district lying between Lamb’s Conduit Fields and Tottenham Court Road was still a semi-rural one, with market-gardens and scattered cottages; and a green lane, where the children gathered hawthorn blooms, and played in the hollows, is now Judd-street, to Kentish Town and Highgate—a widely open, breezy spot, the very place for a great infant nursery such as the old sea-captain contemplated. At last, after some further negotiations, early in 1740, the fifty-six acres of ground (very nearly the same number as Thomas Coram had given to the town of Taunton, Massachusetts) comprised in my Lord Salisbury’s four fields, and which have since become so valuable a property, changed owners, at the cost to the committee of £7,000, and are held in trust by the governors of the Foundling Hospital for future thousands of helpless little ones, who, in all probability, would have perished but for the timely shelter of its roof.

No time is lost in commencing the erection of the building, and in the meanwhile some houses are taken near the charity-schools in Hatton Garden, and fitted up as a Foundling Hospital pro tem. A staff of nurses is engaged; the shield of the incipient hospital in Lamb’s Conduit Fields, painted by Hogarth, is set up over the door, and an advertisement put in the newspapers, “that at eight o’clock on a certain evening twenty children will be received. The persons bringing infants (they were not to be over two months old) were to come in at the outward door, and ring a bell at the inward door, and not to go away until the child was returned or notice given of its reception: but no questions were to be asked of the person bringing an infant, nor was any servant of the house to presume to discover who such person was, on pain of dismissal. A written paper, or some token, was to be given with the child, in order to its future identification if necessary—a very different arrangement from that at present in use; but we are reminded that, though bearing the name, the establishment has been wholly changed from its original intention, and is no longer, in any sense of the word, a Foundling Hospital.

The Hatton Garden house was opened on the 25th March, 1741, and was given up in October, 1745, when the west wing of the present Hospital was opened. It was in Hatton Garden, therefore, that the good old sailor first gathered into his childless arms the baby-heads of the first score of helpless innocents saved by his intercessions and active charity. On Sunday, the 29th of March, four days after their reception, I read in the well-worn pages of the magazine before referred to, that the orphans received into the Hospital were baptized there, some nobility of the first rank standing godfathers and godmothers; and that the first male was called Thomas Coram, and the first female Bunnicke Coram; the latter, after the first professions of charity, never more comes before us, even in the shadowy shape of a name; but the fact of her permitting it to be thus used speaks eloquently of her entire sympathy with, and cordial approval of, her husband’s work.

Other twenty are periodically received, and as regularly baptized, the noble sponsors (for the Foundling Hospital and its projects are in that fashion) frequently bestowing their own names on the children; but subsequently we learn that, having exhausted the “Red Book” of the period, the most robust of the boys (being designed for sea-service) received the names of Drake, Norris, Blake, &c., which called forth an indignant letter on the part of one of Mr. Urban’s correspondents, who thinks it an indignity to these heroic men to name these nameless children after them. Whereupon it is replied that the honest and worthy promoter had a good-natured ambition that the first should be named after himself and his wife, and what was looked upon by this deserving gentleman and the noble sponsors as no dishonour to the living, could not possibly be so to the dead. But this is not the only thing in connection with the new charity that offends certain persons; and the appearance of the building in Lamb’s Conduit Fields is hailed with squibs, ribald verses, and satirical letters, all which missiles the clean hands, clear conscience, and pure heart of the old seaman enabled him to bear with quiet indifference. While the building is rising he is still busily engaged in canvassing subscriptions, and working as indefatigably as its interests as it, instead of impoverishing himself by giving his time and money to its advancement, his prosperity were his own. With the loss of Bunnicke he has suffered all that bound his life to this world and its ways: he has no desire for wealth, save as it enables him to do good, and he forgets his own wants in those of others. To visit his little ones, to watch the growth of the Hospital intended to shelter them, to plead their cause to the rich and influential, and count up
A Seaman's Work on Shore.

the increasing wealth of the charity—these were at once the business and pleasure of the good man's declining years. His friend Mr. Hogarth is also busy in his own way for the Hospital, and, seven months after the grant of the royal charter, presents the governors with what has been to him a labour of love—a whole-length portrait of his revered friend the founder, "to be kept by the corporation in memory of the said Mr. Coram having solicited and obtained his Majesty's (George II.) Royal Charter for the charity."

The artist himself tells us of the pleasure he felt in painting it, and how particularly he desired to excel: and his desire was granted, for it is his masterwork in portrait-painting, though one of the first he had painted life-size. All the friendship, veneration, and admiration that he felt for the benevolent, simple-hearted, but strong-minded old man, were active while transferring the frank, honest, genial face to his canvas. It is not a portrait in the ordinary acceptance of the word. There is no painting out of lines and wrinkles: every furrow, every characteristic crease and mark in the honoured features is preserved. It is the visible presentment of the man; eyes, that out of their sweet smilingness could look sternly and wistfully; a mobile mouth, smiling also, but with a little twitch of sarcasm in the corner of the upper lip; and the same expression is repeated in the nostril, as if a little of the scorn he must have felt for the falsehood and corruption and hard-heartedness of the times had settled there. But the large kindness of the outlook, nature's glow like visible sunshine on the face; and the full, protuberant brow is corrugated with traces of thought, called forth not by his own griefs and necessities, but for those of others. Under a half-length portrait of him by the same hand, in Mr. Brownlow's "Memoranda of the Foundling Hospital," there appears a fac-simile of his handwriting; and it does not require a second glance to perceive that the capital C has an E intertwined with it; as if the old seaman with one of those quaint fancies that are common to men of his profession, had made it a habit to write with his own the initial letter of the name he loved best—that of Eunice. We have seen such things done by sailors before now.

In the meanwhile the west wing of the Hospital is ready for habitation, and the spirit of charity seems to have gone out from Hogarth to many of his fellow-artists, who volunteer, in various ways, to ornament the room—some with paintings, some with sculpture, and so offering upon offering pours in, to grace the bare walls of the charity. As no artists who contributed to their works to aid the cause of the Foundling Hospital, by affording new points of interest to its visitors, little imagined how art in England was to be benefited by the action, and their craft receive back ten-thousand-fold the value of their charitable gifts. Up to this period, there had been no public exhibition of pictures—no bringing together, for the sake of comparison and criticism, the works of various hands; but out of the small collection of pictures which we see hanging to-day upon the walls of the Foundling sprang the Somerset House subsequent exhibitions—nay, indirectly, the Royal Academy itself; for at this period England had no school of art. Nor must the painters have all to the credit of adorning the public rooms, since men of other professions gave also of their right hand's cunning for this purpose. In short, the object of the charity found its way to all hearts; and a few years later in its history, we find Handel, moved by the same spirit that animated Coram and Hogarth (What a triumvirate!), giving a series of musical performances for its benefit—offering up, as it were, the fruits of his genius for the sake of the fatherless and forsaken children, and realising for the hospital the price of its original estate £7,000. Not the least interesting of the contents of the table cases in the rooms of the Foundling is a copy of the score of the "Messiah," which was annually performed in the chapel under the master's own superintendence. The children, the pictures, the music, soon made the Foundling Hospital a fashionable Sunday-resort. It was as much "the proper thing" to go there as to attend prayers at the royal chapel at St. James'! All the fine ladies, and, to do them justice, the fine gentlemen also, frequented the services there.

Imagine the "girded tails," as John Ker calls them, of the ladies six-yards-round against the iron hoops of which a man might break his shins! Oh! ye revilers of modern crinoline! with the amplitude of the poodle, greyhound, and brocade skirts, trimmed sometimes with white flower borders in their proper colours—sometimes with trunks of trees rising from a bank of moss. And the Heads-of-Flanders lace, and the mantles and the mittens, and the varicoloured hoods, high-heeled shoes, and fans. What poor pretenders we seem, stopping halfway in our maiming affection of the fashions of those affluent times! And the men, what a dust we make, with our stiffened, wide-skirted coats, white silk stockings with gold clocks, red heels, feathered hats, powdered periukes, clouded canes and scented pomanders—really very pretty costumes in which to stand sponsors for baby-Foundlings; but the humility, the condescension!

To-day we confess such a group as we have imagined gathered around the font with a little foundling in their midst, has something Hogarthian about it, and looks wickedly like an hieroglyphical satire on that part of the baptismal rite, renunciation of the pomp and vanities and sinful lusts of the flesh. But it was high noon, to use a phrase of the day, and that was everything.

Wealth began to pour into the Charity from many sources, and the number of infants received within its walls kept pace with its increasing funds. But Captain Coram, who had given up so much of his time and means to its establishment, was daily coming nearer to the end of his. Let me be brief with what more I have to say of the old sea-captain on shore.
Having done all the service that lay in his humane nature for the helpless and the erring—having removed a great national blot from the social and moral surface of the times—after having been mainly instrumental in the colonization of several of our North-American plantations, as they were called, and in saving millions of money to government by his wise suggestions with regard to their productions, he would have been suffered to go down to the grave poor and needy but for the efforts of some private friends, who, knowing his narrowed circumstances, set on foot a subscription in order to realise an annuity of £200 a year for the remainder of his life. All the fire of his impulsive, self-reliant, independent nature had not burnt out even at 80 years of age; and, before this scheme was carried out, Dr. Brookesby was deputed to ask if it would be acceptable, and received the answer so often quoted, yet always fresh in its manly frankness and simplicity, "I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence and vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that in this my old age I am poor." So for two years, only two years, the disinterested patriot and true philanthropist became the almsman of a few old friends and grateful city-merchants, though the list was headed by a subscription of £20 yearly from the Prince of Wales, who we are told, in language evidently intended to be eulogistic, paid it as punctually as any of the rest of the subscribers!

Perhaps the wrong that wounded him most was the conduct of the managers of the Foundling Hospital, who very soon deviated from the system on which he had proposed to manage the Charity, and who, by false accusations and opposition obliged him to leave the whole direction of it to themselves. It is not clear to us what Captain Coram meant in his memorial to George II. by the suggestion that the success of the Hospital could only be insured "provided due and proper care be taken for restoring on foot, or necessary an establishment." I cannot think with an earnest writer on the subject that it has reference to any test by which the merits of each case could be ascertained, because that would have been to narrow the purpose of the foundation, and render it almost useless for the cases out of the dreadful extremity of which it had arisen. The primary object of the Hospital was to put an end to child-murder and desertion; the primary practice to receive a certain number of infants, without question or restriction, except as to age and the absence of disease, "whereby the health of other children might be endangered." I think rather that it had reference to the government of the Institution within itself, and the prudent management of its resources, so as not to overburden them on first opening its doors. I do not think that it could have occurred to the large-hearted humanitarian that anything short of the most hopeless and poignant distress would make a mother part with her offspring, and therefore he could not anticipate the frightful abuse that a Foundling Hospital may, and in this case was, subjected to. Within the first year of its opening infants were admitted by ballot—a system which continued from 1741 to 1756; but the managers, long before the latter date, had been desirous of throwing it open in the most unrestricted way, and only postponed doing so because nothing short of an Act of Parliament would enable them to support the number of children certain to be offered. But before this grant, which was ultimately obtained in 1756, when the Foundling Hospital became a national institution, under the protection and support of Government, had been allowed, the good old man, with whom the charity had originated just ten years from the date of its opening, died at his lodging near Leicester-square, on the 29th of March, 1751, and lay down amongst the little ones, so many generations of whom have, and shall have, reason to bless his memory.

I have no need to tell how pompously the grave closed over the fine old seaman—how somber music, the spontaneous offering of the choristers of St. Paul's, filled the chapel with its requiem notes—how nobles and dignitaries thronged to do the dead man honour. He lay where, if such things might be, the patter of the little feet whose devious ways he has aided in preventing, the ring of their sweet childish laughter, and their whisper, "one of his grace, rise up in perpetual remembrance of him. Himself one of the people, his whole life was spent in endeavours to improve their condition, and—for the one must be included in the other—to benefit his country. His life left its mark upon the time in which he lived, and influences our own. Its unselfishness, its large humanity, its pure singleness of purpose, gave nobility to his simple character—as if all noble things were not simple, qualities and principles as well as heroes and statues! He is dead, but his works being impersonal (if I may thus use the phrase), do not follow him in the sense of dead deeds to the inertness of the tomb. They follow him down the years as the reflection of the sun follows his setting, glowing, and widening in the social horizon more and more, as remembering the thoughtless, selfish, vitiated age in which he lived, we learn to appreciate more thoroughly the part he played in it; now volunteering facts and data involving great national benefits to the state and people—now pleading the cause of the speechless little ones whose wailings had not yet formed themselves into words.

COURAGE.—Whoever teaches us boldly to combat the manifold doubts and assaults of life, enables us to win the crown of victory. Special care ought therefore to be taken in education to teach what true courage is— as well in social as in public affairs—and by what means it may be sustained.
ART IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"The attention of the lovers of art has long been directed to that period in its history when, amidst the decaying elements of Pagan civilization and luxury, a school of painting arose, mystical and ascetic perhaps at times, and betraying the feebleness of youth, but still full of the noblest promise—the child of Christian faith; having its origin in that seed so small and apparently so contemptible, which was eventually to spring up into a mighty growth, and to spread abroad its branching arms to heaven, overshadowing all the peoples of the earth. We regard that period with no common interest. We gather into our bosoms as a sacred thing every symbol it may picture, and any, the smallest truth it may teach; for at that eventful epoch in man's history such a revolution, or rather regeneration, was effected in national and individual life, in literature, and very particularly in the fine arts, as the world had never known before and can never know again. When we say that a school of painting then arose, we do not intend to assert that the means and appliances which are necessary to express the artist's meaning were in any way improved for some centuries. In fact, that technical skill by which the painter develops his thought declined with the declining age. But the thought which he expressed was in every way totally different. It was altogether another art. Pagan art had been inimitably successful in the delineation of form. It had given the varied expressions of passion, of hope, and of fear. But through the marble of antiquity no solitary ray gleams forth of that sublime part of man, which is not of the body, of the intellect, or the heart. Christian art employed itself with expressing the emotions of the soul, and it could never be wholly lost thenceforth till all its work was done. The ruthless rage of iconoclasts might tear down and scatter to the winds; and the still more dangerous friendship of Medici and Borgias might for a time divert it from its path. But still with humility and a childlike reverence it pursued its way. From the gloom of the catacombs it emerged into the light of day, and was installed amid the magnificence of stately basilicas. It crossed the Alps, and penetrated the forests of Germany and France. It strove, but unsuccessfully, to gain a footing amongst our wild Saxon forefathers. Its steady advance may be compared to the progress of that fiery cross immortalized by a certain poet, which was sped by an unbroken chain of swift messengers through deep morasses and over mountain heights; when the foot, which had trodden the elastic heather wet with morning dew, clambered wearily up the steep hillsides, where the slant rays of the evening sun bathed in rosy light, still the cross was not delayed on its mission by individual weariness, but, transferred to a fresh and eager messenger, pursued more vigorously its appointed course.

Of the early history of Christian art, unfortunately we know but little. The vehicles employed were not generally very endurable. Italy was for many ages the scene of constant devastations; a torrent of Northern barbarians incessantly pouring over the Alps, and stagnating in her fruitful plains. And above all, subsequent neglect and indolence have suffered much that was spared by Goths and Vandals, to fall into irretrievable decay, and perish.

Amid the subterranean shade of the Catacombs of Rome all that we desire to know of Christian painting and sculpture, during its first rudest ages, must be sought. The connoisseur will find nothing to admire there. All is dim, shapeless, and barren, as regards the material and the expression. The pleasure and the thought will be subjective rather than objective. He who looks for correct form and outline—for the delineation of natural objects in any way faithful to nature, will not there find what he seeks; yet there is not one single little relic but speaks of the indomitable fortitude—the nobility of soul—the love which is purified and exalted through suffering—of those who kept the faith and fought the good fight in the dark and blood-stained days of old; of those to whom, until Constantine's time, the description St. Paul gives of still earlier martyrs may well be applied: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. We should expect, in examining the works which the early Christians have left us in the Catacombs, a great number of them being decorations of their simple tombs; we should expect to find memorial inscriptions of those fearful scenes of suffering through which they were passing daily, as through a baptism of fire. There is especially something in the artist-mind which leads it to select the objects on which to direct its skill from the common nature that surrounds it, feasting its love upon that, beautifying and adorning the simplest things of that nature with a thousand symbolisms and fancies drawn from its own inner consciousness. And it is a pure and healthy exercise of the intellect and heart so to do. We are all, in fact, affected in a greater or less degree by the persons and things around us. We take much of our tone from them. It would not, then, seem improbable that, in adorning the tombs of their brethren, many of whom had sealed the faith with their blood, the early Christian artists should picture some event in the martyr's life, and particularly that last and greatest event which had constituted him an object of deep affection, almost of veneration, to
them and their children for evermore. But we do not discover any traces of the kind. The entire range of subjects betrays an utter forgetfulness of self. Their thoughts are occupied with higher things than the vicissitudes, and the pleasures, and pains of those bodies which are the sport of elements and the prey of the worm. There are no allusions to the enemies who were daily torturing and persecuting. If the voice of hope and expectation finds escape and expression at all, it is only through that universal love which embraces humanity in its arms as one individual man; in the noblest aspiration, in the looking for that time when not their own particular wrongs shall be redressed, but when all the perplexities of mankind at large shall be solved, all the distractions of the world reconciled, all suffering cease, all happiness be perfected.

It is evident that, with the first Christian painters, art was not imitative. They did not regard the labours of their pencil as works of art at all. They did not seek for skill in design, or beauty of colouring. If, with a few rude touches, they can set forth some religious doctrine, to elevate or comfort the souls of men, it is enough for them. Against the sensuous representations of human beauty, in which Pagan artists had revelled, they would revolt as against all else. They believed attention appears to be absorbed in the wondrous mystery of the redemption of fallen man; and they love to picture any and everything which may bear relation to that. The resurrection, too, was another favourite subject; symbolized by the Raising of Lazarus—by Jonah—by the Return of the Dove. The rude sketches in the Catacombs constitute in fact a cycle of Bible illustrations, allegorical rather than historical. Commencing with the Fall, they picture the redemption of mankind through its prophetical and typical aspects. Above all, the Resurrection was the subject on which those early painters dwelt with the deepest love and devotion. It was the focus to which all the rays of their art converged. They are never weary of representing in their simple manner the Good Shepherd collecting His sheep, or His going forth into the wilderness to seek and save that which was lost. In that and kindred parables they found a comfort and a peace which was denied to them in this world.

But when Christianity became the religion of the empire, Christian art had no longer any need to hide itself in the secret places of the earth. It was employed now in decorating the vast basilicas of Rome and Constantinople; and it used the endurable vehicle of mosaic, discovered in the reign of Claudius. The subjects, too, which it treats of are rather different from those which the artists of the Catacombs had loved to picture. We now find the figure of Christ placed in the sanctuary; and frequently the Apostles Paul and Peter, the butresses of the Church. Of course if we look for any authentic pictures of our Lord, none such exist. Legendary accounts there are, dating from the third and eighth centuries, the one giving an Asiatic, the other a European type; and if any credit is to be attached to either, it will be, we presume, to the description given by John of Damascus. The early Byzantine and Roman pictures of the Saviour, as of the Madonna, are invariably dark and sombre in the very way that can be accounted for by the effect of time, as we know that the fair portraits of the Madonna by Cimabue and Giotto were at first considered strange and untrue. But it would seem that we are intentionally barred from any knowledge of the person of Him "who spake as never man spake." One or two, indeed, of the early fathers have alluded to the subject: Tertullian says, with reference to it, Ne aspectu quidem honestus... Si inglorius, si ignobilis, mens erit Christus. But the lips of Evangelists and Apostles are sternly silent on the point; and although prophets and seers of old time may have declared that "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him," yet perhaps it would not be just to put a literal interpretation on their words. They stood as a man stands in the blackness of night; looking out upon the east, where the gloaming dawn tells of the sun-rise, yet knowing not with certainty whether that sun shall come amid the fury of tempest, or in the glory of a calm and peaceful day.

We must not forget that at this time appear the first traces of that Mosaic art which was destined afterwards to play so important a part in the religious art of Italy. But in the realization of such subjects there is a great difference between the Byzantine and the Roman mind: the imagination of the Western artist is comparatively healthy and pure; that of the Eastern is feeble and debased.

There is no doubt that Constantinople exercised a great influence on all the rude art of this period; an influence perhaps of evil rather than of good. Her iconoclastic emperors endeavoured indeed to uproot and exterminate it; but, as in most other instances with which we are acquainted, persecution only fanned that flame into a fiercer glow, which might have flickered and expired if neglected and left in peace. Everywhere Italy rose in arms against Leo the Isaurian, who had commenced a crusade against the plastic arts. Those monks who escaped from the hands of that savage tyrant were received into many monasteries which the popes caused to be prepared for them, and in the peaceful quietude of those secluded abodes pursued their wonted occupations, especially that of painting. Thus they disseminated the art, and with it, unfortunately, their Byzantine taste. Painting itself was rapidly decaying and dying out in Italy. It made a few ineffectual struggles for progress, which we trace through the MSS. of the period, and the mutilated mosaics in the basilicas. It perished, however, and gave no sign. We cannot but consider it strange that the Byzantine artists—the descendants of those old Greeks who lived in an atmosphere of beauty which coloured their
every thought and action—should have lost in a few ages all perception of the beautiful; and that the mantle of grace should have descended on the shoulders of the painters of Italy, in however small a measure. Yet so it is. The two schools of art are antagonistic in this particular. The superiority of Italian artists may perhaps be attributed to that growing inclination towards image-worship, first publicly recognized by Gregory the Second, which is the Council of Trent burst into a mighty flame. Men would naturally wish the objects of their devotion to be grand and majestic; or at any rate for that devotion to be quickened by a sense of the beautiful. But the arts may be considered to have become effete in Italy about the commencement of the ninth century.

The seeds of art, swept onward by the current of civilization, were not destined to be lost to man. They found a resting-place in rocky ground, it is true; in a somewhat sterile and stubborn soil. But the Teutonic mind was not the less fitted to foster and nourish them, because it was practical, energetic, and active. It may, perhaps, be a mooted point whether this impulsive movement amongst the nations of the North originated from their intercourse with the more polished citizens of Constantinople. It seems probable that it commenced before the time of Charlemagne. And at any rate, Grecian art was practical, energetic, and active. The union of high ecclesiastical dignities with pre-eminence in the cultivation of art, was still more frequent in the eleventh century—a period of redoubled activity for those whose imaginations had been paralysed by the expectation that the end of the world was approaching. Heltidric and Adelard—the one abbot of St. Germain d'Auxerre, the other abbot of St. Troyes—were celebrated in their time as painters of miniatures; and his episcopal functions did not prevent St. Berward, Bishop of Hildesheim, from painting with his own hands the walls and ceilings of his church, and from forming pupils, who afterwards accompanied him to the courts whither he was sent as ambassador. We also find that his successor, Geldeschard, founded a school of painting in his palace—an example followed by the Bishop of Paderborn; while the monk Thiénon, after having employed his pencil in the decoration of a great number of convents, took his seat as a mitred archbishop on the archiepiscopal throne of Salzburg. Like a small and silvery rivulet, which rises in some highland mountain and pursues its devious course; now widening out as it passes through the valleys into a still and glassy pool, and now resuming its humble way, a little rivulet once more, till it becomes fed with many streams and broadens into the proud, sweeping river; so the course of the stream of art in Italy is sometimes almost hidden from view; at times a more skilful painter or school arises for a time, and then passes away and leaves no worthy successor; but still the art is never wholly lost, and now in the thirteenth century it has passed the rocks and the quagmires, and travels forward on its tranquil and majestic journey.

We have good authority for considering the thirteenth century as the foundation and root of all art. Schools then arose, simultaneously at Pisa and Sienna, under the painters Giunta and Guido, who were still indeed tramelled by the Byzantine method and traditions; but at
Florence the fetters of tradition were shaken off, and the names of Cimabue and Giotto fill the list of great painters who made that city not only the cradle, but the home of art. We cannot say that Cimabue was altogether free from the debased manner of Greek painting. Undoubtedly he very much improved upon it. But his pupil, Giotto, broke from it, as it were, per saltum. Not only have we to notice the excellence of the artists, but also the joyous and healthy spirit which animated the people at this period. One of the suburbs of Florence received the name of the “Borgo Allegri,” or quarter of joy, from the enthusiastic delight of the multitude, who, taking advantage of the presence of Charles of Anjou, flocked to the house of Cimabue to inspect a picture which that artist had just completed.

Pursuing the occupation of a shepherd, but an artist at heart, the boy Giottto was taken from his wild native hills and placed in the midst of the great city, beautiful and stately even then. Fancy how swiftly and deliciously the blood must have coursed through his veins, as he saw, for the first time, the realization of those dreams which had haunted him, far away amid the lonely hills of Vespignano, in his early childhood. Without the help of a master, the artist had rankled deeply from the cup of Nature, simple and wild as that nature was in his village home. A landscape of valley and hill, of scorched grass and gray rocks, with here and there a solitary farm and cultured fields; such was the scene which surrounded the boy. But above him the purple clouds rolled and gathered, and the setting sun tinged them with burning fire; and at night, whilst he tended his flock, the myriad eyes of heaven glanced and sparkled in the blue-black abyss of air. For the first few years of his life as a painter, Giotto seems to have divided his time between travelling about seeking for employment and a small work-shop at Florence, where he laboured at water-colors or tempera drawings. In fact, he turned his hand to any and every thing which bore relation to form and colour. His genius was soon recognized, and he was sent for to Rome, when he was about twenty years of age. He appears to have been a man of sound common-sense, of a kindly and joyous disposition, and of deep religious feeling. The revolution which Giotto effected in art was indeed great. He entirely transformed it. The Byzantine element is no longer to be found henceforth. The greatest improvement he introduced was in colour, which had been sombre and dark; but in his pictures it is bright, brilliant, and well massed. His chief pupils and successors were Taddeo Gaddi, and Orcagna, “the Michael Angelo of his age,” who cultivated with success sculpture and architecture, as well as painting. The artists of this age may be considered, in fact, as architects rather than as painters. The labour of their pencil was not an end in itself, but subsidiary to the decoration of their buildings. There is no doubt that Dancé exercised a great influence over the minds of Giotto’s pupils. In the principal paintings of Orcagna we have the Nine Circles of Hell, borrowed ideally from the Divine Comedy. But let us not forget that the minds of men were then generally imbued with devotional feeling.

The artist who felt conscious of his high vocation considered himself as the auxiliary of the preacher, and in the constant struggle that man has to sustain against his evil inclinations, he always took the side of virtue. This is not only proved by the deeply religious impress with which the monuments still existing are stamped, but more direct proof of it is found in these words of Buffalmacco, one of the scholars of Giotto: “We painters occupy ourselves entirely in tracing saints on the walls and on the altars, in order that, by this means, men, to the great despite of the demons, may be more drawn to virtue and piety.” It was the same spirit of mutual edification which presided over the foundation of the confraternity of painters established in the year 1350, under the protection of St. Luke. They held their periodical meetings, not to communicate to each other discoveries, or to deliberate on the adoption of new methods, but simply to offer up thanks and praises to God. Amid these pious preoccupations, the artists of the painter became as it were transformed into an oratory; and it was the same thing with the sculptor, musician, and poet, at this period of marvellous unity, when every kind of inspiration sprang from the same source, and flowed instinctively towards the same end; from thence resulted also an intimate sympathy between the artists and the people, which manifested itself either with eclat, as in the Madonna of Cimabue, or in a manner still more touching, as when the painter Barna was killed by a fall in the church of San Gimignano, and the inhabitants of the city came daily to suspend epitaphs in Latin or Italian over his tomb.

The people’s estimation of the artist resulted from a deeper feeling than mere admiration of his work. Pictures were then a necessity of the age. They filled a void in the heart; they quickened devotion, and formed fresh channels through which it might flow. This may, indeed, have tended to foster superstition, but it purified and ennobled art.

We have now to notice the introduction of new elements into the arts of Italy. There is a gradual but general breaking up of old systems and methods, or rather the feeble frame is strengthened by the infusion of fresh and youthful blood. Technical skill, which had been for the most part subservient to the thought which the painter expressed, now assumes a prominent place in the pictures of the century. And by improvement in technical skill we mean a decided progress, not only in the method by which the artist set forth his ideas—in his use of materials and appliances, but also in design and form. Colour, perhaps, rather lost than gained ground in the century after Giotto; but the artist is striving laboriously to picture as faithfully as he can the form and features of
Art in the Middle Ages.

man. There is no sudden leap from mediocrity to perfection; progress of any kind is ever slow in its development. The solemn twilight gradually broadens into the dawn, and that again into the bright and cheerful day.

Portraiture now takes its place in the ranks of art. Giotto had successfully painted the portraits of his friend Dante, and of some other of his contemporaries; the artist had also introduced himself in one of his pictures, in the attitude of prayer. The likenesses of individuals were generally thus pictured in a posture of devotional reverence; for the proudest and the greatest were not too great or too proud to bear witness to their faith, and openly to confess their Lord before men. Portraits were afterwards generally introduced into historical pictures. We may consider Paolo Uccello as one of the first who set the example of this innovation. This painter is also noticeable for having commenced a system of careful lineal perspective, which had been before wholly neglected. To the study of it he devoted his days, the greater part of the night, and, in fact, the whole of his time and attention. His success was, perhaps, scarcely commensurate with his labour; but we owe him no small amount of gratitude for having directed the attention of artists to an element of no little importance in art. What had been so happily commenced by Uccello was afterwards, in great measure, perfected by Pietro della Francesca, who studied perspective scientifically, and laid down many excellent rules for the guidance of future painters. The entire want of perception with regard to chiar' oschuro, exhibited by the Bythusnian artists, has not hitherto been improved upon by the artists of Italy. But in the frescoes of Masolino, in the chapel of the Carmine, executed about the middle of the fifteenth century, we find a well-balanced and correct system of light and shade. It is at once evident, to any one examining the pictures from the Chapel of the Carmine, that much ground has been gained by the Quattrocentisti painters, in perspective, in chiar' oschuro, and in design. But a new influence is to be exercised on art, and painters are to be exposed to no common temptation.

As to the moral effect of the patronage of the Medici, which commenced in the fifteenth century, it is not difficult, we think, to assign it its proper place. The Medici are said to have fostered and protected art. So does the upas-tree extend its branching arms to shade and to protect, but it also blights and destroys all that comes within reach of its baneful influence. The art which the merchant-princes of Florence encouraged was wholly an irreligious art. On what subjects do we find them employing the painters whom they assembled at their court? Sensuous representations of the human figure, Pagan deities, the loves of the gods—such are the objects which these enlightened patrons loved to accumulate about them; to discover an antique statue or a classical manuscript, to emendate and write Ciceronian Latin—this is the serious business of their lives. The painters whom they patronised were expected to prostitute their art and talent to this newly-revived paganism. The time was, however, not wholly ripe for the development of infidelity, at least amongst the middle classes. A few of the painters of the age may have grovelled in the mire of paganism and sensuality, but for the most part they passed through it immaculate and pure. It was reserved for more skilful artists, but less pious men, to deny that faith, the assertion of which was the glory, and the base, and the very purpose of all art in Italy, up to the sixteenth century. Christian art was shaken and overthrown, but it had not yet received its death-blow. The introduction of genre painting, and the fact of decoration being transferred in a great measure from the churches to the palaces of the wealthy and great, must be considered as elements of decadence.

One by one, with care, toil, and assiduity, the corner-stones of the foundation of painting were laid. The early labourers schemed and worked with a child-like humility and faith, and others have improved on the structure, and have entered upon the fruit of their industry. We, of a later age, who have witnessed what we may call perfection, if to anything human that name may be applied, in the realization of form and of colour in the fine arts, though we may feel inclined to smile at those abortive productions of the infancy of painting, should yet remember that there is nothing ludicrous, that there is much very precious in any work, however faulty, on which a human heart has lavished the wealth of its love and its devotion. The freshness and purity of the dawn seems to linger lovingly with those old painters still. A halo of gratitude and of kindly thoughts encircles their memory, as in their simple pictures a golden halo surrounds the head of saint or prophet; for out of their labours all modern art is developed, all that pleases the eye and gratifies the heart on our walls and in our galleries. Regarding painting as the art of imitation only, the names of Giotto, Pietro della Francesca, Masolino, Lippi, and Masaccio must ever he remembered, as of men who walked in a path almost untrdden of any before them—a path which brought them severally nearer to their destination—as of men who gave a most impulsive onward movement to art. Richness of colour, breadth, form, light and shade, and perspective—for all these we are, in some measure, indebted to them; for they first experimentally studied the necessary elements of painting. And our esteem and regard for these early artists cannot but be increased when we remember that with most of them painting was not merely a profession or an amusement: it was something far higher and nobler. It was the expression, however imperfect, of a living, practical faith.”
OUR SUMMER DESSERTS.

I am not very sure that after a varied dinner of soup and fish, meat and poultry, tart and jelly, with a finish of cheese and biscuit, is the very best time for the enjoyment of a second meal of fruit, fresh and dried, preserves and cake. However, as the English social laws provide that in all well-appointed households these two meals shall closely follow each other, and as all diners-out are compelled by those laws to retain their seats during the whole time that they are under discussion, and to play with the delicacies provided, even if they cannot eat them, it may be as well that they should, at any rate, have the pleasure of knowing a little about the history of the different fruits, &c., that adorn the table, both in a natural and a commercial point of view. I have headed this chapter "Our Summer Desserts," but it must be understood that this is but an arbitrary distinction; for now that orchard-houses and forcing-stoves supply us with strawberries and grapes, and peaches and other fruits at all sorts of abnormal seasons; and that the exigencies of the table lead to the display of various dried fruits and preserves in the summer; it must be considered that my classing my subject by seasons is merely a mode of enabling me to speak under one heading of our own home-cultivated fruits, and under another of those which are imported, either dried or preserved—or, as in the case of oranges, shadocks, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, &c., in their natural state.

Let us first consider our berries, the indigenously native of our land. Amongst these, the blushing strawberry, which lurks close-shrouded from high-looking eyes, showing that sweetness low and hidden lies," claims our first notice. It is one of our own native fruits, and though strawberries are not found in our woods of the size and beauty that they appear at our tables, yet the flavour of a wood-strawberry, grown in a good sunny situation, is, if possible, even more definite and delicious than that of any cultivated species. Gerard says: "There be diverse sorts of strawberries; one white, another red, a third sort green." That they were early introduced into gardens, and cultivated, is proved by old Tusser, who wrote in 1554. He says:

"Wife, into the garden, and set me a plot
With strawberry-roots, of the best to be got.
Such growing abroad, among thorns in the wood,
Well chosen and pricked, prove excellent food."

Gerard's description of the strawberry is very graphic: "It hath leaves spread upon the ground, somewhat snipped about the edges, three set together upon one slender foot-stalk, like the trefoil; greene on the upper side, and on the nether side more white; among which rise up slender stems, whereon do grow small flowers, consisting of five little white leaves, the middle part somewhat yellow; after which cometh the fruit, not unlike to the mulberry, or, rather, the raspis—red of colour, having the taste of wine, the inner pulp or substance whereof is moist and white, in which is contained little seeds."

The next time you find yourself near a dull neighbour at table and need amusement, take one of these berries and examine it. You will find that the edible part is nothing more than the receptacle, or seed-vessel of the plant, and the little seeds which are scattered over its surface will be found, if carefully examined, to consist of more than one part; there is to each a sort of thin shell, ending in a curved point, which is the ovary, and in this ovary rests the true seed. You will find this beautiful little crimson hilllock of fragrant and delicious pulp, with its numerous seeds, which so prettily deck the surface, to be seated on a natural salver consisting of ten compartments, and a stem that serves as a handle. This is the calyx. It is flat, green, and hairy.

The change from the little white, five-petalled flower, that Gerard describes, into the rich and odorous fruit that we see, is highly interesting; but I must add to the information he gives us, that in the centre of the calyx, and growing out of it is a multitude of stamens crowded together, and each tipped with a yellow anther. These are placed close round a single pistil, which consists of a number of cells, (the little seeds of which we have spoken) arranged in many rows, very regularly, on a central receptacle.

First in the progress of its change the petals fall off, and the calyx, closing over the young fruit, the receptacle begins to swell, as do the carpels, which at the same time become shining. But the receptacle grows faster than they do, and by so doing soon separates them, and scatters them in an irregular manner over its surface, which is gradually becoming soft and juicy, and by its expansion pushes back the calyx, until it has assumed the recurved position in which we see it when the fruit is ripe. The transformed receptacle then grows faster and faster, becomes of a rich crimson hue, and highly scented, and it is then ripe. In its decay the pulp keeps the seeds soft and moist, until they drop into the ground ready to germinate when their time shall come. And such, since the time when God made the earth to "bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth," has been the phenomenon of the growth of the strawberry and its congeners. How little do we think, when we inquire whether it is a good season for any kind of fruit, of the daily wonder that is exhibited to us in the growth, and ripening,
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dess, and renewal of these herbs and fruits, or of the love and goodness of Him who has brought forth both herb and fruit for the service of man, and whose abiding care thus from year to year renews his gracious gifts!

The strawberry-leaf, as is well known, is one of the decorations of an earl's coronet, and of late years has been made of artistic celebrity by having been adopted as the art of one of its invariable first lessons; studies of the strawberry-plant in every part being the employment of almost all the pupils under instruction, in connection with that institution, in every town.

Now, take some raspberries: you will find nothing more delicious than fresh-gathered raspberries; and, whilst you are eating, examine one of them. Your first thought will be that they are much of the same structure as the strawberry, but it is not so. The strawberry is a species of Fragaria, and grows on a low herbaceous plant. The raspberry, on the contrary, is a rubus, and grows on a woody shrub, like the bramble. It is a native of Great Britain, and I have gathered as deliciously-flavoured raspberries in the woods as those fine ones on your table, though not so large. * This tribe takes its name from the Celtic, rub, which signifies red. The structure of the fruit of all the species (the raspberry, cloudberry, blackberry, &c.) is alike; but our present example is the raspberry. If you pull off the little thimble-shaped fruit from its stem, you will find beneath, a dry white cone, which remains attached to the stem: this is the receptacle, and the very part which you eat in the strawberry. If you look carefully at your raspberry you will find that it is composed of many separate little bulbs, fleshy and juicy, each completely covered by a thin membraneous skin, which entirely separates it from its neighbours. Inside each of these little bulbs you will find a small single seed, not formed, like that of the strawberry, with a case and a little nut within; for that, which in the strawberry was the outer shining shell or rind of the seed, has in the raspberry become transformed into a juicy pulp, and the seed that lay inside the little dry carpels that studded your raspberry has, in your raspberry, taken up its place in the heart of that transformed carpel.

It is possible that you may not find gooseberries on the table, if you do they will be of immense size, smooth, and, in comparison with the smaller species, very poor and watery. However, the structure of the fruit can as well be observed in these Brodigiousian specimens as in any others. This is of a wholly different order and class from either of the above-named fruits. They were both of the order Rosaceae; this, on the contrary, is one of Grossularaceae, its generic and specific name being Ribes grossu-

laria. It is indigenous in England, and I have seen it wild in the neighbourhood of Clevelon in Somerset, Torquay in Devonshire, and elsewhere. Feaberry is the name given it by Gerard, as being so called in Cheshire; the name gooseberry seems given it because it was considered a sauce for young geese. From Tusser we learn that the gooseberry was cultivated as early as the time of Henry VIII., as he directs in the work for September —

"The barberry, resips and gooseberry too,
Look now to be planted as other things do;
The gooseberry, resips, and roses, all three,
With strawberries underneath, trimly agree."

Now examine your fruit, and you will be struck with one peculiar difference in its formation from that of either of those we have before examined — I mean that the calyx is at the top of the fruit instead of under it, the little dry brown top that you will find both on the gooseberry and currant being what, in its earlier stages, was the green calyx that supported the petals, stamina, &c. of the blossom. What, then, is the fruit that you eat? It is nothing more than the germn, or lowest part of the pistil grown fat. Its covering is the skin of your gooseberry, which you throw away; the pulp, which you find so juicy and refreshing, is the substance in which the rudimentary seeds were born; and the seeds themselves, now grown into goodly proportion, and covered with a slippery sort of stuff peculiar to themselves, are plainly to be seen resting here and there in the pulp. The German name for this fruit is Stachelleere, from the prickly character of the more common but best-flavoured kinds. The French call them Grosseilles aux maquereaux, from their being used, when green, for sauce to mackerel. The immense specimens that are usually presented at desserts are made so wholly by culture; but the small red, and yellow, and green berries, that are found in old-fashioned gardens are very far superior in flavour; besides, the gooseberry loses more than any other fruit by keeping: the true way to enjoy it is to gather it for yourself in its cool fresh state, amidst the scent of jasmine and roses, and the singing of the blackbird and thrush, who have just refreshed themselves with a pleasant meal of fruit, and with a set of merry country girls and boys around you all engaged in the same absorbing pursuit, or, perhaps, varying it by a visit to the rich, yellow Antwerp raspberry-bed, or a rummage amongst the fresh leaves of an adjacent strawberry-bed, accompanied by merry shouts of applause over the "beauties" there discovered, as they fill their little baskets for some poor or invalid friend, to whom a gift of fresh fruit and flowers is a delight both to giver and gifted.

All the varieties of currants are of the same genera as the gooseberry. The red and white varieties are natives of Great Britain, and also are found in Hungary and in several parts of North America. The black is common in moist woods in Russia and Siberia, where they make wine of the berries, and a drink of the leaves.

* We have also found the raspberry indigenous on wooded hills in Surrey and in Derbyshire. — Ed.
The red currant which we now use is of Dutch origin. It is called by the French Groseille en grappe, in Germany Gemiene Johannis beere, and in Italy veette, or "little grapes." It is almost too acid for eating at dessert, but for puddings and tarts, and in the form of jelly for sweet-sauce to our hare and venison, we should greatly miss the beautiful bunches of shining berries. The name of currant is supposed to be derived from that of the small Zante grape, which is dried, and which we use so freely under the name of currants, (from Corinth), in cakes, puddings, &c. Formerly currants and gooseberries were considered but as one. Gerard speaks of them as a species of gooseberry, and Tuseer does not name them at all. Lord Bacon says, "the earliest fruits are strawberries, cherries, gooseberries, cornrae." Those who visited the Great Exhibition of 1850 will probably remember a beautiful cabinet from Russia, on the top and sides of which were exquisite bunches of fruits formed of precious stones. There were cherries, and plums, and other beautifully carved fruits, the size of Nature, and amongst others some splendid bunches of white and red currants in white and red cornelian.

But your near neighbour now invites you to taste those splendid cherries, of which a dish stands by him. Bid him give you just one to examine. I cannot advise you to eat them so late in the evening, for cherries, lovely as they are, and most pleasant and refreshing too, are not particularly digestible. Now look well at your specimen, whether it be a rich red-coloured one or an amber hue that he has given you will not signify; for, though the colours of the different species vary, and their size also, they are all formed alike.

Now in both strawberry and raspberry you have found the calyx below the fruit, and in the gooseberry and currant you have seen it above. But in the cherry where is it? You will find the skin of your beautiful shining fruit perfectly smooth, and joined into the stem without the least appearance of calyx; for that organ falls off as the fruit matures. Now remove the skin and you will find a juicy pulp, covering a stone as it is called, but in fact it is a sort of nut, a shell lined with a delicate white membrane, and containing a kernel. Such is the case in all stone fruits, and they are called drupes: the cherry, plum, peach, apricot, &c., are examples of this mode of growth. In the strawberry we have seen an instance of a pistil with many carpels attached to it, which carpels were eventually, by the swelling of the receptacle, thrown to the surface of the part. In the raspberry we have seen an example of many carpels, the outer part or ovary of each swelling, and forming a pulp round the seed, the whole number when matured forming one fruit. We now have an example of a pistil furnished with only one carpel, that part called the ovary, enlarging and thickening, and becoming a juicy pulp, while at the same time the living of the ovary extends, and hardens into a stone case, enclosing the kernel, which lies securely in it until such time as the pulp having dried up, the stones of the autumn shake the stems with the encased seed to the ground, where it remains, until in process of time the shell bursts, and the seed within fructifies and grows into a new plant.

We have two native varieties of cherry: the first, the gean-tree (Cerasus sylvestres), called, in Suffolk and Cheshire, where it grows, "The Merry-tree," from the French Merisias; the other "The Bird-cherry" (Cerasus padus); but we do not look to these for our table-fruit. The wild gean, indeed, forms the stock on which foreign and cultivated species are grafted; but their own fruit is crude and unattractive. It is said that the cherry is not truly a European fruit; that it was brought by Lucullus, the Roman general, on occasion of the conquest of Mithridates from Cerasus, a city of Pontus, and, when he was granted a triumph, specimens of this tree were paraded amongst his most valued treasures. "It was in the sixty-eighth year before the birth of Christ," says Phillips, in his History of Fruits, "that Lucullus planted the cherry-tree in Italy;" "which was so well stocked," says Pliny, "that in less than twenty-six years after, other lands had cherries even as far as Britain beyond the ocean." He adds: "Some idea may be formed of the Roman gardens, by the luxurious manner in which Lucullus lived in his retirement from Rome and the public affairs. He had passages dug under the hills, on the coast of Campania, to convey the seawater to his house and pleasure-grounds, where the fishes flocked in such abundance that what were found at his death sold for £25,000." Pliny mentions eight kinds of cherries as being cultivated in Italy when he wrote his Natural History, which was about A. D. 70: "The reddest cherries," he says, "are called Apronias: the blackest, Actia. The Julian cherries have a pleasant taste, but they are so tender that they must be eaten when gathered, as they will not endure carriage." He says afterwards, that the cherry could never be made to grow in Egypt.

It is not easy, when we see cherry-trees fifty and sixty feet high, and in some instances even higher, growing in our wildest woods all over the country, to persuade ourselves that they were originally introduced from Pontus; or when we taste the rough acid bitter fruit, to believe the Lucullus could have set such value on them; so that I cannot but suppose that the cherry is truly indigenous with us, and that it must have been some cultivated and richer kind that Lucullus introduced.

Kent is the great county for cherries. There is on record an account of one cherry-orchard in that county of thirty-two acres, which, in 1540, produced fruit that sold for £1,000. Evelyn says that, in his time, "an acre planted with cherries, one hundred miles from London, had been let at £10." The cherry seems to have been in high favour with Charles the First and his Queen Henrietta Maria, as it is stated that, in the gardens of her house at Wimbledon in Surrey, there were, in 1649, upwards of two hundred cherry trees. The wood of the cherry

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is valuable. It comes to perfection in about forty years, and is hard and tough, next the oak in strength, and most like mahogany in appearance. It is valued by turners for making chairs, &c., and by musical-instrument makers, who pretend that it is sonorous.

There is celebrated at Hamburg a feast, called "The Feast of Cherries," of which Phillips gives the following account: "Troops of children parade the streets, with green boughs ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a triumph obtained in the following manner: In 1432 the Hussites threatened the city of Hamburg with immediate destruction, when one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children in the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Nasas, the chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young suppliants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city. The children returned crowned with leaves, holding cherries in their hands, and crying "Victory!"

The cherry belongs to the order Rosaceae, the section Amygdaleae, the same to which the almond, the peach, the apricot, and the plum belong. Strange to say, all plants of this section contain more or less of a volatile principle of a viscid poisonous nature, namely, prussic acid. This, however, does not render the fruit poisonous, or even (in moderation) unwholesome; indeed, it lurks more in the leaves and branches, and in the seed or kernel of the fruit than in the pulp, which is the part we eat. Everyone will recognize the flavour of this in the kernels of peaches, apricots, &c., but even still more distinctively in the bitter almond. It is this acid that gives its peculiar smell and flavour to the laurel-leaf, from whence the dangerous infusion laurel-water is made, and imparts the peculiar and pleasant flavour to Maraschino, Ratafia, Kirchenwasser, &c. An excellent imitation of ratafia may be made from the kernels of apricots or other fruits of the tribe soaked in brandy. The real Grenoble ratafia is made from a large black bean, and the other liquors from some other properties of the fruit and kernel of the cherry-tree.

Dr. Lindley says, "Do not however, suppose that there is any real danger in eating the fruit of cherries, plums, peaches, and the like. In those fruits the prussic acid exists in such very minute quantities, as to be incapable of producing any deleterious effect. Nature has provided amply against the ill-effects of such an insidious enemy, by rendering its presence instantly perceptible by an intensity of flavour that cannot be mistaken." Plants of this tribe have also another peculiarity, which is, that they yield gum. That substance may be seen oozing out of cracks in the branches of diseased plum and cherry trees. The prussic acid is found most abundantly in laurel (Prunus laurocerasus); but the berries even of that are not unwholesome, and are much prized by gipsies, who beg them from gentlemen's shrubberies for the purpose of making puddings of them.

The cherry has, from its lovely hue and soft gloss, been a favourite comparison for ladies' lips amongst poets and lovers. Shakespeare says of Shore's wife that she has "a cherry lip," though in truth a lady with a lip literally like a cherry would be rather strange to see, as would one who was cherry-cheeked!

Peachum says: "July I would have drawn in a jacket of light yellow, eating cherries, with his face and bosom sunburnt." Lidgate, a poet who wrote about 1415, alludes to the cherry, and says that hawkers in London were accustomed to expose cherries for sale as they do now. Fancy, however, in what different looking streets the hawkers must have cried their ware, and how we should wonder of, and be amused by, the different styles of dress, voice, and appearance of those who no doubt grouped round the stalls or barrows in which they carried their cherries! The very coins in which the people paid for their fruit would be different, for there were then no national copper coins, the first having been coined by Elizabeth in 1601. Can we not fancy the groups of children and women in quaint old-fashioned gear, and holding quaint old-fashioned scraps of silver in their hands, following the hawkers with strange dishes and baskets, but receiving in return for their bits of money a great deal more fruit than we in the present day should receive for the same sum? Yet there is no question that the eager and placid countenances of the recipients, the gladsome shout of the happy children, and the caution of the mothers not to eat their tempting purchases too fast, or all themselves, but to take home a portion for "father," and for the little "Joan" or "Dickon," would present a fair type of the cherry-buyers of 1611; for though coin, and dress, and speech may change, humanity is the same in all ages.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

In solitude I love to roam,
On plains, or mountains high;
To watch the soaring warbler
Speed onward to the sky;
To listen to the little birds
In God's cathedral towers,
Tuning their tiny notes of praise
Amid their leafy bowers;
To gaze on all the valleys fair;
To see the hillside green,
Where, wandering listlessly along,
The sheep at will may graze.
To wander farthest from the haunts
Of toil, and care, and strife;
To sit beside the gurgling stream,
So full of happy life;
And where the torrents leap and dash
Into the depths below,
And murmuring breezes sadly sigh;
'Tis there I love to go.

M. C.
THE STUDY OF FLOWERS.

BY ANTHASMONTELL.

"To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Wordsworth.

Of all the animate and inanimate productions of nature, flowers have the least reason to complain of the neglect or unkindness of man; and the shades of Messrs. Aesop, Gay, and La Fontaine, could they revisit us, in conjunction, would find it difficult to discover a grievance for them that could lay, with anything like justice, "at the foot of the throne of the Great Spirit." In every age and every nation flowers have been honoured and cherished, loved and admired. In the classic times they graced the festivals and adorned the altars of the deities.

"A goddess, e'er blooming and young,"
supervised their interests, and her marriage with the gentle Zephyrus must have singularly promoted the welfare of her delicate subjects. They have been showered on the heads of heroes naval and military, and on the kings and queens of song. They have been twisted into the chaplets of Hymen, and chosen by Love as his most appropriate gifts and most intelligible symbols. Affection has delighted to strew them on the graves of the departed; and Poetry has haunted their praises, till the wearied ear turns

"From the oft-told, oft-repeated tale."

Who will assert that in modern days flowers are less honourably distinguished? Who that has seen the epigones laden with their mingled blossoms, the most dainty dishes garnished with their brilliant tints, or the splendid drawing-rooms and gay boudoirs of May Fair, where they grow in pots, or float in vases, or stiffen in saucers filled with moistened sand—who, above all, that has beheld them in bouquets, or mingling with the tresses of the lovely fair, or conserved on the pinnacle of a pretty spring-bonnet, failed to appreciate with the fondest of delight

"Flowers of all hues, and without thorn the rose."

With how much care, too, do we tend the "firstlings of the year," and endeavour to persuade them to expand their bright petals, and breathe their delicious scents a little earlier than the laws of nature permit! In the language of that exquisite poem, "The Flower and the Leaf," the choicest offspring which Flora's altars ever received,

"When buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year,"

we tempt them forth, and promise them our fostering protection.

"Then, at our call emboldened,"

the "Hyacinth, the crocus, and narcissus tall,"
burst their sheaths: we delight to deck our rooms with these

"Wee children of the vernal ray."

We delight to display them at our windows, and,

"Qui posit violos addere, dives erit."

Faint, however, are the pleasures which flowers afford in cities, when compared with those which they bestow upon their admirers in the country. There the florist rears them near his home, watches them, improves them by culture, takes a parental interest in their progress, and a lover's pride in their charms; while health and cheerfulness reward his labours. There, the botanist explores the hedges and traverses the hills in pursuit of some new addition to his herbal or his knowledge; and the barren heath and dull common acquire interest and beauty in his eyes.

"Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,"

are tastes and studies of this description, when cultivated as the amusement, not the business of life, and kept in due suberviency to higher and more useful pursuits.

Botany appears to be peculiarly adapted to the study of ladies, as it tempts them to the enjoyment of air and exercise, which, though the best friends to health and beauty, the most effectual remedies for nervousness and ennui, are yet very generally neglected by the flowers of the human race. It is a science, too, within the range of female acquirement, and is repugnant to neither humanity nor elegance. Entomology is cruel, mineralogy and geology difficult and laborious, conchology expensive; but botany is both cheap and easy, healthful and
The Study of Flowers.

suckle, or starred with the English geranium, the bright hypericum, or the tiny scorpion-grass,

"The tender work of fairy fingers rare."

Astonished by the profusion of beauty wherever he turns his eyes, he asks their use and design. His heart rises in wonder and praise to the throne of the Great Creator, and—he is answered.

On minutest inspection, how much of amusement and instruction may he derived from the study of flowers, that study in which Israel's wisest monarch delighted, he who "spoke of trees from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

The daisy, insignificant as it apparently is—yet immortalized by the pen of Dryden, and grace by the song of Burns—becomes on closer observation an expance of wonders, a cluster of miracles. Scores of minute blossoms compose its disc and border, each distinct, each useful, each delicately beautiful. The convolvulus and honeysuckle appear to the careless eye to twist in a similar manner round everything in their neighbourhood: but the botanist discovers that they are governed by different laws, the former always twining itself according to the apparent motion of the sun, the other in a contrary direction: and when busy man attempts to alter this arrangement, he invariably injures, and perhaps destroys the plant.

The heath, so common in various parts of this country—valuable as the poor as a substitute for more expensive fuel, and to the sportsman as a cover for grouse—affords to the botanist a striking instance of the care extended by Providence towards his creatures. Its seed is the food of numerous birds, in regions where other sustenance is scarce, and the vessels which contain it are so constructed as to retain their contents for a considerable length of time, instead of discharging them when they become ripe. Indeed, the more we study the closer we observe the operations and provisions of nature, the greater will be our wonder, the higher our admiration.

The physiology of vegetables is a most curious and entertaining branch of the science of botany, and, owing to the great improvement of our microscopes of 1866, may be pursued to an extent far beyond the most sanguine hopes of former students. In some experiments the growth of wheat was actually rendered visible to the eye; a bubble of gas was seen to dart forth, carrying with it a portion of matter of a vegetable nature, which instantaneously formed into a fine tube, and one fibre was completed. In short, with instruments like those to be had at the present day, what may we not hope to accomplish in studies, unexhausted and inex...
haustible as are those of nature! History, biography, geography may no longer furnish scope for novelty; even

"Fancy's gay and wild domain"

may be filled to repletion; but the botanist, the chemist, and the geologist have employment enough before them for centuries to come; and long, indeed, will it be ere they can have cause

"To weep for new worlds to conquer."

For those fair ones whose travels do not extend beyond seas, there is space enough for study, discovery, and delight; but she who visits other climates, or is enabled by opportunity and wealth to rear their productions on British ground, has of course a wider field for research and admiration. We do not know a more delicious and enchanting spot than a greenhouse filled with the blossoms and the perfumes of

"The lands of the sun."

The warm air conveys the choice and exquisite odours to the scent; the sight is ravished by the tastefully-mingled tints and noble foliage of the aristocracy of plants; and a luxurious sensation of oriental languor and "thrice-joy-steeped enjoyment" steals gradually over the frame. Here, too, double-flowers, which the strict botanist terms "monsters," but in which the florist takes peculiar pride, are displayed, and man is permitted by Providence to amuse himself by diversifying and embellishing nature, while the springs of life and vegetation are kept mysterious and inaccessible!

The words of the Perfect Man, "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," acquire additional force and peculiar beauty when we remember that they were suggested by the sight of the splendid Annyris lutea—a species of lily which abounds in the land of Palestine. Who does not feel their emphasis, when he imagines our blessed Lord standing on the Mount, from whence his divine sermon was delivered, surrounded by an attentive and wondering throng, whom he is urging to lay aside unnecessary cares, and trust in the bounty of their Heavenly Father; and then sees him pointing towards those glorious lilies which decked the surrounding plain, and deducing from their beauty, exceeding the pomp of kings' attire, lessons of simplicity in dress, freedom from vain or excessive cares, and dependence on Almighty protection!

The study of flowers has afforded illustration to another passage in holy writ. In 2 Kings, vi. 25, we read that, during a severe famine in Samaria, "a cab of dove's-dung" was sold for twenty pieces of silver. What this article of food might be had long puzzled the commentators, when the "father of botany" (Linnaeus) suggested that it was probably the root of the Ornithogalum, or Star of Bethlehem, which affords to this day a pleasant and nutritious aliment to the lower orders in Judea. Its English name was given on account of its prevalence in Palestine; and its ancient one, ornithogalum, literally signifies "bird's-milk." When to this we add that its blossoms, of a greenish white, resemble at a little distance the guano of birds, the conjecture of the great botanist becomes still more probable, and a curious elucidation appears to be afforded of an obscure passage of scripture. Enough has been said to establish the claim of botany to the favour of the elegant and wise, as a pursuit both healthful and innocent, profitable and pleasant. Linnaeus, to the spirit of whose works every botanist has said for years past as Dante said to Virgil,

"Tu dux, tu Signor, e tu maestro,"

is intelligible in his original garb to but few ladies; but there are many excellent works and "elementaries" (if we may be allowed the term) in our own language which will lead them farther than the generality will choose to follow. Eve, as described by the hand of the inspired Milton,

"Walked forth among her fruit and flowers, To visit, for they prospered;"

and we ourselves cannot imagine an employment better adapted to Paradise, or recommend a more graceful and pleasing occupation to Eve's fair daughters, more especially to the gentle readers of this magazine. The good and sagacious Owen Feltham has somewhere said, that, "to have a mind that delights in innocent employment, is daily rising to content and blessedness." Those, therefore, who have opened, and who daily open to us new sources of rational amusement, and, like Linnaeus, Ray, Tournefort, and many others—the vanished constellations of botanic science—have been our earliest pioneers on the road of science, deserve our grateful acknowledgments and affectionate remembrance. In the absence of more valuable gifts, let us pay them (and we trust our fair readers will pardon us for a Latin quotation) with appropriate offerings:

——— "Manibus date lilia plenis Purpureos spurgam flores."
AN ASCENT OF CARNEDD LLEWelyn.

Carnedd Llewelyn is as much of a terror to modern North Wales tourists as Pennymawr used to be to old ones, before the present turnpike road round Pennymarch was made in 1772. To pass over Pennymawr it was necessary to take to pieces the conveyances, and carry them up a zigzag route upon the backs of ponies. To mount Llewelyn nearly every muscle in a man's body must be exerted; and if the shoemaker into a painful consciousness of each separate fibre thereof, he has nothing to thank for it but a good constitution, pure mountain air, and preparatory excursions. The mountain is terrible by reason of its central situation, its wild grandeur, its boggy desolation. There is no beaten track to it or within miles of it; no cheerful company of ascending and descending tourists, and no prospect of creature-comforts upon the summit, except such as are borne through bog and chasm by the tourist himself. No ponies or mules could mount it, and no friendly shelter, as at Snowdon, could screen them awhile from the piercing blast. The guide-books are mostly silent about it, or only diminish its height and magnify its terrors, and present the tourist with such tales of danger as may well justify them in the oracular statement that, "owing to the toilsomeness of its ascent it is rarely attempted."

A strange rumour of all this, with only a few hints of truthful tourist experiences, induced a company of three friends and myself to dare its terrors and discover its beauties. Man and others could record similar experiences, I have no doubt; but having never met with a single narrative of an ascent of this mountain, I ventured to consider my own as a representative one, and as a protest, warning, or example, as the case may be.

The question of route required decision first of all, and the hunting up of maps and the cross-examination of independent witnesses led to an amount of bewildering, as to distance and difficulty, which might have kept a vacillating person in Wales until now, making up his mind. The route from Llanrwst was universally agreed to be the shortest, but "awfully boggy;" the one from Bethesda was easiest; but then, to get to the starting point was a journey in itself; and we had the comforting assurance relative to the route of the Aber Valley, which we finally selected, that a fern-gatherer, a previous season, had actually to take off his trousers and tie them round his neck, to get on at all in the boggy wilderness.

The early morning train put us down at Aber station, and as we made our way up to the village we had about as definite an idea of how we were going to do our task, as a lover has of how he shall propose when he has at length decided to do it. The lover, however, might steal to his point, or march forward to it under shelter of some passing allusion by his mistress; but not so the tourist. He has first to propose, and then carry by assault. There is no such thing as taking nature by surprise, or finding her unprepared. But, as the proverb says, with two-edged sarcasm, "Fortune favours the brave and fools," and, whichever the reader may please to think us, favour us it certainly did. Before we had reached Aber village, a scout of our party was observed in close conversation with a short stiff-set man, with a flag basket in his hand, and a sturdy lad by his side. The rest closed up to catch the conversation. We knew our way as far as the Aber Fall, but beyond that all was terra incognita, without any prospect of Geographical Society medals. The little man, it appears, was going to the Fall, and would put us in the right path. We could get a guide from the village, he said, if we wanted one; and "it warn't usually done we-out one."

But we had a strong objection to being marched up by any such dull-minded individual, with the feeling of being in custody, which somehow clings to you when under the care of a Welsh guide, with a temperance pledge card and a clergyman's certificate in his pocket. A little further interrogation put our minds quite at rest; for we found ourselves—hats off!—in the presence of the heroic fern-gatherer himself. He had made the ascent in all weathers from spring until autumn, and gave us a few plain directions as to our path, with much valuable information relative to ferns and the rare specimens hereabouts.

The fern-gatherer left us before we came to the Fall, and we commenced our solitary march. The path to the left of the Fall, and the only bit of path you meet with until you come to Carnedd Llewelyn itself, is over loose stones, slippery and precipitous, in some places no broader than this page, and winding along a steep slope, requiring great care and a cool head. When we reached the top of the cascade, which springs over a rock, and then trails like a crisped moonbeam down its smooth sides for some 150 feet, we found the ascent less slippery but quite as arduous. We were shut in a mountain valley, and had to walk, as best we could, upon the scooped banks the brawling stream had made. Here one of our party slipped, and, but for a little timely assistance, would have soon rolled down some twenty or thirty feet into the stream, and have had such a rough contact with the huge masses of rocks within and about it, as must have necessitated his return. This was the fault of our having no alpenstocks, but simply walking-sticks. Had we continued to keep the stream to our
right-hand thus, our ascent would have been much easier and safer, and we should have come out upon Y Foel Fras, with the object of our excursion immediately in front of us; but the green, bold, rounded slope on the opposite side promised a view, if nothing else, and so up we went. It was like the first half of Penmaenmawr, without its convenient track and steps, and was the toughest bit of climbing we had for the day. I have no idea how long it took us, for we went at it fiercely; but it perceptibly deadened the fine edge of our adventurous confidence. At the top we encountered a native shepherd, who looked like a brown patch of boggy turf, and was squatting lazily on a ridge, with a tuft of reddish hair standing out of a hole in his wide-awake, in a sort of vain windy conceit that it was a plume. A sarcastic grin was all he could give us, and for the nonce he seemed to embody the Mephistophelian humour which we supposed our friends would have indulged in had they seen us charging this Welsh Alma. We asked him the name of the mountain, but we might as well have asked him for a definition of space, or the situation of the os coccygis. Very few peasants do know the name of hills a few miles from their homes; many hills have no names at all, and the few, that are not in the guide-books, appear to be only known to such peasants as cannot speak English.

"They think they're wonderfully clever here," said the fern-gatherer, as we came up the valley with him, "if they know half-a-dozen miles from home."

"That was right, and seeing that he knew his district and others better than a native, without being one, and had been driven to fern-gathering as a calling by the failure of the ribbon trade at Coventry, of which city he was a "foolish" native, he had a good right to speak to the point. The ridge, we afterwards found, had no name, unless it takes one from the Aber Bach, which rises upon its spongy sides. We had a good view of Aber from the ridge, Beaumaris, Penmaenmawr, the sea, &c.; but a long, desolate, scarred, and deceptive slope shut us out from the view ahead. This slope was a specimen of many others that we had to pass. It was crossed by rivulets without number, running water of all shades of colour, from white up to amber. Now they ran underground, mellowly tinkling, in their imprisonment, with a kind of pathetic anguish, and communicating to the nerves of the legs a thrill like faint electricity; and anon they rilled out, clear and full, receiving little tributaries from all directions, and babbling about like boys just turned out from school. Here and there tufts of white and purple moss rose up in rounded crests, almost like huge cauliflowers, and were fringed with blades of coarse but exquisitely green grass. They sunk immediately the foot pressed them, to rise again a few minutes afterwards. There were also broken tracts of soppy, spongy, fibrous grass, of a most deceptively brown and dry appearance, in which you went slipping about like a man in a trout stream in a pair of boots too large for him.

The peculiar scarred look I have spoken of, and which gave to this and other slopes we crossed so desolate and melancholy an appearance was due to the elevation of black ridges, apparently caused by the winter rains, which have washed away the boggy soil, and left numerous banks of black, peaty earth, grass-grown at the summit. They look as though an army of imps had been practising military engineering on a very large scale, but in the most erratic and whimsical manner. These ridges are often great hindrances to the tourist, for they are frequently too wide apart for him to leap from one to the other, and the soil between them is extremely treacherous, and especially to be suspected if any grass or moss should show itself.

Over ridge after ridge of this kind, quite unknown upon stony Snowdon, over rills and brawling burns and treacherous bogs, and sloppy plots of moss, we trudged on and upwards, and it seemed as though we never should emerge into the central solitude of Carnedd Llewelyn. From the point where we crossed the Aber to the crest of Bera-mawr and Bera-bach, which topped the desolate slope on which we got after our tough climbing, would be about two or more miles, but it took us about an hour and twenty minutes to do it, and we did not loiter either. A stiff breeze saluted us the moment we reached the crest, and let us know, if we did not know it, that we were between two and three thousand feet above the sea-level. Here we got a view of the monarch we were in search of, and gloomy and grand he looked some four miles to our left. We squatted for refreshment beneath the rocks of Bera-mawr. A delicious view opened out to our right, of the long valley leading down from the central cluster of hills to the Ffernyn slate quarries, which were distinctly visible; although their moving life could neither be seen nor heard. It was a bright sunny noon in August, and the cloud-shadows ran down the green and brown and blue slopes with a merry elfish gleam, bringing out the black peat ridges into frightful clearness; whilst the cold shrill wind whizzed in hair and dress, by crag, and through the stunted grass, with a weird, melancholy contrasting gloom.

We were very much to the right of our proper course; and so, doubting Bera-mawr, we left Ydryg to the right-hand, and passing near Y Foel Fras, bent our steps direct to Carnedd Llewelyn, a gloomy chaos, apparently in front of it, but really at its side, black as night at the top, shading off into a deep slaty blue at the bottom, filling our hearts for awhile with silent terror and amazement. A shadow was resting upon it, and a fierce and giant form seemed to mock our daring and despoil our fear. No approach to Snowdon could possibly give you anything so majestic and kingly. We seemed to have surprised a group of
An Ascent of Carnedd Llewelyn.

sharp, ragged rocks, blue rounded slopes, splashed with yellow moss and dappled with the shifting light. Prostrate beneath our feet was the Titan that had awed us with his frown, and the neighbouring mountains seemed to have sunk away and crouched below us with a careless but melancholy disdain. Here was Carnddi Dafydd to our left, black and terrible; the Glyders; and, remoter still, Moel Siabod; and, coming round again toward Carnarvon, city and castle distinctly visible, rose the sharp peak of Snowdon. Now it was distinctly bathed in the sunlight, now hid in gloom, and anon checkered by little glints of sunlight that seemed to chase each other up and down its brown-blue sides, crowding together and making a visible glory upon side or top, and then scampering away to neighbouring hills in careless but gigantic frolic. A few lakes only showed themselves in this changing light, and they lay between us and Llanrwst.

But the rolling clouds were upon us, and, unpacking our overcoats, we crept inside the barn to shelter from their drenching mist. They whirled around us, twisted horizontally, perpendicularly, rushed on in heavy volumes, sunk beneath our feet, and, in a second or two, we were enraptr in this desolate spot, the only living thing beside ourselves being a large worm at our feet, that had come out of its hole for a holiday. Now would have been the time for the warm-stoved huts we had been upon Snowdon, but having sought to do unusual things we had to bear the penalties attached to them. We lit our pipes, and made mimic clouds of our own. We shouted, we extemporized speeches à la Tell, we shivered, and had not a waggish friend asked his neighbour to calculate how many square yards of mackintosh it would take to cover in Carnedd Llewelyn, I verily believe we should soon have beaten a retreat.

Now came the hail! and such hail as does not usually pepper mortal hands and faces; but it actually smote us into warmth and good-humour, and made us patient and content. A wild, tearing, hurrying, flapping shriek, as though some gigantic demon-bird were swooping down upon us from interstellar space, and the hail-storm ceased, and the mist began its whirling dance once more. A plain mist is a dull, heavy, blanketey kind of moisture, without life or fun in it; but a mountain mist is a mad Dervish, that dances Scotch reels, Irish jigs, Spanish fandangos, Greek ribbon-dances, and Indian scalp-dances all in one. The wind seems to catch it from all points at once—above, below, around—until it spins itself out into nothingness; or hurries it along in large filmy gossamer lines, blowing it into every crevice and cranny of valley and crag, and again the wild wind-bird shrieks and flaps its wings, and the soft, holy sunlight is once more upon your heads.

Now the most beautiful scene of all disclosed itself. The cloud hung over all the landscape below us, or, rather, seemed so to hang; but mellow sunlight lay upon valley and farm, crag, and chasm. A happy smile it seemed below
An Ascent of Carnedd Llewelyn.

this gloomy grown, like the tender light and joy of childhood beneath the care and strife of manhood, or the old-world silent-calm that shines along the poetic past, in strange contrast with a feverish, puzzling present. Cloud and sunlight floated on, and each spectator seemed awed into silence by his own deep feelings and thoughts. It was the most impressive moment of all, and every spoken word seemed almost like a sin.

We were now surprised by seeing a party of tourists emerge over the loose stones which we had mounted ourselves. It consisted of two ladies, with short skirts, thick boots, &c., and three gentlemen.

"Look! there are peoples!" said their leader, excitedly (a tall, well-made gentleman), mounting a knapsack, and speaking English with an unmistakable German accent.

The surprise was mutual. He told us that he had mounted the hill ten times before, but that this was the first time he had ever seen a human being about it. He and his party had come up from Bethesda. He knew the region well, and informed us that he spent a month every year in Wales, and was going to do all the most notable hills before he returned. Several new points of interest were shown us, and a new route described for our return. After a little chat we commenced our descent. Keeping along the ridge of Cefn yr Arrgy, we passed by Y Foel Fras, and commenced descending the terribly precipitous sides of Paul Mynach.

Here, contrary to the German’s statement, we came to the boggiest part we had had to walk through, and it was all we could do to keep clear of danger. Two of us, indeed, lingering behind our friends, did see, as it seemed, almost hopelessly lost in a bog, and I was for a time extremely uncertain whether I was not going to be bog-buried, like Mr. Carlyle’s German rogues, instead of being “accurately well set upon my legs.”

Ridding myself as well as I could of the black sludge, I slushed on; when, lo! a cry from my companion, and he was fast losing sight of one leg! I helped him out, and we reached our advance-guard without further adventure.

The sides of Paul Mynach are very scoured with peaty ridges, some of them six or seven feet in height, and almost like little lanes. A rapid descent (for rapid it was) brought us to the lake, Lyn-du-afon, shut in by precipitous rocks, yet agitated by rather large waves. Here a party were salmon-fishing. A very beautiful walk along a picturesque, but nameless valley, with a branch of the Aber brawling, in foam at our feet, and we come to Craig Dol Owen, a form exactly like a pyramid, its sides spire with blue slate, brown turf, purple heather, and golden gorse and broom, and soon reach the village and enjoy refreshment. The ascent had taken us four hours and three-quarters, including a twenty minutes’ rest, and we had come down in about two hours and a half.

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THE WRECKED HOUSEHOLD.

(An American Tale.)

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. I.

It was Christmas day, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty,—. A Christmas day memorable in our country as celebrated by a large number of people with diminished festivities and troubled hearts. Thousands of children who had looked forward through months of pleasant anticipation, and fed their fancies on beautiful things, the gifts of parents and friends, saw the day open in disappointment, and pass in a strange, unnatural, brooding quiet.

Reference need scarcely be made to the causes underlying this aspect of affairs. We write at a period so little removed from the time to which we refer, that memory requires of us no refreshing. A distracted country, threatened dismemberment of a Union dear to all patriotic hearts, utter prostration of trade, shattered and crumbling fortunes, fear, anxiety, and threatened destitution on all sides—these were the disturbing elements that marred public peace, and invaded the sanctuary of home. Let us look into one of the homes thus invaded. Exteri­orly it has an inviting aspect. As your eyes rest upon it, you think of a citizen comfort­ably well off; if not rich in the more extended significance of the word. Passing the threshold, tasteful elegance in furnishing indicates a liberal expenditure; but, from the style and condition of things, not an expenditure of recent years. On the walls of the parlours hang a few portraits, and three or four small paintings, which, on examination, are seen to be choice works of art. There is a handsome rosewood piano, and from the quantity of music in the canterbury, we infer, correctly, that the instrument is in frequent use. A man, past the age of fifty, sits in the parlour alone, with a newspaper in his hand; but some intruding thought has pressed aside the interest...
he was trying to feel in matters of public concern, and dreamily, with sad mouth and inverted gaze, he is considering a trouble nearer home. Look at him! How heavily care is weighing on him! You know it by the depression of his head, the painful curve of his lips, the lines that are written on his brow. There is no warmth nor roundness of muscle in his face, but an aspect of exhaustion. He looks like a man who has been in battle and lost the victory—weak, hurt, suffering, but not subdued in spirit, pausing in strength to renew the fight.

The door opens, and a child comes gliding in—a little girl, seven years old perhaps. She has large hazel eyes, in which rests a shadow of discontent, and the same shadow is on her rosy lips. The man arouses himself, and makes an effort to shake off the gloomy spirits that surround him—forces a smile to his face, and says, in tones wherein assumed cheerfulness struggles with an overmastering depression,

"What's the matter, dear? You look unhappy?"

He reaches out a hand, and the child comes to his side and leans against him. The discontented expression does not leave her face.

"Has anything gone wrong with my little pet?"

And the father kisses her lovingly. You can see that his heart is with the child.

"Tisn't like Christmas at all, papa!"

She flung the words out impatiently.

"Why not, dear?"

"Didn't get anything!" Her red lips are in a pout.

"Nothing at all! Isn't that a mistake?"

The father's voice was graver then when he last spoke; and the light that kindled in his face, as she entered, commenced dying out.

"Nothing but a hood that sister Mary knit for me, and the book you brought. Last Christmas there was a whole table full of things: toys and books, and such a splendid doll! Oh, dear! It isn't a bit like Christmas. Tom says so, too; and that everybody's been mean and stingy."

The father caught his breath to keep back a sob, drew the head of his little one against his bosom, and laid his face down among her chestnut curls. Not that he was weak, or as some would call it, a womanish man, quickly overcome by emotion. No, he was a strong, brave man; but he had deep feelings, and his heart, as we have said, was with this child, his youngest born. And, moreover, he was sitting in the shadow of a misfortune, the chill of which was already penetrating his home. He was one of those men who struggle, under all circumstances, to maintain a serene exterior. The sob was a betrayal, and he thrust back the feelings which had leaped to the surface with a quick, nervous impulse.

"Tom doesn't know what he's talking about," said the father, as soon as he felt sure of his voice. "He has a good home, and everything comfortable to eat and to wear, which is more than thousands of children have to-day. I'm sorry he's ungrateful."

"Am I ungrateful, papa?" The child lifted her head, and looked up with serious eyes into her father's face.

"You are discontented."

"Well, papa, you see it's Christmas, and I expected—oh, so much! I've been waiting for Christmas such a long, long time."

Another sob came fluttering into the father's throat. The little one's head was drawn down upon his bosom, and again his cheek lay among her glossy curls. It took him longer this time to gain entire self-possession.

"You have a good mother," said he, as soon as he could trust his voice. His lips were almost touching the ears of his child. But she did not respond.

"A pleasant home, and a father who loves his little pet, and tries to make her happy," was added, in a low, tender key.

The sweet mouth upturned for a kiss, showed that love was overmastering disappointment.

"Now, on this Christmas day, which don't seem like Christmas to my little girl, because she hasn't received a great many presents, there are hundreds and thousands of children, who, instead of having kind parents and a pleasant home, are neglected, ill-used, cold, and hungry. Think of it, my dear, and I am sure that thankfulness, instead of discontent, will fill your heart. You remember Ada Gaskill?"

"Yes, papa."

"And how her mother died, and her father went away thousands of miles? Last Christmas she had a mother. Now she is among strangers. It is far better with you, my darling! Thank God that you have a mother and a home."

The child looked up with pity in her eyes. She comprehended the case of Ada, and saw, in contrast, the blessedness of her own condition.

"Poor Ada," she murmured. "I'm so sorry!"

And then, but half cured of her disappointment, she slipped from her father's embracing arm and left the room. A lady, past middle-age, small of stature, and with a face on which care and sickness had left their signs, came in a little while afterward. A shade of troubled thought was in her eyes and about her lips; but it was not dark enough to observe the aspect of cheerfulness which, as plainly appeared, was its dominant expression. Her eyes were dark, tender, and firm. They gave the idea of a woman who could feel deeply and suffer bravely—in fact, had suffered and been strong. A tone of sadness was on her delicately-chiselled mouth—sadness, but not weakness. She was the wife and mother.

"I declare," she said, almost repeating the words of the little girl, "this doesn't seem at all like Christmas. I am really sorry for the children—they are so disappointed."

The brows of her husband, which had lifted as she came in, fell,
"Tom is indignant, as if he had suffered a wrong," she went on. "I had to talk with him very seriously. Poor Mary has been disillusioned; but her heart is beating again to a lighter measure, for I heard her singing to herself just now, though not so cheerily as usual. But these things are as morning clouds and early dew to children, and the discipline will not hurt them. It isn’t best for old or young either to get everything they desire. I only wish the trouble that rests on your mind, Harvey, was as causeless as that which dwells with our children;" and she laid her hand upon his head, and smoothed his hair with a gentle motion.

"There is no use in contending with the Inevitable," was answered, but not until the brave heart could make the voice steady. "This is a dark day for many thousands. We have fallen upon evil times. The old foundations, that seemed built on eternal rocks, are shaken. Fortunes, gathered by years of patient toil, are scattered to the winds. The hopes of a lifetime are destroyed. And still, for all this, my wife, God is in heaven, and He is wise and good. Out of all this, I doubt not, He will bring good to our people. As a nation, we shall be raised up higher and be stronger for the right. Those of us who feel the burden and bear the smart must accept the discipline as needed, and look forward to the day when a brighter sky will bend over us, as I believe it surely will. Let us not look regretfully upon what we have lost, but thankfully upon what we have still in possession. The life worth living is made up of outward things, of meats and drinks, of equipage and adornment. They who have most of these are not happiest. Indeed, few can possess them in any large degree without so dwelling in them as to lose nearly all ability to comprehend and enjoy those interior things from which alone comes the true delight of living."

"If you are able to meet our reverses in this spirit," returned the wife, "don’t fear for the rest of us. Mary and I have talked matters over two or three times. Dear child! she has her father’s brave heart and active mind. Already she is planning her work."

"Her work?" The father spoke in surprise. He had thought of no working hand but his own.

"Yes,"

"What can she do?"

"That which is possible with every well-educated young woman—teach."

"Teach what?"

"She is better skilled in music than in anything else. Her taste lies in that direction, you know."

"Teach!" The father bent his head, and sat very still for a long time. His pride was assailed. His Mary, around whom so many tender thoughts were always clustering, and for whom ambitious love had pictured another sphere of life—she become a teacher! No, no. He was not yet ready for this.

"It is not required." His voice had a decisive quality. "I am still able, I think, to maintain our home, though not as it is." And he glanced around the room. "We must find another and less expensive house. The rest of this will consume more than half our future income. It will go hard with Mary and Phoebe. I wish they were younger."

"Don’t fear for them, my husband. They are looking out our altered fortune steadily and bravely in the face. Their thought is more with their father than with themselves. The trial will strengthen them I am sure, and make of them better and truer women. If we can keep the dove of peace in our nest; if we can band ourselves together in love and duty, we may remain as happy a family as we have ever been. If our way has become more difficult, it will develop new strength—you know that. By the athlete, what is hard to weaker muscles is accomplished without an effort. If clouds have spread themselves over our sky, they cannot keep hope’s sunbeams from striking through in a hundred places."

"We shall have to look things squarely in the face, and that without delay," said the husband, after a little while. "The business, which I have spent nearly ten years of hard labour in building up, has been taken from me, just at a time when I thought it securely based; and in the scramble of a few selfishly-eager creditors to secure their own, no matter what interests might suffer, such heavy sacrifices have been made, that the ample assets handed over have failed to meet our liabilities by many thousands of dollars, and so a burden of debt remains, which to me is worst of all. My services are retained as manager of the business, which continues under a new ownership, and my salary is to be, as you know, twelve hundred dollars."

"Let us be thankful that it is no worse," was answered. "How many, many thousands there are who would feel themselves rich on such an income!"

"Our expenses have been more than twice that sum, annually. The rent alone is six hundred dollars."

"We cannot remain here," said the wife. "That question is settled. A house at one-half the cost must be taken; and this will enable us to reduce other expenses by a hundred or two dollars more. We can let one of our servants go, and not only save her wages but her board. Don’t let your mind be troubled in this direction. I will see that our reduced income is so dispensed that something remains over."

"Over!" A faint, incredulous smile played about the husband’s lips. "If it should be only a single dollar, that will appear in evidence that everything is right. I mean that no further embarrassment shall clog your way or trouble your spirits. The past is a burden enough; the future shall not lay a feather’s weight upon your shoulders if I can prevent it."

So spoke the brave, true wife; and she meant all she said—not speaking merely from a sudden
The Wrecked Household.

Chap. II.

On that same Christmas day, another man sat alone, in another and more elegantly furnished dwelling, in the same city. By his knitted brow and clouded face, it was plain that he also had troubled thoughts for companions. In his home the Christmas lights had not burned so cheerily as in former times, and there was disappointment and discontent in consequence. None but the smaller children had received any presents, and their gifts were few and insignificant.

The name of this man was Israel Dalton—that of the one introduced in the previous chapter, Harvey Baldwin.

Dalton was a merchant, keen, shrewd, and always on the alert. He belonged to that class who are not much troubled by humane weaknesses. People with whom he had transactions in business he regarded as agents or machines, by the use of which he was able to accomplish his ends. Rarely, if ever, were they thought of sympathetically—the power of sympathy was, in fact, almost entirely latent with Israel Dalton. When he made an obligation, he expected to meet it; and when another became indebted to him, he looked for payment to the uttermost farthing, not stopping to consider who might be oppressed or hurt in the use of means to attain his end. All he looked to was indemnification, and by the directest means.

We find Mr. Dalton in a troubled state of mind. Why? Had disaster reached him also? Were the foundations on which he had built crumbling? No, it was not so bad as that. The foundations were yet secure, and the pillars of his fortune standing firm. But the storm had beaten around him, and marred, to some extent, the symmetry of his costly edifice. There had been injury here, and destruction there. Mr. Dalton had suffered loss, and the fact clouded the serene atmosphere of his mind. And so, on this Christmas day, he withheld the accustomed gifts of love, and needlessly shadowed his home.

Among the unfortunate ones whose failures brought loss to Mr. Dalton was Harvey Baldwin, in the forced adjustment of whose affairs he was thrown entirely out. This made him angry. The fault was not in Mr. Baldwin. The hard grip of creditors, who had seized an advantage, was on him, and he could not control the disposition of his effects. The claim of Mr. Dalton was something less than five hundred dollars, and it was the anticipated loss of this, and a few other claims equally desperate, that changed his countenance, and made Christmas a day of shadows, instead of sunshine, for his home.

"I must see about this to-day," he said to himself, suddenly starting to his feet, with knitted, resolute brows. He could not wait until tomorrow. So, drawing on his overcoat, and tying a muffler about his neck, he took his hat and started out, taking his way down Walnut-street.

He walked rapidly, like a man whose mind was stimulated by an active purpose. In the neighbourhood of Washington-square he entered a house, passing from the hall into an office.

"Ah, Mr. Drake!" said he, in a tone of relief, "I'm glad to find you in. Excuse me for calling on business to-day, but matters are on my mind that I wish to get off by consultation."

"All right, sir! All right!" And Mr. Drake, who was a lawyer, arose with a bustling, pleased air, and took the offered hand of Mr. Dalton.

"Sit down. Business first, always, without regard to days. What has happened? Any new trouble among our friends?"

"No; but I want to talk with you about Baldwin's case. I don't wish to lose that money."

The lawyer shut his lips tightly, closed his brow with a look which was all attention, drew down his eyelids, and nodded his head twice.

"Is there no way to get our hands on any property in the business?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Dalton. A sheriff's sale has passed it entirely beyond our reach."

"A swindling transaction!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton. At which remark, the lawyer only shrugged his shoulders and grimaced.

"But this is neither here nor there," added the merchant; "and nothing is acquired by calling hard names. You have obtained judgment?"

"Yes, and that will lie against him for twenty years."

"And produce nothing in the end. I never heard of much good coming from an old judgment. We must find something to execute now. Put yourself to the work in earnest. You are keen as a razor, and quick as a steel trap. The claim is nearly five hundred dollars. Get it, and halve it. That's the word. I'll spend a moiety in order to recover the debt."

The lawyer's keen eyes looked steadily, for some moments, into those of his client.

"You'll leave all with me?" he queried.

"Certainly!"

There was no reservation in this assent.

"To execute any property I can find?"

"Certainly."

"Where does Baldwin live?" As the lawyer said this, he coolly opened a directory and began turning the leaves. "At 1,018——street," he added, making a pencilled memorandum on a slip of paper.

"Something may be found. Men who are thrown overboard in stormy times like these, clutch at whatever happens to lie within their reach. No doubt he has saved something."

"Be it your work to find out," said Dalton, slowly, and with emphasis.

"I will make it my work," answered Drake, a gleam of satisfaction warming over his face;
Mr. Hartley; it is his hour.

She referred to her music-teacher. A few moments elapsed, and a man of medium stature, whose age might be forty, came in, bowing and smiling. His face was kind and intelligent; and the manner of his entrance and reception showed him to be on pleasant terms with the family, and regarded more as a friend than a mere professional visitor.

Mrs. Baldwin and Phoebe, after a brief conversation, were about retiring, when the servant who had admitted Mr. Hartley pushed open the parlour door, and, with a face that showed a degree of alarm, beckoned silently.

"What's the matter, Ann?" asked Mrs. Baldwin, as she passed through the door, and closed it after her.

"Two men are in the vestibule, and I don't know what they want," whispered the girl.

"They're rough-looking, and act strangely." Mrs. Baldwin immediately passed around into the hall, and went to the upper end, where two men, not over twenty-five years of age, but evidently of the "baser sort," were standing. They did not bow, but stared at her with an assured and insolent manner, that, while it chilled her heart with a vague apprehension, made it throb under the pressure of indignant feelings.

"What is your business?" she asked, with as much composure as she could assume. At this, one of them drew a paper from his pocket, and opening it, read, in a loud voice, that went ringing along the passages and up the staircases:

"Take notice, that by virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued at the instance of Israel Dalles against Harvey Baldwin, I now levy upon all the personal property of the said Harvey Baldwin contained in these premises; and nothing is to be removed therefrom without an order from the sheriff."

A death-like pallor overspread the face of Mrs. Baldwin, and she staggered back against the wall, and leaned on it for support. The two men passed her in an easy, insolent way, and one of them threw open the parlour door with a sweep of his hand that sent it banging against the wall. Their loud voices had already penetrated and startled Mary and Phoebe, who turned upon the men, as they came stalking in, a pair of frightened countenances.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Hartley, flushed with instant indignation at an outrage the meaning of which he clearly understood, having heard, distinctly, the formal announcement of a sheriff's levy, made with such an uncalled-for and indecent parade.

One of the men lifted the writ, which he still held open in his hand, and fluttering it before the music-teacher's eyes, answered with a sneer on his lip and a threat in his tone, "That is no business of yours, sir. Stand aside if you know when you are well off."

Mrs. Baldwin, recovered from the sudden weakness that almost paralyzed her for a few moments, now came forward into the room, and
laying a hand on Mr. Hartley, said, with firmness, "Don't interfere: they are sheriff's officers." Then speaking to Mary and Phoebe, she added, "Go up stairs, girls; Mr. Hartley will remain with me."

Mary, pale as ashes, and Phoebe, white and shivering like an aspen, passed from the room, the eyes of one of the officers, who had coolly and insolently planted himself in a large easy chair, following them with a fixed, snake-like glare.

The music-teacher was so outraged by the manner of these men, who showed a disposition to annoy and afflict in every possible way, that he was only restrained from language which might have resulted in his arrest for interference with a legal service, by the calmness of Mrs. Baldwin, and her instant repression of any reaction on his part.

After making an inventory of what was in the parlour, the officers departed. During the ten minutes that were occupied in this, their conduct was rude, nonchalent, and coarse in the extreme.

"You will see that nothing is removed, madam," was the parting injunction, made in that tone of vulgar authority which only the cowardly and base can assume.

"I am sorry to have witnessed this painful scene," was the kind remark of the music-teacher, as he took the hand of Mrs. Baldwin, his coldness almost chilled him. "Be assured, madam, that no word in reference to it shall pass my lips.

Mrs. Baldwin had sunk, weak as a child, upon a sofa. Tears fell from her eyes, and her frame quivered. She did not answer—she could not.

"It was a shameless outrage!" said the teacher, with honest indignation. "I could not have believed that there were men among us of such brutal instincts. How can our sheriff appoint fellows like these to an office that touches the citizens in so vital a manner? He shall at least know of their conduct."

A white face now looked in at the door—it was the face of Mary. "Oh, mother! dear mother!" she exclaimed, springing across the room. Taking a place on the sofa, she put an arm around her mother's neck, and drew her head against her own bosom. Tears fell over her cheeks, and dropped upon her hands.

"Such an outrage!" murmured Mr. Hartley, in impotent indignation, as he began tramping the parlour floor with quick, nervous steps.

"And at the suit of Israel Dalton! I am amazed!" He spoke now to himself. "Israel Dalton oppress an unfortunate man, in times like these, after this fashion! To invade a home, and outrage its sanctuary! Oh! it chills my blood! His heart must be iron. The work of Israel Dalton! I shall not forget this—no, no, no!" Then, stopping before Mrs. Baldwin and Mary, he said, kindly, "Don't take this unhappy circumstance too deeply to heart, my friends. They cannot hurt you much beyond this. It is painful, I know; but we must all have trouble of one kind or another—and there are worse troubles than this a thousand fold. You have your children left, dear madam, and they are good children; and Mary, child, you have a father and mother still, for which thank God. I—"—his voice shook a little—"I have motherless children. If the mother could have been spared, the sheriff might have come in welcome. So, thank God, my friends, that it is no worse, and take courage. You know what the poet says—"

"To bear is to conquer our fate!"

"So conquer yours, and the sun which now only hides itself under a few black clouds, will surely come out again, and shine down upon you from a serene sky."

Mrs. Baldwin disengaged herself from Mary's arm, and, rising, her face still pale, and her eyes wet, gave Mr. Hartley her hand.

"Thank you," she said, trying to smile; "you speak kindly, and in the words of a true friend. Experiences like this are bitter enough in themselves, without being made more so by a cowardly outrage from base fellows in office. But the smart is over, and your true words recall me to myself. Yes, I am thankful that it is no worse. May God give patient submission to whatever comes."

"He will, I am sure," was the answer: then adding, as he looked towards Mary, who sat with her eyes upon the floor, "there will be no lesson to-day, of course; shall I give you one the day after to-morrow?"

Mary tried to answer, but her heart trembled on her lips, and there was no articulate sound.

"Say in a week." It was Mrs. Baldwin who spoke. "Or better wait until you receive a note from us. As things now are, all our future is under a cloud. Mary will have to give up her lesson at the close of the present quarter. That has already been determined upon."

"Oh, no! no!" (The teacher shook his head). "She must not give up now."

"All lies dark in our future, Mr. Hartley," replied Mrs. Baldwin, "and we must submit to whatever occurs with Christian patience. If true to ourselves and duty, no matter what the events that come, we shall be able, I trust, to possess our souls in peace."

Mr. Hartley then retired.

"Where is Phoebe?" was the mother's inquiry as soon as the teacher had departed.

"In your room, lying across the bed: she had something like a spasm after we got upstairs."

Mrs. Baldwin hurried from the parlour and went to her chamber: she found Phoebe still on the bed where she had thrown herself, her face deep down and hidden in a pillow.

"Daughter!" Mrs. Baldwin spoke in a calm, loving voice as she laid a hand on Phoebe's arm. But there was neither motion nor answer. "Phoebe!" The mother drew an arm under the neck of Phoebe, and raised her head so that she could look into her face.
"Oh, my child!" fell from her lips in a tone of anguish the moment her eyes caught its hue and expression. "Phebe, darling, speak! Don't you hear mother?"

But her senses were locked. No sound penetrated to the region of consciousness.

"Water! quickly!"

Mrs. Baldwin glanced in a wild manner towards Mary, who ran instantly for cold water, which was dashed into Phebe's face, but without bringing signs of returning animation.

"Send Ann for the doctor!" cried Mrs. Baldwin, her face still white with terror." Tell her to run all the way, and then to go for Mr. Baldwin."

The girl started off instantly, for she was just at the chamber-door, and heard the order. Soon after her departure Phebe began to show indications of reviving life, and when the doctor came was fully restored to consciousness, but quite ill from the shock which she had received.

The cause of this shock the physician in vain sought to learn; and his perplexity was increased by the unsatisfactory manner in which Mrs. Baldwin replied to the eager inquiries of her husband, who arrived while he was still in the house. There had been a sudden and violent disturbance of some kind; but no hint of its real nature was given in his presence, and he could only prescribe according to the indicating symptoms, without any ability to go behind them.

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CHAP. IV.

When Mr. Baldwin received information of the sheriff's levy, and the way in which it had been made, the glow of indignation excited thereby quickly gave place to a helpless, mortified state of mind, out of which he was not able to arouse himself for two or three days. He had not anticipated an invasion of his home like this, and least of all from the quarter through which it came. With Dalton he had transacted business for a number of years, and had always considered him a man of more honour and humanity than to follow an unfortunate debtor ruthlessly to his fireside. There was, he knew, a baser sort of men, who would sell a bed from under the sick wife or child of a debtor in order to get their own out of the utmost farthing; but his transactions had all been with, as he supposed, a higher class. How bitterly had the issue disappointed him!

What could he do? Nothing. By the action of a wisely-ordained homestead law of his State, three hundred dollars'-worth of household goods were exempt from execution: but little, if anything, beyond the parlour furniture could, therefore, be taken and sold, as, under the usual system of appraisement, all else was covered by the statute. But the piano, through means of which Mary had designed helping her parents, could not be retained: that article was too prominent and too valuable to escape. It must go, and it did go, with a sofa, four or five pictures, a hand-

some centre-table, and a set of parlour-chairs.

The sale, by consent of the sheriff, took place at an auction-room, to which he was removed, in order to save the exposure and humiliation of a bell ringing, and a company at the house. The sum realized covered fully the claim of Mr. Dalton, with expenses. On the day after the sale this gentleman received a note from his lawyer, asking him to call. "Here you found anything to attach?" was his query on meeting Drake, for his thoughts turned naturally to the business he had given into his hands.

"Yes, sir," the lawyer answered, with a smiling assurance of manner.

"Ha! worth anything?"

"Worth our claim."

"Indeed! that's clever. Can you realise at once?"

"There's a cheque for your share. I have realized."

And Drake, who had opened a drawer as he spoke, now pushed a cheque across the table at which he had seated himself.

"What!"—a broad smile of pleasure was breaking over the face of Mr. Dalton: he lifted the cheque and examined the face, reading aloud, "Two hundred and forty-one dollars eighty-three cents!" Then added, "So much saved! Well, Drake, you are a sharp one: but what did you find?"

"Ask no questions," said the lawyer, in a jocose manner. "I'm used to the ways of these failing gentlemen, and generally know where to find them—a part of my trade, you know. It isn't often that they go out empty-handed."

"I tried to think better of Baldwin," replied the merchant, "but he did not show, in my estimation, a fair record, and this confirms my suspicion. So he has taken care of himself?"

The lawyer said neither yes nor nay, but shrugged his flexible shoulders and arched his compliant eyebrows. Mr. Dalton understood the worst as to Mr. Baldwin, because that estimate was more agreeable to his feelings; it was so pleasant to him, this seeing of evil in others. "If you have any more claims that you think desperate," said Drake, "bring them along."

"I don't know but I have one or two hard cases, that are given up as hopeless," replied Mr. Dalton. "I'll look them up."

"Do, and if the money is to be had I'll bring it?"

"I would like to know," said the merchant, as he rose to depart, "how you managed to bring our friend Baldwin up to the ring in such quick-time?"

"Every man to his trade. Can't give up the secrets of my craft," answered Drake, with smiling evasion. "You've secured half your claim, and so be content. That's the main point."

"True enough. With my money safe in my pocket, I can afford to leave the method by which it was obtained as your secret, though if I thought the game worth pursuing I could easily find it."
And passing from the lawyer’s office, Mr. Dalton, feeling considerably elated in mind at having received one-half of this desperate claim, took the way back to his store.

Turning into Market-street from Seventh, and looking up, he saw only a few paces distant the face of Harvey Baldwin. It was changed, and paler than when he last saw it—not a week before. Their eyes met as they approached. Dalton tried to smile, and gave a constrained nod; Mr. Baldwin only looked at him steadily, and without the slightest movement of countenance or any sign of recognition. But it was long afterward ere he could shake away from his inward sight the cold, stern, rebuking indignation and contempt of the eyes that looked so fixedly into his.

“Of course, he’s my enemy for life!” was the consoling remark of Mr. Dalton, as he passed on. He did not feel so comfortably, nor think with quite so much satisfaction of the change in his pocket. There was something in the look which had been in his countenance which disturbed his serenity. What its meaning was, he could not determine; but it haunted him perpetually, like a mystery that ever suggests some dark unpleasant truth beyond. If Mr. Baldwin had stopped, and berated him soundly; if he expressed, by look or gesture, an overflowing anger; had shown the strong indignation of a man failed in a scheme for defrauding a creditor—Dalton would have felt comparatively easy in mind, for he would have understood the sentiment expressed; but the manner of his debtor had disconcerted him. There was more behind his cold face and stern eyes than he could fathom.

The days and weeks rolled on, and as Mr. Baldwin had charge of the business which had passed from his hands as a proprietor, he came, of necessity, frequently in the way of Dalton, whom he never recognized as a former acquaintance, only treating him, when business brought them in contact, with formal politeness, yet as a stranger. Several times Mr. Dalton, who had not failed to notice a depressed air of suffering about Mr. Baldwin, endeavoured to approach nearer; but the band which held him at a distance was strong as iron. He might come so far, but no further.

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CHAP. V.

Phoebe Baldwin was of a nervous, delicate organization. Sickly as a child, she had been cared for and guarded with tenderest solicitude; and as the years bore her onward, this solicitude, deepened by a warmer and intenser love, made her the centre towards which all hearts moved in the home of her father. She had become as the apple of his eye to Mr. Baldwin. In advancing toward womanhood, the trembling balance of health began to indicate the right preponderance. A warmer tinge gave beauty to her fair cheeks, soft and pure as an infant’s; light burnet in her dark blue eyes, out of which the soul began making new revelations of itself, only half understood, but significant of thought and feeling. The difference between sixteen and eighteen was so remarkable that few would have recognized in the blossoming young woman of to-day the sickly, shrinking girl of two years previous.

Mind was awakening. Phoebe had loved books, and laid up therefrom rich treasures in her memory; and now thought was busy among these treasures, taking therefrom sweet fancies that often lay like honey on her lips. It was the intelligent soul within which was giving such a new and peculiar beauty to her countenance.

If Mr. Baldwin had stood alone with his wife, misfortune would not have proved half so bitter. It was because the blight fell upon Mary and Phoebe, just entering upon their woman’s lives, that he felt so keenly the shock. He was very proud of these daughters, and this pride had already created positions and relations for them in the world that must be thought of no more—airy castles, swept into nothingness by a sudden storm-blast.

All this was painful enough; but to have his home invaded with ruffianly violence, and that dear child, for whom his heart was always burdened with tender solicitude, shocked to the temporary suspension of life, was more than he could bear, and maintain a front of calm endurance. He had not dreamed of being made a victim to that tiger-thirst for blood, which is never assuaged but with the last drop.

But a sadder thing was to follow—a trouble more profound—a grief for which time alone, aided by religious consolations, possessed a balm. Phoebe recovered only partially from the shock of that sudden, and, to her, mysterious and alarming intrusion upon the sanctity of their home. Before she had time to think and thus comprehend the exact meaning of what was taking place, terror overpowered her and she sunk. The immediate result was the development of a latent heart-disease, for which, unhappily, there was no cure. The bloom which had stolen so softly and almost imperceptibly into her cheeks died out, as we see it die on the frost-touched flower-leaf. The sweet beauty of her budding mouth faded to a cold pallor; her eyes were shorn, except at hectic intervals, of their lustre. Two or three days of intense anxiety passed, during the most of which time Phoebe remained in a depressed condition of body and mind, keeping her bed for the greater part of every day. Dr. Marvin, the family physician, questioned and looked gravely at each visit.

“This is growing serious,” said Mr. Baldwin, as he took the doctor aside, on the third day.

“I expected to see her rally and come back to her former state of health. But, if I do not mistake, she is growing worse. What does it all mean?”

“You have not been frank with me,” replied the doctor, “and so I am, to a certain extent, groping in the dark. If I understood the whole
case I might be able to treat it more intelligently. I wish you could feel it right to speak without reserve. Has there been any disappointment? Any matter of the heart?"

"Oh, no, doctor; nothing of the kind," answered Mr. Baldwin.

"What then?"

Mr. Baldwin's eyes dropped away from those of the physician. He was a proud, sensitive man, and this seizure of his furniture on a sheriff's writ was felt so humiliating, that he could not bear to speak of it. But fear for his child at last set feeling aside.

"I have been unfortunate in business, as you are aware," he said.

"Unhappily, in these times, thousands are touched by a like misfortune," answered Doctor Marvin.

"Standing alone, I could have met all bravely enough, I think; but its effect on my family is what reaches to the heart's core," said Mr. Baldwin.

The doctor did not respond. There were a few moments of silence, when Mr. Baldwin, forcing himself to more plainness of speech, said:

"In my case, the arrow has gone deeper than usual. It is not sufficient that I surrendered everything appertaining to business or general property. One creditor, more eager and less humane than the rest—a man who is able to stand unmoved in this fearful storm—has pursued me even to my home, and my furniture is even in the sheriff's hands, to be sold in a few days."

"Is that indeed so?" A painful expression came into the doctor's face.

"It is even so; and the brutal manner in which that levy was made produced consequences we now so much deplore. Phebe happened to be in the parlour with her mother when the sheriff's officers arrived; and it was their outrageous conduct in making the levy that brought on the attack of illness which now threatens such serious results. A nervous chill followed the fright, and then she fainted. This, sir, is the whole story."

"At whose instance was the levy made?" asked the doctor, sternly, and in almost a demanding voice. "Do I know him?"

"Yes."

"Just give me his name."

"The matter is one of so unpleasant a character that I would rather let it rest where it is," replied Mr. Baldwin. "I do not care to have it generally known that the sheriff has been in my house."

"No discredit to you, my friend, but a world of shame to the man who, without need, and for the little our laws would permit him to remove, has invaded your house. He is a merchant?"

"Yes."

"And standing unharmed in this fearful time?"

"Yes, unharmed. And has a houseful of children, as I have; and daughters just on the verge of womanhood, like mine! Ah, sir! I cannot understand it. If he had been poor and in distress; if his home had been in danger; if I had been living luxuriously compared with what he could afford, the question would have stood differently. But even then, a humane man would have hesitated before sending out a sheriff's writ. He would have looked well to what would follow, stipulating that no ruffian should be made the agent of a service always painful, and never to be executed without considerable kindness. There is no excuse for the manner in which my honour was outraged; and I hold him responsible for the work of his tools,"

"As he is responsible. But who is the man, Mr. Baldwin? I will not bruise the matter to your apprehended humiliation. I wish to know him."

"Israel Dalton."

"What?"

"Israel Dalton was the man."

Doctor Marvin bent his head and sat with a shaded countenance for some time.

"I am taken by surprise," he said, looking up at length, and drawing a heavy breath. "Are you sure?"

Mr. Baldwin drew the writ from his pocket and handed it to the doctor. The names were all there in full. The doctor read this paper over twice, and then reaching it back, said—"Too true—too true!"

The intelligence affected him in a way that caused Mr. Baldwin some surprise.

"I would rather," he remarked, "have nothing said about this unpleasant affair, as well for the sake of Mr. Dalton's family as my own. He has daughters just coming into society, and I would not have it known that their father possesses so mean a soul. It would hurt them in the estimation of some, who believe that children inherit the qualities of their parents."

"And do they not?" asked the doctor.

"I think so."

"I know so," was the emphatic response.

"And so, should not the parents' acts stand forth to give indices in regard to what is in the children, hereditarily? Would you feel easy in mind if your son were about to marry Kate Dalton?"

"I have only seen her a few times, and never in a way to form a true idea of her character," replied Mr. Baldwin.

"But I mean, apart from any question of personal observation," said the doctor, "and simply considering her as the child of such a man as Israel Dalton, who has, in this set of oppression towards you, manifested a degree of avaricious cruelty that is shocking. Now, hereditary evil qualities, acting as life forces, do not always express themselves in precise ancestral forms, but show infinite modifications—still, the impulse being evil, the action is evil also. The child of a man such as Dalton has shown himself to be, must have latent or already active in her mind some form of selfish disregard for
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others, which, if stimulated by opposition or desire, will not pause even at cruelty."

"I am afraid," remarked Mr. Baldwin, "that foregone conclusions of this kind, resting on mere philosophic basis, if personally applied, would often involve the deepest wrong. We know that hereditary qualities are broken and modified by the mother's disposition; and that bad men have been the fathers of good children."

"Exceptional cases occur in everything; but the law is that like produces like," said the doctor; "and rest assured, sir, that all men will find it safer to go by the rule than by the exception."

Mr. Baldwin did not answer, and the doctor sat for a little while lost in thought. He was brought back to the present and the actual by a question as to the sick girl's true condition. A shadow of concern passed over his face.

"That shock was most unfortunate," he remarked, looking up from the floor, and then letting his eyes fall again.

"What is the meaning of her present strange condition? Where lies the seat of disease?" asked Mr. Baldwin. "Is it the old trouble?"

"I'm afraid so," The doctor's face was sober.

"About the heart?" Mr. Baldwin spoke a little huskily.

"The old trouble seems to be there, though lacking of clearly-defined symptoms always left me something in doubt. It may be in the heart."

"I thought she had completely outgrown that disease, whatever its nature."

"I was sure of it," replied the doctor. "But this unfortunate occurrence has pushed us all to sea again. We must hope for the best, however. A few days may show us the beginning of an healthy reaction, I feel certain."

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CHAP. VI.

But in this the doctor's hopes were not realized. No healthy reaction appeared, but, instead, a gradual increase of symptoms that gave him the deepest concern. Evidently, there was organic derangement of the heart, and of a character to foreshadow a fatal result, and that at far distant period.

To have permitted a sheriff's sale at the house of Mr. Baldwin, under this aspect of the case, would have been to invite the most fatal consequences to Phoebe. It must therefore be prevented, and the articles upon which the levy was made taken to another place for sale. To this, the deputy in charge of the business demurred; but Drake, the lawyer, upon whom Mr. Baldwin next called, ordered the removal as desired; and it was effected with as little excitement as possible.

A few weeks later, and the family were able to complete arrangements for retiring to a smaller house, in another and far less pleasant neighbourhood. By this time Phoebe had grown so weak that she had to be supported from her room, not sufficient strength remaining to bear, unassisted, the weight of her own body. It was a sad removal—sad especially for two causes most keenly potent to afflict—the illness of Phoebe, and the deep impression of Mary, arising from the loss of her instrument, by means of which she had hoped to aid in supporting the family. With loving interest her heart had gone forth towards this work, from the moment of its suggestion, and she had begun to feel strong and hopeful when the iron hand of Israel Dalton thrust itself in, and wrenched away the only means by which she could have power to help her father in his weakness and misfortune. The pain of this thing went down to the quick, and after the keen suffering was over, her heart ached on heavily, night and day. Her first shock in the great life-battle had stunned and bewildered her.

Very dark and thick was the cloud that rested over the home of Mr. Harvey Baldwin, and the lightning flashes that skimmed threateningly sent new fear to the hearts of its inmates. Phoebe grew paler and weaker day by day, and Mary was in tears half of her time.

A cloud as yet no bigger than a man's hand, and scarcely discernible in the bright cerulean, was in the sky of another home. Our deeds have consequences for ourselves as well as for others. Wrong acts cut, like two-edged swords, both ways. Every blow has its rebound, and human blows reach the giver as surely as the receiver. It was not possible for an outrage like that which had followed the blind eagerness of Mr. Dalton, in his efforts to secure a claim, to fail of reactive consequences. The reader has seen a foreshadowing of this in the remark of Dr. Marvin, which went past him to his children, and threatened to hurt him in the tenderest place.

The doctor had a nephew named Mark Sedden, a young man of high moral worth and superior talent, to whom he was warmly attached. He was the only son of a dead sister, inheriting a fine property, and had been educated under the doctor's careful supervision. An early fondness for science had determined him to study at one of the medical colleges; and following the bent of his genius, he gave a leading attention to chemistry and its various appliances. So high was his reputation at the time of which we write, that young Sedden was looked to as the early incumbent of the chair of chemistry in one of the leading medical schools.

Two or three times Dr. Marvin had observed Mark, or Dr. Sedden—giving him his professional title—walking in the street with Kate Dalton. He had not thought much about it in any way; but when Mr. Baldwin told him of the cause which had produced such unhappy consequences, it flashed over his mind that there might be something more serious than a simple acquaintance; so taking a good opportunity, when they were entirely alone, and not likely to
be interrupted, he made this remark, by way of leading to what was beyond in his thoughts.

"There is a vast amount of distress in the city."

"So I hear—particularly among workmen, in consequence of the stoppage of manufactories."

"And with mercantile classes also, said Doctor Marvin. "Hundreds of men in this city, a year ago considered their position safe in almost any contingency, are now standing amid the wreck of their fortunes. I pity such persons from my heart. Men who have homes full of children—daughters on the verge of womanhood—on whom not even the summer breezes have been permitted to fall too roughly. My professional calls enable me to see much that lies out of the reach of common observation."

The iron of misfortune hurts, indeed, when it enters here," replied the young man.

"You may well say that," answered Doctor Marvin. "There is a vast difference between the suffering of a poor mechanic, whose supply of bread is lessened—rarely if ever cut off in this country—during a few months, and that of a man thrust suddenly down from hard-earned influence."

"Yes, the difference is very great. The poor mechanic is scarcely conscious of a change. There is some anxiety, perhaps some harder work in a new field of labour, some self-denial, rarely a lack of food. But to the man who has surrounded himself and family with luxuries and elegance, and let his mind rest in them as needful to the sustenance of his life, misfortune comes with stinging force. I see the difference; it is great; and the suffering of one relation not to be compared with that of the other."

"If people in the same social grade would have mercy upon each other," said Doctor Marvin—"if it was not so often the old story of the stricken deer hunted down by his fellows, the suffering might be less. But even the very last grain of his substance must be given up by the unfortunate one who has fallen by the way, and that, too, often simply to increase the substance of those who have enough and to spare. The poor debtor must be stripped of even his garments, and left to die on the roadside. No sympathy, no kindness, no mercy. Men are very hard and very cruel, Mark."

"The doctor spoke bitterly.

"All are not so ruthless, uncle," said the young man.

"No, not all, thank heaven! There are men with gentle pity in their hearts, men whose lives in the world have not utterly blinded and hardened them. But we are not sure of their quality until the trial-opportunity is at hand. I have seen some things, Mark, since these troubles began, that make me feel strongly—acts of cruelty and oppression, the consequences of which chill my blood. I have seen the track of the sheriff in homes where sweet peace has, until now, dwelt securely—the track of the sheriff—hounded on by men standing up securely in this desolating storm, who, with no mercy in their hearts, invade the households of the unfortunate, and wrest from them, in order to save a few hundred dollars, even the furniture they contain."

"Surely this cannot be!" said the young man.

"Surely it is!" answered Doctor Marvin.

"Let me relate an instance. You have not heard of Mary and Phoebe Baldwin?"

"Often, and they are charming girls; but their home has not been invaded as you imagine?"

"Yes. Mr. Baldwin has been unfortunate; the storm was too heavy for his vessel, and drove him under."

"I am pained to hear it."

"You will be more pained when you hear all. Phoebe was delicate from a child. There was what all the symptoms indicated, organic trouble about the heart. Up to the age of fifteen she never had a day of sound health; but after that time a change took place, and the life-forces acted more surely. Gradually she overcame the depressing influences from which she had suffered from the beginning, until I felt assured all functional derangement was overcome. Also, Mark, in a moment of time all the gradual work of these restorings years was destroyed, and now she is stepping feebly down the pathway that losses itself in the valley of death!"

"The kind old man's voice wavered.

"You shook me, uncle," said the nephew."

"It is too true: and now hear as to the cause. Mr. Baldwin has been unfortunate, as I have said; ten or twelve years of incessant toil were spent in building up a moderate fortune; but all went, and he found himself at fifty-three poorer than when he began life at twenty-one. But how different his relation in life! Then he stood alone, young, brave, hopeful, and strong; now children gather round him—daughters on the verge of womanhood—and he is ensnared by being overtasked. Never again can he enter into business at the old advantage. He has fallen, but not to rise again. This is sad, very sad! Such a man's case touches our pity."

"Indeed it does."

"The young man's interest was strongly excited. He spoke sympathetically.

"But he received no pity. It was not enough that every kind of business property, with debts and securities, were given up. One man, more eager than the rest—a harpy I call him—seized upon his furniture, and sold all the law permitted him to take—and that man is rich!"

"Can it be possible?"

"Yes; and it was the shock occasioned by a sheriff's levy, made with circumstances of un-called-for brutality, that threw the balance of life against Phoebe. She happened to be in the parlour when two officers entered, in a rude, imperative manner, and gave her such a fright that the old trouble came back, and she will never, I fear, pass from her home again until..."
Our Paris Correspondent.

My Dear C.,

The sensation produced by the Emperor’s letter the other day to the Minister of Foreign Affairs has not yet subsided, and, according to our different aspirations, we triumph or deplore; for we all feel certain that his Majesty’s intentions are for war, in spite of his calm language, and hopes that the Germans will arrange matters without our interference. But how can they, if the least advantage gained on either side will make us consider the equilibrium of Europe destroyed, the casus belli, Napoleon declares, for France? It seems that all the proposed visits of the Imperial family are postponed, and the Court remains in Paris, in spite of the heat of June, which for a few days was intense; and, although the papers are continually announcing the day for their Majesties’ departure, they are still at the Tuileries, visiting the race-courses, and beguiling the time as well as they can amongst us poor mortals, who have no shady groves to entice us out of the burning city, but are obliged to remain here. Amongst other diversions, last week their Majesties honoured with their presence the christening of a new bell, at the church of Notre Dame de Plaisance. It was a very grand affair for the poor neighbourhood in which this church stands, being little habituated to the visits of royalty. His Majesty had given the bell—one taken at Sebastopol in 1855, and since then lodged at the Artillery Museum. The Empress and the Prince Imperial were godmother and godfather, and the Archbishop of Paris baptized the new-made Christian—an apostate, I imagine. The brazen object of the fétu (covered with lace) was placed in the middle of the church, hung with red velvet. On a table beneath the bell were the different instruments of Roman baptism—the holy water and the sprinkler, the napkins, the branches of box, the desk, the three silver gilt plates filled with salt, the small pieces of bread, the little cotton-pads, the ewer, and two vases for the holy oil, and the holy chriam. With these the Archbishop sprinkled and anointed the bell, accompanying it with the ritual prayers. The Imperial sponsors drew the gilded cord hanging to it, and made it sound. The drapés (sugar-plums) and branches of bay were distributed. The choristers sang the Salve regina, and his Majesty, after the pontifical blessing, gave the decoration of the Légion d’honneur to the venerable priest the Curé of Plaisance, and everybody appeared delighted with the performance—not so the man who, the other day at Passy, had his hat knocked off by a guard of Paris while the procession of the Fête Dieu passed. I knew such brutality happened in the streets sometimes in small country-places where these processions are not against the law; but here, in Paris, where the law expressly forbids a religious procession outside the churches, it is rather strange that a man should be obliged to take off his hat—a sign of respect—to what he may consider sheer idolatry. I wonder they do not try to force people down on their knees, as they used to do in the ceremony; and fancy a guard of Paris, above all people, animed with such zeal! “Mais, revenons à nos moutons.” Their Majesties, attended by three or four gentlemen and two ladies, started one day last week in a carriage and four to visit the celebrated inventor, Monsieur Baszin—he who so delighted the English people at Brest, during the naval fêtes last year, with his electric lights and his experiments for saving wrecked ships at the bottom of the sea. Monsieur Baszin’s establishment is in an outlandish place (extra marcas) they call Cayenne, with impossible roads to get to...
it. No one knew the way. One thought this
was the right road, the other thought that; and
at last the whole party came to a stand-still.
The outriders in front in vain tried to look wise;
they were nonplussed. Some of the safe
alighted to see where they were, while an out-
rider spurred on to reconnoitre. At last, after
numerous turnings and joltings, the Imperial
party arrived, and remained an hour-and-a-
half—after two hours on the road—examining
and admiring the marvellous "Observatoire
Basin," destined to sound the depths of the
ocean to find the wrecks there, and to photo-
graph them, so that their exact position may be
known, and that with the aid of powerful sub-
marine electric lanterns. A saving experiment
was also performed before their Majesties, on
a vessel at the bottom of a piece of water
for that purpose. While the Emperor and
Empress listened to the explanation of each
manoeuvre of the saving machine, the ship arose
gradually out of the water, and was hailed with
a thrill of admiration. After that the party ex-
amined a new kind of spinning machine, and the
Empress took the bobbin from the girl who was
spinning and worked the machine. Her Ma-
esty, as ever, was very gracious and amiable,
kissing Monsieur Bazin's two little children that
were there with their mother, and complimented
Madame Bazin on her husband's inventive
brilliancy, &c. &c. You may fancy the joy in
the house that night, and whether Madame Bazin
would not like to be able to put her Majesty's
kisses in a box and preserve them for ever!

By-the-bye, the young Prince Imperial, they
say, has just taken an odd fancy: he has ex-
pressed a desire to learn printing, and a printing
machine is ordered to be brought to the Palace
with all the requisites attending it. A young
man, the son of a printer at Montaubon (Mon-
sieur Forestier), is appointed to instruct the
young gentleman in the art. Louis the Six-
teenth learnt to make locks, and was very fond
of that occupation: there exists still in the dif-
frent palaces several specimens of the poor
king's productions.

It seems that all the fashions of the First Em-
prise are coming up again, not only in dress,
but others more annoying still than the ladies'
long trains. It was high fashion to hoax your
neighbour under Napoleon I., and some one
imagined a few days ago a very disagreeable
mystification had it succeeded. The director of
the grand opera had advertised a representation
of the "Prophète," with Monsieur and Madame
Guéymard. On the morning of the representa-
tion, the celebrated tenor and his wife received a
letter, imitating perfectly the writing and signa-
ture of the director, begging them not to trouble
themselves, as the "Prophète" could not be per-
formed that night, their presence at the opera-house
would be quite useless. They thought it a very strange thing—and, after won-
dering what could be the reason, without coming
to anything like a solution, Monsieur Guéymard
went to the director to ask him, and thus found
out the hoax, happily for Monsieur Perrin, who
trembles still at the danger he had run; for
fancy a full house and the two principal actors
absent! Under the first empiric things were
tolerated; but the police are trying to find out now the author of the letter, without the in-
tention of complimenting him on his wit. This
event has given occasion to our journalists to
relate anecdotes on a celebrated hoaxer under
Napoleon I., a Monsieur Musson, a portrait-
painter by profession, but who regularly dined
every day at some grand person's table, to amuse
the company by plaguing one of the guests, a
mystifying him. So great was this Musson's
renown that in the invitations issued, it was said:
"We shall have Musson," as they say now, in
the soirées: "We shall have Thérese," only the
pay differed. Musson only dined for the wit he
spent, poor man! and was penniless at home.
They rarely ever gave him a portrait to paint.
He would sometimes play the baby on the Boulevards, and, imitating a child's voice, step
anyone he thought look like a provincial, saying: "Take Baby home to Mamma! Baby has
lost Mamma!" The provincial thus ad-
dressed was assured by some one who knew
Musson that he was a harmless madman, and
that it would be a charity on the part of the
stranger to take him home to his parents. A
good-natured man, with nothing to do, would
easily be persuaded, and on his road Musson
would continue: "Baby wants" this, and
"Baby wants" that. I leave you to dis-
cover the wit in such foolery, yet it is said that the Emperor Napoleon I. laughed
tears when it was related to him, and de-
sired them to bring Musson to the Tuileries for
him to see—an honour of which Death
deprived the hoaxer, for, a few days after, a friend calling
on Musson, who was preparing to dine out, was
surprised to find him in low spirits. "I had
a disagreeable dream last night," said he: "I
thought a lady, thickly veiled, came to me, and
requested me to paint her portrait, which I im-
mediately consented to do. She arranged her
position as if for a sitting, but without removing
her veil. "Madam," I said, "you must raise
your veil, or how can I portray your features?"
"True," she answered, and immediately threw
it aside, when what did I see but a Death's
head before me! Is it not a good hoax?" said a
hissing voice. "Decidedly I think I will not
go out to-night." The friend tried to rally him,
laughed at him, and succeeded in persuading
him to finish dressing and to go. That same
night, on his return, Musson was killed, on
entering the yard of his hotel, by a carriage ar-
iving at full speed.

The lightning fell the other day, at Peyroux,
and killed a young girl who persisted in taking
shelter under a tree, in spite of her mother,
who was with her, and who also received such
a violent concussion that it is feared she has
lost her senses. The young girl had only a very
slight wound on the head, a large hole burst in
one of her stockings, and one of her garments
was torn off and rent into a thousand pieces.
Though in the place it occupied there was not
the least hurt. A few minutes after death she became violet all over.

The papers announce the death of our distinguished dramatic author, Méry. He had been suffering for a long while from cancer, which has at length killed him, and has thus deprived Paris of one of her wittiest and most amusing children. L’Événement relates one of his numerous anecdotes: "One day," says Méry, "I arrived, out of breath, at a house in the Faubourg St. Honoré; I was invited to dinner, for six o’clock, and it was past seven. I ran upstairs, thinking of nothing but the furious, hungry faces I was going to meet for having kept them waiting an hour. I rang the bell; the door opened, and from the ante-chamber I saw the dining-room lighted-up and heard the knives and forks at work. "So much the better; thought I, ‘let us save our position bravely, and with a trait prove to them my haste to join them!’ So, with hat on my head and great-coat on my back, I jumped a-horseback on my cane, and made a sudden irruption into the room, which I began to ride round, crying out ‘Come up! come up, sir!’ with all the petulance of a horseman of eight years old. With galloping round the table, I glanced at the guests’ faces, and was surprised not to know one of them. I arrived near the master of the house—he was unknown to me also, and was opening his eyes at me with astonishment. Fatality! it was neither my Amphitryon nor his guests: I had entered the wrong house, or rather the wrong storey. I had not gone all the way round, but I saw no other way to get out of the predicament than to achieve it; so I continued galloping until I got to the door, where I suddenly turned, crossed the ante-chamber, and got on the stairs again, always in the same position, thinking it was better to pass for a madman than to be obliged to look silly in confessing my error.

We had had Madame Ristori again; she is, they say, on the eve of starting for America.

At the last soirées given by the Duchesse de Tavcher, she recited a scene in "Maria Stuart," and has performed twice at the Théâtre-Lyrique; but decidedly her sun is set in Paris: enthusiasm has flagged.

A gentleman at Dijon advocates the extinction of the canine race, and has written a brochure on the subject, which he sent to Marshal Vaillant: the marshal has answered him in a witty letter, in which he names the high deeds of so many noble animals, that if all the rest of the race were bad, it deserves to be saved for their sakes. Whatever could make such an idea come into the head of the wise gentleman at Dijon!

There still lives at Lorient an old man named Richard, the son of poor Marie-Antoinette’s jailer at the Conciergerie. His mother did all she could to soften the sufferings of the unfortunate Queen, and one day she brought her youngest son, a fair-haired child, about the age of the little Dauphin, to see her Majesty: Marie-Antoinette took him in her arms, pressed him to her heart, and burst into tears at the thought of her darling boy, far from her, at the mercy of the infamous Simon. This child is the old man, Chevalier de la Legion d’honneur, now living at Lorient, who has recalled, in a letter to the Union, the fact, with just pride and veneration of the memory of the martyred Queen.

Another on dit worthy of remark: A priest belonging to the cathedral of Sens has just published a book, with the permission of his bishop, called "rapports merveilleux de Madame Cantianille B— avec le monde sur-naturel" (Marvellous intercourse of Madame C. B. with the Supernatural World). Both he and the lady swear to the truth of what he writes. Amongst other things, Madame C. B. relates how in 1840, while in a convent, she became President of a society of spirits—and had one too, as their employment was to hate God. And now adieu, with kind regards,

S.A.

MEMS OF THE MONTH.

Though "Your Bohemian" was unable to attend the Henley Regatta, he was ably represented there, and his deputy enables him to send in the following vivid account thereof. The weather was charming, especially the second day, which was the finest we have had this season, and there could hardly ever have been so many people assembled at Henley before. The bridge was crammed with carriages, and the lawn in front of the "Red Lion" was thronged with ladies, whilst spectators of every grade and shade peopled the opposite bank. It was here that one saw the greatest variety—it was here enthusiastic youths ran along the banks, and shouted themselves black in the face, to encourage their favourite crews—it was here that the most bare-faced flirtation between a brown-faced, stalwart young rower and a young lady in a striped pink muslin, looped up over the most marvellous-frilled petticoat in the world—it was here we were worried out of our life by buy cigar-lights and "c’rect cards"—and it was here that frantic cheers and the waving of hats urged the Eton boys on to victory. They certainly pulled uncommonly well, in the race for "the Ladies’ Challenge Plate," and at a supper at Marlow in the evening, at which the crew and a number of
their friends were present, three cheers for Eton were heartily and lustily given. The racing on the whole was very good, and there were more entries than usual this year. If your readers would see lovely scenery, an assemblage of gay toilets, a select company, with, in addition to these attractions, an admirable display of the art of rowing, we would recommend to attend this aquatic festival next year.

A coach is running three times a week to Brighton, bringing back "Old Times," which is the name of the vehicle, and we saw it arrive at Regent Circus the other evening. We hope to avail ourself of it some time during the summer, in which case we shall not fail to chronicle our journey. The time on the road is 5 hours, and the fare is 10s.

The marriage of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, the general warlike aspect of affairs on the continent, and the volunteer review in Hyde Park, have been the absorbing topics of the last few weeks. Her Majesty has, we are glad to find, returned to Windsor from Balmoral, where she had been staying during the height of the political season.

The other day, on looking at a shop-window in Piccadilly, we were struck by a cartoon in a volume of Leech's collected sketches, which would have been very appropriate some weeks since. It is called "The Currency Question, or the Stock Exchange out for the Day," and appeared in "Punch" on the occasion of the panic in May, 1847. Jones says to Brown, "Things are deuced bad in the City!" To which Brown replies, "Then I'm deuced glad I'm at Epsom!"

Amongst the books of humour recently published by Hotten, of Piccadilly, we notice the announcement of "Artemus Ward among the Fenians," and "Josh Billings, his Book of Sayings." Artemus Ward, by the way, has arrived in England, and it is expected that he will lecture in this country.

In the "Cornhill Magazine" for last month we read the following startling notice: "A Strange Story," which appeared in the last number of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' and which was sent to the editor as an original production, was printed in 'Chambers's Journal' of the 10th of June, 1854. The gentleman from whom this manuscript was received, and who took payment for it as an original contribution, signs himself 'Henry John Murray,' and dates his letter from '7, Plumstead Place, Plumstead, S.E.' We refer to this on the principle of nailing the hat to the barn-door, and cautioning all editors to beware of Henry John Murray—though, after all, that may not be his proper name; for a man who would descend to such base deceptions for the purpose of obtaining a few pounds, would certainly not shrink from assuming a fresh name to every editor he communicated with. Cannot something be done to put a stop to this literary larceny? To send an already published paper as an original to a magazine, and receive payment for it, is wonderfully like obtaining money under false pretences!

We heartily wish Messrs. Smith and Elder would take the matter up, and make an example of this Henry John Murray.

We are sorry to see that the "Shilling Magazine" has come to a termination. The panic, and state of the times, have had a severe effect upon new speculations in the literary world. We hear, however, that the indefatigable Mr. Braddon intends starting a new magazine entitled, "The Belgravia," and that we may look for the first number in November next. A new weekly has just started, named the Thames Guardian. It is devoted entirely to the interests of "the king of island rivers," and aquatic matters. There is certainly a fine opening for such a paper. The first number contains a long account of the Henley Regatta, which has been evidently written by someone who knows the Thames well.

An opponent to the Owl, under the title of Caviare, will, it is said, shortly make its appearance.

All the newspapers have been actively preparing for the forthcoming European campaign. We believe we are not wrong in saying that the Times has sent Dr. Russell to accompany the Austrian army, and Mr. Sutherland Edwards to perform a similar office with that of Prussia. The Daily Telegraph is, we hear, represented in Austria by Mr. Edward Dicey, and in Prussia by Dr. Strauss, whilst that most versatile and ubiquitous of writers, Mr. George Augustus Sala, watches the fortunes of the Camice Rose, in the train of General Garibaldi.

The fete of the Dramatic College will take place on the 7th and 9th inst., when attractive novelties are promised. The publication called "The Royal Dramatic College Annual," which achieved such a success last year, will be ready in a few days. We understand that not only will most of the brilliant staff of writers who contributed to its columns last year be represented, but that they have further recruited their ranks by the addition of some well-known names. "Mrs. Brown" we suspect will strongly object therein to keeping a stall.

A new novel, by the author of "East Lynne," is announced under the title of "Elster's Folly," and "Felix Holt" is the name of a new story just published by the author of "Adam Bede." Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's new work, "The Cestable of Bourbon," is now ready, also the second edition of Wilkie Collins' "Armadale."

The Royal Academy has commenced its evening exhibitions. The two new R.A.'s are Baron Marchetti and George Richmond, in the room of John Gibson and Sir Charles Eastlake. We were in error in stating that Mr. Macallum's noble picture, "A Glade in Sherwood Forest," was destined for the Royal Academy, since that painting, with several others, is now being exhibited in the Dudley Gallery. Piccadilly. A number of sketches by John Leech, collected by the Misses Leech, were sold at Christie's the other day, but did not realize the enormous prices of last year's sale of that artist's productions.
Since our last, intelligence has been received of the death of Mr. M'Dougall Stuart, the Australian explorer; and we also have to record the decease of Mr. Graham Gilbert, a talented artist, and member of the Scottish Academy, to whom we were introduced at a dinner-party within almost a week of the sad event.

We can speak in very high terms of Messrs. Spiers' and Pond's restaurant. "The Ludgate," which adjoins the terminus in Bridge-street, and where we have more than once partaken of an excellent luncheon. It is very handy for such as have a journey to go, or are returning from one. As a novelty, we may mention that the various boxes at which the meals are served are styled "Rochester," "Chatham," "Faversham," "Canterbury," and the like—doubtless to facilitate the business carried on at each.

Mr. Charles Dickens's last novel has been dramatized at Sadler's Wells, under the title of "The Golden Dustman," and as the Copyright Act now stands, it appears that the permission of the novelist need not be obtained. Mr. Henry Holt's novel of "The King's Mail" has been similarly treated at the Britannia, with this difference, that whereas Mr. Dickens's name is in the bills, Mr. Holt has not had even that courtesy shown him by the author, to whom the adapter (a Mr. Thompson Townsend) is altogether indebted. There seems to be a monstrous legal flaw somewhere, which we hope it is not too late to set right, for the future protection of originality and brain-work, which it is too bad should be filched, and the source not even acknowledged. As we understand it, the law has at present settled the question, and the author has no redress, so long as the piece is not published.

In an address written on the occasion of Miss Kate Terry's benefit at the Olympic, and published in several papers, Mr. Tom Taylor has favoured us in the first two lines with the following rather remarkable specimen of his rhyming powers:

"A woman weathercock you've seen me play,
Still shifting as the gusts of passion play."

Well done, Professor Tom Taylor, Art Critic on the Times, &c.

We have good reason to believe that by the time these lines are before our readers the long-deferred "La belle Helène" will be actually an established fact at the Adelphi, since we happen to know that she is in actual rehearsal.

Mrs. Alfred Mellon plays Paris, and Miss Farrar is La belle Helène. The difficult concerted music entrusted to Messrs. Toole, Eburne, and others, would, we understand, be more suitable to regular opera-singers than to the members of the Adelphi company; and, presuming that to be the case, it is obviously unfair to place them in such a false position.

Miss Oliver has, we hear, done very well at the New Royalty. For her benefit all places were taken, and she has every reason to expect a continuance of patronage when she reopens the theatre in September.

Your Bohemian.

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THE TOILET OF A ROMAN LADY.

This is a subject upon which very little has been written, and none but those who are least interested in the subject, viz., the liberati, can dive into the secrets of an antique toilet-table. We have not space to describe all the odd recipes with which a Roman lady would enhance her charms or ward off the cruel blows of inexorable time. We cannot describe how she intrusted her tender toes to the care of a pedicure, nor how a Naughty white hair was picked out by the epilene of the play; but we may say something of the teeth, and tell our readers that in those days false masticators were quite as much in vogue as now. There was a certain Casselius, who was celebrated for either pulling out or curing decayed teeth, at the choice of the owner; he could plug them with gold, just as the dentist do now. Others made false teeth, which they often fixed with a sort of adhesive substance; they made them with bone or ivory, and when the patient was rich would fix them with gold hooks. What were these but our famous osanóres? They were equally clever in making whole sets of teeth, which could be put in and taken out at will, "just as Martial tells us, "as you would take off your silk gown." Philocome preparations were in great request for the hair, and no wonder, among a people that considered baldness a shame. Bear's grease was highly prized, and its reputation has come down to our days. That the Roman hairdressers had capital hair-dye is certain; for Martial tells us that "a woman will in an instant become a raven, though she was a swan before." But their dye was apt to soil the head; for the same poet tells an old beau that rather than dye his hair he had better take a sponge. False hair was in request, and was chiefly procured from German slaves. Wigs were not unknown; for Domitian, who was bald, is represented with one; and Messalina would cover her black hair with yellow tresses.

Hair was worn in divers fashions. Ovid tells us that a long face looks most becoming with the hair separated right and left; that some ladies let their hair fall in ringlets on their shoulders; others tie them up after the fashion of Diana, and others wear them in a net. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun.
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE GOLDEN RESOLUTION.

BY M. O.

Emily Lawton was nearly fourteen years of age. Nature had given her a high spirit, and the education she had received had unfortunately fostered it into pride and haughtiness, which was shown on every possible occasion to those around her. She would not submit to the slightest opposition from those she regarded as her inferiors; and when they would not yield to her wishes she treated them with the most supercilious contempt. She domineered over all the servants of her father’s household, always commanding them in a tone of authority, instead of preferring her requests in a gentle tone of voice.

Mrs. Lawton was unfortunately an invalid, and therefore her children had exercised more rule in the house than is generally permitted in a well-ordered family. Until the arrival of Miss Barker at “The Cedars,” Emily had been under no judicious control whatever—that is to say, her mind and habits were alike undisciplined; because her fond, weak-minded mother, who was too ill for any exertion herself, would not allow any governess to have the full control and guidance of her children, the consequence was that no lady was ever known to exceed a three months’ residence, and the one who had left on the day preceding Miss Barker’s arrival had received her congé for having ventured to suggest an imposition for the fractious little Edgar—a boy of nine years old, who was not only idle, but seldom spoke the truth.

“Why blame the man with so much harshness, Emily, because his taste is different from yours? He has done his best, and wished at least to please you, and for that alone he deserves thanks.”

“Thanks!” exclaimed Emily; “he is paid for his services, Aunt Laura, and it is his duty to perform them.”

“And if he does perform them, his duty is fulfilled, and you have no more right to reproach him for executing your orders to the best of his ability than he has to claim more wages than your papa agreed to give him.”

“But he is only a dependant, and earns his livelihood; it does people good to humble them sometimes.”

“My dear, this is not the way to work humility, as you call it; on the contrary, everyone will dislike you.”

“That is what I am always telling her,” said her elder brother, who had overheard her aunt’s remark.

“I really don’t see that people care for you so much more than they do for me,” answered Emily.

“But that is not all to be thought of, my dear; there is a meanness in taking advantage of our inferiors in power. We are all equal in the sight of God; and although, in His wisdom, He has ordained different ranks of life, we
Leaves for the Little Ones.

should always treat those in an inferior position with kindness, and try to promote their happiness in the same way as we expect them to study our comfort. That is the way to gain their respect, and not by an overbearing manner to be continually reminding them that they are servants; we have then some claim on their gratitude.

Emily listened to her aunt with astonishment, and then told Herbert that she thought it was horrid to be put on an equality with domestics in this way; she supposed Aunt Laura wished them all to be ladies and gentlemen.

Miss Barker, who had walked leisurely on, when she heard the conclusion of this sentence, said; “Nothing of the kind, my dear; the circumstances of life require distinct conditions. Because we have been placed by God in a higher rank of life, we are not the less dependent on the skill and industry of thousands for much that we enjoy.”

“I know Herbert has been setting you against me, or I should never have had such a lecture about nothing.” Then, turning round to her brother, she added: “You just do it to annoy me.”

“You can go in if you like,” said Herbert. “It’s the same thing every day; and I don’t intend to take your part for speaking to poor old Roberts in that disgusting way.”

“You shouldn’t provoke me by constantly preaching about our obligations to servants.”

“That’s the way she goes on every day. Aunt Laura, do just talk to her, for she always flies out at me,” said Herbert, “when I attempt to say a word.”

Emily was chafing with temper and vexation; but to have made a hasty retreat would seem to say that she was vanquished, and she determined, if possible, to have the last word, even with her good aunt, for whom, notwithstanding, she felt the respect that a superior mind under Christian influences always exerts over both old and young.

Gently she took the hand of her niece, and put it within her arm; “Be rational, Emily dear; if your vanity be wounded, you brought it on yourself by your unkind act and hasty words. Can you not see that the commonest article of food cannot be prepared without immense labour? There is the sowing, the reaping, the gathering into barns, to say nothing of all the instruments used in the preparation of the ground, ere it received the grain, which after it is ground in the mill has to be put into sacks, in the manufacture of which so many hands have been employed. Then there follows the mixing the flour with salt, yeast, and water.”

“But our bread is made with German barm.”

“German or English makes very little difference. Still there is the salt; you have seen the mines in Cheshire, so I need not speak of the operations there only. Thus you see how many persons are employed constantly merely in the food we eat; and, if you think about it all, you will find there are an equal number occupied in preparing the clothes we wear.”

“I think all you have said only makes me feel more proud to know that there are such multitudes constantly at work for me.”

“Did you ever know such humbug? Aunt Laura, ’tis of no use talking to her. This confounded pride is at the bottom of it all.”

“You must not be impatient, Herbert; in time, I hope, Laura will be convinced of her folly. Do you know what Shakespeare says about it? I will tell you:

Pride, how’er disguis’d in its own majesty,
Is littleness; and he who feels contempt for any living thing
Hath faculties that he hath never used.”

“To be sure—and he is about right. Why, if what Laura said were true, the best time to be proud would be in childhood and sickness, when we could not have degraded ourselves by any personal services.”

“Very true,” said Miss Barker; “we have more reason to be thankful than proud—that God has given us luxuries and enjoyments without working for them, and not showing our insensibility to such mercies by trying to degrade those who, in His Providence, He has appointed to help us. All that Roberts has in the world has been earned by his own industry, and therefore he is to be respected.”

Emily gave no assent to this; but, after musing awhile, she continued:

“Well, there is one thing we may be proud of; and that is, that we have a great deal more knowledge than our servants.”

“The last and the least thing of all to boast of, because you have yourself so comparatively little to do with it. A desire to know comes from God; the power to acquire knowledge comes also from Him, and the memory to retain it. As you grow older, you will find that the more you know the more ignorant you will feel yourself to be. The best knowledge of all is that of ourselves. The greatest application of it is to use it for the benefit of others as well as for our own gratification. The man whom you treated with so much contempt knows all about the management of flowers, the culture of trees, and the nature of the soil—subjects on which both you and I are comparatively ignorant. I hope you will see now, dear, how little reason you have to justify your opinions. I don’t want to preach, Emily, but to try to give you such views as shall make you happier and better than you now are. The time may come when you will thank me for it.”

And so the good time generally does come, if we only have patience to wait for it. A word in season, if it fall on soil not thoroughly choked up with weeds, will take root and spring up so luxuriantly that the earnest planter will thank the munificent Hand that watered the little seed with the dew of heavenly grace, and made it to bring forth its fruit in due time.

There is something touching to the heart in the pleading tones of one sincerely interested
for our present and future good—and thus it was with Miss Barker and her niece: the words had gone straight home to the proud girl’s heart. In the solitude of her own room the tears of self-reproach stole gently, but refreshingly down her cheeks: that night, ere the soft dews of kindly sleep had visited her eyes, she determined to cast aside for ever the mantle of pride and selfishness, and enfold herself in one of gentleness and love. It was a golden resolution; but the garb then assumed is not dimmed in brightness after the wear and tear of many years. No longer Emily Lawson, but now a happy wife and fond mother, she remembers with gratitude the walk in the Rosary with Aunt Laura and Herbert.

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**OUR LIBRARY TABLE.**

**The Mysteries of Isis:** a Story of Oxford. (T. and G. Shrimpton, Broad-street, Oxford.)—"The Mysteries of Isis" has also another name, "The College Life of Paul Romaine," a title suggestive of more general interest than its classic prenomn, which, true to itself, tells us nothing. Paul Romaine is the only son of his mother, a widow, with one other child, Maude, at the opening of the story a fresh fair little maiden, with smooth, glossy, dark hair; very large and innocent eyes, and as bright a rosybud of a mouth as one could find in all England." Paul’s father, the Rev. Reginald Romaine, incumbent of the principal church in Grey-Abbots, had been a popular man for many reasons.

Because he was well-born, and had Lord St. Elmo for a cousin; hence the aristocracy of Grey-Abbots liked him. Then he was rich, and liberal with his money; hence most people liked him. And, finally, he was an accomplished scholar, and a brilliant talker in society—qualities which gained him respect and admiration, as well in the pulpit as the drawing-room.

A change came, however. Mr. Romaine, from the failure of a bank in which he had lodged large sums, and by the frauds of a man for whom he had become surety, suddenly became a poor man, and sorrow and vexation hurried on a disease which had long threatened him; and with his death the greater part of the income of the Romaines ended. Fortunately Mrs. Romaine is not a fine lady, but a refined gentlewoman, with a brave heart, common sense, and great affection for her children. The grand home at Grey-Abbots is given up, the grand furniture sold, and Mrs. Romaine (Paul being at Oxford) and Maude retire to Inglefell, some few miles distant from the town, "where a pretty cottage received the two mourners, after their sorrows." The love of these ladies for Paul is charmingly described. At our introduction to them they are waiting eagerly for the morning's *Times*, to bring them news of the "University examination;" and while Mrs. Romaine, seated at the open window, buses herself with her needle—Maude affects to trim her flowers on the lawn—both are anxiously waiting the arrival of the postman.

A young man rides up to the gate as she speaks, and takes off his hat to the ladies.

"Good morning, Mrs. Romaine; good morning, Miss Maude," says the horseman, getting down and opening the gate. "I hope you’ll excuse this early visit; but I thought I should like to tell you the good news first."

"Then Paul has gained——" Mrs. Romaine stops, doubtfully.

"Yes, he has got the Scholarship. See, here is the Times, with the announcement."

And good-natured Tom Benson gives the paper into the ladies’ hands, open at this paragraph:

"University Intelligence, Oxford, June 2.—The Scholarships at St. Chrysostom’s College have been this day awarded to Mr. Paul Romaine, from Bourne Mr. Charles Douglas, from Harrow. *Præmiis arcens*, Mr. Perey Cheyne."

"How good of you to bring us this news, Mr. Benson!" says Mrs. Romaine, with sparkling eyes.

"Not at all—not at all," answers Tom, getting on horseback as fast as he can. "I congratulate you, I’m sure. Always thought Romaine was a clever fellow. Good-bye, ladies!"

And he is off directly, before they can ask him to come in. To speak the truth, they do not want him to come just then: they want to read the brief notice over again aloud to each other, and then to kiss each other, as women will, and cry a little from sheer pleasure, and to wonder when their paragraph, their paean, Paul, will come back.

And now for the phoenix himself. Here is his first appearance at home:

He is in his twentieth year, a tall, largely-made man, over six feet high, with a great broad chest and sinewy long arms. He is not handsome—strangely enough some people thought, for both his parents had been "and little Maude, you know, was very pretty." Yet Paul’s face was more likely to attract attention than that of many better-looking men. There was character strongly marked in the bold dark eyes; in the finely-cut mouth, with lips rather too thin and too closely drawn together; in the broad, smooth brow—in the whole face, in fact. In looking at him people would notice this, and would not see that his hair was too long, or that his hands and neck were as brown as a gipsy’s. Paul Romaine received the loud plaudits of his mother and sister very quietly.

"Never mind the honour now, dear mother," said he; "I might have thought more of that once. Now I look at it from a ‘filthy-lure’ point of view, as it enables me to go up to Oxford, and take one drag of your little income."
There, in these few lines, the reader has looked into the hearts of the Romaine family, and knows the whole story of their strong affection, their high principles, and struggles with strained circumstances. He will also have guessed Tom Benson's secret—a secret that Maude, woman as she is, has no wish to learn: but though her good intentions are given to another, Tom comes in winner at the last; and Maude, despite her disappointment and grief at the loss of Percy Cheyne, becomes a wife, and a happy one, we have no doubt. Paul, too, after a strong resistance to such weakness, has his love-passages also; but he is born to old-bachelorhood, and a fellowship, to which we leave him regretfully at the close of the story. In the description of college life, of Oxford, and its amusements, the author is extremely happy. In his sketches of individuals, also, he draws with a free hand in facile colours. Here is a scene at the close of the winter term:

The trying ordeal of "Smalls," the first examination—called by the dons "Responsions," and by mild freshmen "Little-go"—began early in December: and a goodly list of names, printed in Latin, appeared upon each college-gate, announcing the "Ordo Respondentium." Among these were some of our friends—Chautner, Henriques, e Coll. S. Chrys.; Romaine, Paulus, e Coll. S. Chrys.

On the first day of "Smulls" Paul found himself one of about three hundred men who loitered about the wide quadrangle of the schools, all wearing white ties, and many with still whiter faces. They were waiting for the schools to open: St. Mary's clock was just on the stroke of half-past nine, and then the examination would begin. There were few more unpleasant things than waiting for an examination, but especially your first, in the schools' quadrangle at Oxford, particularly if it be when the shrill December wind is sweeping along and singing its mournful tune among the dark archways. There you may see all kinds of faces wearing every kind of expression: the burly-whiskered boating-man, knowing very little of his subject perhaps, but careless and jovial to the last—the quiet, prim, reading-man, confident of his safe pass, talking calmly to his friends. Here is a little knot of shabby men, whom the college has reluctantly sent up, entertaining small hopes of their getting through. See how they cluster together, and speculate whether the first lesson will be arithmetic or Latin prose. Here comes a late man, with his gown in ribbons and his cap smashed. His face betrays the memory of a noisy "wine," last night, and his head aches consumedly; we may venture to assert. Now that the doors are open, the A's and B's, and all the first half of the alphabet, go into the large school: the second half are drafted off to another. Little dreary isolated deal-tables, each furnished with an uncomfortable chair, are placed in long rows up and down the room. The name of each man is affixed to the table, and he seats himself before a quantity of blue foolscap paper, two new quill-pens, and an ink-bottle.

Here is another paragraph from the same chapter:

It is an exciting moment, that waiting for the testamus at the door of the school. The clerk of the school, a stolid individual, conscious of the importance of his operations, comes at length to a little doorway, where some twenty or thirty men are crowding and squeezing, and begins to read out, in alphabetical order, the names inscribed on some little mean-looking slips of blue paper. Each testamus is seized as the name is read, a shilling paid for it, and it is carried off in triumph by the friends of the lucky man. Many an anxious mother—many a grey-haired father, miles away, will be made happy with the sight of that scrap of paper. Truly may we affirm that no shilling is ever so cheerfully paid during a man's university career as that which he expends on his testamus. Paul Romaine had the satisfaction of receiving his, one frosty day near Christmas-time, and soon after was speedily alone in the train for Inglesell.

In this way we are given glimpses of Oxford doings: Donus, Proctors, undergraduates, pass and repose; and while the first attract but little of the reader's attention and none of his sympathy, all the play and passion of life is concentrated in the younger men, in whose failures, successes, and after-fates he is made to feel a keen interest. It would be quite beyond our scope to give an outline of the story, the weakest part of which has its scenes in the east-end of London and the Essex marshes, but the author has not, at present, command of the materials that go to the creation of finished villains, but is charmingly at home in better types of human nature: the vulgar Chanters and their snobbish and pretentious son are described with uction; but it is with university men and their doings that the author is most at home: he deals there with realities and things familiar, and writes of them naturally and with a graphic simplicity—qualities that may be said to characterize his style. We have much pleasure in giving a good word to this modestly-put-forth novel, and do not despair of meeting its writer again. The story is gracefully and well told, and cannot fail to interest our readers.

A Little Book about Learning the Pianoforte. By Emanuel Aguilar.—(Groombridge & Sons, 5, Paternoster-row.)—Under this modest title, Mr. Aguilar has produced a work which comprises, in a small compass, more really useful information on the subject of learning the piano naturally than is found in far more elaborate treatises on the subject. The arrangement, as well as the style and treatment of the matter, is at once original and thorough; and the design of the work, which the accomplished pianist tells us in his preface is "intended as a guide and reference to those who, by place of abode or other circumstances, are debarred from the advantage of efficient or regular instruction, but is not designed as a means of self-instruction to those altogether ignorant of the art, nor to supersede the necessity of the assistance of teachers," is effectually carried out. The remarks and rules on the position of the hands and fingers in playing on the pianoforte will be found exceedingly useful even to adults who have been badly taught, or have acquired a slovenly mode of playing and fingering; and these are quoted from the highest musical authorities, and show the trouble which the author has taken, and the
fim foundation on which he grounds his system. With regard to the period when a child should be allowed to commence learning the pianoforte, Mr. Aguilar observes:

When a child knows black from white, can distinguish the right-hand from the left, knows the alphabet, can count to seven, understands the relation of a half to a whole, and vice versa, and can retain his hand in the proper position on the keyboard, after its having been so placed by the teacher, he may commence learning the pianoforte.

Our author's system of teaching appears to us to possess vast superiority over the ordinary methods. We may characterize it as severely simple: first, because he divides each branch for young beginners into the smallest possible portions; and, in the next place, does not allow of anything new being learned till the pupil is thoroughly conversant with what has already been taught. The position of the hand is not only verbally taught, but practically formed before the five fingers are permitted to elicit a sound from the keyboard. In this way the pupil is prevented from attempting anything that he does not thoroughly understand, and the mechanical and mental teaching proceed together. Mr. Aguilar does not, however, desire to retard the progress of a quick pupil; on the contrary, he observes:

Should a talented and attentive pupil succeed in acquiring and retaining several of these divisions in one lesson, let him by all means go through as quickly as possible; should, however, another require even a week or more for each, let him quietly take his time, the teacher avoiding any expressions of impatience or contempt.

Teachers are advised to apply the utmost ingenuity in contriving means to let the pupil write small exercises on notes, flats, sharps, intervals, chords, time, &c. And we can readily imagine what an aid to the thorough understanding of these exercises this must be, and how greatly it must assist in facilitating the reading of music. The type is quite beautiful, and the binding of the volume a marvel of neatness and strength.

QUESTIONS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. By a Lady.—(Smith, Stockport.)—The idea of this little publication, which the author owns to have borrowed from certain Sunday serials, is excellent. The questions are given in the form of enigmas, but the manner of putting them are the author's own, the initials of the answers for each day forming the whole word: thus, Nicopolis being the word, the answers to the questions follow from it, and the interest of the young is kept active, and their memories are exercised by the necessity of making their answers agree with these initials. We quote the first Sunday's questions:

1. Ornaments worn by the Jews, which are only once named in the Old Testament?
2. Required the name of the person with whom St. Paul left his cloak and parchments at Troas?
3. A cruel bird, to whom Jeremiah compares the wretched dealings of Zion with her people?
4. The place where Herod's brother was Tetrarch?
5. Beautiful birds sent as a present to King Solomon from Tarshish?
6. Name the tree under which Jacob hid the strange gods as he journeyed from Shechem?
7. A surgical instrument, with which the prophet of Isai anointed himself in rage and despair when Elisha wished to have a sign to determine what was the true God?
8. He who conveyed St. Peter's first epistle to the brethren at Pontus and Cappadocia?
9. Founder of the Arab race?

The whole word is the place in Macedonia from which St. Paul wrote his epistle to Titus. The mode of proceeding is as follows:—Each child is provided with paper and pencil; the questions are asked irregularly, and the answers are written down; the initial of each reply should make a letter of the whole word. As, for instance, "Nose ornaments," the answer to No. 1, makes the first letter of the word Nicopolis. We suspect that many adults would find these questions of infinite use in reviving their memories of Scripture history and events. The pamphlet is sold at 6d. each, or 5s. the dozen, and would prove a mine of usefulness to parents desiring to interest their children in the perusal and remembrance of the "best of all books—the Bible."

GOLD AND SILVER WEDDINGS.—Those were celebrations once general in some parts of Germany. The silver wedding occurred only on the twenty-fifth anniversary, and most people could celebrate that; but to be fifty years married was a sort of event in a family. The house was quite covered with garlands; all the neighbours from far and near were assembled; the ancient pair, dressed in their wedding dresses, walked in procession with music to the church, and the priest married them over again, and preached such a sermon that every one had tears in his eyes. There was dinner, too, and dancing and singing, and in the evening there was no end to the noise and shouting when they drove off together, for the second time, a bride and bridegroom—a happy pair.
NETTED COVER FOR HORSES' EARS.

MATERIALS.—Bor's Head netting cotton, No. 2, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby. A large steel netting needle, and a mesh which measures No. 10 Bell gauge. If silk be preferred, fine, flat braid is the most suitable.

The HEAD-PIECE.—Fill the netting needle with the cotton, and commencing on a foundation of 30 stitches, net 20 rows backwards and forwards quite plain; then, to form an opening for the ear, net 15 of the stitches, that is, half a row; turn back, leaving the other half, and on these 15 stitches net 18 rows quite plain as before; then cut off the cotton. To form the other side, commence at the 30th row, so as to work on the 15 stitches left, and net 18 rows on it to correspond with the other side. Then join these two pieces together by netting a row along the 15 stitches of each side, and on these 30 stitches net 2 rows plain. Then net 30 rows plain, but decreasing a stitch at the end of each row, by taking the last two stitches together and netting them as one stitch; this will reduce the whole of the stitches; cut off the cotton, as one side is now finished. Turn this piece of netting so as to work on the first row, running a foundation thread in the middle of the 30 rows. To form the opening for the other ear, net 15 stitches on the 30 stitches of the 1st row, turn back and net 18 rows plain; then net 18 rows on the other side; attach these two pieces together and net 3 rows plain; then 30 rows, decreasing a stitch at the end each time, to correspond with the other side.

To make the selvedge firm the cotton should be folded three times, and, using a large steel crochet needle, work a row of single crochet round the head-piece, putting the needle into the threads which form the selvedge.

If preferred, the edge may be made strong by working it round in overcast or button-hole stitch.

The EARS.—Commence by netting 33 stitches, and make it round by netting a stitch in the 1st stitch; then work 22 rounds, plain, and decrease as follows:—

23rd round.—Net two stitches together as one stitch, and then net 9 plain alternately three times.

24th.—Net 2 together and then 8 plain 3 times.

25th.—Net 2 together and then 7 plain 3 times, and continue working one stitch less between the decreases each row until all the stitches are reduced.

Work another ear the same, and sew them to the openings of the head-piece. Work a row of crochet, or overcast, round the joinings the same as the outside.

The TASSELS.—Wind the cotton about 15 times round a card two inches wide; sew the folds of cotton together to form the head of the tassel. For the cord, double the cotton and make a chain, or plait it, for about 12 inches; attach a tassel at each end, and make four pair of tassels the same; then loop the centre of the cord into the point of each ear, and also at the narrowed points of the head-piece.

KNITTED DRAWERS FOR A CHILD ABOUT FOUR YEARS OLD.

With needles No. 9, white wool, cast on 52 stitches, and rib 10 rows, knitting and purling alternate stitches; knit 34 rows, increasing a stitch at the end of every row (all the back rows must be purled); knit 22 rows, continuing to increase, but knitting the first five stitches in each purled row so as to form a border, the increase must therefore be made in the last stitch before the border stitches; knit 10 rows without increasing, this forms one leg; knit another precisely the same; unite them by placing the border over each other, and knitting the ten stitches of one leg into each needle, and knitting them as one stitch; knit 12 rows, taking two stitches together before and after the five centre-stitches in the front-rows. Now begin the slope for the back—knit 8 stitches, turn back and purl them, always knitting the five for the border; knit 11 and turn back; knit 14 and turn back, and so on, knitting three more stitches each time until you have fifty-eight for your gorge. Do the other side in the same way; then knit two plain rows, taking two together every tenth stitch; take needles No. 12 or 14, and reduce your stitches to the size of the child's waist; rib 10 rows, and cast off. Sew up each leg as far as the border.
T O I L E T S  F O R  W A T E R I N G - P L A C E S.

F I R S T  F I G U R E.—G r o s - g r a i n  silk dress, ornamented at the bottom with a torsade only. Body cut in one piece with the skirt, in the Princess style. Virgilius bonnet, made of straw, a shape which nearly approaches the hat-form, but very small. The ornaments are Chantilly lace, and fruits imitated in straw. Silk strings. A pointed cape of the same material as the dress, trimmed with a deep lace flounce, accompanies this toilet. Gloves fastening high upon the wrists, to match the bonnet-strings.

S E C O N D  F I G U R E.—Goat's-hair, or Alpaca dress, cut in rounded points at the bottom, with a button on each, and piped with ponceau silk. White under-body. Long jacket of the same material as the dress, cut in similar rounded points, with a button on each. Lamballe bonnet, made of white tulle, trimmed with poppies. Strings of poppy-coloured silk, with tulle barbes. Ponceau under-skirt.

T H I R D  F I G U R E.—Little girl of six or eight years, in an Indian foulard frock, trimmed with strips of black velvet, each fastened with a straw-button. Shepherdess hat, trimmed with a wreath of field-daisies.

The question of crinoline appears to be decided at last. Here, in Paris, petticoats flounced and stiffened have taken its place for evening dresses; but in morning and walking costume the crinoline (considerably modified in size) is retained.

Gored dresses are mounted on stifflinings, and the seams of neutral-tinted fabrics are heavily corded with a contrasting colour. Entire toilets of the same material will be much worn for promenade and travelling purposes; and some charming plaid muslins have made their appearance for white morning robes.

Alpaca is one of the favourite materials of the season, and is made up in the most charming styles; besides the pretty silver greys and soft browns, and other set colours, these, and white and buff grounds, appear sprinkled over with tiny stars, and flowers in black, violet, green, Sollerino, blue, and other shades. Light popin and goat's-hair, in all shades of grey, tea, coffee, and tobacco colour, are much in vogue. Lace dresses are also in request.

Next to stripes, spots seem to prevail in the patterns of our summer fabrics. Silk, Indian foulards, cambrics, alpacas, grenades, and muslins, all are spotted, the spots varying in size from the head of a pin to the size of a florin.

Cluny lace holds its ground for trimming purposes; it is especially effective on dark grounds and for ornamenting the pretty sleeveless jackets, which are in as much request as ever. Medallions of this lace, with cuffs, epaulettes, and insertions are greatly used for dress-trimmings.

For children's dresses we recommend crochet lace as very durable and pretty, besides being inexpensive, when made at home. Tatting also makes very beautiful edges and insertions, and either is very suitable for washing dresses, petticoats, drawers, &c.

Circular mantles are again in vogue, and threaten to take the place of the next-looking and generally-becoming paletot. Trimming continues to be worn on the backs of dresses, and long sash-ends are often simulated on them.

Hats are almost the only mode for young ladies, and the latest for the seaside is of oil-skin, precisely like a sailor's, the wearer wearing the name of a ship in favour of a guided anchor. The latest trimming for the things called bonnets is a Rosette of tulle placed rather high up on the head, with a whip and silver horse-shoe in the centre; these are connected by a long silver chain to a similar ornament, fastening the bonnet-string just over the ear.

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.—"Joy Bells!" "Iader sail!" "The Music of Men's Lives!" "A Stormy Night;" "Near the Brink;" "Love's Intimations."

POETRY declined; with thanks.—"The Bride;" "Welcome, sweet Flowers;" "The Rookery;" "Past and Present;" "The Lonely Grave;" "The Shell and the Leaf."

PROSE declined, with thanks.—"Garibaldi and his Island Home;" "Alson O'Flaher;" "Mrs. Gunter's Reception;" "A Week in North Wales;" "How a Good Match was broken off by a Thunderstorm."

"Modern Slang."—This paper is so nearly up to our standard, that we regret it is not quite so.

"Life Boat" in our next.

MANUSCRIPTS.—We have several on hand (certainly a hundred), which the writers can have on the receipt of postage for their return. It is expecting rather too much to suppose that we should feel greater interest in these productions than the writers of them do.

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

Printed by Rogerson and Tuxford, 246, Strand.
MINNIE'S ELOPEMENT.

(An Episode of Society forty years ago.)

BY AN OLD CLERGYMAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

At length we discovered the habitation of the clever Bow-street runner. On reaching his well-furnished apartments, happily we found him at home. He was quite prepared to receive confidential communications, such as those which we gave. He smiled at some of my conjectures. He told us at once that there was no such accredited personage as the consul of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis. We might rest assured that such a title had been assumed with great hardihood, not to say impudence, by the adventurer, concerning whose exploits we had come to consult him, but added he:

"Are you sure that you are not dealing with some one who is, if not highly born, at least highly sustained and protected?"

To this critical question we could offer only a general and vague reply.

"Because," said he, "we have only too many instances before us at the present moment, in which young Austrian gentlemen have been obliged to fly their country for being implicated in treasonable conspiracies and secret societies. Some of the latter, under the pretence of Masonic fraternization or scientific inquiry, aim at nothing less than the revolution and dismemberment of the empire. Yet the friends of these exiles are often powerful, some belonging to the personal staff and household of the emperor; so that not unfrequently the misguided men possess, hoarded in some secret casket, a safe conduct under the sign-manual of their too generous sovereign."

Goosey, though a mere Bow-street runner, was evidently a man of considerable parts, and not a little education. He paused for a moment, and then, as though thinking aloud, he added:

"Thurm and Taxis, indeed! I wonder if our correspondents at Ratisbon know anything about this Count Paternoster of yours? There was a blond-haired man, an enthusiast for liberty, full of wit, inquiry, and adventure, who alternately lost and won large sums at the gaming tables of Baden-Baden. We have reason to believe that he is somewhere nestling in England, and we have been commissioned to look after him, as much for his own protection as for the interests of his government; for he is a younger son of the great Hungarian nobleman, Prince Ester—"

He did not complete the sentence. He was, perhaps, startled by the importance of his own revelation. Nor did I venture to press him further. He promised to do his best for us; and we, on our side, made liberal offers of remuneration.

"What has been done has been done," said Mrs. Weatherall, with great good-sense and moderation; "we do not wish to take vindictive measures. Miss Minnie's fortune is amply sufficient for herself and for the endowment of her husband and children; and if this gentleman should prove to be Count Paternoster, all we can say is, that we regret that one so nobly born, and exiled chiefly for his love of constitutional liberty, should have acted with so much want of candour and respect for the feelings of those whom he called his friends."

"Madam," said Goosey, "you little know into what mischievous habits the necessity of plotting sometimes beguiles even the great and good. A conspirator employs dangerous tools, is mixed up with unprincipled adventurers, and learns to trick and counterplot as one of the necessities of existence. Thanks be to Heaven for the political freedom and household virtues of old England! Despotism says——"

At this moment I ventured to interfere. I confess that I thought Goosey was getting involved in a labyrinth of platitudes. We did not want to discuss Hungarian and Transylvanian politics; but to find, to help, and to sustain our beautiful and pure-hearted Minnie. So it was settled that he should make all inquiries, and if desirable, even proceed to Ratisbon, and we parted.

We parted; but, to me, with a terrible sense of exhaustion. We had scarcely entered our faded and forlorn vehicle, when I could have sworn that I saw the Count watching us from a
court on the opposite side of the street. So lively and strong was this impression, that I abruptly stopped the coachman in his drowsy career. I ran, somewhat ignominiously for a beneficed clergyman, and tried to catch the fugitive vision: it was to no purpose. An old stall-woman, at the corner of the court, vainly plied Jewish arts to recommend me some evidently boiled oranges, which she was polishing with her flannel petticot, and I returned, discomfited and disconsolate, to Mrs. Weatherall.

It was now late in the afternoon. There was no adequate end to be gained by leaving London for Eastminster that evening, and travelling all night. Besides, under the circumstances, would it have been a seemly proceeding? So we were determining to remain another night at the hotel, when a special messenger from the Bull and Mouth Inn came with a parcel, which he said had just arrived by the Eastminster Regulator, and was to be delivered immediately. The names of four or five hotels were written on the parcel, as the people at home were not certain to which we should go. Quickly I broke the seals, and read as follows:

"As soon, my dear Umpleby, as you left us yesterday, I set off to Parchment's. Tryiton, happily, was at home, and not very busy; so it was agreed between us that we should drive over to Barmouth, in his gig, and reconnoitre the harbour. In my excited and anxious state I missed Miss Weatherall's sweet voice; so, with an intensity of melancholy that I cannot find words to express, I fear that Tryiton thought me more than half-crazy, as I could not help murmuring—"

"I am bound to the land of Canaan, Canaan, Canaan!"

But when I came to converse with him, I found that he doubted the propriety, or rather, the advantage, of our going to Barmouth at all! He brusquely said, 'My dear Timbertofts, depend upon it your Count and Minnie are somewhere hidden in or about Eastminster. I have sent one of our cleverest clerks, and he declares that she has not been married in any church within ten miles of the city.' Here was a pretty difficulty for me and for you: nevertheless, I persuaded him to go with me to Barmouth. We put up the gig at the 'Barmouth Blöster,' and, on making inquiries, I found that there was a superb, but rakish yacht in the harbour, the sailors of which were, to a man, soundly Germans. We could not make out a word of their lingo, and they were evidently indisposed to understand a word of ours; but we did this good: we set a trusty man to watch if any person boarded the yacht, while we retired, in ambush, to the 'Blöster.' He watched, and we watched. At midnight, when our trusty spy, for a moment, was mapping, the yacht made sail with the freshening wind, and was gone. The person we employed declares that no one could have boarded her unknown to him. At any rate, this bird has flown. Tryiton wants to see you. He declares, that if the German yacht was in the employ, or under the control of the Count, its being at Barmouth was but part of a complicated stratagem to draw us all off the right scent. His belief is that Minnie is some-where in, or very near Eastminster. For myself, I am at my wit's end; but, whatever may happen,"

"I AM BOUND TO THE LAND OF CANAAN, CANAAN, CANAAN!"

"Your sincere friend,"

"JONATHAN TIMBERTOFTS."

A short communication from Mr. Tryiton was written on the fly-sheet of this letter. It stated that they had heard, from a trustworthy witness, that Minnie had not gone to London in the post-chaise which we followed; and he urged, a many considerations, our instant return.

A night coach started for Eastminster from the old Bull and Mouth, in St. Martin's Grand; two inside places were found for Mrs. Weatherall and myself, and we were soon on our way home again. Our journey was very fatiguing and unpleasant. The coach was inconveniently small, and I sat opposite to a huge burly man, who ought to have had the entire vehicle to himself.

On arriving at Mrs. Weatherall's, we went upstairs into Minnie's room, and examined the ancient oak-paneling in every direction. After the most careful survey, we could discover no traces of any trap-door or secret communication with the house adjoining; but while I was hammering with my fist on the oak, I shook down the head of a young Love from the cornice, which nearly alighted on my skull.

Mrs. Weatherall could not help smiling. "Ah," said she, "Cupid is against us!"

Around the chamber were strewn many little tokens of the sweet fugitive who had left it for ever—a tiny pair of satin shoes, a row of antique scent-bottles on the toilet-table, and Queen Anne's own timepiece on an oak bracket hard by; while in the centre towered her gorgeous bed, with its heavy hangings and white plumes.

Nothing of importance occurred for several days. I went back to the Rectory, and resumed my ordinary parochial duties. We could not discover any record in the churches of the neighbourhood of the marriage of Miss Weatherall; and not a line did her aunt receive from or concerning her. Meanwhile, Mrs. Parchment received a communication from their London correspondents, stating that they had been instructed by the agents of a great Frankfort house to pay off all the Count's debts, and to dispose of his two residences. In the latter arrangement Mrs. Weatherall gladly concurred. I think that she would have left Eastminster altogether, except for the hope that among us she was more likely to hear tidings of Minnie.

Drearly weeks passed away. I visited my bereaved friend as often as my parish work allowed me. Her resignation would probably have been greater, even if she had heard of Minnie's death; but no tidings came. Mr. Timbertofts also called every day. The exertions which he quietly made to find if Minnie had been married anywhere within a radius of thirty miles seemed to have done him a world of good; so true it is that sympathy for the real troubles of others often tends to soften and re-
move our own imaginary griefs. Of course there was some gossiping among the Sacristans; but a busy session of Parliament and a fearful double murder at a neighbouring village occupied our reporters so profitably and entirely, that no notice of our domestic romance was taken by the local press.

We had, by tacit agreement, almost ceased to discuss the terrible subject, when a long letter arrived from Mr. Goosey. It was in so many respects satisfactory and amusing that I cannot help giving it entire:

"I was right in my conjecture that your Count is the third son of Prince Estokholy, one of the wealthiest noblemen of Hungary. Possessed of an ardent and independent mind, he early became a free-thinker both in religion and politics; joined some secret societies of Illuminati; was involved in a state conspiracy, and forced to fly for his life. But his father is so reverent at the court of Vienna that the eagle-eyed police of Austria, which pursues every fugitive without a sleep, watches him until they have closed the trap and known even when he dines and how he dresses, though he wanders from Sydney to Paris, and the back woods of Canada to the palaces of Leicester Square, was envious to take care of the notable delinquent, as well as record his proceedings. All his adventures were duly reported to his father, and the old castle at Lintz (the nest and cradle of the family) sometimes rang with laughter at his energetic exploits. At last it was announced that he had become enamoured of a sweet English girl, whom he had once met at the Exhibition of Paintings at Somerset House; that he had, with infinite pains, discovered where she lived, and followed her to Eastminster, venturing every penny of his allowance in the exciting chase, taking the next house to her own; and when he found it difficult to overcome the shyness of the English to strangers, and especially the suspicions of an interfering old Anglican clergyman, he had procured an introduction to his lady-love by means of the head usher and registrar of the university, and then offering to her another better house, at a nominal rent, which he had hired for the purpose. He had written to his father, stating much of this himself, and frankly acknowledging his errors. If he only obtained the hand of this precious English beauty, he would give up every democratic dream; would throw himself at the feet of the Emperor; and lead for the future a loyal life in old Fatherland. He had won her guileless heart; she had taught him all his infidel opinions; he had listened, with her, to the glorious music of the cathedral at Eastminster, until he thought sometimes his bosom would burst for rapture, and now he hoped his father would second his endeavours, and welcome the fervent repentance of the prodigal son.

"His indulgent parent was rejoiced at this news, though he could not but observe that the love of wild pranks and trickery (the sting of the old serpent) still lived in the man, as it had been a prominent feature in the character of the boy. He has given him an unlimited credit on the bank of Guiderston and Thaler, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The Emperor has laughed heartily on hearing the tale—especially at the sanitary letters inserted in your newspapers; and has promised to stand godfather to the first boy. There is no doubt that Miss Weatherall is married; but where, or how, I cannot at present inform you.

"All the steps I have taken to obtain this satisfactory information I am not permitted, by the rules of our service, to disclose. Suffice it to say, that I have been at Ratisbon and Lintz myself, and I should even have had an interview with the Prince's father had he not, a few days before, started for a remote part of Hungary on public business. I shall continue my researches, depend upon it, with assiduity; and as soon as I find out where the fairy Princess is hidden, I will write and let you know. The Prince's passion for secret adventure explains much of his strange conduct; but most of it arises from the idea that he is a haunter and proscribed man—a wanderer and outlaw; for as yet he has heard nothing of the imperial Clemency. I suspect, by the way, that that valet fellow is at once the confidant of his plans and at the same time in the pay of the police of Austria: in fact, no man they have once had under their notice ever long escapes them. My expenses have been considerable, but I am sure they will be met with a liberality corresponding to the earnest request which set me to work. I shall not ask for remuneration until I have placed the aunt rejoicing at the side of the niece. In this attempt I hope to be more successful than the venerable ecclesiastic who accompanied you to my house.

"I have the honour,

"&c., &c.

"Per Jovem Tonantem, but that's what I call a plucky letter," exclaimed Mr. Timbertofts, who had come to Mrs. Weatherall's just as I began to read it aloud, at her request. "There was once a good fellow of that strange name, a lad of great parts, at the Merchant Scissors' School; but his father came to grief, and I heard the poor boy left, and was now driving a Paddington coach. I wonder if this man is the same? By-the-bye, Umpleby, he gives you a sound rap on the knuckles, for assuming his sacred functions in that journey of yours to London. And so our Minnie is to be a princess after all? Aye, Mrs. Weatherall, when we find out the nest of our dove, won't I go with you to see her? Won't I order the prettiest bracelet that Hamlet can manufacture, and bribe my St. Cecilia to sing for me,

"I'M BOUND TO THE LAND OF CANAAN,
CANAAN, CANAAN!"

And then, with a common mingling of deep joy and hilarity with tears, the old man lifted up his voice and wept.

Mrs. Weatherall's first words were those of fervent thankfulness to God for His mercy. Not a word of reproach escaped her. She said, "Poor prince! His troubles at home explain much of his strange ness and eccentricity among us!"

It may be remarked, in passing, that the aged females of a family generally sympathize with a young gentleman lover, especially if to his other characteristics he adds the charm of indiscretion.

For my part, I did not care for the little pleasantries played off against myself in Mr. Goosey's communication. I admired its triumphant tone. From beginning to end, it rang like a pean of victory, But was it all true?
And, assuming it to be true, when should we find Minnie? And so she was bound for ever to the fortunes of one proscribed by his Government as a traitor! Was it likely that prudent counsellors would allow the Emperor to receive him back, and cherish the clever snake in his bosom? I am an insular Englishman, and I confess I do not like the intellectual influence which so many exercises over so many of our profoundest thinkers and most eloquent men. It is all very well in its way; but it must not be despotic and paramount. As the grand old pedagogue at St. Servator's used to say, “I wish that German theology and German metaphysics were at the bottom of the German Ocean!” Besides, I felt jealous that such a treasure should be expatriated. Such were the reflections which passed through my prejudiced mind, though I did not allow even the shadow of them to darken the home of my friend. It was, in truth, already dark enough.

Events were simmering on, in the deep caldron of time. Six or seven more weeks glided away—swiftly to me; for the composition of sermons, the visitation of the sick, and the thousand little engagements which occupy the working hours of a clergyman’s day, absorbed my thoughts—but with weary slowness to Mrs. Weatherall. The weather was wet; the Sarcity precipice was shrouded in funereal gloom; but light suddenly flashed into her dwelling. It came in the shape of a long letter from Minnie, addressed to Mrs. Poundtext. The post-mark was that of Calais, in France; but the communication contained no further clue to Minnie’s present residence. Was it fear or shame that prevented her writing to her aunt?—or was it some inexplicable command of her husband?

The letter was marked by all Minnie’s delicacy of thought and feeling. It expressed the deepest love and veneration for Mrs. Weatherall. It promised a bright future to her. It alluded, in terms of almost filial tenderness, to myself; but there was throughout an undertone of reserve, restraint, and fear. It was the guarded composition of a woman of the world’s sad experience, and not the slyy effusion of airy and imaginative girlishness. There were few allusions to the Count, and she did not call him anything but her husband. She was “very happy,” and he was “all affection,” “full of intellect, a passionate enthusiast for art,” “her very soul’s life.”

When Mrs. Weatherall had read it, she sat in silence—and I confess that I had no desire to discuss its enigmas: noisy words of sympathy sometimes make sorrow worse to bear, and I fear that I should have broken down. Still it was delightful to behold the well-known little beautiful handwriting, the charming regularity of every line. If it be true that we can infer the condition of the mind and body from the contents of a letter, she was not only alive, but comparatively speaking, in mental and bodily health.

Our solicitors employed all their practised skill in aiding the discovery of our lost friend, but to no purpose. It is possible that they felt they could not make out more than we had already learned from Goosy’s communication. And in due time descended to our aid the deus ex machina who was to restore Minnie to her friends. The long-desired information came at last—precious to auntie as a well of water in the desert of Saharan or the answering gun of an approaching ship to the faint signal of the mariner perishing at sea. It was in this wise:

A grand man, a man of extraordinary abilities, but ill-luck, who failed for a quarter of a million, and offered his deluded creditors a bare ninetyninepence in the pound, had fled the country. It was confidently asserted that he had made a purge for himself, and carried about with him specie and bank-notes, amounting to not less than twenty thousand pounds sterling. Who was so clever a fellow and so likely to make him disgorge this booty, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, so as not to compromise the rascal’s titled patrons, as Mr. Goosy, of Greek-street? On this embassy the ingenious officer proceeded by the Dover mail to the coast, and thence to Calais; thence, acting on good information, he travelled to Boulogne. There was every reason to believe that the man he “wanted” lay concealed somewhere in that well-known watering-place. He put up at Meurice’s, at this time the best house in the town for a good dinner; and walking one day on the port—the agora, the forum, where all the beau and belles of Boulogne loiter away their mornings, upon the vain pretense that they expect dear friends to come or go by the London and Dover steam-packets—he caught sight of a rakish yacht lying snugly in the harbour. To whom did it belong? He made confidential inquiries. It was owned by Slyboots and Jason, of New York: it sailed under the United States flag, and there, at the stern, dangled lazily the stars and stripes; but it was manned by a crew of Germans; of course they were naturalized Americans, and we all know how influential the Germans are in the states of Illinois and Pennsylvania. It brought to Boulogne a man le plus distingué, with a petite épouse, encore plus distinguée, si belle, si religieuse, si purfaite, &c., &c. “Ah! ah!” thought Goosy, “the American flag covers strange and discrepant people. I wonder if, as well as the slaves on the gold coast, it has taken under its broad patronage the Prince and Miss Weatherall!” Of course his skilful experience guessed the truth, and the next question to solve was where these distinguished Americans were to be found? Some five-franc pieces, judiciously administered, brought the information that the great people on board the yacht had gone to the Hotel du Nord—a capital and well-known house. Thither he repaired, and there the scent was lost. It was true that in the visitors’ book was “Mons. Paternoster et son épouse, voyageurs de Londres sur le continent” but no more. Had they hired a carriage to Paris or elsewhere? No! Fearful of compromising the Prince and of offending us, he did not make the
of his relations with the French police, but determined, "for good reasons," to watch the yacht. He watched silently, surely, with the eye of a lynx and the stillness of an otter. It was a fearfully dark night; neither moon nor stars appeared. From the north, around Cape Grizes, which fitfully showed its revolving light, the wind blew in fierce gusts. He was almost in despair, when a man, who had the appearance of being the master of the yacht, emerged from the forecabin, and ascending the port, walked straight in the direction of the Rue de l'Ecu. Goosiey followed him. On went the man, marching with rapid strides up the steep ascent of that noble street which leads to the upper town. Goosiey was on the track. The fine, sonorous bell of the clocher, a Norman tower like that of my own St. Peter's at Eastminster, sounded out ten o'clock as the pursuer and the pursued passed through the upper town, and emerged by the picturesque medieval gateway, from which the roads to Calais and St. Omer divergiate. "How healthfully come the sea-breezes, blowing here!" involuntarily exclaimed Goosiey; "they brace up my nerves, and teach me to be strong in the world, Man cannot command them, and man, who spoils so much, them cannot spoil."

Mrs. Weatherall and I had read Goosiey's letter to this point, when I could not help exclaiming, "This is all very eloquent, and becomes one who has had the advantage of being under old Plumstone of the Merchant Scissors; but depend upon it, if he takes to romancing, he'll lose sight of the master of this mysterious Yankee yacht."

And so for a few moments he did; but at length he found out the sailor again by his peculiar tread. On they went, into one of the narrowest and in wet weather almost impassable, lanes which leads from the St. Omer Road in the direction of the Swiss-like Vallée du Denacre—a long, dreary pass, with high convent walls on one side, on the other a stubby hedge. On, into the treeless, open country, and then down a deep dell—so black, that it seemed the entrance to the shades of death.

"The stranger stopped," wrote Goosiey, "about two hundred yards down this lane. I quietly pulled out a pistol and stood upon my guard. I heard the ring of a bell, and a peculiar whistle, like that of a boatswain. A little wicket-door opened: a servant appeared with a lamp, which for a moment illumined the trees and high walls around; then the wicket closed again, and the darkness, if possible, was deeper than before. The sailor, of course, had entered."

"I shall not now relate what happened on my return, or how I caught the millionaire defaulter. Next morning I found my way easily to the spot. It was an ancient Louis Quatorze chateau, with only one window opening to the narrow road, and that on the second story. It belonged to the Marquis de Creville, the head of a decayed family, celebrated when the Bourbon ruled. I walked round the domain, and beheld from a distant eminence the high-perched roof and long row of windows on the garden-front, answering to the long rows of poplars and elms which incirclled it. The whole was as secluded as a hermitage, and silent as a haunted grove in the Fens. There were high walls and thick espaliers on every side; and a man might take healthy exercise in the pleached alleys for years without encountering any moving shape save a startled rabbit, or a robin fluttering over its nest, his own shadow, or some spectre of the past. I then returned by the narrow path, boldly rang the bell, and imitated, with my fingers in my mouth, the boatswain's magic whistle. I soon caught a glimpse of a face answering to your description of the Count, slyly reconnoitring me from behind the drawn curtains of the solitary window. A French servant opened the wicket. 'Does Count Paternoster live here?' said I, in French. 'Noon, monsieur!' I was not to be put off in this way; I stepped past the woman into the court-yard—a quadrangle of no mean dimensions. The building looked rather dilapidated, but every spot beam'd with signs that a woman's imaginative taste had been at work. Stands, with flowers of many hues, encircled the grass-plot. The window-frames had been newly painted, and snowy curtains of delicate lace-work graced them. I had written on a card—

"A special messenger from Mrs. Weatherall, Dr. Umpleby, and the Rev. Jonathan Timbertoft, solicits an interview."

I did not add with whom. I gave the card to the servant, and with a stern countenance, and in undeniable French, commanded her to carry it to her mistress. She trembled at my tones, thinking me, perhaps, the new Prefect himself. I waited for a few moments, and then there glided from the central door such a vision of beauty, that I could have fallen down and worshipped. She came triiling, like a bird, some solemn air, of which I only remember the refrain—

"I am bound to the land of Canaan,
Canaan, Canaan!"

The meaning of this I cannot explain. To her uplifted forefinger was clinging a golden canary, which endeavoured, when she ceased, to take up the strain, and both were followed by a brilliant accompaniment, played apparently an organ in the drawing-room. I bowed to the very ground; then gathering strength from the goodness of my task, I recounted all your efforts to find her, all your yearning love, my journey to Lintz, the pardon of the Emperor, the happy future which awaited your. She listened with sustained effort to be calm, but evidently with deep emotion. In low and whispered tones she invited me into the house. Passing through a saloon, we arrived at a further and larger apartment, richly furnished as a drawing-room. It was empty, but contained the organ, the religious tones of which we had just heard. A door in the far-corner led to a little cabinet; she opened it, and having requested me to be seated, disappeared. She instantly returned, and, leaning on
her arm, entered a tall and noble-looking man, almost old enough to be her father. But I was grieved to see how pallid was his countenance and tottering his gait. His lips were withered, and had the purple tint of one in a fever. He spoke English with very slight German idiom and accent. I told him all that I had communicated to the Princess, and earnestly entreated both not for a moment to lose the golden opportunity afforded them for an entire reconciliation with their respective families. Your Minnie, as you call her, is undoubtedly an Austrian princess. She was married by banns at the half-ruined church of Dunes-consumpta-per-Mare—a small parish on the coast, united with that of Littlehales for ecclesiastical purposes."

"Bless the dear lady!" here exclaimed Mr. Timbertofts. "Well, I confess I never attempted to search the register of that out-of-the-way smuggling and piratical cove. I should as soon have gone to the Castle of Eastminster."

"The Princess listened to my words, as one casting off a heavy burden; the Prince with apathy, as though too ill for the display of emotion. I recommend you to come to send the yacht to fetch you, but the winds here are so variable, that you might be many hours knocking about in the Channel. If you come by the morning mail-boat from Dover, and you will let me know, a carriage shall meet you at the Calais pier, and bring you to Boulogne at once. Avoid, if you can, the town of Calais altogether. It has been well described as a 'monstrous dear and slutlish place'; and the innkeepers are the most unconscionable in Europe!"

With this communication came one from the Princess, breathing the most dutiful affection, and promising a complete revelation of all the circumstances attending her departure.

"We will go, that we will!" exclaimed Timbertofts, "without a moment's delay, 'I am bound to the land of Canaan!' I'll write to the Foreign Office about the passports by the post, of to-night. Laus Deo! laus Deo."

"These are, indeed, delicious tidings, Rector!" added Mrs. Weatherall. "I always think that in events of this kind first determinations are best, and that Mr. Timbertofts utters words of good omen. If you will both accept seats in my carriage I shall be deeply obliged to you. It will be a pity to lose a moment; we know not what an hour may bring forth, or whither Minnie may be spirited away by that incomprehensible Hungarian. The harness has all been repaired."

So the next morning we started, with four post-horses, the valet and lady's-maid in the rumble, and we three, full of spirits, inside. At the end of the first stage the landlord of the Royal Arms of England brought out his decanter of sherry, and his Presburg wine-biscuits, and Timbertofts and I drank a glass each. Boniface recognized our party, and hoped that we had caught the chaise we were chasing on a recent occasion. "No! but now we expected to be more successful."

Woodland and moor, hill and dale, village and town-street, towering mansion and cozy farmstead rapidly swept by; and in the evening our panting steeds drew up at the door of Stivart's Hotel. We were shown into the parlour we had formerly occupied, and I asked the waiter if he knew what had become of the valet and grisette whom we then recognized. He told us that they had gone the next day into lodgings—that the valet often called for foreign letters, and that they had recently left England. The next morning we obtained our passports, all en règle, and for fear of mishaps had them visé at the Austrian Embassy. The journey through undulating and well-timbered Kent was most delightful. The setting sun was casting a reverential gleam of gold over the topmost pinnacle of the cathedral as we left Canterbury. The moon was lighting up the frowning keep of Dover with grey, but corrugating tints, as we entered the modern Brundusium, H. M.'s cinqueport.

We put up at the well-known "Ship." Tired with travelling, with joyous excitement, with the very sense of progress, I went early to bed, and slept like one of the famed seven of Antioch. I rose with the dawn: the sea was just rippled with the morning breeze; the top of Shakespeare's Cliff had caught the red sunbeams. The lower part was yet all cold, white, and grey. We quickly breakfasted. Timbertofts was jubilant; auntie quiet and self-possessed—possibly she dreaded that most painful of maladies, seasickness. The first bell for embarkation rang; the bill was paid; the servants duly strapped together a multitude of nameless wares; in another minute we had banded Mrs. Weatherall down the ladder of the steam-vessel, and before we were well established in our places amidstships, Old England, the jewel set in the silver sea, was lessening, and our swift packet was dancing over the waters, leaving behind a column of smoke, which, long before the hull of the vessel was seen, announced our coming to the hungry people of Calais.

I remarked three young French ladies, seated near the wheel. They were three muslin dresses, exactly alike, and had in their primrose-gloved hands three novels bound in similar paper. Soon the good-natured sailors brought three white basins, in a prophetic, but somewhat sardonic spirit. In a few minutes more the novels were discarded, and the basins in active use. And yet we are told that France wishes to dispute with us the empire of the ocean! Did you ever meet a Parisian on board-ship whose complexion was not assimilated to the hue of the element beneath and around him? Soon we entered the long canal between the two piers of Calais. The old church, built during the English occupation, appeared in the distance. The new lighthouse stood before us, and the shabby, but picturesque gate which Hogarth has made immortal. Our passports and luggage underwent a nominal examination from the polite douaniers, and in a few minutes the wheels of
our carriage were sounding with hollow noise, as we swept over the fossée, which could not resist the victorious troops of the Duke of Guise. The morning was brilliant, the road in good order—considering it was a French one; and, without any adventure worth recording, we passed through Boulogne, and settled ourselves in that well-ordered house the Hôtel-des-Bains.

Now was drawing near the close of our anxieties. After enjoying our first meal in the land dedicated to cookery, we determined to walk to the Château Creville. I was sure that we could find it, so precise had been Goosey’s description of the road; in truth, I wanted to exercise my legs and my bump of locality. We ascended the hill to the upper town, I pointed out the house which Napoleon had occupied, when he was planning his intended invasion of England.

We soon discovered Goosey’s lane, and, having traversed it, we arrived at the open country, where for a moment he had paused and moralized. I went forward to reconnoitre, and soon returned to point out the narrow defile, overshadowed with tall trees. In another minute we were ringing the bell of the Château Creville. Our well-known aborigé, the tall valet’s wife, opened the door, and out came Minnie, in tears, to embrace her excited and weeping aunt.

How shall I describe the scene that followed? The Prince received us in the drawing-room. All my dislike and suspicion of the poor man vanished, as I remarked his faltering step, his feeble bearing, and his fevered eye. He evidently came to me as to one who had much to bear, and, as I thought, much to do, in the way of fatherly assistance. Mr. Timbertoft stood apart, rather as if he was de trop, and yet his generous, unselfish spirit was to be fully employed. I saw that he wanted to sing his song, and that Minnie should encourage him. She sympathized with me, and felt for her old friend. She whispered to the Prince, who sat down at the organ, and she sang, while he played, and occasionally accompanied with his voice, the well-remembered strain. But it was no longer the mere Ranter hymn: a rich German chorale went before and after it, something to the following effect:

“Tshall not stay in the dread tomb,

Since Christ from death has risen;

But hope, like Him, to burst its gloom,

Delivered from the prison!

I’ll join thee, Lord, where’er thou livest,

A life like thine to all thou givest,

And whoo loves thy holy word,

Shall reign forever with the Lord!”

The voice was hushed, and we remained some moments in devout silence. He then withdrew into the little cabinet, motioning to me to follow him. When we had entered, and had closed the door, drawing over it a heavy curtain, he sat down, and said, in a low and awful voice, ‘Just judicio Dei accusatsum, justo judicio Dei judicatus sum, justo judicio Dei condemnatus sum.’ In my early youth, Dr. Umpieby, while a student at Heidelberg, I became acquainted with a strange man called Pantanus Nicolle. Half a Frenchman, half a German, he combined the fascinating vivacity of the one with the deep, philosophical spirit of the other. He was the agent and propagandist of one of the secret associations, which, in spite of the watchfulness of the police, and the terrors of imprisonment, exile, and death, were sowing here and there in my country the seeds of liberty, equality, and fraternity. His views of freedom were broad, and yet tempered with caution. I accepted them with all the enthusiasm of a young and ardent man. You know, that in every university the last novelty in opinion is sure to be popular, and gains proselytes in proportion as it is contraband in the estimation of those in authority. To say the truth, I have some reason to fear that my ‘guide, philosopher, and friend’ has since proved himself a cheat, a coiner, and desistive of all moral feeling whatever. At the time of which I speak I confess that he wielded an influence over me imperious and indisputable. Of this I was especially conscious when he was present. He taught me the nature and the uses of the sympathetic and attraction between bodies, of which mesmerism is the exponent. He was familiar with the chemistry of poisons: he professed to know all the secrets of aqua tosana, of laurel-water, and the various arseniates. His revelations on these subjects sometimes filled me with inexpressible terror. He was a firm believer, or at least assertor, of the nearness of the spirit-world, and of the intercourse of the departed with the living. He told me that, when he was dead, he would, if permitted, come and see me, and that I should visit others. I soon found myself entangled in the meshes of a subtle and far-spread conspiracy. I durst not even now reveal the particulars, much less the parties concerned in it. I was indiscreet, and denounced to the police: I fled, and, hidden by the assistance of members of a foreign corresponding society, thought myself secure from discovery; but all my disguises, as I have since found to my sorrow, were penetrated, and some of the men I most confidently trusted were engaged in betraying me. O, sir, depend upon it there may be murder, calumny, persecution, practised as arts in a secret society, but you must not look for the finer displays of honour: as well might you expect to find it among thieves. A wanderer on the face of the earth—often left destitute of the necessaries of life, still more often cast among all the bad influence of foreign adventurers—removed from the moral restraints of fatherland—often exclaiming, in bitterness of soul, ‘O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I flee away and be at rest’—temped sometimes to destroy my own life, I came to London, and having received a handsome remittance from my ever-indulgent father, I went to see your Exhibition of the Royal Academy. I was disappointed in the absence, for
the most part, of all religious feeling in your paintings; your national genius exhausted itself in portraits and genre. But I beheld there the vision of my Minnie for the first time, and that amply compensated me for the want of every other shape and type of beauty. You know, Doctor, the main particulars of my adventures from this moment, the most solemn of my life; indeed, it has been the very pivot and turning-point of all my subsequent thoughts and deeds. I taught Minnie to love me: how I taught her I dare not tell you. We met at the cathedral sometimes, sometimes in the cottages of the widows you entrusted to her care. The delicacies of my kitchen, the choicest wines of my cellar were at their disposal for her dear sake. If I was her master in love, she was mine in leading me back to the religious belief of my childhood. I am not a Roman Catholic, but I thank God I am once more a Christian, and I owe the grand discovery of the glorious hopes and consolations of the faith to her eloquent words. Often have we wandered among the tombs of the cathedral cloisters, and discussed together on the immortality of the soul. Do not suppose that she ever breathed a syllable or did a deed unworthy of an English gentlewoman. At last I persuaded her to accompany me to the old church in the sandy dunes. She put on her bonnet in the early morning, unaccompanied by her aunt or her maid, walked without let or hindrance to a spot where I waited for her with an open carriage, and we drove straight to the church. She knew much of my history; some things she did not know, and it is even better now that some things she should never be told. How we procured her dresses, and the other things necessary for a lady on a journey, is still a mystery to her. Let that mystery remain. My yacht waited for us off the coast near the cove of Littleshare, and so we came to Boulogne. Much that I have done has been effected by clumsy notices. I confess. Sometimes even clumsiness has its characteristics of genius. It throws men off their guard. At any rate Minnie is mine! I feel fatigued with what I have related. It comforts my mind to have so far disburdened it. Shortly, if I live, I will tell you further particulars. If I live, did I say? There is a voice within me, and a finger that ever beckons me from the spirit of Panteius Nicolle, now no more, which reminds me hourly that my days are numbered! Justo judicio Dei condemnatus sum?!

There was much that was obscure and enigmatical, if I may so speak, in this account which the Prince gave of himself. It awakened, without satisfying, curiosity. I was afraid of exciting his already fevered brain further; and after a few words of calm, Christian admonition, inviting him to cheerfulness rather than despondency, I proposed that we should rejoin the ladies in the drawing-room. We found there Mr. Timbertofts, alone. Minnie and her aunt, who, it may be presumed, had much to say to each other, had long retired. Our friend was glad to find himself in the company of others.

His highly-strung nerves were beginning to give way. The Prince continued his conversation concerning the nearness of the world of spirits. He declared that he sometimes felt, like an aura, for which he could not account, except for the presence and influence of Nicolle. "If," he said, "my zeal for liberty ever flags, I hear a voice you cannot hear, I see a hand you cannot see!"

Mr. Timbertofts warmly combated the idea. It contradicted all his theology. It appeared to him antecedently improbable that Divine Providence would allow such mysterious communication for a doubtful or obscure object. The Prince brought forward many ingenious reasons for upholding the contrary opinion. He quoted Cicero: he illustrated his views by a long catalogue of ghost stories, from classical, oriental, and modern European and American authors. His learning on the question was prodigious. He concluded by a remarkable promise, which did not affect me much at the time, but made a deep and, as the sequel proved, a dangerous impression on the mind of Mr. Timbertofts.

"I feel myself," said the Prince, "sick of a mortal disease. My days on earth are numbered. Every beat of my pulse is precious to me, for there are very few to be counted. Mr. Timbertofts, you sneer at my opinions; yet think my testimony the mere record of an hallucination. If permitted, my spirit shall visit you on the twenty-first day after the interment of my body!"

I sought to change the conversation, for it was evidently producing unmixt evil to both of my companions. These ominous words scattered like lightning, the countenance of Mr. Timbertofts. They left the Prince gloomy, reticent, and distracted. I praised the fruit-trees of the garden, hanging heavy with ripened clusters. I contrasted the brilliancy of the French atmosphere with that of Eastminister. I was happily relieved by the coming of Minnie and her aunt, who joined us immediately. They looked cheerful and contented, but they had evidently been weeping. The conversation which followed was on indifferent subjects, such as the health of Bibi Poudtext, and the general condition of the Sacristy; and we parted from our newly-found friends, on the understanding that we should dine with them next day.

While returning to our hotel, Mrs. Weatherall communicated to me some particulars concerning Minnie's unbounded love for her husband, which set me thinking on the mystery of his character and proceedings. "She had dreamt of him night after night. She seemed to be conscious that his form hovered over her in her sleep. When she had met him in the cathedral cloisters he had spoken to her words of infinite eloquence and emotion. But this was not the secret of his influence over her. He wore around her a spell of marvellous force and power, which she could not resist. She seemed like one in a net, the meshes of which were as light and transparent as gossamer, but as strong as steel, and as indestructible as adamast."
Minnie's Elopement.

How much of this strange phraseology was an echo of his teachings, and how much of these teachings were due to the prior work of Pantænum Nicollé! So it is that speculations impressed on the minds of the young, ardent, and imaginative are reproduced, in new shapes, to the third and fourth generation. How solemn a comment on the force of right words, and the danger of uttering wrong ones! They are both like a mighty millstone cast into the sea of human action; and who can foretell the consequences of their remoter eddies?

After breakfast next morning we took a quiet stroll in the direction of the citadel, which crowns over a corner of the upper town, a touching relic of feudal and medæval times; and now, if we were not misinformed, a common prison for Englishmen in debt. We fancied that we could trace the masonry in the wall, when it was repaired after the last English siege; for Boulogne, like Calais, was one of the few late relics left of the great revenge taken by our country for the invasion by the Norman. We wandered on and on till we came to the cemetery. A carriage waited at the entrance. We walked in, and read the epitaphs of the English exiles who had been buried there. How numerous were the tombs of our sailor and soldier officers who had fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and spent their last days, for the sake of economy, in the land they had conquered! Here was the precinct appropriated to those who could purchase the freehold of the soil—the monuments bearing the inscription 
EN PERPETUITE—and there the spots which had been bought on a lease of ten, fifteen, or twenty years. Some rough sectors were clearing a portion of the ground, and there was a heap of crosses and other sepulchral memorials, waiting to be burnt, as the terms of the graves they once decorated had expired. What a commentary on that benevolent law of Divine Providence, which forbids the mass of mankind from bewailing the dead for ever!

While we were wandering through the crowded cemetery, the very soil heaving with the multitudes interred beneath, a brilliant military march came sounding along the air, and the flashing bayonets of a magnificent regiment of the French line glistened through the sombre trees. What a strange and monitory meeting of life and death! So completely were we absorbed by the scene that we did not realize a closer illustration of the same nearness—the sudden approach of Minnie and her husband. She came, the very ideal of health and youth; she pale and feeble, as though straightening for the grave. After a hurried recognition he called me aside, and, leaning heavily on my arm, whispered:

"Dr. Umplesby, when I am gone bury my remains under that linden, and see that on a simple cross of white marble are inscribed my initials, and the words JESU MERCY! Observe, not a word more! Let the solemn shadow of the symbol of redemption ever mark over me the dance of the hours. You promise me, as a clergyman!"

"I faithfully promise," replied I, with a faltering voice; for I thought of her whom he must leave behind him, like a flower withered before it was fully unfolded. It was fearful to contemplate that Minnie seemed unconscious of her husband's mortal sickness and her own approaching widowhood. His was one of those subtle diseases which gradually sap the vital powers and slowly undermine the constitution of the sufferer with calm, painless, imperceptible, but certain decay.

I proposed to the Prince that he should allow us to send for his father. To this he offered a strenuous and reasonable refusal.

"His age," said he, "is advanced; the journey itself would be sufficient to blow out the flickering light of his life; while the sight of myself dying or dead would kill the venerable hero outright. No! to my darling wife I leave the legacy of comforting my father. Tell her this when I am gone. Instruct her in her special duty toward her neighbour, which her catechism has taught her generally, and send her to Austria. The journey may be of benefit, for it will distract her attention, and my father will continue to her all the love which he has so long lavished on unworthy me!"

Mr. Timbertofts sat next to the Prince at dinner, and they entered into a hard and dry metaphysical discussion concerning the action of pure spirits in time and space. I did not catch all that they said. The words "immaterial" and "material" often occurred in their conversation. At last they agreed in the conviction that the communication of spirits out of the body with spirits in the body was something belonging to the pure uncompounded consciousness of each, and with which strangers could only indirectly intermeddle. All this was beyond me, but I found a ready acceptance in the mind of Mr. Timbertofts. I am afraid that he meant some day to inflict it on the bucolic brain of Sheeptail. The Prince retired early from the dinner-table. My reverend brother accompanied him. I ventured to join them shortly afterwards, and found Timbertofts, in gloomy abstraction, staring into the fire; while the Prince was looking into the depths of a divining crystal, which had once belonged to Catherine de Medicis and Madame Pompadour.

The beginning of the end was drawing near. Mrs. Weatherall, Mr. Timbertofts, and myself were sitting next morning at breakfast in our hotel, and planning an excursion to the magnificent cathedral of Amiens, when the waiter brought me a card, on which was inscribed:

"LE DOCTEUR LAMERTINE."

This name was strange to me, and I went into an adjoining room to speak to him. In perfectly accurate English he said; "Sir, I am sure that the solemnity of my errand will justify the present intrusion. A gentleman has fallen down in a fit near the citadel on the ramparts of the upper town, and has been removed to the hospital. There is neither card nor other document.
in his pockets, stating his name and address—nothing, in short, except the fly-leaf of a letter, and on it is written:

'The Rev. Dr. Umpleby,
Hotel des Bains.'

The gentleman does not appear to be an ecclesiastic. I have thought it right to come here and make inquiries, as a considerable sum of money has been found in the possession of the unfortunate invalid, and a gold watch of high value.

I was greatly alarmed. Could it be, the poor Prince? I inquired whether the sufferer was tall and had light hair? He had. Ordering a carriage to be ready for me in a quarter of an hour, I accompanied the doctor to the hospital. There stretched on a bed, hastily prepared in the parloir, lay the Prince. He had been undressed. His fine hair was nearly all cut off. Already a bag of ice was placed on his temples, and other vigorous remedies were in course of application. He was totally unconscious, his eyes were closed, he snorted sometimes, at other dreary intervals hiccupped. I said:

"Will he recover?"
"Will he die soon?"
"Perhaps this evening at sunset, or with the first dawn of the morning."

I informed the generous doctor that the wife of my poor friend was living in the neighbourhood, and that I must fetch her at all hazards; but that I would immediately send some one to watch over the sick man, and that no expense was to be spared which might be necessary for his recovery. So back I hurried to the hotel.

The consternation of Mrs. Weatherall was fearful on hearing the sad tidings; but evidently all her sympathy was with her niece. Mr. Timbertofts gazed for some moments into vacancy, and said not a word; but his upper lip quivered convulsively, and one could almost hear the tumultuous beating of his heart. I asked him to mount guard in the sick chamber of death, while I conveyed Mrs. Weatherall in the carriage to the chateau Creville.

"So this is the end of Minnie’s grand Elopement," said I to Mrs. Weatherall, as we pursued our melancholy journey. "What a Nemesis has pursued her husband?" I did not add, and herself; but I fear that Mrs. Weatherall pierced my thoughts, and soon interpreted them in words; for she said:

"O that my sweet niece had never met this gentleman! She is fond, unworldly, and simple-minded, like Juliet in Shakespeare’s tragedy; and this stranger made an impression upon her heart which obliterated every other affection. I was nothing to her then. The influence of religion and of our own church, embodied in yourself, was mere dust and ashes when weighed in the balance with that paramount and absorbing devotion, Doctor, there’s a divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will?"

I was silent. The little lady was dear to me, and I easily understood how it was that she yearned for some other love than that of sums and clergymen.

We soon reached the chateau Creville. Minnie met us in the court-yard; she was tending and watering her flowers, and playing with her canary. "The Prince, we learned, had taken an early breakfast and gone out for a stroll, as supposed. How shall I describe the anguish of the scene that followed her aunt’s careful safeguarded hints that evil had befallen her husband? She anticipated the worst, as it was, by intuition. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and entered the carriage with a tearless eye, but with a concentrated silent energy of grief, far more touching and alarming than the rude paroxysms which more frequently accompany it.

She soon reached the hospital. One look at the fearful scene which met her gaze, one kiss given to the shape and form of him who was to her an hour before all in all, and she would have fallen utterly senseless to the ground had I not caught her in my own arms. No restoratives brought back life to her. The physicians strongly urged that she should be taken home again; and for weeks afterwards she lay in the delirium of fever, sometimes calling on her husband to return; sometimes, in her wanderings, nursing Bibi Poudext, and at others murmuring the hymn:

"I am bound to the land of Canaan, Canaan, Canaan!"

Meanwhile the Prince gradually sank, and at the early dawn next morning, the hour when so many die, his spirit passed away, and with the exception of a Sister of Charity, who had nursed him with characteristic tenderness, Mr. Timbertofts and myself were alone with the dead.

In making the arrangements necessary for the interment of the Prince I acted entirely alone. Mr. Timbertofts was totally unnerved, and I could not help thinking of the remarkable promise made to him by the deceased, that his spirit should visit Mr. Timbertofts twenty-one days after the burial of his body.

Mrs. Weatherall left all the details of the melancholy task in my hands. The funeral was simple, but dignified. We did not idle saw money broadcast among mates and attendants, nor surround the memory of the dead with that most coarse and vulgar of mockeries, the undertakers-mockery of grief; but we gave a good sum for the relief of the poor, and ordered a plain marble cross, surmounting a pedestal, as a monument to him that had gone; following, in fact, in perfect good faith, his own Christian directions. So there, in the old cemetery of Boulogne, his remains sleep, till the last dread awakening.

We wrote letters to his father and family, and received kind and tender replies. But Minnie
never went to Lints or Hungary. This sad task would have been dangerous, if not fatal, in her shattered and enfeebled state of health.

I was soon recalled to my home duties, and I persuaded Mr. Timbertofts to accompany me. I was anxious for him, perhaps more than for any other of the party which had so joyously left Eastminster to visit. Both he and I were sick for his health—I ought rather to say his sanity. I heard, with deep gratification, that Mrs. Weatherall intended to take Minnie to Torquay. Her recovery we felt was not likely to take place without an entire change of climate, scenery, and society.

The fatal day arrived, the twenty-first after the interment of the Prince. A new church was consecrated not far from Eastminster on that portentous morning: I hired a carriage to take Mr. Timbertofts and myself to the festival, in the hope that he would forget the terrible promise, or, shall I say, threat of the Prince, that on that very day his spirit should visit my excitable friend. We met our cordial and genial Bishop. WeDISPORTED Ourselves in a large circle of hilarious clerical and lay acquaintances. We received the holy communion together. A handsome feast was provided by a neighbouring squire for all comers. I took great pains that Mr. Timbertofts should occupy a place close to our diocesan. I hoped for the best. In the very middle of the entertainment Mr. Timbertofts turned deadly pale, laid down his knife and fork, rose from his seat of honour, and left the room. His departure was unnoticed, in the bustle of enjoyment, by any one but myself. He was absent for a quarter of an hour, or perhaps more; for on such an occasion no one measures time very accurately. The servants waiting at table observed neither his going out nor his coming in. Far different was the case with myself. I knew the minchinch, which he at once anticipated and feared.

I left the pleasant party as soon as I could with decency, and without exciting observation. I found him in the garden of our host, wandering, apparently without meaning, among the beds of lilies and roses. I approached him and endeavoured to excite his attention. On he gravely marched, like a somnambulist. I grasped his arm, and still on, on, silently on he went. He took no notice of me, until I began to sing, as well as I could, and that was but lamely:

'"I am bound to the land of Canaan, Canaan, Canaan!"

These mystical, magic words brought him back to the world around him, and to the things beneath the moon, in the circle of which we all revolve. He gave me a look of intense, wild excitement, followed by a melancholy smile of recognition, and marched on. The murmur of the distant reverie of the house came undulating on my ear, and the cheers, not easily restrained by episcopal presence, even the good health of the host was drank. They strangely contradicted with our thoughts, for we both seemed to feel that we were not alone, but a third—unbidden, shall I say unwelcome?—accompanied us unseen! What is the nature, what the origin, what the genealogy of the individual which makes us shrink from the presence of ghosts?

"I have seen him, I have seen him!" at last hoarsely whispered Mr. Timbertofts. "Umpleby, my dear Umpleby, he came into the room as I was conversing with the bishop, and beckoned me out. I could have no more resisted his force than the earth can resist the gravitation of the central sun. Out I came, moved by that mysterious influence, and followed the presence into the library. Dr. Umpleby, I am not mad, indeed I am not. I can manage my affairs, I can control my passions and expenditure; I am sure I could answer any question in Dealtry, and write an essay on the principles of Descartes. But I am as conscious that I saw and conversed with the Prince as that I now am walking step by step with you! Ha, ha! What is that? The Prince accompanies us, and I behold him on my left hand!"\

I looked for the vision of the phantom, but could see nothing, except some delicious flowering myrtles, through which the light played, as they tossed their beautiful forms in the rising breeze.

"He—it—is gone now," added my friend, "and nothing intervenes between my eye and those nodding shrubs." . . . A long pause of silence followed, broken only by our footsteps on the crisp gravel, and the distant chimes of Eastminster cathedral . . . . . "He told me to read my Bible more diligently, and to pray more earnestly the intercessions of my Prayer-book. He said he knew that I said them often enough. He asked me what had become of the poor sheep I had left in the wilderness?" Another pause. Again the tramp of our feet and the cheerful murmur of the evening bells.

Does the anatomy of spectral appearances lead us to view them as the voice of conscience mingling with the imaginative power of a disordered brain?

"O Umpleby, I will never argue again against the nearness of the spirit-world! My sight is failing me! It grows dark, dark! More light! more light! I feel very faint."

He leaned heavily on my shoulder. I led him to a seat, and in another moment he turned deadly pale and sank down unconscious.

Fortunately, or rather I should say providentially, the dinner party just then broke up, and group after group of convivialists appeared on the lawn. I could not leave my insensible companion, but three or four gentlemen joined us immediately: one went for such restoratives as could be incontinent procured; another, at my urgent request, ordered my carriage. It was in vain that brandy and ammonia were brought. The bishop was sadly concerned for Mr. Timbertofts. It was in vain that we tried every expedient to bring back the light to the eye of my poor friend. A physician who was present—one Dr. Emmett, a man of great local re-
Tempted.

God raises us in kindness from the fevered couch of pain;
The friends estranged or absent are restored to us again;
Coy Fortune's frowns have passed away, her smiles to us are given:
Why do we languidly receive the precious boon of Heaven?

Yet so it is—in time of doubt, of sickness, or of care,
How earnestly and frequently we seek the Lord's prayer!
He grants our wishes, but our voice is ever slow to raise
A glad and joyous tribute to our Benefactor's praise.

And yet, perchance, 'tis better thus. 'Tis not in outward sound
That the truest revelations of the hidden soul are found:
The thrilling tones pass lightly by; we vainly woo their stay;
Soon their retreating echo in the distance dies away.

Thy oft-recurring mercies, Lord, Thy people truly feel—
We may not to a careless crowd each gracious gift reveal—
Thou knowest all, and wilt not blame the tribute we impart;
The deep and silent gratitude that lives within the heart!

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

JOY-BELLS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The joy-bells: How it gladdens me their pleasant tones to hear!
What varied scenes of former life before my mind appear!
A wedding group depart from church—the holy knot is tied,
And merry bells are welcoming the bridegroom and the bride.

Anon, I see a shaded room; a lady, pale and fair,
Has given to a noble house the blessing of an heir:
She smiles in placid happiness, while listing to the sound
Of the joy-bells gaily heralding the wished-for news around.

Anon, I view the conqueror; he comes from realms afar;
He hath bravely won his laurels on the crimson field of war;
Yet he hastens to seek the cottage where his loving mother dwells,
And rejoices in the greeting of his native village bells.

Yes, well I love the merry bells—they seem my heart to cheer—
Why come they not more frequently to gratify our ear?
Few lives can boast of great events, of bright and signal days;
Yet bounties oft await us in our usual walks and ways.

TEMPTED.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Now that the tempest-burst is past and over,
And I am left with my wrecked hopes of youth;
Now that forgetful friend and faithless lover
Have taught my heart at last the bitter truth,
Its trust, its love, its worship were in vain;
Why do you seek to piece a broken chain?

I took these flowers from the unconsciousdead,
On whose cold breast they lay in pallid bloom,
That on a heart which tears of blood had shed
They might rest like a message from the tomb.
I wished my bosom to become a cell,
Where worldly thought might ne'er intrude to dwell.

But now you sue for tenderness and pardon;
You give me back the promises withdrawn;
You bid me rove through my lost Eden's garden,
With eyes which, opened, may behold each thorn:
But the old love can ne'er be yours again;
Why will you strive to piece a broken chain?

Ramsgate.
OF PSEUDO-GENTLEMEN IN GENERAL.

BY ANTHASMONTELL.

“To ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage impannelled matrons ’twould perplex;
Nor male nor female; neither, and yet both,
Of nester-gender, and of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate.”—CHURCHILL.

Dost thou imagine, O fair and gentle reader, that we are about to declare war upon that part of the present generation which is growing up in real gentleship around us. No; nothing of the kind. Our intention at present is only to expose the vain claims of certain scape-graces belonging to it, who would take the world.

“By might, by right, by violence and storm,”

and, under false pretences, make proselytes among our youth. The “tall bully” that “lifts its head and lies;” the Greek of St. James’s and Pall-mall and May-fair; the ill-mannered youth of fashion, with his hat on one side, and his elbows projected behind him like the high joints of a grasshopper; the “being” who strut the pave of this huge metropolis yept London, supporting an appearance and an eye-glass, having no defect of vision, but being, in other respects, as herein after-mentioned; and all those who drive a tandem, habited in superfine broad-cloth, upon which Ranken of Calcutta, or Poole of Regent-street, might exhaust the utmost efforts of their super-eminent sartorial skill; being at the same time unprincipled, contemptible, uncreditable, unwitted; but not undunned—all and every of such beings come within the scope of our argument. We may, perhaps, arouse their anger by a new nomenclature; but that anger we need not fear, for it is

“Innoxious—hissing, but stingless;”

and we shall render a service to the philosophy of manners, in despite of it, by vindicating an abused word, and substituting a correct term for a species of animal with which, Cowper says,

“The streets are filled;
The cranking nuisance lurks in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, ‘scape;
And the land stinks, so numerous are the fy.”

Mais reverons à nos moutons. Celebrated scholars have frequently been unable to determine the precise signification of certain words in the dead languages; they have pored and pored,

“Shook their ambrosial curls,”

and, at last, left the matter in doubt. The truth is, that language, as well as fashion, having its fluctuations, the best philologists find it impracticable to trace its multiform changes; words, for example, that in the days of our boyhood expressed a particular idea, we find, when we have arrived at man’s estate and mingled with the world, express one just the reverse. It has happened thus with the word gentleman; for all mankind is conscious that the term is now commonly used to designate one who may be an

“Errant blackguard, thief, and knave.”

This abuse of an appellative held in great esteem by our grandparents and grandmothers, as the name of every thing excellent in man, would have made “our ancestors crimson red, and startle with indignation,” to use a phrase of old Lord Colchester’s; improvable according to Judge Jenkins.

“Sir, I am a gentleman!” is at present the reply of every pickpocket or bully, be he a denizen of St. Giles, or proprietor of a mansion in Queen’s-gate; and “Sir, I am a gentleman!” is also the rejoinder of every miscreant who robs or insults a worthier member of society, and gets out of the scrape by “donning” himself a false appellation.

“Do you doubt my being a gentleman, sir?” is the refuge of a fashionable liar who is caught in an untruth. “Upon my honour as an officer and a gentleman,” is an asseveration that must not be disputed. It gravitates, like lead, to the very centre, carrying with it all intervening doubts; for who dares to dispute the honour of an officer, and a gentleman besides!

“I am a gentleman, and expect satisfaction,” is often the language of a ruffian who has not the smallest pretensions to the title: nay, “burglar,” according to the authority of Mr. Punch, have been known, of late years, to pique themselves upon committing a robbery in a gentlemanlike way, and have expressed an earnest wish to prevent the ladies they intended robbing from being alarmed. It may, nevertheless, be contended that gallantry to the fair has been inherent with all gentlemen-burglars, or highwaymen, since the days of Machecath; however
The Pseudo-Gentlemen in general.

The address and spirit of the character are inherent in him. Such men are yet to be found in society, though but sparingly scattered, like diamonds in a mine, surrounded with opaque spars and gravelly concretions, innumerable and large. They are the Prince Alberts of this modern age, the best of what is its real majesty, and the extremes of social and visible attraction. The pseudo-gentleman must never be taken per se. He must always be appraised in clothes of the newest cut, in company with his dogs or in the stable with his horses—if he has the means of keeping them. He imagines that the respect paid to him is in the ratio of his conjectured expenditure, and, in consequence, he always talks of money in very large sums indeed, and in whole numbers—though he draws largely on his invention for this style of conversation, and what he says on the subject is often purely imaginary. He bullies every man who politely or gracefully implies a doubt of his word, and demands satisfaction. Yet he talks of his numerous intrigues with my Lady This or my Lady That, whom he never saw; and openly and flagrantly boasts of crimes that common charity tells us he could never be monster enough to commit. His mind is a chaos of confused vices and despicable vanities, an uncultivated and an unfollowed waste, nourishing

"But weeds and plants pernicious-like."

He has not talent enough, or the allotted portion of brains to fill an office in common society, though his family's "borough" interest may sometimes cover his outrageous deficiencies sufficiently to qualify him for a sleeping Lord of the Admiralty—a ministerial hireling, or underling in Parliament, to "count" one on a question like the present unpopular Franchise Bill; or he may be drily by an expert Court master of the ceremonies into a tolerably decent Lord of the Bedchamber.

The "fine old English gentleman" of the song—the old genuine English gentleman—joined to the highest polish of manners, the integrity of a man of principle, and the kindest heart; courage was with him only a secondary qualification. The pseudo-gentleman is directly the reverse! He is heartless, and entirely destitute of integrity. In courage, or a peculiar species of bravado, he is not always deficient; but it is of the supine sort that never border or approaches on heroism; it is the instinctive bravery of the Queen's shilling-taking soldier—constitutional to Englishmen in general; but it is not that of the gentleman or general! The bravery of Lord Hay at the ever-memorable battle of Fontenoy, when he exclaimed: "Gentlemen of the French guards, give us your fire!" is beyond the compass of his understanding, as much as the chivalric conduct of Sir Philip Sidney—the most

"Finished noble of his age."

when dying before the crumbling walls of Zut-
The Pseudo-Gentlemen in general.

phen; or the noble act of the French officer to Colonel Ponsonby, at Waterloo. If in the army, and there are many pseudo-gentlemen of that cloth—for we speak from well-tried experience of the service—he prefers the corps that see no climate but their own, and that are "cankers of a calm world and a long peace." Pseudo-gentlemen of the army may always be distinguished from their brother-officers: they

... "Shine so brisk and smell so sweet, And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman."

They call for a clean silk or cambric handkerchief to dust their boots, after a promenade down the "row of fashion," singularly and improperly named, as formerly, "Rotten Row:; and relieve their fatigue in a warm bath à la Hahneman, covered with a fine linen sheet, in which a couple of bottles of Eau de Cologne or Rimmel's toilet vinegar have been emptied. They are ill fit to bear the trials of a campaign. The foe who cried out in combat,

"Faciam fieri miles!"

would, of all others, the soonest panic-strike them. Numbers of these pseudo-gentlemen went to the Crimean war, expecting, at the worst times,

"A decent beef-steak, silver fork, And plate rubbed with a shallot;"

but found themselves sadly mistaken in their ideas of hard service. Leave of absence on "urgent private affairs," &c., &c., or leave of absence for a perpetuity, from the much-assisted Lord Raglan, purged his gallant army of most who did not appear to reform radically. The navy produces few or none of the cubbed breed; the intractable nature of the initiation into that service operates as an effectual bar to their introduction. There are pseudo-gentlemen who have an invincible attachment to grooms, jockeys, coachmen, cab-drivers, hansom-drivers, and stable-assistants. It is not so much from a regard to the generous horse that this predilection arises, as from the sympathy of a congenial nature with his keepers. The driving four, six, or eight horses is the ne plus ultra of ambition with many whose pride

"Soars no higher than to imitate The Jeusus of the road."

in dress, manners, and language. They will go out of town a hundred miles to meet and drive a coach up from the Derby or Ascot, feasting the coachman for their practice; disguised

"In a coat of newest frieze With buttons o' brass to boot,"

they take their glass of "gin and bitters" at the "publics" on the road, open the doors for the unsuspecting passengers to get in, with "Now, gentlemen, if you please;" and seem perfectly at home and in the zenith of their happiness. Doubtless, some of our hereditary legislators may be found among the number of these. Instances are on record of the fore-tooth of a pseudo-gentleman having been punched out in order to "spectorate" like a coachman, and project the saliva, to use Tom Hood's words,

"Right clear of the cattle and traces, Down into the hedge below;"

on the left hand-side of the road. These coachmen-like practices, which give rise to a boundless expenditure of revenue, generally introduce the pseudo-gentleman to the detestable and agreeable society of the "Israelites," or the kis-Jews and money-lenders, in whose hands he pledges all his property present and prospective; and his own soul and body would, doubtless, share the same fate were the twin commodities only deemed marketable; so that when he has arrived three or four years beyond the age of discretion, he becomes in want of the necessary supplies of cash for his support. Then if the accident of birth have placed him in the patrician ranks, he is often made, all at once, to show

"A most intense and extravagant zeal To serve his country. Ministerial grace Deals him out money from the public chest;"

and he, who could not govern himself, lives by misgoverning others. If he be of plebeian order, he finishes his career in the Queen's-bench. His numerous shifts and expedients to "keep up" his credit are amusing enough and farcical to a degree. He sometimes tries to patch his fortune by matrimony, and makes love with that peculiar frigid nonchalance of manner and Dundrearyan lisp and drawl of language, which it is beyond the power of our humble pen to describe, but which may be best conceived by looking at the principal figure in the "Marriage à la Mode" of Hogarth, and conjecturing how it would articulate. With the fairer and softer portion of the sex the negligence of his manner is utterly lost in the superior cut of his coat, and his general "get up;" women, as a general rule, with a few exceptions, being naturally fond of coxcombs; but the impression the "dear delightful creature" makes at first sight is seldom lasting. He is, unfortunately, neither constant nor even romantic enough for a ward in Chancery, and he cannot make verses—an indispensable requisite in that species of love, unless, indeed, he happen to be a collegian upon the town—a distressed M.A. or B.A., and can manage to throw

"Something of mind into his love-address," and discuss with tolerable volubility and choice of language the merits of the "Lady's Mile," or relate well a moving "love-story" of the
day. As regards rich widows, he has not the ghost of a chance, for they are generally and invariably placed beyond his reach by "tall Irishmen" (not Fenians, however), who are observed to take off almost all the modern damos of Ephesus. His principal trust, however, when his family happens to be respectable, centres in the efforts of his parents to negotiate for him, balancing family, or some other contingent, against money; and thus he secures his daily bread by a church-hallowed prostitution.

Some pseudo-gentlemen, among the fortunate ones of the species, commence life in the Dragoons and finish theirprobationship in the church. It may well be demoted a redeeming period in their lives, when the Christian sword of war is laid by for that of the Christian divine and justice of the peace. They become gardes de chassée to the county; they give in charge vagrants, desolate largely upon loyalty, brow-beat country-gentlemen, shoot and hunt right apostolically, feed at public dinners, and perform other feats truly orthodox; while their "very pressing" and "numerous engagements," and the vis inerte of "Bellies with good capon lined,"

prevent the performance of more than a weekly sermon of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, generally furnished from the cobwebby purchasable archives of Paternoster-row. They spare themselves the trouble of ever being seen

"Beside the bed where parting life is laid,"

and lay their ponderous frames in their churchyards at a good age, leaving a record of "Deeds immortal, of victories unheard"
of at the whist-table, the parish vestry, or at the "squire's," by swallowing the third bottle, like "Atlas unremoved."

But there is not, alas! a tithe of a tithe among the brood of pseudo-gentlemen who close life so reputedly or so gloriously as the pseudo-gentleman priest.

Much more might be written on the present subject; but we have said enough to show the necessity of avoiding any further clashing of appellations, and of establishing a useful distinction for the especial benefit of our "lovely fair." We hope, finally, that every mis-named gentleman who reads this proposal for re-baptizing him may be duly grateful to the writer, nor feel, during the perusal, comme un petit diable au fond d'un benitier.

"THE MUSIC OF MEN'S LIVES."

Richard II., act v., sc. 5.

I sit and watch the summer sun decline,
Far to the west, in amethystine clouds;
Drinking the warm breath of the egaliante,
In gay, fantastic columns, which enshrouds
The room that I love best.

Sweet sounds, sweet perfumes in the evening air;
The murmurous sounds of sheep-bells, and the wing
Stirring the leaflets, while Dame Nature fair
Talks to her children, tired, in accents kind,
And lulls the earth to rest.

O'er the weird keys a fairy-hand doth glide,
Potent to wake dear Music's cunning spell;
That witched Laertes's son, in olden tide,
Whom white-armed sirens lured, in accents fall,
Unto the Lesbian shore.

"Come rest with us!" they sang: "Thy labour done,
Thou shalt be king in this our isle! For thee
Shall sound, the livelong day, sweet melody:
These arms shall prison thee, until the sun
Sinks 'mid the ocean's roar."

And now the countless images of poets' songs
Come trooping in, 'mid scenes of hero-days;
Stout warriors of the Cross, embattled throngs
Of mail-clad heroes, kindling to the lays
Of bygone troubadour.

And now, faint as a sigh, the dying light
Shimmers upon the forms of ladies fair:
Faint, 'mid the rustle of descending night,
I hear triumphal chants from those who bear
Their country's wail and joy.

Now Music wafts my childhood's days to me,
When, couched midst fern and heather-bell, I dreamed,
And careless watched the fleecy cloudlets flec;
And all the future rosy-tinted seemed
Unto a happy boy.

Then sweep, dark chords of woe, across my life
With lover's vow, and happy marriage-bell,
All tangled; then the mingled joy, and strife;
Then children's lialed carol; then a funeral knell.
And then—a flower-strewed grave!

B. N. C., Oxon.

H. J. S.
It was a calm, beautiful evening; one of those warm, rich sunsets which close the hot, cloudless days of August; and the long lines of mellow light which streamed through the thick foliage of the noble avenue of beeches, and fell in bright tranquil patches on the smooth turf beneath, lighted up also the deep bay-window of the old manor-house, by which Aunt May was seated, with one arm slightly leaning upon the heavy stone mullion of the old-fashioned window, and gazing abstractedly and somewhat sorrowfully on the glorious scene before her.

Now, with Aunt May this sad, pensive expression was more or less habitual; and yet I should scarcely call it sad; it was rather an air of gentle sorrow tempered by quiet resignation. I do not think I had ever known her otherwise. I had heard from the old servants hints of some long-past sorrow, which had left a lasting impression; but more than this I knew not. But, girl as I was, I well remember with what fondness and yet mysterious feelings of love and sympathy I ever looked on those calm and tranquil, yet sad features. Aunt May was at this time perhaps three-and-thirty, I a girl of fifteen. I knew that she had been once married; but even this fact always appeared to me in the same unreal light as any other hint I had heard of her former history. She wore no widow's cap, but her beautiful auroral hair was plainly arranged, one or two long curls only being allowed to fall behind her shoulders. I felt, and I was always told, that Aunt May was very beautiful. As a child I had a fixed idea that the gentle-looking Madonna on the library-wall was a portrait of Aunt May.

I was sitting on the opposite side of the deep window, on a low stool, professedly reading, but in truth much more occupied in conjecture as to what could make dear aunt more silent and grave than usual this evening. Presently I broke silence. I really could not go on looking at that pale, sad face, so dear to me, without trying in my way to cheer and lighten its melancholy.

"Dear aunt, isn't it a lovely evening? I don't think I have ever seen a more beautiful sunset even in Beech-hanger!"

"Beautiful, indeed, dear Edith!"

And the deep blue eyes looked again to the beech-trees. Again a long pause—such silence! We were alone in the drawing-room, and the clear, mellow voice of the thrush in the trees opposite seemed to float round and round the large old room, in a vain attempt to find its way out again.

"Auntie," said I, presently, "if I bring your music will you sing 'Bygone Hours'? You know I like it so much!"

"Not now, dear Edith: I could not sing even that this evening. But why, Edith, is it such an especial favourite with you?"

"Oh, auntie," said I, "I do love to hear you sing it; the words and music both are so full of feeling! Auntie," I added, somewhat timidly, "do you so often sing it because you like to think of bygone hours?"

I felt almost guilty when I had said it. It was the first time in my life that I had ever, even indirectly, adverted to days gone by. Somehow, by tacit consent, for it had never been forbidden, no one in my presence had ever made any allusion to the subject. I felt sorry, and yet pleased, and glanced rather anxiously up to my aunt's face as I spoke.

"Yes, dear Edith," she answered quietly, "there are bygone hours which I do love to recall, and some which I would willingly forget—to-night especially."

She did not look at me, but still kept her face turned to the beeches opposite, whilst she spoke. I thought she looked paler in the evening light; but she was, as ever, calm and gentle. I felt emboldened to ask again—

"Why to-night, dear aunt?"

It seemed almost cruel to ask the question; but I suppose my woman's nature, and, I must add, a strong and loving desire to sympathise in this hidden sorrow, urged me to continue. There was a pause again in the quiet room. Presently Aunt May, without turning her head, spoke: "Edith, could you bear this evening to hear a long tale of sorrow and suffering to those you hold dearest?"

"Yes, dear aunt. Perhaps, if I knew your sorrow, I could help you to bear it," said I, almost with tears in my eyes; for I did love Aunt May dearly, and she looked so beautiful and good, and yet so sad, as she leant her head on her hand and looked steadily at the sunset.

"Well, darling Edith, it is better, perhaps, that you should know it." And Aunt May turned towards me for a minute as she spoke, and then looked away again to the beech-trees. "You know, dear Edith," she continued, "that you had an Uncle Edward, who died before you can remember; but you do not know what caused his early death, and left your
Aunt May a widow at one-and-twenty. Be quite quiet, and I will try to tell you. It is almost a pleasure," she added, as though half-speaking to herself, "to tell aloud the recollections which fill my memory. I married your Uncle Edward when I had just passed my nineteenth birthday; he was then two-and-twenty. You remember, Edith, the portrait over the library-door."

"Yes, aunt," I interrupted, "I remember—a young, handsome man, with dark brown hair, and such a noble countenance! And was that,"

I added, timidly—"was that Uncle Edward?"

"Yes, dear; it was taken soon after our marriage. Mr. Langford, your uncle's father, was the squire of a parish in D—shire, where the family had held large estates for several generations. He was a kind-hearted, but extravagant man, and, as we afterwards discovered, had been obliged to mortgage almost his whole property to cover his expenses. In less than half a year after our marriage he died, and it was then discovered for the first time how heavily the property was encumbered. Edward was unable to pay off the mortgage, and the mortgagee—Mr. Williams, a solicitor—became owner of the estate. It was at first a great shock to your dear uncle to find himself reduced from an income of thousands and a fine estate to an income of less than £400 a-year, derived from the one small farm which remained. But when one is young and hopeful such reverses are more easily borne, and are looked on with less concern than at a time when, in course of years, habits and prejudices have been contracted which cost more to shake off. We anticipated with contentment a life which, if less ostentatious, would nevertheless be equally happy. But it was not fated that our anticipations should be realized. We had been settled in our new home not a few months when trouble again disturbed our happiness. Edward was called upon to pay forthwith a debt of his father's for which he was responsible. The amount was large, very large for your uncle's limited means; but, by a great effort, he raised—without selling his few acres, which he was determined, if in any way possible, to keep unsold—the whole sum required, with the exception of £200. But I am anticipating one part of my story, which I should have mentioned before."

"Soon after we had settled in our new house, we, or rather I, for your uncle was from home, received a visit from a gentleman who introduced himself as Mr. Hayley, the confidential clerk, or perhaps working partner, in Mr. Williams' firm. The latter was at this time residing in the neighbouring parish, Elmham, Edward's birthplace, on his newly-acquired property, and Mr. Hayley had accompanied him. On his calling, I had at first declined seeing him, supposing that he had called upon business, and sent word that Mr. Langford was not at home. In reply he begged the favour of a few minutes' conversation with myself, and was shown in. I was struck with his appearance as he entered the room. Mr. Hayley was some-

what above the middle height, with full dark hair and whiskers, and keen, black eyes, the dark colour of which latter showed in striking contrast to the colourless appearance of a face I could almost call perfect in the moulding of the features, except that the pale lips were too thin and compressed, and the dark eyes unduly deep-set beneath a high and intellectual brow. There was, perhaps, a slightly Jewish cast in his appearance. His dress was quiet and gentlemanly. He apologized for his intrusion, in a well-bred and courteous manner, and explained his reasons for asking an interview. He had known my husband when a boy, having been for some years his schoolfellow, during which time, as he told me with much delicacy of manner, he had reason to feel thankful for his advice and assistance. 'But,' he added, 'my debt of gratitude to Mr. Langford ended not with our school acquaintance. A prompt and energetic act on his part, at a subsequent stage of our acquaintance, was the means of reclaiming him who now, madam, addresses you, from the downward road to dishonour and profligacy; and to that one act—one which now I rejoice to think on as that of a true friend—I owe, not wealth alone, but what I value far more, an honourable name!' He spoke with such deep emotion, and his whole manner evinced such a sincerity of gratitude and kindly feeling, as prepossessed me much in his favour. After explaining that he should probably leave Elmham before my husband's return, for which reason he had the more wished an interview with myself, with the desire to ascertain whether his business knowledge would be of any assistance in arranging our affairs, he took his leave—not without an invitation on my part to call again on his next visit to Elmham, when I hoped he might be able to meet my husband."

"On your uncle's return I mentioned the circumstance of the visit, naturally anticipating that it would give him pleasure to hear of an old acquaintance—one moreover who promised to be a warm and useful friend. I was somewhat surprised to find that he did not receive the intelligence with quite so much satisfaction as I had anticipated; and indeed, seemed considerably surprised that the visit had ever been paid. When, however, he heard from me the whole account of my conversation with Mr. Hayley (whom I perhaps contrived, being somewhat piqued at Edward's indifference, to show in the best light possible), he became more interested in my visitor, and finally agreed that Mr. Hayley should be invited to our house when he next came into the neighbourhood."

"To say the truth, May," said he, 'the last time I met Hayley it was not a very agreeable meeting on either side. At a card-party, given by a mutual acquaintance, I detected him in most dishonourable cheating, and in the heat of the moment I openly exposed him. Had I reflected, I should have spared him open disgrace, and apprized him of my discovery privately. It was a most unpleasant affair, and
ended by Hayley's abruptly bringing his visit to a close and quitting the house immediately. I need not say that we were not the best friends when we parted. However, since he bears me no ill-will, I have no reason to do so, and am but too glad to see him once more in an honourable position."

"To make a long story short, many months had not elapsed before Mr. Hayley was reckoned amongst our intimate friends, and in several instances your uncle gladly availed himself of his useful and kindly-offered assistance in arranging our business matters."

"Such was the state of things when the event which I have before mentioned occurred, boding the final consummation of our misfortunes, and entire destruction of all our schemes of quiet happiness. After much consultation, the only plan for raising the lacking £200, which appeared at all feasible, was to sell, as quickly as might be, a few valuable pictures, heirlooms of your uncle's family, of which the real value was unquestionably far above the sum proposed to be realized by them. But the time was short, and the need urgent, and the sacrifice must be submitted to. The next question was to find a purchaser. By Mr. Hayley's advice the offer was agreed to be made first to Mr. Williams; who, as the former represented, would be doubtless disposed to become the purchaser, having been much pleased with them when he had, on a former occasion, examined them. But as to the price he would be likely to offer, Mr. Hayley was not, as he told us, so sanguine. It was, however, settled that they must be sold, and that at once; and Mr. Hayley kindly undertook to negotiate with Mr. Williams, on the understanding that one hundred pounds was to be the lowest sum he might accept. With this understanding your uncle left home, the same afternoon, for Town, where he expected to be detained some two or three days. It was arranged that I should, on the following day, leave home too, on a visit to my brother—your papa, Edith—until our affairs could be in some manner arranged.

"I don't know how it was, but that parting was the saddest I had ever known. There was a vague, dreary sense of undefined fear at my heart, which, try as I might, I could not shake off. I could not help fancying, too, that a feeling, not very unlike my own, was shared by my dearest husband. Though he told me cheerfully to think nothing about it, for that all was sure to end well, and that, after all, it was but a trifling matter, yet it seemed to me that his cheerfulness was not at all natural; and there was so much almost sad tenderness in his manner when he bade me farewell!—a farewell which I shall never forget. It was a decisive time for me. Oh, how he had never left home!"

Aunt May paused; but she did not move, and her face was still turned away to the beech trees. All was so still: the sun had sunk now; and a sort of grey twilight was creeping over the avenue, and in the indistinct gloom the old-fashioned clipped yew and box-trees looked strange and solemn. The room was growing quite dark in the far corners. I sat without moving, and could almost fancy that Aunt May must hear the beating of my heart, which sounded so loud to myself. How long it seemed before she spoke again! and her voice, when she did speak, quite startled me, the tone was so altered—so quiet, but so sad:

"That same evening, after your uncle had left, the bright, calm sunset tempted me out for a stroll among the woods; I felt so dreary that it was a relief to me to be by myself for a while, and my solitary walk would, I hoped, tend to compose me a little. On my return, as I entered the house, I met Mr. Hayley in the passage, having apparently just left the study—his usual reception room when he visited your uncle on business. He seemed, I fancied, a little surprised at seeing me, and looked rather paler than usual; but he came directly towards me, saying, in a cheerful manner:

"'Why, Mrs. Langford, I almost thought you had deserted your house—I ventured to admit myself, for I could make no one hear, and I have been waiting for your return, for I did not like to leave this in any other hands.'"

"As he spoke he held out a letter:

"'O thank you, Mr. Hayley,' I replied, as I took the note, of which I casually observed that the adhesive fastening was still damp, and looking at the address, I exclaimed:

"'From Mr. Williams! What is his answer? Will he take the pictures?'

"'Yes,' he replied, in a slow manner, 'he takes them; but the £100 cheque which you hold in your hand is his highest offer. I could get no more.'"

"It was a sad disappointment to me; but I thanked him warmly for his exertions in our cause, and locked the envelope up in an escritoire, of which my husband had a key, to remain there until his return from Town. After some further conversation upon ways and means Mr. Hayley took his leave.

"The next day I left for my projected visit, and on the following morning I had a hurried line from Edward, saying that he should leave Town the same day, and adding that should he on his return home find that Mr. Williams would advance £200 upon the pictures, all could be arranged satisfactorily. Of course he did not as yet know that Mr. Williams offered only one hundred. I had often pressed him to ask your papa, Edith, for temporary assistance; but he was too high-minded, and perhaps too proud, to become, as he said, a burden to his wife's relations. My poor Edward! how much during all that day I thought of the disappointment in store for him! I felt utterly in despair, and somehow I could not divest my mind of a continually recurring presentiment of some worse misfortune yet to come.

"The next morning's post brought another hurried line from your uncle. He wrote in high spirits, and told me that I might expect to see him soon at Beech-hanger; that he had found Mr. Williams' cheque for two hundred pounds
in the escritoire, and that thus all difficulty was at an end. I was astonished at this intelligence, having only written the day before to cheer him up a little under the disappointment I anticipated for him when he should find that Mr. Williams' offer fell short of his hopes. Surely, I thought, I was not mistaken. Mr. Hayley had said that the cheque was only for one hundred pounds: could he have been mistaken? But at any rate, wherever the mistake had been, here was the actual truth, and O how rejoiced I was to think that my dear Edward would now be relieved from the weight of anxiety, which I had too plainly seen was gradually wearing him down, though, to myself, he always affected to treat it lightly. Yet I could scarcely persuade myself that the good news was true; I could not forget that Mr. Hayley had conduced with me in my disappointment at hearing that one hundred pounds would not be offered. Could he, I thought again, have been mistaken? Perhaps Mr. Williams had increased the sum he first proposed offering, without telling Hayley of the change? This idea seemed the most satisfactory, and I determined to think no more of the matter; but still I could not shake off a secret misgiving that all was not right. I often think, Edith, that Providence ordains some presentiment of approaching evil, that the pain of the actual stroke may be somewhat lessened.

"On the following morning came a letter, in the address of which I recognized Mr. Hayley's handwriting. With a strange and forced composure I opened and read it. Edward was arrested for forgery."

Aunt May stopped; and this time just turned her face towards me, in the dim twilight. I did not more. I felt more like a statue than a living being: so absorbed was I in the recital, that inward emotion had passed the point of outward expression. It was growing more dusky each moment. The speaker's face turned away again, and Aunt May continued:

"I did not faint nor exclaim; but I felt suddenly lifeless. I suppose my manner showed that something was wrong; your papa got up, and gently took the letter out of my hand—but its very words were for ever burnt in upon my memory. It ran thus:

"'Dear Mrs. Langford,—I am sorry that it falls to my lot to be the writer of tidings which will, I fear, cause you much pain; but which, perhaps, may turn out after all not so bad as they seem. Mr. Langford was this evening arrested on a charge of forging, in Mr. Williams' name, a cheque for £200, which cheque he this morning presented at the W—— Bank and received payment thereon. I cannot, of course, believe that the honourable and high-minded Edward Langford—of whose abhorrence of anything bearing the appearance of dishonesty I have before now had ample proof—can be really guilty of the absurd charge brought against him. I regret that the law will, I fear, compel me to appear as witness for the prosecution; but I trust that after the triumphant acquittal which we must of course anticipate for him, this unavoidable circumstance will not be the cause of any break in our hitherto friendly relations.

"With much sympathy,"

"Believe me, very truly yours,"

"Isaac Hayley."

"I will pass over the hours of agony which I endured when fully aroused to a sense of the real state of the case. Suffice it to say that your uncle was immediately released on bail offered simultaneously by several gentlemen who had long known and valued his friendship. Two days after the receipt of Mr. Hayley's letter he came down to Beech-hanger. Oh! never, never shall I forget that meeting! My own loved Edward! Oh! how changed in those few days! Pale, haggard, almost deathlike was the face that met my sight as he clasped me so tenderly in his arms, and murmured, 'My poor May! your husband is a suspected forger!' I thought my senses would leave me. It was only the necessity of cheering him which kept me up. Grief and harrowing anxiety had so worked on that generous and keenly-sensitive nature, that he seemed quite weak and overcome. As I leaned on my arm, and walked slowly about the garden with me, I learnt, for the first time, the full particulars of the case.

On his first reaching home from Town he unlocked the escritoire where it had been arranged that Mr. Williams' answer should be left for him. On opening the envelope he found enclosed a cheque for £200, accompanied by a few lines stating the pictures should be removed as soon as the purchaser should return to Elmham, which place he purposed leaving for a few days. Having merely glanced at the cheque to ascertain the amount, he replaced it in the envelope and locked it up again. That night he sat up till late writing in his study, and, not feeling inclined to sleep much, he did not go up-stairs at all, but took a few hours' sleep on the sofa—an old bachelor habit of his when particularly busy. The next morning he drove over to W——, to cash his cheque. Just as he came in sight of the Bank he observed Mr. Hayley enter; and when, a few minutes later, he himself went in, the latter was standing by the counter. A friendly nod passed between them, and your uncle presented his cheque, naming the amount and Mr. Williams' name aloud as he did so. The clerk was taking out the cheque from the envelope, in which your uncle had presented it, when Mr. Hayley observed, laughingly:

"That's a trifling mistake of yours, Langford! You mean one hundred!"

"'No,' returned Edward, laughing in return, 'happily 'tis no mistake; you will find it a cheque for £200.'"

"'Indeed,' said Hayley, hastily: 'why, surely, there is some mistake. The cheque——"

"'He was interrupted by the clerk, who, during the dialogue, had examined the cheque. "Mr. Langford is correct,' he said; 'the cheque is for two hundred."

"Hayley appeared surprised, but said nothing; the notes were counted out, and your uncle went
out, leaving Mr. Hayley still standing by the counter. Rather wondering at the observation of the latter, he drove home, and soon dismissed the subject from his mind. That same afternoon he was arrested on a charge of altering the amount of the cheque from £10 to £200. A private examination of the grounds of the charge was gone into at the residence of a magistrate with whom your uncle had always been on intimate terms. It was conducted throughout in a most kind and considerate manner.

"Mr. Hayley, much against his expressed will, was the chief witness. He deposed to having seen Mr. Williams write the cheque for the £100 only, and that having enclosed it with a note in an envelope, and fastened it down, he gave it to the witness to be delivered to your uncle: he further showed that he had given the envelope and its contents into my hands, and casually mentioned his conversation with myself.

"Then came the evidence of the servant in charge of our house, who deposed that your uncle sat up till late in the study, writing, and that he did not retire to his room all night.

"The last witness was the clerk who had cashed the cheque. He deposed to the conversation that had taken place between Mr. Hayley and your uncle; that, after your uncle left, Mr. Hayley had begged to be allowed to look at the cheque; this, knowing him to be Mr. Williams's partner, the clerk readily granted; that Mr. Hayley observed, as he looked at it, 'that Williams had made a bungle of it in drawing out that cheque'—and, he added laughing, 'he is usually so very neat'; that with these words he handed it back to the witness, who, his interest having been aroused by Mr. Hayley's remarks, examined the cheque more closely, and perceived that the amount had been evidently altered; that upon this discovery the witness at once communicated with his employer, and the result was a telegraphic communication with Mr. Williams, who was in town, and the arrest of my poor Edward.

"To him the whole affair was a mystery. The facts seemed so strong as to compel the magistrate to commit him for trial, but bail was readily granted.

"'In fact, May,' said your uncle, 'I was the whole time bewildered. The suddenness, the greatness, the mystery of the charge, which I could not but own looked plausible enough to all but myself—for the time seemed almost to take away my senses. Oh! May, I can never bear it.'

"His voice trembled as he spoke, and there was a wild excitement in his manner which wounded my very heart. These accumulated griefs acting on an unusually generous and sensitive mind were wearing him down; and this last stroke!—the stigma which, ip his own eyes, would for ever attach to his name from the mere suspicion of such a deed—it was this that was the most unbearable of all! I will say nothing of my own grief; for no words could express the bitter agony in my heart each time that I looked on those noble and manly features—once so happy, now so haggard and pale with care. Edith, they say that in early life grief is not so deep and heartfelt as in riper years. Let those who say so thank God that they speak not from experience; for they know but little of the depth of sorrow that wrings a young heart sympathizing with the grief of one it loves more than all on earth; and a young heart so wrung needs long, long years, ere it can bear to look back with calmness on those times of woe!'

"The tears were standing thick in my eyes, and I felt glad the twilight gloom was spreading its veil over my face. I sat quite still, looking up towards the quiet figure opposite. The profile stood out clear against the lingering sunset. There was no movement; I almost dreaded lest dear aunt should turn; I am sure I could not have restrained my pent-up feelings had she spoken directly to me. A minute's pause, and she continued—

"'I do not know how it was, or why, but I seemed suddenly to have taken an unaccountable dislike to Mr. Hayley. He was associated in my mind with all our misfortunes: it was he who had advised us to negotiate with Mr. Williams: it was he who had transacted the business which had ended so mysteriously and so wretchedly: it was Mr. Hayley from whom I had first heard the tidings of my husband's arrest: it was apparently in consequence of Mr. Hayley's remarks that he had been arrested; and it was Mr. Hayley who, in the approaching trial, be a chief witness in support of the iniquitous charge against him. The very name rang harshly in my ears; and the more I tried to overcome this feeling, the more it grew upon me. I could not also help fancying that your uncle had something of the same feeling; but he was far too generous and kind-hearted to let such vague thoughts find expression, even did he entertain them. When I called to mind the words of Mr. Hayley's letter to myself, I could not help fancying that there was a lurking irony in its general tone, and that invidious 'perhaps,' which he had used when speaking of the probable result of the trial, he had underlined, as if to intimate that a different termination to the affair was by no means impossible. He had never spoken to my husband since their last meeting in the Bank; and I gathered from Edward's manner, that had Hayley's evidence been given in a different spirit—had he really shown his own disbelief in the truth of the charge brought against your uncle, the moral effect of his evidence would have been very different. But there appeared a suspicious reluctance in his answers, as if, though himself persuaded of the prisoner's guilt, he still would rather conceal what he was obliged to admit.

"'With these vague and unsettled ideas still occupying my mind, I was sitting that evening in my own room, where I had withdrawn for a few minutes' quiet thought; for I was quite overcome by the excitement and anxiety of the
last few hours. A Bible lay open on the table by the window, where I sat absorbed in thought. A soft wind blew in at the open casement, and turned over the leaves of the large book. My eyes fell heedlessly upon the page last turned over, and these words caught my sight:

"'For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it; neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him; but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.'

"As the import of the words slowly forced itself upon my abstracted mind, there suddenly flashed upon me an idea which for a moment sent the blood rushing wildly through my veins, and in another moment, with sudden revulsion of feeling, left me faint with a deadly sickness at heart, and, for the minute, an utter stagnation of even hope. Edward was the victim of a plot, a victim to revenge, and that revenge was Hayley's! Yes! I saw all clearly now. Hayley's letter again recurred to my mind. He had had 'ample proofs' of your uncle's 'abhorrence of anything bearing the appearance of dishonesty'—an abhorrence which he, alas! had, for his own sake, too amply shown; and the 'proofs' of which were now to be avenged on him a hundred-fold!

"Was it by chance, Edith, that the wind twisted over the leaves of that Book? Was it not directly working out of His will, who has said: 'Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I cut off?' As such I received it. I know that some would call such an idea the mere fancy of a weak mind, a foolish superstition. To me it was something far other!

"I was at first doubtful whether or not I should mention my suspicion to your uncle, for I was uncertain how he would receive it; but so convinced was I that my suspicion was the reality that I at last did so, and, to my surprise and relief, he exhibited no astonishment at my avowal. 'Darling,' he said, 'I have thought so from the first. This I know, that since a forgery has undoubtedly been committed, and I am not the criminal, Hayley is. But, May. I do not know that a jury will see Hayley's conduct in the same light as ourselves—a man's antecedents will not have so much weight with them.' Poor Edward! I could see how heavily the suspicion pressed on his generous mind; but he said little.

"It would be a long tale, Edith, and wearisome, to tell of the continual consultations between your uncle and the barrister he had retained for the defence: of all the time occupied in collecting evidence, not only for defence, but evidence which would, as they hoped, fix the crime on the guilty person. Oh, the misery and harrowing anxiety of those weary days! And, above all, the dreadful suspense! It told sadly on my dear husband; he grew daily more haggard and more depressed, except at times when a jovial state of excitement roused him into unnaturally high spirits.

"The eventful day came at length. The Court was crowded; for the case had attracted much attention from the fact of your uncle's family being so well known. A retired seat was reserved for me and the friends who accompanied me, whence, unseen myself, I could easily observe all. Oh, Edith! I cannot describe the chaos of ideas which floated and intermingled through my brain as I took my place. I scanned the features of judge and jury with an idle curiosity, which was the effect of intense and over-anxiety. I was utterly unable at first to fix my thoughts upon anything. Suddenly a suppressed murmur startled me. I looked towards the dock and saw my husband. There was no wandering thought now—my whole existence seemed centred in that one spot. And oh! how noble he looked! no excitement now visible beyond a slight paleness. There he stood erect, calm and dignified. His eye ran lightly over the crowd of eager faces, and rested on the jury. There was no guilt in that face.

"'I will pass over the particulars of the prosecution; the evidence was in substance the same as that taken at first before the magistrates. The only change I observed in Edward's manner was a momentary flush when Hayley stepped into the witness-box. The latter had evidently thrown off the mask now, and his evidence was given in a spirit which our counsel was not slow to perceive. Once only did I observe his eye meet Edward's—for he steadily avoided looking towards the prisoner—but that once he turned even paler than his wont. During the rigorous cross-examination to which he was subjected by our counsel, Hayley swore that when he had called at our house to deliver the cheque, finding that he could make no one hear, he had admitted himself, and gone into the dining-room, where he remained until he heard my returning steps along the drive, when he came out into the hall to meet me. The dining-room and study opened into it—the latter furthest from the entrance-door. You remember that when I met Mr. Hayley, my idea was that he had just left the study—he was certainly then in that part of the hall between the dining-room and study doors—the former door being nearest to myself when entering; and this door was shut; the study-door stood ajar. I had heard no door shut as I entered.

"When the evidence for the prosecution had been heard to the end, Edward's counsel opened the defence with a speech so telling and powerful, that its favourable effect was visible even before the witnesses were brought forward in support. As all the evidence against your uncle was purely circumstantial, the plan adopted in the defence was to impugn Hayley's evidence, as it rested entirely on his testimony that the cheque had been delivered to the prisoner unopened. I was the first witness called by our counsel. I felt scarcely able to stand as I was led into the witness-box; the court and people swarmed before my eyes; attention to the hurled oath was impossible; but this feverish excite-
ment quickly passed away as I caught Edward's kind and hopeful glance; and the recollection of what was at stake soon steadied my nerves. The sum of my evidence you already know. I confirmed Hayley's account of his conversation with myself; but our counsel also showed from my evidence that Hayley had apparently just left the study, not the dining-room, when I met him; and he further elicited the fact that the envelope had been quite recently fastened, as the gum was still wet. Mr. Williams had enclosed the cheque in the envelope in the morning—it was surely strange that the fastening was not dry by the evening!

"The next witness was the servant, who had already given evidence for the prosecution. She deposed that she reached home on the evening of Hayley's call, as it appeared from the former evidence, a few minutes after the latter had entered the house. She came in by the back-door, and passed along the passage which crossed the hall already mentioned, at the far end, to a sort of store-room, which adjoined the study. The wall between the two rooms was very thin. As she crossed the passage she observed Mr. Hayley standing by the study door, apparently just about to enter. His back was towards her. She supposed that I was at home, and that Mr. Hayley had casually come in, as was his frequent habit. Soon after, whilst in the adjoining room, she heard some one moving in the study, and a cough once or twice. After ten minutes or so the study door opened and some one left the room. Just then she heard my voice in the passage speaking with Mr. Hayley. As Mr. Hayley and myself turned into the dining-room, the witness had occasion to go into the study, and there she observed on the table an open penknife, which had been taken from an inkstand that stood there. As she took it up to replace it, she observed that it had apparently been used for scratching out writing; for the dust of the paper still remained on the blade, and there were traces of it on the green-baize table. There was also a drop of ink on the table, and a pen recently used lay in the inkstand. Never for a moment doubting that it was Mr. Hayley whom she had heard in the room, she naturally concluded that he had been writing there, and so thought no more of it at the time. No one else had been writing in the room during the day, and the penknife was unopened in the morning.

"There were no other witnesses called. After a few more words from our counsel the Judge proceeded to sum up. Of what he said I can recollect but little, for I was again fast losing my self-possession, and the words fell on my ear almost meaningless. His closing remarks were, however, as far as I can recollect, to this effect: that the whole case rested mainly on circumstantial evidence; that the prisoner had certainly presented a forged cheque, but that, with regard to his having forged it himself, or even knowing it to be forged at the time he presented it, the evidence was entirely presumptive; that it was moreover clear that the chief witness for the prosecution had been guilty of perjury; for he had sworn that he had never left the dining-room, whilst another witness declared on oath that she had seen him by the study door. The evidence of the servant, he remarked, in conclusion, was altogether of such a nature as to lead to very grave suspicions with regard to the share Hayley had had in this transaction—it would be for the jury to decide whether on the testimony of a witness who had already sworn falsely in one particular they would venture to find the prisoner at the bar guilty. Immediately after the summing up, the jury retired to consider their verdict.

"I have been told that they were absent scarcely a quarter of an hour; but to me those few minutes were hours. I sat in a torment of hopes and fears. At one instant I was sanguine of success; then followed a reaction of agonizing doubt. As my incoherent recollections of the Judge's summing up flashed quickly through my mind, I felt sure that the jury must acquit; and the next moment I was inwardly chafing as I called to mind his calm dispassionate manner whilst addressing them, and wondering why he had not at once said that he was sure Edward was innocent, and that the whole charge was only a plot of Hayley's. I would have said so at once had I been in his place. My eyes wandered from my beloved Edward to the door by which the jury had withdrawn. I did not dare to look long at Edward, for each time that my glance rested on his calm and pale face, the thought of the possible verdict which might part us for ever came like an ice-cold hand to crush my shrinking heart. At last there was a stir in the dense crowd; the door at the back of the jury-box opened—the jury were returning. At their head came the foreman; he was a stern, grave man, and my heart sank as I looked at him. But my eyes never moved from his face whilst the formal question was put, and he slowly and firmly answered 'Not guilty, my lord.'"

Again, Aunt May paused; but the room was now so dark that I could scarcely distinguish the motionless figure; and indeed I did not dare to look towards her, for my tears were dropping fast—strange to say I felt more inclined fairly to cry for the good news than for the past sorrows. There was one long, pale yellow streak in the far west; but a dark, vague mass of cloud slowly sinking on the horizon, gave notice that the last rays of the sunken sun would soon be shut out. Aunt May continued:

"The next thing I remember is finding myself lying on a sofa in a strange room, and Edward bathing my temples.

"I lie still, dearest," said he, as I attempted to rise; 'rest a little and you will soon be better again.'"

"I could but do as I was bid; and I lay for some time in a state, half dreaming, half waking. Each time I opened my eyes they met my husband's, who was sitting by the sofa, holding my hand. As my senses became gradually less confused, I could not help observing in his glance,
Aunt May.

which never for a moment left me, a peculiar intensity which somewhat pained me. There was his own kind loving look, but at the same time a restless and quick glancing of the eye, which plainly betokened a high degree of excitement.

"I was soon sufficiently recovered from my fainting fit to walk to the carriage which was in readiness, and in a few hours we were once again at Beech-hanger. Oh! Edith, I cannot describe the happiness I felt to know that the long terrible dream of the last few weeks was now at an end; to know that my husband’s honour was still proved to the world unblemished, and that all Hayley’s deep-laid and cruel schemes for his disgrace had signalized failed. I should tell you that a warrant had been issued for the latter’s apprehension on the same charge of forgery immediately after the trial. But there was one black cloud which was fast eclipsing my short happiness. Your dear uncle was evidently breaking down under the pressure of the terrible anxiety and suspense of the last few days. That evening he was in a high fever. Bleeding and the various other remedies applied appeared to have little effect, and before morning the fever had reached the brain.

"So long as consciousness remained he appeared possessed with the terrible idea that, instead of being acquitted, he had been found guilty, and begging me to leave his bedside—to abandon him to his dishonour—and almost shuddered when I touched his hand, whilst he asked me whether I knew he was a disgraced felon? Then he would call me his ‘darling May’—his ‘own wife’—and the next moment toss restlessly on his pillow, and ask himself in a muttered voice, how he dared to call me his wife—a forger’s wife! Oh, how I wept and prayed, and strove to rid him of this fearful idea! But it was useless. His tenderness to myself was greater than ever, but there was a look of such noble compassion and self-reproach whenever his eyes met mine, that it almost made me frantic in my unavailing efforts to undeceive him. My poor Edward! what cause for self-reproach had he? The maddening phantom did not leave him till his senses failed, and then a more cruel idea seized him—he imagined that I was Hayley, and would calmly ask whether my revenge were not complete, but that I came to exult over my work?

"‘But ’tis I, dearest Edward,’ said I, weeping—‘your own May!’

"He seemed to catch the last word—‘Villain!’ he said, as he raised himself in the bed, and clenched his burning hand—‘how dare you even utter that name? or must my wife be your victim too? Oh! I know the depth of your hatred, but is not one victim sufficient? Coward that you are—but his voice failed, and he fell back exhausted. I thought that I, too, must soon lose my senses—and I could almost have welcomed the thought.

"But the weary day wore on, and the patient at length sank into a gentle sleep, for the fever was abating. But there was little comfort in this; for the doctors shook their heads as I almost frantically asked for hope. The strongest frame, they said, must sink in such a case. Yet still somehow I could scarcely realize the truth, it seemed more like a hideous dream.

"About noon came tidings of the wretched author of our misery—Hayley. When the officers arrived with the warrant for his arrest, they found him insensible and dying. He must, it seems, have taken means to put an end to his own life immediately after he heard the result of the trial and of the warrant for his arrest. A bottle of laudanum was found on his dressing-table, and a note which contained these few words:

"‘Edward Langford,

‘You have foiled me in my revenge; but your triumph shall not be consummated by my disgrace.

‘Isaac Hayley.’

"This awful close to a career of villany, which at any other time and under any other circumstances would have been to me an appalling event, did not at the time affect me greatly; for, though, I felt much shocked at the terrible intelligence, nearer and intenser grief occupied my mind.

"All that long, long day I watched by the bedside. Intervals of sleep produced by utter exhaustion were followed by fits of wild excitement. He seemed to have but little thought for himself, but he was haunted by continual self-reproach for the disgrace he imagined he had brought down upon me. He still did not know me. Ah! Hayley’s revenge was more complete than he had imagined.

"At length he sank again into a quiet sleep, which lasted for several hours. The evening drew on, as I sat by his bedside. It was just such a warm, beautiful, happy evening as this has been. The sunset light came so tenderly and softly through the leaves which shadowed the window, and floated into the old room in rich golden bars—all seemed so happy and joyous, I could not bring myself to think it possible that I might soon be severed from all I loved dearest upon earth. There could not be such misery for us, where all nature was so beautiful and happy! Presently Edward opened his eyes, and they met mine. Oh! how my heart bounded as I read in his look that he knew me. He put out his hand, and drew me to him.

"‘May darling,’ he said in low voice, ‘I am going soon to leave you—you, dearest,’ he continued, as I buried my face in his pillow and sobbed aloud, ‘I feel that I am dying; but, May, your husband leaves you an honest name.’

Aunt stopped; I could see with what an effort she had told the last part of her history; but in a steadier voice she continued almost immediately, whilst I felt in the glow that she turned her face towards me:
Japan and the Japanese.

“Edith, it is fourteen long years this evening since your uncle Edward died.”

Aunt May had ended; and I, unable longer to control my excited feelings, had just flung myself at her feet and buried my face in her lap in an outburst of sobbing, when suddenly the bell rang for evening prayers, and, such is our strange human nature and the force of habit, its well-known sound quickly impressed upon me the necessity of composing myself before making my appearance in the hall; and drying my tears, I rose to my feet, and followed Aunt May as she quietly led the way from the silent room. P. L. N.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

In consequence of the long seclusion of the Japanese, and their inveterate antipathy to giving the slightest information to foreigners concerning their government, religion, character, or institutions, combined with their disposition to disguise the truth upon all matters, great and small, we have hitherto been without much reliable information concerning this singular people. This want has to some extent been supplied by a publication, entitled, “A Three Years’ Residence in Japan,” by Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., her Majesty’s Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. And although the latter does not pretend to give a complete history of the Japanese empire and its internal organization; yet he has given a great deal of interesting information concerning the character of the people, their daily life, customs, and manners. The troubles, too, that have arisen between foreign nations and Japan have contributed to excite a keener interest in all that tends to dispel the mystery that has hitherto shrouded this curious people. We shall endeavour, as far as possible, in the limited space at our disposal, to give a résumé of what has now been added to our knowledge of Japan and the Japanese.

HISTORY OF JAPAN.

And first, of their history. Accident first led to the discovery of Japan. Three Portuguese adventurers, on a half-piratical, half-trading expedition, in a Chinese junk, were driven by stress of weather upon its shores. From this time dates the commencement of European intercourse and trade. Our adventurers were treated with kindness, and there were no signs of that jealousy and hatred of foreigners which has since been manifested. Some years later, a Japanese nobleman fled his country and took refuge in Goa. By his representations that a profitable trade might be carried on, the merchants of Goa, together with the Jesuit fathers, who anticipated a rich harvest of souls, loaded a vessel with goods and presents, to open trade. In those days, commerce and proselytism went hand in hand; the latter, doubtless, to counteract the inevitable demoralization which fol-

laws in the train of the former: so a few missionaries, to attend to their spiritual concerns, were added to the cargo. Both traders and missionaries were received with open arms. The traders were permitted to travel from end to end of the empire, and the missionaries to preach and make converts without restriction.

At the close of forty years the Roman Catholic religion had undisputed possession of the field, and their influence was such, that a Japanese embassy was sent to the Pope of Rome, with letters and valuable presents. They met with a magnificent reception, and great was the rejoicing of the church over “a nation of thirty millions won from the heathen.” After an absence of eight years (those were not the days of steam) this embassy, together with the Jesuit Superior, who had accompanied them from Japan, returned to their homes. A very different state of affairs awaited them from that they expected. The King of Bungo, their friend, was dead, and his successor had published an edict banishing the missionaries from the island. Their schools and hospitals had been suppressed, and the missionaries themselves expelled or forced into concealment. This edict was published in 1587: from that time continued persecution, with the restrictions and decay of trade, was followed, in 1635, by the entire expulsion of all, accompanied with acts of great cruelty. Since then, until recent treaties, no foreigner has been permitted to land. All cast upon its inhospitable shore were killed or imprisoned; and, though previously adventurous and skilful mariners—strange as it may seem, yet apparently true—no Japanese subject ever voluntarily left its shores for a foreign country.

In 1854 Commodore Perry, on the part of the United States, inserted the entering wedge of a renewed intercourse, by concluding a treaty with the Japanese government, ensuring simply hospitality and good treatment to shipwrecked sailors.

Four years later a treaty, having for its basis the opening anew of the country to commerce, and the establishing of permanent diplomatic relations, was concluded by Mr. Harris, the American representative. Then quickly fol-
lowed English, Russian, French, and Dutch treaties, having the same object, thus entirely revolutionizing the whole Japanese policy for the last two hundred years. Recent events, however, have shown that, from whatever cause the Japanese were induced to conclude these treaties, their wishes were entirely averse to them. All sorts of evasions have been persistently resorted to, in order to avoid complying with their provisions. We may reasonably conclude, however, that as the request for their ratification was, in each instance, backed by a formidable show of the iron "dogs of war," the fear of the consequences of a refusal may have had quite as much influence in determining their action as the prospects of any benefit to be derived.

**GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.**

The system of government existing in Japan seems to be a somewhat complicated affair, and difficult to discover. If, as has been said, almost every stage of human existence is still to be met with in some part of the world, and that from present facts we may in great part reconstruct mentally the condition of times long past, that of Japan would seem to correspond most nearly with the old feudal system, in which the lord is everything, the lower class nothing. The latter appear, however, to enjoy a considerable degree of freedom, since the lords are sufficiently occupied in fighting among themselves, and find no time to devote to their more humble neighbours.

The Mikado is the hereditary sovereign of the empire, descended from a long and uninterrupted line of sovereigns, and the real supreme ruler. He seldom exercises power or interferes in the government directly; however, his authority being delegated in the Tycoon, who is his lieutenant or generalissimo. Following the Tycoon comes the Kokushi, a council of eighteen or twenty-four (the number is uncertain) of the most powerful and wealthy Daimios, or hereditary princes, which apparently takes no active part in the government, but acts as a consulting council in questions of commanding importance. This council is sometimes increased to two hundred or more, forming a great council of state, and exercising the right of removing the Tycoon as well as his ministers and councillors. Next in order comes the Gorogio, or administrative council, consisting of five members of the third class of Daimios, forming the cabinet of the Tycoon. Subordinate to this council is another, of eight members, Daimios of the third and fourth class, with small revenues, whose functions are purely administrative. Below these, again, are the Bunios—a very numerous class, and with various functions, as governors, consuls, and secretaries. The lowest class of government offices is filled, not by Daimios, but by vassals directly dependent on the Tycoon.

The Daimios are a very powerful class, some of them having larger revenues and more men-at-arms than the Tycoon himself. Each is practically independent of the Tycoon in his own territory, having the power of life and death over all his dependants and retainers, these numbering sometimes as high as ten thousand. The only way by which the Tycoon retains any semblance of authority over them, is by requiring them to reside, six months in the year, at his capital in Yeddo, within the limits of which he is supreme, and keeping their wives and children as hostages during the remainder of the year.

Their laws are very severe, most crimes being punished with death; and this inflicted even for slight offences, on the ground that he who would break one law would equally break another, providing there was a motive. Fines are regarded as repugnant alike to justice and reason, as the rich are thereby freed from punishment. There is one law—of honour simply—more binding, perhaps, than any statutory law, "that when the subjects or vassals of one prince offended those of another, the latter would be dishonoured if he did not avenge it." As a matter of course this must lead to frequent and interminable quarrels, in order to prevent which one of the Daimios hit upon a very ingenious and effective plan. He made a law, that if one of his retainers felt himself insulted by a subject of another prince, he should be permitted to avenge the insult by slaying his enemy, provided he committed suicide (kara-kiru) immediately after, which proviso was rigorously carried into effect. We can easily believe "the people generally treated each other with the greatest politeness!"

In regard to their religion, the very little that can be gleaned leads to the belief that it is set of a very high order. The substance is, that the more immediate end they propose to themselves is a state of happiness in this world; having only a very vague idea of the soul's immortality and a state of future bliss or misery. Even this only exists among the lower orders, the educated classes being generally unbelievers in a future existence. They dally certain great men and sovereigns, and worship foxes as incarnations of the Evil One.

**MANNERS, CUSTOMS, ETC.**

"A Japanese, quite at his ease, as naturally drops on his knees and squats, with no more solid support to his person than his legs or heels can afford, as an Englishman drops into a chair when he is tired. If the Japanese are on ceremony, then they sink on the mats, resting jointly on heels and knees," maintaining the uncouth, and, to an European, impossible position for hours without apparent inconvenience. On retiring for the night, they throw themselves down full-length on the mat, with a little padded rest, just large enough to receive the occiput or the angle of the jaw, and sleep as soundly as the most fastidious with a feather pillow and bed." Clean mats, six feet by three,
Japan, and the Japanese.

stuffed with fine straw, with a beautiful silk border, constitute the bed. From this squatting custom it results that sofas, chairs, and tables are superfluous. The house furnishings cannot be a serious obstacle to marriage in Japan. "Their future house is taken, containing generally three or four little rooms, in which clean mats are put. Each then brings to the house-keeping a cotton-stuffed quilt and a box of wearing-apparel for their own personal use; a pan to cook the rice; half-a-dozen lacquer cups and trays to eat off; a large tub, to bathe and wash in, is added on the general account; and these complete the establishment." "Arcadian simplicity" indeed!

Some of the habits of the Japs are in Japan—blackening their teeth, plucking the hair from their eyebrows, daubing their lips with a brick-red colour—would seem to conflict with our ideas of female beauty. However, here as in numerous other instances, "tastes differ." In the matter of clothing we learn also that the working classes are very economical, their dress consisting of a very narrow girdle. The better classes are clothed, however; but the women seldom appear in public. Notwithstanding their nudity, and their custom of promiscuous public baths for both sexes, "it is asserted by those who have lived longest among them that the people are not less chaste than in Europe."

Tattooing is common among the men, and they have carried the art to a high degree of perfection. With "the greater part of the body and limbs scrolled over with bright blue dragons, and lions, and tigers, and figures of men and women tattooed into their skins with the most artistic and elaborate ornamentation," they must present a striking appearance. The women, with less vanity perhaps, are content with the skin that Nature gave them.

The amusements of the Japanese are, as is the case with other Eastern nations, what we should call of a childish character. Top-spinning (in which marvellous dexterity is displayed), blowing soap-bubbles, games with cards, and similar plays, are common among the grown population. Musicians and jugglers are extensively patronized. The latter are adepts, outwitting all the most skilful of Western professionals. They not only swallow portentously long swords, but out of their mouths come the most unimaginable things—lying horses, swarms of flies, ribbons by the mile, and paper-shavings without end."

But we shall rarely misjudge them, if we conceive them capable of nothing better than this. In regard to material civilization, they stand in the front rank among Eastern nations, and almost on a par with Europeans. Supplied, as we are, with the most perfect appliances of art, it is something astonishing to find the results that may be achieved by a people with the rudest implements. A strong testimony to their enterprise and ingenuity is given in the fact that they manufactured a complete steam-engine, with which they actually worked a boat. It was made entirely from plans in a Dutch work. They have also a keen perception of the advantage to be gained by using the powers of nature. Wherever nature has supplied a force, either in field or workshop, it is laid under contribution. Another evidence of their genius is given, in the perfection to which they have carried the art of manufacturing paper. This is nearly all made from the bark of trees, and is superior, in some respects, to that manufactured in Europe. Cotton is also used for the same purpose, though bark is preferred on account of its toughness. Sixty-seven different kinds were forwarded to the London Exhibition. Considering the present high price of cotton, our own manufacturers might with advantage, perhaps, receive a lesson from their brethren in Japan.

We are told that the time which has elapsed, since the conclusion of the first treaty, has been employed in putting their powers for offence and defence, in case of war with foreign nations, upon a better footing. Cannon have been cast, batteries erected, steam-ships purchased, and "enough powder expended in ball practice and drill to have supplied ammunition for a campaign." It would not be surprising, if a people so apt and ingenious, so isolated from all communication, might have better success than we are inclined to believe, in case the government should concur with the Daimios in their present policy of expelling foreigners from their land.

The main street of Yeddo, the capital of Japan, must present an animated appearance. The shops are of all kinds, open in front, with a small back-room. There are booksellers’, pawnbrokers’, and old-iron shops, bath-houses, cooperers, armourers, sword-makers, basket-makers, ready-made clothes dealers, and print-shops, on either hand. A constant stream of pedestrians and horsemen, with occasionally a prince’s cortège of mixed horse and foot, add variety to the scene. In another street are long lines of booths for the sale of swords, story-books, prints, tobacco, and pipes, in the midst of which a fortune-teller may habitually be seen surrounded by credulous listeners. Gambling-tables, with sweetmeats for stakes, are common, more serious gambling being reserved for the privacy of their homes. A most singular sight is that of a class of penitents, or disgraced officers, who go about with a sort of basket mask covering and concealing their faces—a custom which is taken advantage of by criminals and others wishing to travel incog.

Suburban gardens and temples are common around Yeddo, to which it is one of the great delights of the people to make excursions. We are informed that troops of men, women, and children are to be seen wending their way along the shady walks to enjoy the beauties of nature; to which enjoyment the evil of intemperance seems to be one great drawback. The men drink deep of saki (an intoxicating beverage)—a practice not altogether confined to their sex; and being exceedingly quarrelsome in their cups, are somewhat dangerous; the danger being heightened by a habit of carrying two swords in
their belt, and "feeling it a point of honour to flesh them at the first convenient opportunity."

The streets are clean and well cared for, and the country remarkable for the best macadamized roads in the world.
The houses are all built of wood and lath, with a slight coating of mud. Owing to their inflammable structure, fires are common, the prevalence of incendiaries being added to the more obvious risks. The Japanese "take the burning down of a whole quarter periodically, much as they do the advent of an earthquake or a typhoon, calamities beyond the power or wisdom of man to avert." It is estimated that the whole of the vast city of Yeddo is burnt down and rebuilt once in every seven years. This is the more surprising, when we reflect what strides toward civilization they have made in some other respects.

In closing this account of their customs, we cannot forbear quoting the following pleasant description of the strange contrast between certain of their habits and those of Western nations:

"Japan is essentially a country of paradoxes and anomalies, where all, even familiar things, put on new faces, and are curiously reversed. Except that they do not walk on their heads instead of their feet, there are few things in which they do not seem, by some occult law, to have been impelled in a perfectly opposite direction and a reversed order. They write from bottom to top, from right to left, in perpendicular instead of horizontal lines, and their books begin where ours end, thus furnishing good examples of the curious perfection this rule of contraries has attained. Their locks, thoughimitated from Europe, are all made to lock by turning the key from left to right. The course of all subordinate things appears reversed. Their day is for the most part our night, and this principle of antagonism crops out in the most unexpected and bizarre way in all their moral being, customs, and habits. I leave to philosophers the explanation—I only speak to the facts. There, old men fly kites while the children look on; the carpenter uses his plane by drawing it to him, and their tailors stitch from them; they mount their horses from the off-side; the horses stand in the stables with their heads where we place their tails, and the bells to their harness are always on the hind-quarters instead of the front; ladies black their teeth instead of keeping them white, and their anti-crimoline tendencies are carried to the point of seriously interfering not only with grace of movement, but with all locomotion, so tightly are the lower limbs, from the waist downward, girt round with their garments."

**AGRICULTURE AND SCENERY.**

"Farmers hold the second place in the social scale," says Sir Rutherford Alcock. This being the case, we should naturally expect to find the people well skilled in agriculture, in which reasonable expectation we are not disappointed. As a result of the dense population (a density rivalling that of China) all the land is under cultivation. It is also thoroughly cultivated. Cropping and the rotation of crops are well understood. Rice is the principal article of food, though rice-planting is the most arduous agricultural labour performed. Tobacco, it would appear, must receive a due share of attention, since almost every man and woman smokes in Japan. A good field is presented here for a modern King James to blow another "Counterblast." There is absolutely no land idle. "When not producing edible crops, the ground is planted with trees, and, by the time it is again to be brought into cultivation, those trees turn out to be useful timber." Vegetables are largely cultivated, though having the singular property of being tasteless, except the potato, which is of tolerable flavour. A greater variety seems to be grown even than with us. Possibly they are enabled to make up in quantity what they lack in quality. There are sweet potatoes, turnips, carrots, lettuce, beet-root, yams, tomatoes, ginger, the egg-plant, gourds, melons, cucumbers, mushrooms, horseradish, spinach, leeks, garlic, capiscums, endive, and fennel. Of fruits there are peaches, grapes, water-melons, apples, pears, plums, chestnuts, oranges, pomegranates, figs, lemons, citrons, strawberries, and others. Amateur gardening appears to be a passion, of which the cultivation of dwarf plants is a good example. It is difficult to conceive of the amount of patient industry required to produce perfect dwarf trees, often not more than one foot in height.

Of the scenery Sir Rutherford gives us the following sketch: "Such fertility of soil, the growth of ornamental timber, richness and variety of foliage, or such perfection of care and neatness in the hedge-rows and shady lanes, the gardens, and the numerous pleasure-grounds of the temples, are not, I believe, to be found anywhere out of England. The brilliant green hues and freshness of the grass and every kind of foliage rather betokens a damp climate; but the mixture of tropical vegetation with endless succession of evergreen trees and the harder race of pines and conifers, gives a character to the whole scenery of the country, as novel as it is perfect in effect. . . . . There is an infinite variety of form, character, and colouring in the masses of foliage that everywhere meet the eye, grouped in the midst of well-kept fields and verdant slopes."

To sum up, then, we find here a happy and contented people of simple habits, singularly favoured in soil and climate, and with no wants which intercourse with foreign nations is needed to supply. Artificial wants must be created, ere Commerce, more all-embracing than the hundred-armed Briareus of old, can secure the benefits so ardently prophesied by its eager disciples.
THE WRECKED HOUSEHOLD.

(An American Tale.)

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAP. VI.—(Continued.)

Mark started slightly on his uncle pronouncing the name of his intended father-in-law as the oppressor of Mr. Baldwin, and a change went over his countenance.

"Are you certain?" he asked, in a tone that betrayed more interest than Dr. Marvin wished to see.

"Very certain. Mr. Baldwin, from whom I received a knowledge of the facts, showed me the writ, upon which I read the name of Israel Dalton."

"I could not have believed it," said the young man, with marked depression of voice.

"Nor I; nor any man in the community. Such things are done and justified under certain circumstances, varied and influenced by the character and condition of the parties. But for a rich man to pursue an unfortunate debtor even to his home, and desolate that, is an act of inhumanity that finds neither excuse nor palliation. It simply shows his immeasurable cupidity and selfishness."

"I am confounded!" and Doctor Sedden dropped his eyes and sat for some moments without speaking. It was plain that his thoughts were troubled.

"And so will many others be when the truth becomes known. Mr. Dalton's greediness has blinded him: he seems to have forgotten that he has children, and that they will be judged by his acts."

"That would be wrong," said the nephew, quickly.

"I am not so sure of it," answered the old gentleman.

"Why, uncle?"

"You look surprised; but think for a moment. Must not his children inherit inclinations in some kind of agreement with their father's quality of mind? If he is inordinately selfish, hard, cruel, and unsympathizing, will not the same tendencies be active or latent in their souls? I think so. Better influence may develop a higher life, and genuine truths, as seeds in the ground of their minds, may produce a harvest of good principles; but there is a great danger of an opposite result, for all natural forces run in this direction. I think that a man should look past the young woman who interests him, and consider well the characters of her parents, for in her mind will almost certainly exist, though latent, the forces that determine their actions. These forces are, of course, modified and antagonized in various ways, so as to develop a new individualism. But the current of life will be in the same general direction. If the parents are humane, honest, and unselfish—lovers of the true and good—their children will inherit like excellent natural qualities; but if they are cruel, false to the right, and inordinately selfish, their children will as surely take from them a hard and evil nature, as the bramble-bush takes its leaves and branches from the parent root or seed; and yet, with this great and encouraging difference, the bramble-bush cannot be changed as to the quality of its life, while the human soul, living in obedience to pure and holy truths, may rise into angelic perfection. All hope lies in this great possibility. No matter how evil the will of a parent, the child may turn from hereditary inclinations and become good and wise. But, unless we see evidence of such turning, we hazard too much in trusting all to a mere possibility."

The doctor paused and gazed steadily at his nephew. All life seemed to have gone out of the young man's face. He sat with eyes downcast, shut lips, and repressed breathing for almost a minute, Doctor Marvin regarding him all the while with a look of painful interest.

"Is there no mistake about this, uncle?" said Doctor Sedden, drawing, as he spoke, a deep breath. "It does not agree with my estimate of Mr. Dalton; and I have had some opportunities of observing him."

"Facts are stubborn things, Mark—stern correctors, often, of erroneous estimates. I said, when the first intimations of this affair reached my ears, that there must be some mistake. But when I saw the writ under which Mr. Baldwin's furniture was taken and sold—saw the painful consequences that followed the legal seizure of that furniture—looked in upon the dismantled home—missed the instrument by which Mary had hoped to aid her father in supporting the family, I could no longer doubt. The facts were too many and too plain."

Doctor Sedden started to his feet, and walked the door in a disturbed manner.

"Did Mary Baldwin purpose giving lessons in music?" he asked, stopping before his uncle.

"That was the quickly-made decision of this true-hearted girl the moment she comprehended the extent of her father's misfortunes. But
The Wrecked Household.

without an instrument what can she do? Poor child! it has almost broken her heart. She is a burden to her father instead of a helper. At my last visit I heard an intimation of a design to obtain a place as teacher in some family, in or out of the city."

The young man's face was deeply clouded, and he showed much disturbance.

"A most unhappy circumstance!" he said, as he paced the floor with knit brow. "Poor Mary! she loved music with such a passion! It was, I sometimes thought, the very aliment of her soul. And to be robbed of her piano! And to think that Israel Dalton was the man to execute this cruel act; not in stress, not under the stern operation of justice to others, that demanded exaction of debt in all forms in order that he might pay his own debts to the utmost farthing; but from that base, money-loving spirit that would trample on bleeding hearts for gold. I don't know when I have heard anything that has so hurt me as this. And you have little hope of Phoebe?"

"None. I saw her to-day, and noted symptoms that foreshadowed the worst. She may linger on for a year or two, or she may pass away in a week."

The young man did not reply, but showed so much disturbance of mind that Doctor Marvin rightly concluded in regard to his nephew's warm interest in Kate Dalton. He did not feel authorized, however, to say anything more, and left the intimations already given to do their work.

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CHAP. VII.

Nearly a week was permitted to elapse, after the conversation with his uncle, before Doctor Sedden again visited Kate Dalton. He had been in the habit of calling upon her, of late, as often as two or three times a week; and he was well-enough skilled in reading eyes and faces to know that his coming was looked for and accepted with pleasure. The interest they felt in each other was mutual. In fact their hearts were deeply involved; and at the very time when the conduct of Mr. Dalton was made known to the young man by his uncle, he was debating the question of offering himself to Kate. But, since that time, a most anxious consideration of the new question proposed by the uncle, touching the likeness of a child's mental quality to that of the parent, had kept his thoughts in a state of agitation and doubt.

Once, during this period, Doctor Sedden met Kate in the street, and the glance she gave him in passing—he did not stop to speak, or walk with her, as usual on these meeting occasions, but simply bowed and moved on—fixed itself, like a sun painting, clear and strong on his memory. It was a look of anxious fear and doubt, full of eager questionings. Steadily it haunted him all day, and troubled him in the night, as he lay sleepless on his pillow.

"Have I not gone too far to recede?" That was the question he could not thrust aside. And the longer he dwelt upon it, the more difficult the solution became. At the end of a week, he called on Miss Dalton. His manner, in spite of an effort to appear at ease, and familiar as of old, was constrained as they met; and he saw, at a glance, that she had been suffering either in body or mind. She was of a bright, cheerful temper, but not frivolous; a well-educated and accomplished girl, and had a face of singular beauty. As Doctor Sedden gazed into her countenance on this occasion, and tried to read her soul therein, he rejected his uncle's theory applied to her.

"She is tender and merciful," he said to himself. Still there was a shadow over his feelings, and constraint in his manner. The heartless cruelty of her father, and the painful consequences thereof, were ever in his mind. He could not remove them.

So painfully embarrassing did their intercourse become, that in less than an hour Dr. Sedden retired, with a heavy pressure on his feelings. Throughout the interview he had carefully avoided everything in word or manner that could possibly be construed into more than a friendly interest. As yet he had not made up his mind to advance or recede. Too much was at stake for action either way, until the gravest considerations on both sides were weighed and determined. He must pause and think. Yet in doing so, how much of suffering was involved! The last look given him by Kate Dalton, as he turned from her, that evening, warned him of trouble.

When the door closed on Doctor Sedden, Kate passed, with swift but noiseless feet, to her chamber. As she entered, her sister Jennie, who happened to be there, exclaimed—

"Kate dear! What is the matter? Are you sick?"

Kate tried to rally herself and to reply with evasion, but feeling had the mastery. Tears fell over her pale face, and she threw herself across her bed and sobbed in a wild way for some time.

"Oh, sister! speak to me, won't you? What has happened?" and Jennie laid her face down close to the hidden face of Kate. But no answer came.

"What is it, dear?" urged Jennie.

"Don't ask me now," was replied, after the first strong emotion had been conquered.

Jennie pressed tightly the hand she was holding. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes Kate was able so far to get the mastery of her feelings as to repress all tears, and to put on a composed exterior. But light and warmth had departed from her countenance. Her eyes were heavy and her cheeks pale.

"Say nothing of this," Kate tried to throw a smile on her sad lips as she made this request, but without success.

Jennie kissed her tenderly, and promised that all should be as her sister desired. She knew that Dr. Sedden had called, and knew that Kate's heart was deeply interested in the young
physician. She also knew that a suspension of frequent visits had taken place, and that Kate was suffering in consequence. Naturally enough she connected the present distress with something that had occurred in this last interview with Sedden. But as to its nature, she was, of course, wholly in the dark.

When Kate met her father on the next morning, he started at the change in her appearance, and asked in the most anxious manner as to the cause. He was most tenderly attached to her, and well he might be, for she was true and good and loving—the sweet counterpart of a mother whose whole life had been an illustration of Christian duty. In force of character she resembled her father; but in the quality of that force she was like her mother. However true, in the abstract, Doctor Marvin's theory, its application to this case gave no un favourable result. In Kate there were marked points of resemblance to both parents; but the mother's life preponderated in the child's life, and her wise discipline had corrected evil and developed good through all the years of perfecting childhood. All the impressions of her character received by Dr. Sedden during nearly a year of close observation were correct, and when love went out towards her, it was attracted by high qualities as well as by rare personal endowments.

To the anxious inquiries of her parents Kate had no satisfactory reply to offer; and she could only rally herself by most vigorous attempts at self-control, and endeavour to assume a degree of her wonted cheerfulness. But the pain at her heart was too constant and too severe, and she was not able to veil entirely the signs of its existence.

A whole week passed, but there was no call from Doctor Sedden; and daily the cheeks of Kate grew whiter and her eyes sadder. Not once during this period had she been out, and to all remonstrances she made only the quiet answer that she did not feel well, and preferred remaining at home. The sudden change in Kate was a source of great anxiety to her father, whose heart, as we have said, was deeply bound up in her; and he was the more anxious because he was yet in ignorance as to the real cause of her suffering. Not wholly in doubt was the mother of Kate; but she kept her own counsel for a time, yet observant, and moved by the intensest interest. She knew that Dr. Sedden had paid marked attentions to her, and she had seen that Kate's feelings were becoming more and more interested. The cessation of the young man's frequent visits she had not failed to observe, and it was but natural to associate this fact with the unhappy condition of mind into which Kate had fallen. Beyond this, however, she could not go. Several times she had endeavoured to obtain her daughter's confidence, but Kate maintained the closest silence.

Doctor Marvin was sitting in his office one morning about two weeks later, when Mr. Dalton came in, bearing a troubled face.

"I wish you would call round and see my daughter Kate," he said, showing much anxiety.

"What ails her?" inquired Doctor Marvin.

"Heaven only knows!" was answered, with a betrayal of much concern. "She has no appetite, and is losing flesh rapidly. You remember what a cheerful temper she had? It is all gone, and she looks wretched. This morning she is quite ill, and not able to leave her room."

"Has she pain anywhere?" asked the doctor.

"I believe not."

"Very well, Mr. Dalton, I will call round and see her," replied Dr. Marvin, but in so cold a manner, that Mr. Dalton felt a strong sense of repulsion. The reader will hardly be surprised at this, when informed that the doctor had been up a greater part of the preceding night with Phoebe Baldwin, whose symptoms were all of a threatening character. In spite of his skill, Doctor Marvin had been unable to restore the balance of health which a single shock had thrown from its equipoise, and steadily, hour by hour and day by day, life waned toward the end. There was no hope for her in the doctor's mind. The blight had gone too deep. As he looked at her, in his daily visits, and saw light and beauty fading surely away, and marked the grief that was settling down like a pall of darkness over her stricken family, he could not press back the bitterness of execration toward Dalton from his heart. And now, in meeting him face to face, the bitterness was so strong that he could not feel even a touch of sympathy for him in the trouble that had invaded his home.

"There is justice in Heaven!" was the inward utterance of his thought; "and it is well. Retribution does not fail."

This utterance expressed only a passing state with the doctor. He was excited and indignant toward the author of a great wrong, the consequences of which had proved most disastrous.

"Do you know," he said, turning abruptly upon Mr. Dalton, "that Phoebe, the second daughter of Mr. Baldwin, is dying?"

"I do not," was answered, with more apparent surprise at the tone in which the doctor had addressed him, than pain at the intelligence conveyed.

"It is true." And the doctor shutting his mouth resolutely, fixed a pair of steady, penetrating eyes upon his visitor.

"I am pained to hear it." Mr. Dalton's utterance of this sentence was not heartily sympathetic—at least not so to the ears of Doctor Marvin.

"No doubt of it," fell, unguardedly, from the doctor's lips.

"I am at a loss to comprehend your manner," said Mr. Dalton, drawing himself up with some dignity. "Will you explain, sir?"

"You have not heard of Miss Baldwin's illness?"

"No, sir."

"Nor of the cause?"

"Neither of her illness nor the cause."
Mr. Dalton’s manner was very firm, and his eyes did not remove themselves an instant from the doctor’s face, the expression of which puzzled him.

“Shall I relate the cause?”

“If you please.”

“Mr. Baldwin has been unfortunate in business.”

“So I am aware.”

There was no sign of flinching on the part of Mr. Dalton.

“He gave up everything outside of his household furniture.”

“Perhaps he did, and perhaps he did not,” said Mr. Dalton.

“He did, as I have it from his own lips.”

The doctor spoke with increasing warmth.

“And he is a man of truth and honour.”

“Very well. Take it for granted. I am in no mood to gainay the affirmation.”

“But there was one man whom the storm, that brought destruction to so many, had no power to harm—one man who stood unshaken, while hundreds fell around him; and that man, shutting pity out of his heart, invaded the home of Mr. Baldwin, and for the sake of recovering a few hundred dollars seized and sold every article of furniture the law would allow him to take.”

The doctor paused. No flush of conviction was on the face of Mr. Dalton. He went on again, but in a more subdued tone:

“The seizure of furniture was made, without warning, by a rough, partially-intoxicated deputy, under circumstances of marked brutality; and the shock given to Phoebe Baldwin, who happened to be present, brought on an attack of heart disease, from which she is now dying.”

“Is that true?” asked the merchant, a shadow for the first time flitting over his face.

“Alas, yes! and it was the cruellest thing done in our city for a long, long time. Poor Mary, in view of her father’s misfortunes and reduced income, had designed giving instruction in music in order to help him in the work of maintaining the family; but the seizure and sale of the piano deprived her of the very means by which she could render aid. Sir, the man who did that deed is known, and—shall I say the truth—execrated!”

The doctor spoke bitterly, and the eyes that were upon Mr. Dalton’s face were full of accusation.

“What is his name?”

The voice of Mr. Dalton was firm, but veiled. A suspicion of the truth had flashed over his mind.

“Israel Dalton!” answered the doctor, sternly.

The merchant started, and paled.

“I never did so cruel a thing,” he replied.

“I saw the writ, and it bore your name,” said the doctor.

Mr. Dalton, who was standing, sunk upon a chair, like one suddenly deprived of strength, A groan expressed the pain that was in his heart.

“It was not my act, Doctor Marvin,” he said, looking up a few minutes afterwards, “Heaven is my witness!”

“How then, came your name to the writ?” demanded Doctor Marvin.

“Mr. Baldwin owed me nearly five hundred dollars.”

“Well?”

“I was not satisfied with the manner in which his affairs were arranged, because it threw me out entirely. I would have been content to take my share in an equitable division; but to be shouldered aside, and get nothing seemed so unjust, that I placed my account in the hands of a lawyer, and instructed him to make it out of whatever he could find, never, for a moment, dreaming that he would seize and sell Mr. Baldwin’s furniture. And, up to this moment I have remained ignorant that so cruel a thing had been done.”

“It was done, Mr. Dalton, and the consequences are of the most painful character. It was done at your instance, and people will hold you responsible. I know the agent who acted for you—Drake, the lawyer; and I marvel, sir, that you could place any man in the power of one so unscrupulous. It was your duty to have known every step he took.”

“I have nothing to answer, Doctor Marvin, beyond what has already been said,” replied Mr. Dalton, with a troubled tone and manner.

“A great wrong has been done; and while I must be held responsible for an agent’s act, my heart is clear of any purpose in the wrong. If restitution a hundred-fold could suffice to obviate the wrong, I would offer it cheerfully. What can be done shall be done, and that right speedily. And what remains of consequences I can only mourn with unavailing regrets, Doctor Marvin! This is the bitterest hour of my life.”

A strong tremor pervaded the frame of Mr. Dalton.

“Is there no hope for Phoebe Baldwin?” he asked, some moments afterwards.

“None.” And Doctor Marvin shook his head, sadly.

“And you are certain that the shock received on the occasion to which you have referred brought on the present dangerous illness.”

“Certain of it. I was called in immediately. There had been organic trouble from childhood; but, in the last two years, a higher vitality was at work, and I believed that health had obtained a full mastery over disease. But, in a single disastrous moment, the gain of years was lost.”

A groan escaped from the unhappy merchant.

“What can I do?” he asked, wringing his hands together in a restless, impotent way.

“How can I arrest the progress of this wrong?”

“It is too late!” answered the doctor. “Too late!” he repeated, his voice yet full of accusation and rebuke.

“Surely, she is not beyond the reach of medical skill, Doctor Marvin? Has there been a consultation?”
The doctor said “No.”
“Are you averse to calling in other physicians?”
“Not at all.”
“Then, for my sake, and at my charge, let it be done immediately. Shall it be as I say, doctor?”
“Yes; but I see no light beyond. The case, in my regard, is past all human remedy.”
“While there is life there is hope,” answered Mr. Dalton. “Take with you the highest skill our city affords. Watch the case, if need be, day and night, so that advantage be taken of even the slightest indications. Save her, doctor, and you shall have my unfauling gratitude. Tomorrow morning I will see you, and every day, to know how the case is going.”
Mr. Dalton turned to depart. In his distress of mind he had forgotten the illness of his own child. At the door he paused, and said, with an anxious manner,
“You will see my daughter right early to-day?”
“I will be there within two hours.”
Mr. Dalton shut the door, and Doctor Marvin stood still for some moments.
“That alters the case,” he said, speaking aloud, as he began moving across the floor.
“He is to blame and responsible for the work of his agent; but not to blame in the degree that appeared. Ah! who can tell, when evil agencies are blindly set in motion, where wrong-doing will end?”

CHAP. VIII.

When Doctor Marvin saw Kate Dalton, the change in her appearance affected him painfully. She did not not know that her father designed calling in a physician, or she would have positively objected. Her disease lay beyond professional skill—and well she knew it. Time, self-discipline, and patient endurance alone could heal.
“I am not ill, mother,” she said, when the doctor was announced. “Why did father send for him?”
“Your father is very anxious, Kate.”
“I shall grow better in a little while. Tell the doctor that I cannot see him.”
“Oh no, my dear; let the doctor come up.”
Tears sprang into Kate’s eyes, and her lips quivered.
“I don’t want to see him, mother: he can’t do me any good.”
But remonstrance was useless—Mrs. Dalton’s heart was too anxious. Kate, in a simple, white wrapper, with her hair combed smoothly back from her forehead, sat in an easy chair near a shaded window, when the doctor entered. Her face was very pale, her eyes soft, large, and full of sadness; her lips touched by suffering, yet already bearing signs of womanly patience. A feeling of tender interest stole into the doctor’s heart as he looked upon the beautiful but stricken girl. He had come, with prejudice—for her father’s sake—still in his heart; but it died out, gradually and surely, as he read her countenance and found there so many things written that he had never seen before—truth, purity, sweetness of disposition, patience, and love. He did not soon let go the small soft hand taken in his, as he sat questioning by her side, but held it with an increasing pressure against each gentle effort at withdrawal, and spoke with such a tender interest in his voice that she leaned towards him with an involuntary motion and faint flushing of colour in her cheeks.
“She will be better soon, I think,” said the doctor, turning to Mr. Dalton. “I will only prescribe a light tonic to-day, and see her again to-morrow. She must have a little good wine; and, my child,” turning to Kate, “you must eat nourishing things, if the quantity be ever so small. Air will not make flesh and blood, you know.”
He laid his hand kindly, almost paternally, on her head as he thus spoke, and looked into the eyes which were uplifted to his, with meanings that caused her heart to spring from its low, sullen beat into strong pulsations. Did soul telegraph to soul? Did the doctor’s thoughts reveal themselves? Certain it was, that after his departure, and before tonic or wine were given, a change for the better was apparent.

From the office of Doctor Marvin Mr. Dalton went hastily to that of Drake. “Sir,” he said, addressing the lawyer with a stern abruptness of manner, “how dared you, without authority from me, seize upon Mr. Baldwin’s furniture?”
“I had your authority,” was answered, without hesitation.
“It is not true, sir!”
Mr. Dalton showed great disturbance of manner.
“Pardon me”—the lawyer was unruffled, his flexible lips drew themselves away from his strong, white teeth, that smiled calmly—“I had your orders to execute any property that could be found; and that was all I could find.”
“Did you think me a bloodthirsty tiger?” demanded the merchant, under much excitement.
“I understood you as desirous to make your money out of any property, personal or otherwise, that could be attached. Indeed, your orders to that effect were unequivocal, and I only executed them.”
“You knew that I did not mean this cruel wrong and outrage. I see, now, why you evaded my question, and then refused to say what property you had found. Sir, you have implicated me in a cruel wrong, the consequences of which will be death. I would not have had it done for fifty times the claim against Baldwin.”

Mr. Dalton showed increased excitement.
What consequences have followed? asked the lawyer.
You did not even provide that your cruel order should be executed with a decent consideration for the family of Mr. Baldwin, but left all to the tender mercies of sheriff’s underlings; and they did their work well—invading a home ruthlessly, and within hearing. Mr. Baldwin had no opportunity to guard his wife and children against surprise, to meet, himself and alone, the officers, and thus save from a bitter ordeal his beloved ones. The consequence is, that one poor child, frightened at the coarse, insulting intrusion of men unfit for their office, now lies at the point of death from heart disease, the product of a sudden, nervous shock. You are the real murderer, sir; but I am held to answer before public opinion! Do you know who bought at the sale?

"Yes."
"Can the articles be reclaimed?"
"Some of them," answered the lawyer.
"A piano was taken and sold; can I get it back?"
"You can. I know the purchaser."
"What did he pay for it?"
"Two hundred and fifty dollars."
"Will he restore it for that sum?" asked Mr. Dalton.

"No, sir, I think not. It is worth four hundred." The truth was, the lawyer had bid the sum of two hundred and fifty for the instrument, and taken it as his share in the transaction.
"It must be restored at any cost, and immediately," said Mr. Dalton; "and all other articles taken under the execution, if possible to find them. Will you see to it at once?"
"I will."
"This morning? I want no delay."
"It shall be done this morning as far as it can be done. Several articles are beyond recall, in the hands of strangers. But the piano, sofa, chairs, and three pictures can be recovered, I think. But the parties now holding will not sell them at cost."
"How much do you think it will require to buy back the articles you have mentioned?"
"Five hundred dollars at least."
"Get the lowest terms, Mr. Drake, and then call at my store, or send me word. I would prefer having you call."

The lawyer said he would act promptly, and Mr. Dalton went to his store with a heavier pressure of concern, and a deeper sense of wrong-doing on his conscience, than he had ever known. Eager as he was to accumulate, and unaccustomed to look away from himself with any true regard for others’ interest or well-being, Mr. Dalton was not a man of cruel instincts, nor one who would deliberately oppress. In giving the order to make his claim out of anything that could be found, his thoughts had not entered into any consideration of the means or end. He had only sought of the money to be gained, not of the man from whom it was to be wrested with violence, nor of the hurt it was the lawyer. 

wrong that might follow. Like most men of his class, he was too much absorbed in his own interests to be capable of rightly appreciating what was due to others.

But now a bitter fruit was at his lips, and he could not push it aside. He saw himself made responsible for a wrong deed, the bare thought of committing which would have burst his cheeks with shame; and all that he could now do, was in the poor way of wholly inadequate restitution. He might send back the household goods his agent had taken with violence; but home-peace could never be restored, nor heartaches cured. The blight was on a human flower, and neither sun nor dew was able to bring back its wonted sweetness and beauty.

CHAP. IX.

Mary Baldwin, after a brief season of mental depression, rallied herself, and thought turned in deep earnest upon the ways and means of helping her father. The loss of her piano, and the utter impossibility of procuring another, caused an entire abandonment of her first plan of giving lessons in music. She needed special practice, looking to this employment, before attempting the work of instruction, and without her instrument this could not be obtained. And even if she had felt herself competent to undertake beginners, the want of an opportunity for continual practice would have been fatal to success as a teacher. So that first thought had to be given up, and other plans considered. Only in the capacity of teacher or governess did she see any way to the end desired, and this might involve her going away from home—would, certainly, if the position of governess were taken. The increasing illness of Phoebe weighed heavily upon her mind, and yet brought a stimulant to effort. Phoebe might linger, an almost hopeless invalid, for years—so she thought—and thus make action on her part the more needful. Under this pressure of motives and feelings Mary, without consultation with her father, from whose tender love and fond pride she could only expect opposition, commenced examining the daily papers for advertisements by those in want of teachers. Two or three of these she had already answered, without receiving any response; but at last one came. The advertisement had been in these words: 

Wanted, a well-educated young woman, to take charge of two children, girls, aged ten and twelve years. She must understand music and French. Address A. T., with references.

To “A. T.” Mary sent her communication, and received a reply, asking for an interview. Now came the ordeal that was to try her strength. How painfully she shrank from this interview! Twice she passed the house—a handsome one in a fashionable neighbourhood—where she was directed to call, before sufficient courage was mustered to ascend the steps.
and ring the bell. She was shown into an elegant parlour, crowded with costly furniture, where a lady soon joined her. This lady was of that vulgar class whose surroundings in no way correspond to their real characters. She was in nothing "to the manner born," and poor Mary saw this at the first glance.

"Miss Baldwin?" said the lady, in a clear, strong voice, and with the air of a superior.

"That is my name, ma'am," Mary's tones faltered.

"Have you ever filled the place of a governess?" was abruptly questioned.

Mary shook her head. She could not fully trust her voice.

"Have you ever taught?"

The woman's eyes were intently fixed on Mary's face.

"No."

"Why do you propose teaching now?"

"Because I wish to be independent," answered Mary, recovering her self-possession. The very discourtesy of the woman's manner was giving tone to her feelings.

"Do you think yourself competent to take charge of the education of two young ladies?"

"If I had not thought so I would not have answered your advertisement," said Mary, with dignity.

"Are you any relative to Mr. Baldwin, of the firm of Harvey Baldwin, and Co.?"

"He is my father."

Mary's voice faltered again.

"Oh—ah! I understand now. There was just a little softening of the woman's manner. Your father has been unfortunate. Dreadful times these! I'm very sorry; but people have to take what comes, you know, and make the best of it. That's my way of thinking. So your father is Mr. Harvey Baldwin? I've heard my husband speak of him often. And you think yourself competent to undertake the education of two young ladies?"

"I have already said so by act and word, madam."

Mary was annoyed, and did not conceal it. She had gone far enough in the interview to be satisfied that a place here would be attended by conditions scarcely possible for her to accept.

The lady, though coarse in mind, had perception enough to understand that she was dealing with a person of no light or superficial character; and she comprehended the superior advantage her children must derive from intercourse with an individual of her class. The tone in which Mary answered her supercilious question suggested the propriety of being a little more on her guard, for she saw in the manner of her visitor a threat to close the conference at the very outset of negotiation.

"You understand music, of course?" She spoke in a more respectful manner. Mary simply inclined her head. "Will you let me hear you play?"

It was on the lip of Mary to decline, but a second thought led her to alter this first impulse. She arose, and drawing off her gloves, crossed the room to a grand piano, that stood open, and running her fingers over the keys, played a familiar operatic air.

"Very sweetly performed!" said the lady, with a patronizing air; "and I notice that you finger beautifully. Who gave you instructions?"

"Mr. Hartley was my last teacher," replied Mary.

"Mr. Hartley—um!" And the lady shook her head. "Don't know him."

Just then there came a rattle of children's feet down the stairs, and two girls flung themselves noisily into the room, crowding up to the piano, and staring, with rude curiosity, into Mary Baldwin's face. She turned on the music-stool, and looked at them with a close scrutiny; but their bold eyes did not fall away an instant from her countenance.

"Clara and Helen—Miss Baldwin, my dear," said the mother, introducing them.

"Is she going to be our governess?" asked one of the children, looking from Mary to her mother.

"Maybe," was answered. Then speaking to Miss Baldwin, she said, "They've never been to any school. I don't like schools. Children learn more evil than good, mixed up as they are with all sorts. I've had them taught in the house. Helen is quite a scholar, but Clara is backward for her age. If we should agree, how soon could you come?"

"Would you expect me to reside with you, or only attend in the morning to give lessons?"

"To reside with us, of course. I should expect you to take entire charge of them, as their governess, and be with them night and day."

Mary's eyes fell to the floor, and she sat silent, with a cloud gathering over her face, for some moments.

"I don't like her!" said the eldest of the children, in a loud whisper, bending to her mother's ear.

"She shan't be my governess!" came from the other, in a low, but resolute tone.

Their mother arose, and taking a hand of each, drew them forcibly to the door, and with a suppressed, threatening voice, ordered them to go up-stairs. They obeyed, but with as much of reaction upon this summary expulsion as they dared exhibit.

"Children are children all the world over," was the mother's apology, as she came sailing back, with flushed face, into the parlour. "But they're good-hearted; and if you manage them rightly there'll be no trouble."

"You wish them instructed in the ordinary English branches, besides music and French, as I understand?" said Mary.

"Yes, that's what we want."

"How much will be the compensation?"

"Two hundred dollars." Mary sat undetermined what reply to make for several moments.
"Do you accept the place?" inquired the lady.

"I cannot answer certainly now, but will decide to-day. If you are satisfied, it is more than probable I shall take the situation. To-morrow morning you shall hear from me."

"Very well, miss; let me know your decision at the earliest possible moment."

The patronizing air was resumed, and felt by Mary as peculiarly offensive. A heavy heart was in her bosom, as, with swift feet, she hurried homeward. Was this, then, to be the path in which she was destined to walk? Must she go out from her loving and beloved ones, and take the place of a dependant among coarse unsympathizing people. Tears blinded her, and she drew her veil to hide and catch the drops that could not be restrained. Thoughts of Phoebe made them gush more freely. How could she leave her sister, whose life ebbed lower and lower every day?

"I cannot! I cannot!" sobbed the unhappy girl, wringing her hands as she passed onward; for there had come to her imagination a most vivid picture of Phoebe—white, wasted, and with wistful eyes looking into hers, tenderly beseeching her not to go. Glancing up voluntarily at the sound of a passing carriage, she saw the face of Jennie Dalton, whom she had met a few times in company, and with whom she had a slight acquaintance. No sign of recognition passed between them. Keenly, for a few moments, was the contrast of positions felt by Mary; Jennie riding in luxurious ease—she walking, heavy-hearted, and stooping painfully under the weight of a burden which Jennie’s father had laid upon her weak shoulders. It is no wonder that bitter sentiments ruled for a brief season in her mind—that she felt towards Mr. Dalton an enemy, and mingled scorn and dislike in her thought of him and his.

So strongly agitated were the feelings of Mary Baldwin, that by the time she reached home, her bosom was palpitating and her knees trembling from weakness. Entering quietly, she passed into their small parlour, but stood still suddenly, and glanced around in a bewildered manner. Her first thought was, that she had made a mistake—that this was not her father’s house. When she went out, there were only half-a-dozen plain chairs, a pair of card-tables, and a few unimportant articles, in the parlour. Now, a piano stood at one end; there was a sofa against the wall; cushioned chairs, centre and pier tables, vases and mantel ornaments, and two or three pictures on the walls. A brief season of bewilderment, and then Mary recognized every article as old and familiar friends. What could it mean? Had she been asleep, and now suddenly awakened? Her weak knees gave way, and she sat down with a heart wildly fluttering.

A bell was still in the house, save, now and then, a fitful moving of feet overhead in the room occupied by Phoebe. Pushing off her bonnet, Mary arose after a little while, and moved to the piano, as if drawn thitherward by an irresistible power. What a tumult of feeling was pervading her heart! It was as if, after a long, sad absence, a dear friend had been suddenly restored. Opening the instrument, she sat down, and let her hands fall gently on the keys. What thrills of delight were awakened in her bosom! The sweetness of old strains came flooding back upon her soul, and filling it with unutterable tenderness. Without any determination of thought, her fingers moved to an old tender air, that her mother’s lips had sung to her as she lay a happy child upon her bosom. It was a household melody, full of dear associations. She dwelt upon it, repeating the strain, until her heart gave way, and tears, in which was no element of bitterness, fell over her cheeks.

Chap. X.

Acting on the suggestion of Mr. Dalton, Doctor Marvin associated with himself, in the case of Phoebe Baldwin, one of the most eminent physicians in the city. They visited her together, for the first time, on the day succeeding that on which the doctor and Mr. Dalton held the interview already described. The changed aspect of the parlour, which we have noticed as having taken Mary Baldwin by surprise, arrested the attention of Dr. Marvin, on entering the house with his associate. He understood its meaning, and felt a glow of pleasure. That the change was but just effected he understood by the waggons which drove from the door as he came up in his carriage.

"How is Phoebe to-day?" asked the Doctor as Mrs. Baldwin came into the parlour.

"I see no change for the better," was the mother’s calm, but serious reply.

"Doctor P——," said Dr. Marvin, presenting his consulting associate. "I have asked him to visit your daughter with me for a few times."

Mrs. Baldwin acknowledged the introduction courteously, and then left the room for a few minutes, to prepare Phoebe to meet them. Returning, she conducted the two physicians to the apartment where her sick child lay, propped up in bed with pillows. There had been considerable change since the doctor’s previous visit. The face showed more exhaustion, and the lividness of her lips and countenance indicated progress in the disease. Her hand lay over her heart, and strongly pressed against it; and there were signs of suffering, though not of a complaining spirit. Dr. Marvin smiled in his cheerful way as he entered the room, and on presenting Doctor P——, said:

"You know, dear, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom; and so Doctor P—— has come, at my desire, to see if we cannot, together, find the way to help you out of this trouble."
A grave, quiet smile played over the lips of Phoebe, and shone from her large bright eyes.

"I'm afraid it's past help, doctor," she answered, speaking calmly. And the two physicians noticed that her hand bore down more heavily upon her heart.

Doctor P—— took one of her wrists between his fingers, and held it, noting the condition of her pulse. It was feeble and very irregular, both as to the time and force of the stroke.

"Can you feel your heart beat?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir—all the while," she answered.

Doctor P—— then bent down his ear; it was too practised not to recognize, in the rushing sound that came distinctly, indications of organic trouble of the most serious character.

"Do you sit up or walk about the room?" he asked.

"Not now; it makes my heart beat so strangely."

"When were you up last?"

"Three days ago—wasn't it?" a Phoebe glanced towards her mother.

"Yes, dear." There was a quiver in the mother's voice.

Doctor P—— again took the wrist of Phoebe, and sat, with eyes cast down, noting every throb and low flutter and intermission. Suddenly it ceased. He waited for several moments, with suspended breath, and then looked up quickly at her face. It was still and deathly—the long sweep of her eyelashes lying dark on her ashen cheek. Mrs. Baldwin, whose eyes were also on the face of Phoebe, saw the change, and was about starting forward, with a cry of anguish, when a sudden play of muscles was seen, a movement of the lips, a quiver of the lashes; and the heart telegraphed its reviving motion to the wrist, on which lay the fingers of Doctor P——. Very still all remained, fearing lest word or movement should throw back the returning life forces, and suspend for ever their mortal action.

Low and feeble as the pulse of a babe was that of Phoebe, as she lay with eyes shut and deathly face in that silent chamber, where breaths were held in painful suspense. Nearly ten minutes passed, none speaking or moving. So close was the ear of Dr. P—— to the ride of Phoebe, and so still the air, that the heart's labour, as it struggled with the inflowing and outflowing blood, was distinctly heard.

Suddenly, upon this deep hush, stole the low sound of music—music familiar to Phoebe as the voice of her mother—music which had failed in her ears for days and weeks, though longed for with a kind of hopeless heart-sickness.

A smile softened on her lips, and went as a faint radiance over her warm face. Then the lashes quivered and lifted themselves, until her teary eyes were seen, full of a new-born delight.

"Oh, mother!" It had seemed to her as if she were coming out of a sweet dream; but the music still floated in the air around her, and she comprehended the fact that she was awake and the music real.

At the same moment, Doctor P—— noticed an evener beat of the pulse. It had beer, irregular, throbbing, and intermittent, but gradually began taking on a better adjustment. The music continued. Her lashes fell again, but the smile grew warmer on her lips. Now the music ceased, and, with its cessation, the doctor observed a change in the heart's motion. There was renewed disturbance, and in the hush that followed, he waited, in deep suspense for what next might come. The life of Phoebe was hanging upon a thread, stretched to its utmost tension. The slightest jar or strain would snap it asunder. Not so strongly defined as a little while before, were the heart's irregularities; and beyond the first disturbance, there was no sensible increase.

Upon the intense silence, crept in again, in low, tender throbings of melody, the music which had died a little while before.

"Is it Mary?" Phoebe looked towards her mother.

"Yes, dear."

The lashes drooped softly again, and the smiles came in sunnier ripples to her mouth.

Doctor P—— felt the pulse grow calmer and evener; and, as he watched her countenance, perceived the livid hue beneath her eyes and upon her lips giving way to fleshier tints.

"You love music?" he said, venturing, half in doubt and half in hope, the query.

"Yes; it is very sweet—very sweet."

Three or four minutes passed, and the music flowed on—now in soft, tender movements, and now in rich swells of harmony. Phoebe's eyes were turned upon her mother. Mrs. Baldwin said questions in them, and bent down her ear.

"Is it Mary's own piano?"

"Yes, dear."

"How did she get it? When did it come?"

Doctor P—— threw an anxious and warning glance towards Doctor Marvin. There was heart disturbance again. Moving from the bed, he permitted Doctor Marvin to take his place, who, leaning close to Phoebe, whispered (for he had heard her question): "There was a mistake, and it has been corrected, my dear. The men who took away your sister's instrument acted without authority from the person they represented. That fact came to his knowledge only yesterday, and he has restored everything. And now lie very still. I think you are better. How is it here?" And the doctor placed his hand over her heart.

"It's easier. I can hardly feel it beat."

Doctor Marvin laid his ear down close to her side. The rush and murmur of blood, struggling through the valves, so painfully distinct a little while before, was now scarcely heard. The eyes of the sick girl had closed again, and as she lay in a sweet peace, under the enchantment of music, the physicians withdrew.

"Play on, my child," said Doctor Marvin, leading Mary back to the instrument, from which she had arisen on hearing footsteps in the passage. He saw that her eyes were wet, and understood the cause. "Play on, for
Phoebe’s sake. This medicine of sweet sounds has already gone deeper than our poor remedies had power to reach. She is better. I will see her again to-day.”

The physicians retired; and Mary, with eyes blinded by a new gush of tears, and only in part comprehending the hurried sentences of Doctor Marvin, went back to the piano, and struck the keys again, playing now such airs and passages as she knew were favorites of her sister. For nearly twenty minutes she continued playing, in obedience to the doctor’s injunction, her mind strangely impressed by the music and the mystery of what was around her, when she started as a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and turning, looked into her mother’s face.

“She is asleep,” said Mrs. Baldwin.

“Phoebe?”

“Yes. This music has calmed her pulse, and changed, as if by magic, all for the better.”

“What does this mean?” said Mary, glancing around the parlour.

“I cannot say, my child. It is less than an hour since two men came with waggons, and brought all these things. They answered no questions, simply saying that their orders were to leave the goods. Doctor Marvin, I think, knows something as to its meaning; for to Phoebe’s questions he answered that there had been a mistake—that the men who took away your instrument did so without full authority. Oh, if you could have seen the sweet surprise in Phoebe’s countenance when the first notes fell on her ears! New life seemed, in that instant, to be born.”

Mary laid her face against her mother’s bosom, and wept.

“Our Father is still in heaven,” she murmured. “It was very dark a little while ago; but light has come down suddenly.”

“Let us be thankful,” said Mrs. Baldwin, “even for painful trials. It is in trial and temptation that a higher life is born. We come up from sorrow and suffering, stronger and with a clearer sight than when our feet went shivering down amid the icy waters.”

“And Phoebe is better?” Mary lifted her face.

“Better for the moment. There was a change coincident with the first chords of music that broke upon the air, and all her worst symptoms went on abating rapidly. Doctor P—— had come with Doctor Marvin, and both were surprised. I feel strangely. God grant that the hope of this hour be not in vain.”

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CHAP. XI.

“You find Kate better to-day?” said Mr. Dalton, meeting Dr. Marvin in the hall, as he came down from his daughter’s chamber.

“Oh, yes; she is improving rapidly.”

“Thank God for it!” answered the father, with considerable feeling. “I have been very anxious about her. And next, how is Miss Baldwin?”

“I took Dr. P—— with me, in consultation, this morning.”

“Oh, did you? Well, what does he think of the case?”

“It lies all in doubt, sir—a feather may turn the scale.”

A painful expression went over the face of Mr. Dalton.

“As I drove up to the door with Dr. P——, I saw the men who had been commissioned to replace Mr. Baldwin’s furniture leave the house with their empty waggons.”

“It was the least I could do in the way of repairing a great wrong,” said Mr. Dalton.

“We found the sick girl feebler and suffering more than when I saw her yesterday. The action of her heart was so much disturbed that I felt strong apprehensions of a speedy fatal result. I watched Dr. P——’s face closely as he held her pulse and bent his ear to the sound of her throbbing heart, and I read in it no hope. All at once there came a soft, sweet air from the just restored instrument. Mary had been out, and returning that moment, sat down in glad surprise, and ran her fingers over the keys. That was the medicine, Mr. Dalton. It wrought like a charm. The struggling heart grew calm at once, and beat with an evener motion. Light touched her wan lips, and swept over her countenance. I never saw such a change. When we left her she lay calm and peaceful as an infant, with the livid hue of her complexion giving place to warmer tints.”

“Have you seen her again to-day?” asked Mr. Dalton, manifesting the strongest interest.

“Yes—an hour ago.”

“How does she continue?”

“All seems favourable. Her heart was a little disturbed, but not to anything like the degree apparent this morning.”

“Then you are encouraged, Doctor?”

“I try to feel so; but the case has shown so much derangement that I dare not permit myself to hope.”

A shadow of pain fell over the countenance of Mr. Dalton.

“Was anything remarked about the furniture in your hearing?” he asked.

“Not much. Mrs. Baldwin seemed to understand the case, I thought, and gave you credit for kindness in the act of restitution. I learned this, however: Mary had been out during the morning to see a lady in the city with a view to becoming governess in her family; the answer was to be given to-morrow. On returning she found her instrument in the parlour, and sat down to it in tears of surprise and gladness, for she saw restored the means by which she could help her overburdened father, without being compelled to separate herself from home, and go out among strangers. Her heart must have been in her touch to give it the healing power that was conveyed to her sister.”

“You will do me justice in this painful matter, Dr. Marvin?” said Mr. Dalton. “I was
innocent of any wrong intent towards an unfortunate family.

"At my hands you shall have justice," replied the doctor. "I understand the case fully. But what a lesson it involves! Ah, sir, we cannot be too careful how we act towards others from hasty conclusions, or set in motion agencies that may work out of our sight to cruel and oppressive results. Before we attempt to constrain an unfortunate debtor by law, pursuing him to last resorts, let us be well assured as to his actual condition and purpose. It is not just to hand over the unfortunate to be dealt with as mere law instrumentalities may elect. Courts, lawyers, and sheriff's officers do not feel and sympathize; they rarely take sufferings and heartaches into account; it is not their business. They are but agencies, and work out results as coldly and exactly as insensate machines. Eager creditors rarely think of this, and so they extort a few hundreds of dollars now and then, by legal process, at the cost of sufferings, which, if known to them, would make their hearts ache. You have had one experience in this direction, Mr. Dalton, and Heaven grant that it may be your last."

"Amen!" almost groaned the unhappy merchant. He added, "Many things have caused me to realize, with painful distinctness, the sad condition of a family broken down like that of Mr. Baldwin. They needed considerate kindness, not hard persecution—to be helped, not crippled, in their means of self-sustenance."

"You think," he added, after a pause of several moments, "that Kate is getting over upon the right side again?"

"Oh, yes," replied the doctor. "I have just left an order for her to ride out every day Fresh air, change of scene, and nourishing food will do all that is needed."

The father's face brightened. His child was very dear, and her sudden indisposition, the cause of which yet lay hidden from his eyes, had touched his spirit with the acute pain. The drooping of his own home-tower had awakened his sympathies as well as his conscience, and made them keenly alive to the trouble which had darkened around the home of Mr. Baldwin.

Time passed. A few weeks later, and a higher beauty was radiant in the face of Kate Dalton—joy unutterable dwelt in her heart. Tenfold brighter was the sky now arching above her head, for the brief obscuring clouds that hid the sun a little while before. Against a true, manly heart her own leaned in sweet, confiding rest. Dr. Sedden had returned to his allegiance, and enthroned her as queen of love—and she was worthy.

Spring drew on apace, and as life began to stir in the heart of nature, sending a promise of flower and fruit to the swelling bud, and carpeting the earth with greenness, new and stronger hopes for Phoebe Baldwin awakened in the home where she still dwelt, a white-faced lingerer on the shores of time, with feet uncovered, and ready at any moment to step down into the river of death. The medicine of music had failed to cure, though its wonderful power, as seen when after a long absence it came sweetly floating back upon her soul, continued to wrap her spirit in such a tranquil state, that her fatally-diseased heart never again struggled so painfully in its work, though gradually its forces were diminished.

But hope did not revive in the heart of good Doctor Marvin, as the spring advanced. He saw, too surely, the progressive steps of disease, and knew that the end was not afar off.

"How is Miss Baldwin?" It was the question of Israel Dalton. He had stopped Doctor Marvin in the street. Only a few minutes before the happy face of his daughter Kate had smiled upon him as she passed, riding with her betrothed. Its image was obscured by the intrusion of another presence, conjured up by the sight of Doctor Marvin. Ah, what would he not have given for just one moment's power over the irrevocable past! He would have claimed, amid all its errors and wrong-doings, to change but a single record—to obliterate all traces of a single deed. But it was too late—too late.

"Miss Baldwin?"

No answering light came from the doctor's face.

"Not worse, I hope?"

"Not better, as I read the case," was replied. "There is no immediate danger, I trust, doctor."

A choking sound was in the merchant's voice.

"Perhaps not. These cases are baffling. We cannot prognosticate with any degree of certainty; but one thing is sure, I think."

"What?"

"A fatal termination of the case within three months."

"Oh, doctor!"

"She may not survive one-half the period."

A contraction of pain went over Mr. Dalton's face.

"Has there been a recent consultation?"

"Doctor P—— called with me a few days ago."

"What was his opinion?"

"That consultations were more hurtful than beneficial."

"Why?"

"They produced excitement in the patient; and her safety depends upon the most entire tranquillity."

"Did he give no encouragement?"

"None. He regards the case as hopeless."

Mr. Dalton stood for a few moments with a shadow of unhappy thoughts upon his face, and then bowing to the doctor went on his way.
**CHAP. XII.**

We give, in this concluding chapter, two pictures—the first, a scene of beauty and pleasure.

It is an evening in the leafy month of May. In the brilliantly lighted parlours of Mr. Dalton’s house a gay company have assembled. There are music and dancing, happy voices and exhilarating laughter.

It is Kate’s last party before her wedding-day, which is fixed for the concluding week in June, after which she is to make a European tour with her handsome and talented husband. A gladder heart is not in the whole city than the heart of Kate Dalton; and she deserves her happiness. Both she and Doctor Sedden have chosen well. They are worthy of each other in all respects.

Mr. Dalton gazes tenderly upon the face of his child, following her with eyes full of light, as she circles in the dance, or sits in sweet self-consciousness beside her lover.

“Your are a happy man,” said a friend, who understood the relationship existing between Doctor Sedden and his daughter, glancing towards the latter as he made the remark.

“I have cause to be,” was the answer of Mr. Dalton.

“The doctor is a young man of high character and great promise,” said the friend, “and destined, I think, to reflect honour on his profession and city.”

“He is all that I could ask,” replied Mr. Dalton; “and it is rare indeed that a father can say as much when speaking of the man who is destined to become the husband of a beloved child.”

Rare indeed; not once in a hundred times,” responded the other. “And not once in a hundred times is the fitness of the parties, to all human appreciation, so complete. Your daughter is a charming young woma Mr. Dalton, and deserves the heart that has won her love.”

Dr. Marvin, who had accepted an invitation to be present, came up at the moment. His approach was felt by Mr. Dalton as the impression of a shadow over his feelings. The sight of him turned his thought away to another and a stricken home—a home into which his hand had sent an arrow that no surgeon had power to remove from the heart wherein it lodged.

Only a few words had passed between them, when Mrs. Dalton crossed the room and said:

“A messenger has called for you, doctor?”

“From whom?”

“From Mr. Baldwin, I think the servant said. I hope her daughter is no worse.”

Ah, how little imagined she the true cause of that daughter’s illness! Not a shadow of the truth had found its way across her mind. On that subject her husband had sealed his lips; and no one else who knew of the unhappy circumstance ventured upon an allusion thereto in her presence.

“I hope not,” answered the doctor, with a changing countenance, and then excusing himself withdrew.

“You don’t look well,” said Mrs. Dalton to her husband, as the doctor retired, a shade of concern coming into her face.

He was not well, though he tried to smile as he answered, with partly averted countenance,

“Then my looks belie me.”

The sickness lay deeper down than the physical organism, and less within the reach of cure than common ailments. He had made desolate a home, and no power of restoration lay within his reach.

“If it were my child—my Kate!” Mr. Dalton felt a low, chilling shudder creep through all his veins. Why, in self-torment, did he let thought come forth in this suggestive utterance? It was not voluntary. There are accusing spirits who delight in tormenting, and these were present to his consciousness, and saw where to stab his peace.

The delight of that evening, which ought to have been overflowing, was gone from this moment. A ghostly face, gazing at him with sad, rebuking eyes, was ever close beside the happy face of Kate, whenever his eyes rested thereon; and he had to turn away from her to hide the painful vision.

We pass, following Dr. Marvin, to another home and another scene. Instead of lighted parlours, festivity, and gladness, we enter a chamber of silence, over which is darkly gathering the shadows of death. On last Christmas-day you saw a man sitting alone, with a burden of care weighing heavily upon his heart. You knew it by the depression of his head, the painful curve of his lips, the lines that were written on his brow. There was no warmth, nor roundness of muscles in his face, but an aspect of exhaustion. He looked like a man who had been in battle and lost the victory—weak, haggard, suffering, but not subdued in spirit—pausing for strength to renew the conflict. We find him here, with an air of greater exhaustion, and a countenance on which the lines of pain are cast still deeper, holding a shadowy hand, and gazing with tenderest love upon the face of his departing child. On the other side of the bed on which the sick girl lies, bending over, is the mother. She does not weep, but oh! how full of the heart’s unspeakable sorrow is her countenance! not strongly expressed, but tempered and subdued by Christian hope and patience. Mary, the elder sister, overcome by the consciousness near approach of death, has shrunk away, and sits, with hands covering her face, weeping silently: the two younger children stand awed and wondering, but half-comprehending the scene.

The door moves noiselessly on its hinges, and Doctor Marvin comes in. Eaglet eyes, hopeless yet appealing, turn upon him. The father moves away, and the kind old man, who sees at the first glance that he has no power to hold this mortal voyager back from the sea on which
A Bouquet of Roses.

Walking in my garden the other day, I stopped before a tree covered with yellow roses, and looking at them reminded me of a tale, which I will relate.

Two years since, I dropped in to spend my evening with an old lady who resides near my house. She is a most charming person—amiable, clever, witty, and charitable in all things. She is passionately fond of flowers; and you will scarcely credit the coquetry and gallantry I expend in making bouquets for her, nor how much I rejoice at her surprise when I bring her a flower of the name of which she is ignorant, or which is very uncommon in our part of the country.

One evening, when I arrived at her house, I found her seated with an old gentleman who has been residing on his property more than a year—a handsome estate in the vicinity, which has been left him by a distant relative, on condition of his taking the name of his benefactor; consequently he was called Monsieur Descouraides. He had obtained an introduction to my old lady, and I had every reason to be jealous of his audacities. They became warm friends, and passed almost every evening together, playing backgammon.

I bowed silently, on the evening in question, as I entered, not to interrupt the game. When it was finished, I presented Madame de Lorgereal a bouquet of yellow roses which I had brought for her.

My roses were very beautiful, and singularly so, because the continued rains of the season had blighted most of those of the neighbouring gardens; but I had taken the precaution of sheltering mine by a shed; and they were, perhaps, the only ones to be met with in perfection. Madame de Lorgereal uttered an exclamation of delight when she saw the beautiful bouquet. Monsieur Descouraides said nothing, but seemed preoccupied. I looked at him with surprise, not well able to comprehend the mysterious influence of my yellow roses. Madame de Lorgereal shortly afterwards spoke of something else; and I thought I had been mistaken.

A minute or two subsequently Monsieur Descouraides suddenly burst out laughing, and said, "Would you believe that this bouquet has evoked, as by magic, an entire epoch of my very youthful days? For five minutes I was only in imagination twenty years of age—for five minutes I became again in love with a woman, who, if she exists, must be at least sixty years of age. I must tell you this history; it is one which has had an immense influence on my life, and of which the memory, even now, moves me in an extraordinary manner—even now, when my blood has only just warmed enough to keep me alive, and enable me to play backgammon. I was twenty—that is more than forty years since—I had just quitted college, where young men were kept a little longer than they are in the present day. After well weighing the matter—but without consulting me—my father decided on my future path in life, and announced to me one morning that he had obtained a lieutenancy for me in the regiment, then in garrison in Auvergne, and desired me to be ready to leave in three days. I was not a little taken aback, for several reasons. In the first place I disliked a military career; but that objection the sight of a
A Bouquet of Roses.

dashing uniform would soon have overcome; added to it, a few ambitious hopes excited, and a little music, would, all combined, have made either a Caesar or an Achilles of me. But I was in love. Nothing in the world could have induced me to utter a word of this to my father, whose only reply to such a confidential communication would have been to send me away that very night. But I had an uncle—and what an uncle! He was then a man of the same age as I am now; but he was still young—not for himself, for no old man ever renounced Satan and all his pumps and works better than he did—but for others. He loved the young, and perfectly understood, without being jealous of them. He did not deem the infirmities of age a progress; neither did he think length of years necessary to be wise. From excessive goodness and good sense he lived in the happiness of others. He was ever found sympathizing with the noble and generous follies of youth; he was the confidant and protector of all true lovers, of those who bear no grudge against his fate, and of all youth's hopes and fears. I went to him, and said, 'Uncle, I am very unhappy!'

'I bet twenty louis you are not,' was the reply.

'Ah, uncle, don't laugh! Besides, you would lose.'

'If I lose I'll pay; and perhaps that would help to console you.'

'No, uncle, money has nothing to do with my grief.'

'Come, tell me your tale.'

'My father has just informed me that I have a lieutenantcy in the ______ regiment.'

'What a dreadful misfortune! One of the most gallant regiments in the service—a handsome uniform, and all the officers are men of rank.'

'Uncle, I don't wish to be a soldier.'

'How! You don't wish to serve? Do you happen to be a coward?'

'I don't know yet: nevertheless, you are the only man whom I would permit to address such a question to me.'

'Very well, then, Cid, my good friend, why don't you wish to be a soldier?'

'Uncle, because I want to marry.'

'Oh!'

'There's no ob in the question. Uncle, I'm in love.'

'And you call that a misfortune! Ungrateful wretch! I should like to be in love! And pray who is the object of your ardent flame?'

'Ah, uncle, she's an angel!'

'I know she is, of course—it is always an angel! A little later in life you will prefer a woman. But by what mortal name do you call this angel?'

'She is called Noëmi, uncle.'

'That is not what I ask you. Noëmi is enough for you. I want to comprehend; besides, it's a pretty name. But for me, I must know who this angel is, and to what family she belongs? What is the family name?'
peared diminutive enough to tear them into, lest a word should appear against her.

"Well, but, my boy, you must decide at last, and for this reason—your father has not confided all to you. If he sends you to Clermont it is because the colonel of your regiment is a friend of his, and has a daughter, and this daughter is destined for you, because it will be a sad and anguishing marriage. But don't answer me; I know all this is nothing when we love. 'Tis a very stupid thing to think thus, and love disinterestedly; but I should be sorry not to have been guilty of so doing. Only men of biased minds are incapable of the like. I know the old call these delusions; but who knows whether it is not they who are self-deceived? The glass which diminishes objects is not more true than the one which enlarges them. If she loves you, you should sacrifice everything for her. It will be very foolish to do so, but quite right; and you must do it; but first find out whether she loves you—and you have an excellent opportunity for doing so. They wish to make her marry a nephew—you turn pale at this idea! You would like to have your odious rival at sword's-length. Well, then, try and gain a little of this noble courage in the presence of your fair Noémi. They want her to marry: you are richer than she, but the man they propose to give her to is richer than yourself, besides being titled and quite ready (the wedding clothes and presents are also); whereas they would be obliged to wait for you. Now go and seek Noémi: tell her you love her—she knows it, but it is, nevertheless, a thing always told. Ask her if she returns your affection; and tell her—for she must love you, I am sure, you are young, handsome, and witty. Ask her to promise solemnly to wait three years for you, but to write to me, and I will keep the letter. I will then break off your marriage with the colonel's daughter. I will get your exchange; and, despite your father, in three years you shall marry Noémi!

"'Uncle, I've an idea."

"Let's hear it."

"I'll write to her."

"Just as you please, my boy; only act at once."

"I quit my uncle, and went to write my epistle. This was not the most difficult task. I had written fifty letters to her before, though I had never forwarded them. The most embarrassing circumstance was to send or give it. Nevertheless, as there was no time to be lost, I made up my mind, and, purchasing a bouquet of yellow roses, placed the note in the centre of them. It is very silly, but I seem even now to live over the time again in memory. After the avowal of my love, I besought her to love me, make me happy, and wait three years for me. I implored her, if she consented, that evening to wear one of the yellow roses in her bosom. 'I shall then dare to speak to you,' I said, 'and tell you what you ought to do to secure my happiness—I dare not say ours.'"

"And you put the note in the bouquet?" asked Madame de Lorgerel.

"Yes, madam."

"And then?"

"Well, then, in the evening Noémi had no rose in her bosom! I wanted to kill myself, but my uncle carried me off to Clermont. He remained two months with me, mixed with the young officers, and ended by caressing my sorrow and disappointment, by proving to me that Noémi had never loved me. 'But, uncle,' I said, 'she was—she appeared happy when I arrived, and reproached me gently for coming late.'"

"Women," continued Monsieur Descoudraies, "love the devotion of all the world; but there are those they never love. In short, I ended by almost forgetting her. Then I married the colonel's daughter, who died eight years after our marriage; and now I am quite alone, for my uncle has been dead a long time—would you believe I often think of Noémi? and—that which is more serious and absurd—I always see her in imagination as a young girl of seventeen, with her dark brown hair, and, as my uncle said, her eyes like black velvet! Whereas, if living, she must be now an old woman."

"You don't know what has become of her?" asked Madame de Lorgerel.

"No."

"Your name, then, is not Descoudraies?"

"She hastily inquired.

"No: that is the name of the property left me by my uncle. My name is Edmond d'Althiem."

"So it is!"

"How do you know?"

"I will tell you," she added, without replying to his question, "what has become of Noémi."

"Can you?"

"Yes: she loved you!"

"But the yellow rose?"

"She did not see the note. Your hasty departure caused her many tears: then, afterwards, she married Monsieur de Lorgerel."

"Monsieur de Lorgerel?"

"Yes, Monsieur de Lorgerel, whose widow I am to-day.

"What! you—you Noémi Amelot?"

"Alas! yes, as truly as you are, and are not like, Edmond d'Althiem!"

"Good gracious! who would ever have thought that a day could arrive in which we should not recognize each other?"

"Yes, it is strange, is it not? And only reunited to play backgammon!"

"But the bouquet?"

"The bouquet is here. I always preserved it."

And Madame de Lorgerel went to a cupboard, and, opening a box in ebony, took out a faded bouquet. She trembled as she did so.

"Untie it! untie it!" said Monsieur Descoudraies.

She untied the bouquet, and found the note which had been hidden there forty-two years!
Both of them remained silent. I wished to go, but Monsieur Descoudraies rose.

Madame de Lorgerel took his hand, and said, "You are right. We must not let this memory of youth in our hearts pass before two old faces like ours. Let us avoid anything so ridiculous, which would degrade the noble sentiment which will perhaps make us happy the remainder of our lives. Do not return for some days."

Since that evening, Descoudraies and Madame de Lorgerel scarcely ever quitted each other's society. There exists between them a sentiment such as I never before beheld. They go over together all the minute details of that love which was never explained nor expressed. They have a thousand things to tell each other: they love in retrospection. They would much like to be married; but they dare not, so much does ridicule often mar our purest wishes.

N.B.—Young ladies, always unite and well examine any anonymous bouquet you may receive; for a lover is more agreeable at twenty than at sixty; and forty years of expectation is really no joke!

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OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR C,—

If your eyes and ears have been as much assailed by the marvels of the "Fusil à aiguille"—I know not what name you have given in England to this new Prussian gun—as mine, you must wish both Prussians and guns at Jericho—and the Austrians, I daresay, would not deem it a bad wish on your part either. Our admiration on this side of the water for the most expeditious means of killing men (nine or ten in a minute) is unbounded. And, fancy our glory—a Frenchman is the inventor! at least, so our papers declare, and repeat, with exultation; but we cannot help feeling a slight tinge of jealousy at not being the first nation to make use of this glorious weapon, killing your fellows at nearly a dozen a minute! It is horrible! such is the extent of my admiration for all such diabolical inventions: and, after all, it seems that this much-talked-of gun is not such a novelty as some imagine, but has been for some years in the Prussian army, and indeed elsewhere; so that the old adage is again true here, that "There is nothing new under the sun." The victory after victory of the Prussians startle us; and the most sanguine friends of Austria deem Germany lost to her, and comment on the compensation Prussia will be obliged to give to France to be allowed to remain in possession of her conquered territories. To have seen our streets, decorated with flags at the news that the Emperor of Austria had made us a present of Venetia, one would have thought that France had just gained some great battle; but I do not see that we hasten to take possession of our new dominions! The Prince Napoleon is sent by the Emperor on a message to his father-in-law, Victor Emmanuel; so I suppose there are some kind of conditions to the free passage that the Italians have found into this long-coveted corner of Italy. This uncertainty of events, and the torrid heat we have had, have rendered everything stagnant in point of business and pleasure. The remaining of the court in Paris has also prevented many families taking the usual summer visits into the country and to the seaside. Twice have the luggage which accompany their Majesties in their different residences been sent to Fontainebleau and returned. The Empress has beguiled away the time in short trips from the capital. She seems to have quite taken a pleasure in visiting those attacked with cholera. She went to Amiens the other day, where this disease has been very malignant, and she was, of course, received with great enthusiasm. It is said that on some one's complimenting her on her courage in thus venturing into danger, she very graciously replied: "Oh this is our way of facing the enemy." (C'est notre manière d'aller au feu.) But the real scene of her Majesty's triumph has been the visit to Nancy with the Prince Imperial. The Emperor was to have gone with them, but the state of Europe prevented him. The whole population of the ancient Lorraine flocked, on all points, to welcome the imperial party; and the Empress distributed the cross of the légion d'honneur to the Mayors and public functionaries of every town through which she passed, amidst the acclamations of the crowd. These royal or imperial visits of ceremony are always a repetition of the same things—triumphal arches, speeches, balls, dinners, and shouts of enthusiasm. In every nation and at every age the multitude, excited at the view of monarchs, liberally pours forth its enthusiasm at the approach of a king or emperor; but every nation has not as beautiful, elegant, and gracious a lady to greet in the momentarily-adorred object as that which the Lorraines had, the other day, when welcoming the amiable wife of Napoleon III., and the pretty little boy by her side, who was really charming in his child-gallantry, offering his little arm to his mamma and to the ladies of honour every time they alighted from their carriage. He threatened, however, not to behave so well when at Nancy, because the Empress would not allow
him to go on horseback, as it was decided he should do had the Emperor been there, and he formally declared that he would be very disagreeable at the party of children his mamma had invited to lunch with him, but forgot his determination at the sight of his joyous young guests, and delighted them all with his amiability. The Empress had ordered several muslin dresses to be embroidered for her at Nancy (the industry of the place), that the poor workpeople should profit by her visit, and she entered Nancy dressed in one of them, over violet silk; white silk mantle, and white fanchon bonnet, trimmed with lilies-of-the-valley. But I shall not pretend to detail to you the different toilettes of our elegant sovereign, she having changed several times every day. At both dinners and balls she was resplendent with diamonds and precious stones, and quite dazzled the fair ladies of Nancy, who themselves had spent a "pretty penny" to be fine for the occasion, woe to their husbands’ pockets! The palace occupied by the imperial party was the ancient residence of the Dukes of Lorraine, and is very grand and spacious, having plenty of room for the numerous suite in attendance. In one of the galleries here (the "galerie des Cerfs") the town offered a banquet to the Empress Eugénie, and two hundred guests sat down to dinner. The gallery was hung with the tapestry that once formed the tent of Charles le Teméraire, who was killed under the walls of Nancy. After the dessert her Majesty arose and went round the room, and spoke to every guest, after the mayor had introduced them one by one: in fact she addressed everyone who approached her, and was beaming with smiles and satisfaction. When, on her road to visit a hospital, she was told that they had just passed another hospital, whose inmates no doubt hoped to see her, she immediately ordered the carriage to stop, and although in a very populous part of the town, she alighted and returned on foot to the hospital. The rush then was immense to get near her, and they do say that her dress did not get out of the crowd untorn; but that pieces of it were carried off by the excited people. As she had plenty more at home, I dare say she was not as vexed as you or I should have been to see our best dress thus spoilt! At the prison for young criminals, she made them all promise to reform, and spoke so gently, so kindly to the young culprits, that she left most of them in tears, and certainly with better sentiments in their hearts than those that lurked habitually in them. And who knows?—the seed may yet fructify, and that visit perchance may make an honest man of a young criminal. I have good hopes in humanity! But if I relate to you all the incidents of this imperial trip I shall have neither space nor time for anything else, though I must acknowledge that I am not overburdened with news this month, and every little bit is a Godsend to a poor chronicler in this time of dearth, when the heat is scorching, bathing and parching up everything resembling verdure, foliage, or flowers, and rendering us poor mortals incapable of stirring abroad to glean a little here and there to fill our papers with, and where glean when nothing is going on?

Our news-mongers here are reduced to fabricating the most absurd nonsense on England and the English, for the amusement of their public, who swallow all, with divers reflections, more or less amiable, on the eccentricities of "Britanniques," as they do on the "accent Britannique," when they hear a poor Englishman try to speak French; as if when they try to speak English, they had not an accent anti-Britannique as ludicrous, and eccentricities "Françaises" on a par with whatever may be found in England! I have a neighbour—a thoroughbred Frenchman—who, amongst other eccentricities which I cannot name, bought ten cocks the other day, to put in a garden a few feet long, for his whole and sole amusement. I leave you to guess whether it was for his neighbours', or what kind of a sleeper one must be, to get a gleam of rest with ten cocks crowing all night long beneath you, without counting the screeching of half-a-dozen parrots at daylight, the quacking of I cannot tell how many ducks, the cry of guineas-fowls, pheasants, peacocks, and other animals which this gentleman has in a few feet space. It is true they do not live long, for want of air; but he replaces them when they die, and he is very indignant that his landlord should have given him notice to quit. But this is what I call filling up, and that I hate; yet what can I tell you?

As for the theatres, no one but a few provincials enter them; and Mr. Boucicaut's piece, under the name of "Jean la Poste," continues to attract them at the Gaîté. Blondin gave a representation at Vincennes.

M. Alexandre Dumas fils's book, "L'affaire Clémenceau," is the only book that excites readers: in fact, it must be something poignant to give us the strength to turn over a leaf, and decidedly, in point of literature, criminal affairs are the order of the day. Yet, God knows whether we have not sufficient real horrors without wanting fictitious ones.

A poor young man of 21 was killed, the other day, in the middle of the street and at daylight, by two girls, excited by drink. He happened to pass that way, and his handsome face attracted the infamous wretches: his gestures of disgust so enraged them that they fell upon him like fiends, and in spite of the passers by, stabbed him.

It seems that the last storm has made sad havoc in some of the vineyards, and one celebrated wine (Pomare) will fail entirely this year, the crops having been completely destroyed; this is bad news—and worse still is, that the cholera is again amongst us. Several cases have already, they say, been fatal, but are concealed from the Parisians. We were in hopes of escaping this year, having so much suffered from the malignant disease last autumn.

The Princess Helena and her husband visited Versailles the other day, but maintain a strict incognito.—Adieu, mille amitiés,
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

Most undoubtedly the sight of the past month has been the Volunteer Camp at Wimbledon. We believe it has been more successful than any of the past years, and that there has been a larger attendance both of volunteers and visitors. The shooting has been something magnificent; our Scotch brethren succeeding in carrying off the Elcho shield, amongst many other prizes, and young Mr. Cameron, who took the Queen’s prize, making one of the finest scores on record.

To ordinary observers, however, the mere shooting is not very entertaining, for, unless they are perfectly au courant with the system of signalling, and their ears accustomed to the ring of the target, they get so hopelessly confused amid “centres,” “outers,” “bull’s-eyes,” “ricochets,” that they are just likely to take one for the other, and applaud a “ricochet,” or “smile derisive” at a “bull’s-eye.” On the occasion of our visit we noticed a group of young ladies at the firing point, opposite the pool target, who appeared to be wonderfully interested in the matter, and the way in which they rattled off the various technicalities was wonderful to hear; but then they had a brother or a cousin, who was shooting; so that made all the difference: however, as it is impossible for everyone to have a brother or a cousin in order to give that charm and interest to the shooting which it appeared to give these fair girls, doubtless it will be asked what other objects of interest there are to be seen in the volunteer camp. Well, then, those who would gratify their tastes in the matters of jewellery and plate should visit the Exhibition Tent to find marvels in the way of épergnes, vases, tankards, watches, clocks, and rings. Do they wish to purchase easy-chairs, hammocks, or pannikins; or, are they desirous to acquire a “puggery” to entwine round the hat to keep off the blazing sun, they go to the street which is called Windmill, and there are able to purchase everything they may require during the time of their sojourn in the camp. The most attractive sight of all, however, is to be found in the various tents. It is amusing to see the manifold decorations and inner luxuries which are introduced by the volunteers, showing that, whilst fully alive to the importance of the utile, they are not unmindful of the pleasant influence of the dulce. Then we see some of the tents carefully planted around with red geraniums, calceolarias, and other gay-coloured plants quite foreign to Wimbledon’s sturdy heath, and which are being tended by a brawny volunteer, who is down on his knees and watering his garden in the most laborious manner by means of a bucket of water and a regimental pannikin.

Further on we notice the tents fancifully decorated with ferns and heather; we observe birdcages hanging on the exterior of tents, also the coloured lampions for the evening’s illumination. Nor should we omit to mention the appearance of the third number of the Earnest, for which the small charge of sixpence is made for the first time. But Your Bohemian has something more serious to relate than the amenities of camp life.

The Reform Meeting attempted to be held in the Park, on Monday evening the 23rd, was undoubtedly a serious business. Setting aside the question of Reform altogether, it was an unwise thing for Mr. Walpole and Sir Richard Mayne to have closed the park gates. If the meeting had taken place and the whole affair been treated with silent contempt the matter would have passed quietly over; but by opposing it Mr. Beale and his followers have been exalted into martyrs with a grievance. Mr. John Bright’s letter is indeed worthy of him: writing from the country, at a safe distance, he urges the Reform League to hold their meeting as proposed; but at the same time, despite the matter being “a serious question,” with caution he says: “I cannot leave home for some days to come, and therefore cannot be in London on the 23rd instant.” One would have thought if the question had been of such vital importance the hon. member might have strained a point to have been at his post. We love not such Brummagem patriotism.

The telegrams from the “Great Eastern,” with reference to the Atlantic Cable, are naturally received with much interest, and we are glad to record satisfactory progress up to the present time.

We have not yet been down to Brighton outside the coach which is now running, as we fully intended doing before this, since, on inquiry, we find it would be necessary to book our place for it at least a week beforehand, which, considering this changeable climate of ours, we hesitated to do; however, we will risk it shortly, and endeavour first to make private arrangements with the “clerk of the weather.” As it is, there has chanced to be little or no rain for weeks.

The Dramatic College folks were particularly fortunate, and the festival passed off with less to condemn than usual, if we except the jockey-ring and music-hall notabilities: the former being deservingly unremunerative, and the latter an inconsistent feature. We regret to record the death of Mr. Jerwood, who was one of the warmest supporters of the College, and his loss will be greatly felt. Mr. Jerwood’s death occurred a few days before the festival.

Miss Braddon’s first novel, “The Trail of the Serpent,” has made its appearance, thoroughly revised and in parts re-written. “The History
of Sign Boards” (Hotten) is an interesting work, to which we would invite the attention of our readers. The “Autographic Mirror,” has been purchased by Cassell, but it was unwise to discontinue the publication before the half-yearly volume was finished: we are yet in hopes that a part containing six numbers will appear, which will make the fourth volume complete; when, if it is not found to be a remunerative speculation, it may be as well to give it up. Of course the sale of such a work must be limited, and we are sorry it has not been sufficient to encourage its originator, who deserves great credit for having carried it on for two years. Another literary venture has lately sprung up, called “The Stranger in London”—a newspaper in three languages, and for which there appears to have been a great demand, since on inquiring at the office after the second number was published, we were informed that the first was already out of print. We have been favoured with a glimpse of the proof sheets of Mr. Wm. Sawyer’s new volume of poems, entitled “Ten Miles from Town.” The following lines, entitled “Found Drowned,” are so elegant in diction, so musical in rhythm, and, above all, so fraught with tender and earnest feeling, that we cannot refrain from quoting them:

“At the ebbing tide they found
A noble woman, drowned,—
Sand in her hair sunbright,
Sand in her mouth and throat,
In her gown too wet to float,
Sand in her bosom that was round and white.

“Perfume still in the hair,
The nails trimmed round with care;
Scarce from the rounded cheek
The damask bloom had died;
Full in her beauty’s pride,
Death the condier she had dared to seek.

“Still in her shell-pink ears
There glitter’d diamond spheres,
And they—the seam’d and taut’d,
The bontmen gathering round,
Rings on her fingers found,
Rings—but no ring on her small left hand !

“Rough men, of honest lives,
 Proud of their wedded wives,
They rend her tale, her shame,
And ears’d the unknown slayer,
God ! Is it not a prayer,
That curse that swells in outraged Virtue’s name ?”

The volume will be published on the 1st of August, and, from the above specimen, lovers of genuine poetry—poetry as opposed to the pretentious drible—so-called—may promise themselves a rich intellectual treat. Mr. Edmund Yates, in “Temple Bar,” has called Mr. G.H. Lewes to account for an attack on a recent novel written by Mr. Yates himself, who wishes to be thought that he does not care a rush for Mr. Lewes’s criticism; though the article, which is meant to be smart, and is written in questionable taste, leads us to believe otherwise; or why should Mr. Yates retaliate in kind? This savours somewhat of the old edage of the pot and kettle. As the Flaneur, Mr. Yates should overlook personality in others, even though there should happen to be some “violation of the sanctity of private life,” which is, oddly enough, deprecated by the Flaneur. Mr. Carpenter, keeper of prints and drawings in the British Museum, is lately dead.

We understand Artemus Ward will shortly come before the British public as an “entertainer.” If he is as popular in that capacity as he is as an author, we may predict for him a thorough success. We may mention at the same time, with regret, that we are about to lose, for a time, one of the most gifted and versatile of our entertainers, namely, Mr. Arthur Sketchley. This gentleman proposes shortly to go to America, to introduce our old friend and everybody’s old friend, “Mrs. Brown” to Brother Jonathan. If she is as warmly received in New York as she has been in London the good old lady will doubtless be gratified; but we shall miss her from her accustomed post in the great metropolis, where her name has long become a “household word.”

Mr. Burnand, the well-known burlesque-writer and contributor to Punch, appeared the other evening, at the New Royalty, as Ulysses, in his own production of “Patient Penelope,” and we believe, for we were not there to see, that his performance was thoroughly successful. Taking advantage of the New Royalty being let for amateur performances, Mr. D. D. Home has appeared on its boards as Henri de Newville, in “Plot and Passion,” rather than risk the more ambitious venture of Mr. Oakley, in the “Jealous Wife,” at the St. James’s, for which character he was announced to appear some time since. More than a medium muster of Mr. Home’s friends were in the stalls, there being no pit to speak of (one row), where we were ensconced, obtaining a well-scented programme and listening to an amateur band, and several other amateurs “thrown in.” Mr. Home’s first act was not destitute of merit, but his second convinced us that he had done well in not risking a more public performance. The third act we did not stay to see, as, though fashionable and friends persevered, Your Bohemian was athirst and weary. Mrs. B. R. Williams, Mr. Garston, and Mr. Paul Graves were highly satisfactory representatives of Madame de Fontanges, Fouche, and Desmaretz, but an amateur performance, par excellence, was that at the Polygraphic Hall a few evenings ago, for the benefit of the Sailors’ Homes, when “Still Waters Run Deep” and “The Blighted Being” were gone through in a practised manner, rare amongst amateurs, and which we are glad to say resulted in a very considerable addition to the funds of the charity. We are glad to perceive that Mr. Hermann Vexin is engaged
Village Wedding in Sweden

It shall be summer time, that there may be flowers; and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers on his forehead and a garland of corn-flowers about his neck.

Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming in the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his blue jacket, comes from his chamber; and then to horse, and away towards the village, where the bride already sits and waits. Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them, perhaps, with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-waggon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, laden with flowers, and ribbons, and evergreens, and as they pass beneath it, the wedding-guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops, and straight from every pocket flies a black jack filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the waggon, and, after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and ask for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the last replies, "Yes, were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome, and in token thereof receive this cup."

Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes streaming into the farmer's yard, and riding round the May-pole which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall stands the bride with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a girded belt around her waist, and around her neck strings of golden beads. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair, and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground.

"Oh, thou good soul! thou hast hard hands but a soft heart! thou art poor—the very ornaments thou wearest are not thine—the blessings of Heaven upon thee!" So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of the bride and the bridegroom, saying, in a deep and solemn voice: "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honour, to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which thou may possess, or may inherit, all the rights which Uhland's laws provide and the holy king gives." And the dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration, after the ancient custom of the fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present, as at the marriage-feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass around between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table, but as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and priest, who perform a solemn mazurka together. Not until midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a circle round the bride to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle and seize their new sister. After a long struggle they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head, the jewels from her neck, her bodice is unlaced, and kirtle taken off; and like a real virgin, clad all in white, she goes to her bridal chamber; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.
CONVERSATIONS WITH PAPA.

BY M. C.

EMMA. I don't see, Papa, that hearts, spades, diamonds, and clubs look a bit like churchmen, soldiers, citizens, and workpeople.

PAPA. You must remember that cards are not an English invention, so we have to translate French words for the meanings I have given you, which will make it more easily understood, if you listen attentively: *Gens de cœur* is the name for choirmen, ecclesiastics, or churchmen; and *cœur* is the French word—

EMMA. For heart, Papa. But spades?

PAPA. They are intended to show the military, or what you call soldiers, and are represented by the heads of their lances or pikes; on the card the diamonds point to the order of citizens, or tradesmen; the French word for diamonds being *carreaux*, square stones or tiles. Clubs, for which the French word is *tréfle*, represents the peasants, or husbandmen, who cultivate the clover-grass or trefoil leaf.

EMMA. I'm sure that's plain enough, Em. Now, Papa, please tell me why those two fellows in the window at church yesterday were riding on horseback, for I could not help thinking it looked very queer in such a place.

PAPA. When the Knights Templars (or, as they were called in London, "The Military Order of the Temple") first came to England they were very poor, and this is intended as a symbol of their poverty, viz., that they could only afford one horse between them, which device is generally represented on their seal.

EMMA. Mamma said in her letter the other day that she had been to see John O'Groat's house. Was he a real man, like Blue-Beard, Papa?

PAPA. Just as real, my dear, and not so wicked; neither did he live so long ago. John O'Groat came from Holland, with his three brothers, in the reign of James IV. of Scotland. The King asked them letters to his subjects in Caithness, where the brothers had an equal share of property. They lived there a long time until their number was increased to eight, and very happy they were for many years, until about the time they were expecting some relations to visit them, and then they began to quarrel, which should be the greatest amongst them, and who had the right to sit at the head of the table or take the door. From words they all came to blows, and the consequences would probably have been very serious, had not John O'Groat interposed, and requested them to return to their respective homes, and leave the matter in his hands, promising so to settle it as to prevent further disputes. To this they agreed. John built a room of an octagon shape, that had eight doors and windows in it; and in the middle was placed a table of the same shape; after which there was no more cause for quarrels, as each might take his own door.

EMMA. That was a good thing to think of, wasn't it, Papa? Now, Tiny, do let us have the story you've made such a secret about, that Mamma sent you.

Tiny. Read as follows:—"Many years ago Canada goose formed an extraordinary attachment to a house-dog, and would never quit the kennel except for the purpose of feeding, after which it would return to its house immediately. Although it always sat by the dog, it never presumed to enter the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked at anyone the goose would run at the person, and cackle and try to bite his heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog, but this the latter (who treated his faithful companion with supreme indifference) would not suffer. Unless driven by main force, this bird would not go to roost with the others at night, and when turned into the field in the morning she would never stir from the gate, but sit there all day in sight of the dog. At last orders were given that she should be no longer molested, but suffered to accompany the dog wherever she liked. When left to herself she ran about the yard with him all night; and what is stranger still, if the dog went out into the village, the goose accompanied him, always contriving, with the assistance of her wings, to keep pace with her friend, to the great amusement of the villagers, who more than once saw the performance. This extraordinary affection of the goose, which lasted for two years after it had been first observed, was continued until the death of the dog. It was supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her from a fox, in the very moment of distress. When the dog was ill the goose never left him day or night, not even to feed; and fearing that she would be starved to death, orders were given for a pan of corn to be set every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not allow anyone to approach it but the person who brought the dog's, or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for when the dog died, she would not leave the kennel; and a new house-dog being brought thither, which in size and colour resembled the lost one, the poor goose was unhappily deceived, and was seized by the throat and killed."
EMMA. It's true, Papa; and Mamma says in Tom's letter, that the gentleman to whom the goose belonged lived at East Barnet, where Aunt Ida often visits.

PAPA. It's a very amusing story, Tiny; but it's your bed time, so we must say good-night.

TOM. Now, Em, be off like a shot. It's no end of fun to think we shall have mamma and the girls next week.

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LITTLE THINGS.

BY MISS S. H. BAKER.

Who wants to hear a story? But firstly let me tell you it has a moral; to which if you object, you must stop right here, for the moral will await you at the end.

Lizzie and Agnes Paton, with their little brother Ned, were spending the summer in the country with their parents, and being at a farm-house, they had a fine range, not only over the lawn and premises near the house, but away off in the beautiful fields, in the "grand old woods," and wherever their young feet were strong and lively enough to carry them.

Each day brought some new pleasure to them, for it was new, although they had done the same thing many times before. One thing among the many which they delighted in was going to the woods, where they invented a great variety of "plays"—sometimes "laying out farms," sometimes a city, and sometimes a village. One day they were very busy planning their village, having a place marked for the church, the blacksmith's shop, the tavern, and the school-house. Each one was full of thought to invent building material out of sticks, leaves, and chips, and Ned felt particularly busy and responsible, for he had charge of arranging the blacksmith shop, which was much more important in his view than church or school-house, and his happiest anticipations was to get ready an anvil, upon which he could strike as hard as he chose.

They were at work close by a narrow path, which was frequently travelled by persons who wanted to make a short cut from one public road to another, by going through the woods.

There was much going on that day. Many boys and girls were gathering apples and replacing them in the basket. The loaf of bread was not spoiled by "running out;" and even the rice, happening to fall where the ground was dry and somewhat grassy, was not all lost, for Tom scratched it away so faithfully (being comforted and encouraged by the kindness of Lizzie and Agnes), that but few grains were left in the woods.

As the things were put back in the basket, grandma gave them a look of great satisfaction, and when Agnes picked up her cane and put it in her hand, the old lady's good-nature came back, as well as her kindly feeling for Tom. She looked at his arm, and really then felt more sorry for him than for the loss of the buttermilk, which the earth drank up as soon as it went from the can.

Tom wiped his eyes with his coat-sleeve, settled his cap firmly on his head with both hands, and looked at the girls with a mixture of shame over his mishap, and of wonder that they should have thought of helping him.

Old grandmother thanked them as they started off, and reached their playground some time before she could get there, with her old age and heavy basket. As she came up she saw Ned in the middle of the play village; but instead of going on happily with his blacksmith shop, he was sitting on the ground, with his arms folded and a frown upon his face, and she heard him say to his sisters in a very cross voice, "Why couldn't you let them help themselves, and not stop our nice play?"

The poor old woman knew in a moment that...
she and Tom were the cause of his being so affronted, and as she stopped by his side she opened her basket and took out a fine apple, saying, as she held it out to him—

"I am sorry for you, my little fellow, but perhaps the kindness your sisters have done for a very poor woman may make up for your losing a few minutes at play; and I know their kind hearts are happier for doing so much good. When they are old and feeble as I am, I hope they will not have to go so far as I have been this morning to get something to eat."

Ned was too much ashamed to take the apple, or even to look up. He could not even move, and thinking of his actions made him still more ashamed. He was glad when Tom and his grandmother walked away, and yet he was still unhappy. He rose from the ground and went to his "building" again; but the pleasure was gone. He left, and went to where Agnes was making a church, and Lizzie was putting up a fence around it. This, too, was dull to him; a dark shadow had passed between his heart and his joy; he felt poor indeed—yes, far poorer than Tom. He tried hard to be happy again, but everything he looked at seemed gloomy to him, where all was so pleasant a little while before.

Lizzie and Agnes wanted him to help them; they were delighted over their church, with its two long pine chips leaning together for a steeple, with the pretty fence, and with evergreens set out here and there in their little village. Their hearts were lighted up from within by the sunshine of kindess; and oh! poor Ned's was dark, because of the cold cloud of unkindness which had gone over it.

He sauntered towards home, and when dinner-time came, and Lizzie and Agnes were telling of their "nice morning" in the woods, Ned was so unusually still that his mother noticed it, and said—

"Well, Ned, did you take no part in the great work?"

Ned could not say anything, but Agnes spoke so quickly for him that no one but his sisters noticed he was feeling so badly.

"He is to be a blacksmith—are you not, Ned?"

"May be so," was all he said.

When they were through dinner, Lizzie told her mother of the poor old woman losing her butter milk; and Mrs. Paton had some good sweet milk poured into a bright tin can, which Lizzie was to carry; and Agnes a pitcherful of buttermilk, fresh and good.

Lizzie looked at Ned, and saw he was unhappy. One moment of thought was enough to suggest to her something which would bring back a little joy to his heart.

"Oh, mother," she said, "I want one thing more, and that is some of your nice little sugarcakes and a few peaches to put in a basket, for Ned to carry; then we will all have something to give to the old woman; and who knows she may even be glad of Tom's upset."

Ned began to feel better. It was a very little thing which Lizzie proposed, but somehow it sent a flash through his heart, which seemed to light up a dark spot, and made Lizzie his angel.

To have stayed at home while they went with the good things would have been misery to him. He had been sorry in the morning, as soon as the words were out of his mouth, and his own feelings had punished him severely for his selfishness and hasty speech, and nothing could so much restore comfort to him as to see the old woman made happy by anything he could do for her.

Away they went, with hearts as happy as they had been in the morning, when they started for the woods.

LOVE'S INTIMATIONS.

BY LAUNCELOT CROSS.

My own, my beautiful, my Christabel! Who leanest gently on my circling arm, My fingers playing 'midst thy golden tresses; Oh, dearly do I love thine every charm!

I gaze, and would for ever gaze, on those sweet lips; On the mild splendours of thy clear blue eyes; That forehead lily-pale; those dimpled cheeks Which ever-coming starlight smiles to de sir; Like noon-winds, writhing ocean into glory, I gaze, and would for ever gaze; for all Are eloquent with Elysian memories, And with thy steadfast, vestal, calm devotion.

And as I gaze, on Love's wings comes the thought That that faint flashing rosette hue arraying Thy countenance with the heart's own passionate tint, The intelligence of those quiet, lustrous eyes, And the ecstatic music of thy tongue Spring from a source imperishable, divine; And Love the omnipotent, unvarying, soft Pure ray, from an immortal beam is cast, And through eternal cycles our mutual bliss shall last.

Oh! let my fingers linger in thy tresses; Oh! lean for ever on this circling arm! I gaze, and would for ever gaze, on every charm Which Nature's heavenliest touch in thee expressess; And as my love doth mingle with thine own, Subtle and warm, like thoughts of one's own soul, The sense comes o'er me that this love is part Of the great love that formed those spheres of light; The shapes, the motion, life, and melody Which make up this fair earth; and the brief state Of glory, mystery, and changeful joys That we call ours. Yes! like a silver voice Whispering, the knowledge comes, that what we feel As the soul of our souls must be the soul, The centre, and the essence of that Being To whom we now are drawn in still devotion.

So let me ever gaze, and learn from thee, Beloved of my heart, that "God is Love," And we, through Love, are His in conjoint fealty.
THE LADIES' PAGE.

CROCHET.

DIRECTIONS FOR TWENTY-FOUR CROCHET D'OYLEYS IN VERY BEAUTIFUL OPEN PATTERNS.

This d'oyley is worked round and round, and, to prevent the commencement of the different rounds being perceived, it is necessary to begin each separately. Most of the rounds are done in the long stitch used in single open crochet. The commencing stitch for each round that begins with a long stitch is as follows: Lay the end of your cotton between your work and your forefinger, take the cotton up on the crochet and work into the loop or into the hole (as each row will mention), draw the cotton through; you will now have 2 stitches on your crochet; draw the cotton again through one of these stitches, and then through the two, this makes the 1st stitch; the others are done in the usual way. To fasten off the round you will find the commencing stitch is deficient the chain stitch at the top: to make this, insert the crochet through the loop of the 2nd stitch, and draw the cotton through; this will produce 2 loops on your crochet, draw one through the other, cut off the cotton, and draw it through to the right side without taking again on the crochet, then put your crochet through from the back and take this end to the wrong side, tie the two ends together in a firm knot, and cut them off. Board's head cotton, No. 8 or 10, and a crochet needle, No. 16, are recommended.

FIRST D'OYLEY.

Tie a piece round about this size and cut off the ends.

1st round. Work into the hole 3 long stitches, make 3 chain stitches after the third, repeat this 6 times.

2nd. Work 3 long stitches over the 3 long stitches of last round, make 4 chain stitches, and repeat.

3rd. Work 2 long stitches into the first long stitch of last round, 1 long stitch into the 2nd, 2 long stitches into the 3rd, make 4 chain stitches, and repeat.

4th. Work 2 long stitches into the 1st and 5th long stitch of last round, and one into each of the other 3, make 4 chain stitches, and repeat.

5th. Work 1 long stitch into the last of the 4 chain stitches of last round, 2 long stitches into the 1st of the long stitches of last round, 1 long stitch into each of the 5 next, 2 into the next, and 1 into the 1st of the 4 chain stitches of last round, make 4 chain stitches, and repeat.

6th. Work 1 long stitch into the last of the 4 chain stitches of last round, 1 long stitch into each of the 11 of last round, 1 long stitch into the 1st of the 4 chain stitches, make 3 chain stitches, and repeat.

7th. Work 1 long stitch, make 2 chain stitches, miss 1 loop, and repeat.

8th. Work a long stitch into each hole in last round, make 2 chain stitches between each.

9th. The same as 8th.

10th. Work 1 long stitch into every loop.

11th. Work a stitch of double crochet, make 7 chain stitches, miss 2 loops, and repeat.

12th. Work 2 long stitches into the 7 chain stitches, make 3 chain stitches, work 2 long stitches into the same place, make 2 chain stitches, and repeat; work the next long stitches into the next 7 chain stitches.

13th. Work a stitch of double crochet into the 2 chain stitches, make 8 chain stitches, and repeat; these last 3 rounds form an edge to the d'oyley, and may be added to any of the others, if preferred to a fringe.

SECOND D'OYLEY.

Tie a foundation as first d'oyley.

1st round. Work 3 long stitches and 3 chain stitches, repeat this 6 times.

2nd. Work a stitch of double crochet into the 3 chain stitches of last round, make 7 chain stitches, and repeat.

3rd. Work plain in double crochet, increasing (by working a 2nd time into the same loop) twice in the round.

4th. Work 3 long stitches, make 3 chain stitches, miss two loops of the last round, and repeat.

5th. Work 3 long stitches over the 3 in last round, make 5 chain stitches over the 3 chain stitches of last round, and repeat.

6th. Work plain in double crochet.

7th. Work 3 stitches of double crochet, make 9 chain stitches, miss 5 loops of the last round, and repeat.

8th. Work 3 long stitches over the 3 of double crochet, make 4 chain stitches, work 1 stitch of double crochet into the centre one of the 9 chain stitches, make 4 chain stitches, and repeat.

9th. Same as 8th, making 5 chain stitches each time instead of 4.
Our Library Table.

10th. Same as 8th, making 6 chain stitches each time instead of 4.
11th. Work 3 long stitches over the 3 of last round, and 1 on the 1st chain stitch, make 12 chain stitches, and repeat.
12th. Work 12 long stitches in the hole made by the 13 chain stitches, make 5 chain stitches, and repeat.
13th. Work 1 long stitch into each loop, and into every 20th loop work twice.

Our Library Table.

The Odd-Fellows’ Quarterly Magazine (Manchester.)—The impossibility of obtaining this magazine through the ordinary channel of one’s bookseller, is a frequent source of disappointment to the friends of its contributors. In London, in Jersey, and at Cork we learn from those who have tried, that it is impossible to obtain it. Would it not be well to appoint an agent in the principal towns, who, without cost to the society, would become the medium between it and the public, for the sale of the magazine to readers outside the pale of odd-fellowship? The lady-contributors enjoy almost a monopoly of the literary contents of the current number, which, if a little lighter on that account, is not the less pleasant and readable. The serial tale, “Rue,” by Mrs. Caroline A. White, is concluded in the current part; but, for obvious reasons, we forbear from noticing it. The report of the annual meeting of the committee affords some interesting statistics in connection with the important fraternity, or order, of which this publication is the organ. The number of members in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, and in foreign parts, amounted, in 1865, to 387,990. The annual payments of the society, for the benefit of members in sickness and old age; to members seeking employment; to the relatives of members after their death, and other payments, makes the large sum of £291,305 19s. 5d. But, when every current claim for the year had been paid, there remained a balance in favour of the society of over £100,000; while the reserved fund in the possession of the order, and its various branches, is over £2,000,000—figures which represent the satisfactory condition and immense importance of the association to the working men of England, who form the great bulk of the brotherhood. The good that the society has done, and is doing, amongst its members, is incalculable—not alone in encouraging habits of temperance and thrift, but, as was said of it by a reverend gentleman present, “by combining a great part of religion in its principles” [and we are happy to add, its practice also]—“by visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction.”

The Co-operator: A Fortnightly Record of Co-operative Progress. By Working Men. (Manchester.)—Manchester appears to take the lead in much that concerns the social and mental improvement of the working classes; and as whatever affects their improvement is as concrete to the basis that supports society, we notice with considerable pleasure the report of the conference and soirée recently held at Manchester, illustrative of the new development of co-operation, known as “partnerships of industry.” Co-operations no new feature in the history of the working man. With some dim idea of the utility of such associations, it has been tried in various places, applied and misapplied in a variety of ways, with sufficient success to show its utility, and successive failures to prove the want of proper organization, or the absolute necessity of a leader or head. Fifteen years ago, the law refused to recognize such co-operation; in short, it made such partnership impossible—or at any rate they were then completely outside the law. One member might expend the whole of the funds, or incur debts, and there was no remedy excepting by the cumbersome machinery of an elaborate Chancery-suit.

But the law is now altered, and, thanks to the right-mindedness of such men as Thos. Hughes, Esq., M.P., Messrs. Briggs, Whitworth, Greening, &c., “partnerships of industry” are now flourishing, which, after affording a handsome interest to the capitalists, enable them to divide a share of the profits with their workmen. In the case of Messrs. Greening and Co., the system has worked so well that they have been enabled to give their men a bonus at the end of the first half-year’s work:

The effect of the new mode of working is to show that every penny gained by the masters is a halfpenny gained by the men for themselves—a conviction that gives every man an interest in the business. He no longer requires to be overlooked; it is to his own advantage to do the best he can for the firm; to save waste of material; to economize time, perfect his labour, and push its interests wherever he finds an opportunity to do so. In short, the men are shareholders in the concern, and stand or fall by its fortunes.

The system is a new power, and a new incentive in the labour market, and one full of hope for the future of the temperate and industrious working-man. A wire-netting company; the
Rochdale Pioneers' Society; a Co-operation Farm and Collieries, already exist, with every prospect of the most complete success. The system of co-operation as carried out in these various companies appears to have met and vanquished the difficulties which have hitherto been found to hinder their successful working—a fact which will go further towards destroying the antagonistic feeling between employers and the employed, and to put down strikes, than anything that has hitherto been devised; as, under such conditions, the interest of the master will be that of the men also. Moreover, in the language of one of the speakers at the conference above referred to, "Co-operation does not mean merely the creating and sharing of wealth; it has higher aims: it means education, lightening the toils of the aged and the young, and leisure for enjoyment and recreation."

The Life-boat; or Journal of the National Life-boat Institution. It is some time since we have turned over the leaves of this journal, the sixty-first number of which is before us; but we do so now to find that the number of wrecks do not decrease with the years; that 1866 carries on the great account registered in these pages from preceding ones without, alas! any falling off in the returns, and that the only hope for the saving of life on our coast appears to depend on the increased number of life-boats. Science in ship-building, higher training on the part of master-seamen, a more perfected system of lights and buoys—all seem to fail of the desired aim, and the awful number of shipwrecks round the coasts and in the seas of the British Isles annually average 2,000. It is said that for some of this immense loss of property, and jeopardy of human life, "the intrepidity, and, it must be added, the carelessness of our seamen" is to blame; while not infrequently it is due "to the imperfect equipment of our merchant-ships and other preventible causes." At any rate it is computed that between 5,000 and 6,000 persons are yearly put in peril of their lives by shipwreck, and though (thanks to the growing cordon of life-boats that encircle our shores) not more than 450 were actually lost in 1865, many more might possibly have been rescued had the life-boats been as numerous as we could desire, and every point of danger be prepared with one. It is a glorious thing to see individuals, and great mercantile firms, and brotherhoods, and towns, and associations, answering the cry of the drowning mariners upon our coasts, and sending aid to those who are "ready to perish," in the shape of purchase-money for the life-boats. We see with pleasure that no less than eleven new boats have been forwarded to various stations within the last few months, but generally to replace old and decaying ones. Three new stations however, we rejoice to say, have been founded—one at Courtown, Ireland, where the life-boat, it is hoped, will be serviceable to the crowds of vessels getting on the Arklow and Blackwater sands; one at Kingdowne, near Deal, in aid of ships stranded on the main, or on the south end of the Goodwin Sands; one at Hayle, Cornwall, the gift of Oxford University-men, and bearing the name of the "Isis." Can there be a more hopeful instance of the change which years have made in the morals of the fishermen and other dwellers on this iron coast—men who, with those on the northern and Kentish sea-side, bore the bad name of wreckers, and kept it longer than the rest—than was implied in the address of William Husband, Esq., who observed that the crew had undertaken to risk their lives on all occasions to rescue men exposed to shipwreck, and he felt perfectly satisfied that the boat would not be disgraced in their hands. We are glad to find that funds are in course of subscription, on the part of the order of Odd-fellows, for the purchase of a life-boat; that Wolverhampton has presented, or is about to present, one; and in the next number of the Journal, particulars of additional life-boats to be forwarded to the coast will be given. All who would help this great and true work of mercy (and all may do it, for every mite is acceptable), may forward their subscriptions to Richard Lewis, Esq., 14, John-street, Adelphi. Donations, &c., will also be received by bankers in town or country.

The Household. (Groombridge and Sons, 5, Paternoster-row.)—This magazine carefully maintains the spirit of its title; it is devoted to home interests and home enjoyments, and there are few households into which it will not introduce some useful information or economical hint to increase happiness or decrease expenditure.

New Songs.

"Shrieve not for me." "They tell me I am quite forgot." Composed by W. T. Wrighton. (London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street.)—These songs, by the well-known author of "Her bright smile haunts me still," and other charming ballads, need only to be mentioned to ensure a welcome at the hands of our musical readers. Both are within easy compass, and we scarcely know to which we give the palm of sweetness and expression. Both possess that touch of pathos that runs so frequently through Mr. Wrighton's compositions as almost to characterize them. As if in compliment to the simple elegance of these songs, the publisher has produced them in a style as chastely elegant. Madame Parepa has already given them the seal of popularity by her effective singing of them.
S O C I A L  S U G G E S T I O N S.

JOHN RUSKIN'S THOUGHTS ON HOW GIRLS SHOULD BE TRAINED.—We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give. Now, their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is praise; she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial: to him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and always hardened. But he guards the woman from all this, within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far that it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and enter into the heart of the home, the house is no longer a home. The perfect woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childhood, which is still full of change and promise; opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth. Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

CONCERT AND BALL-DRESSES.

FIRST FIGURE.—Young lady in a wide-striped dress, accompanied by a plain silk corset trimmed with chicory ruche. White tatar-tane under-body, with puffings separated by guipure insertions.

SECOND FIGURE.—Emerald green gros-grain silk dress, over which falls a green-striped peplum cut on the bias. Under-body with a tatar-tane plaiting at top. Puffed tulle sleeves. Foliage in the hair.

THIRD FIGURE.—Dress composed of a first skirt of white silk, and a second skirt of gauze, trimmed at the bottom with an undulating pink ruche and strips of ribbon. Gauze corset over a silk under-body, covered with puffed tulle. Gros-grain silk waistband. Puffed tulle sleeves, with a bow of foliage. Similar leaves in the hair.

FOURTH FIGURE.—Dress of white-striped gauze, looped up by pomegranate flowers on one side. White silk underskirt, trimmed at the bottom with five ponceau satin bias-pieces sprinkled with crystal beads. White corset, bordered by bias-pieces, with beads to match the ornament on the skirt. Chantilly lace bournos, lined with silk.

For walking-dress I have just seen a silk robe made quite plain in front, and having plaits behind only, the body and skirt cut in one. A jacket of the same material accompanies the dress. Lambelle bonnet of white tulle, trimmed with wild poppies and foliage, and also blackberries arranged so as to fall on the forehead. Berze strings of tulle, with a cluster of the same fruit on the tie.

A toilet for a young lady consisted of a first skirt of foulard, over which fell a very narrow skirt of embroidered muslin with seams on the bias. Jacket of embroidered muslin matching the dress. Belgian straw hat in the English shape, ornamented with a cordon of myosotis.

Another toilette-de-ville consists of a robe of grey silk, made with scarcely any fulness at the waist. The corsage of the same is cut exceedingly low, to be worn with one of white muslin, and finished by a waistband of grey silk, embroidered at the edges with emerald green foliage. A bias of silk, embroidered with similar foliage, descends from the waist, and after traversing the skirt in front and at the back, is carried round the hem.

For young persons the evening toilets are generally composed of gauze or tatar-tane; and even for promenade the dresses are of the lightest description. Sleeves are made half-tight, and of the coat-sleeve shape, with either epaulets or a puffing at the top. It is by no means unusual to see long sleeves with low dresses, in the Louis XVI. style. White jackets are in decided vogue this summer, and bright ribbons are worn with everything. For the country and seaside alpaca and pique dresses—jacket and dress alike—prevail. White alpaca makes up charmingly for a dinner dress, if trimmed gracefully with coloured silk. These alpaca dresses are said to clean, wash, or dye well, and are therefore really serviceable. Stripes remain in the ascendant. Some of the wider ones are only calculated for figures of the largest proportions, but, like the Lambelle and its kindred bonnets, are, to speak mildly, worn indiscriminately. The reduced crinoline still obtains; and clumsy, not forgetting crystal, bold the first place in the trimming department.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received, with thanks.—"Never Alone;"
"A Stormy Night;" "Hidden Treasure;" "The Shroud."

Poetry declined, with thanks. — "Memories;"
"The Voices of Midnight." Will the author oblige us by parsing the first verse and going carefully through the third?

H. J. S., Haverford-West."—We have received M.S. from this contributor.

J. P.—We are much obliged by this correspondent’s offer, but we are already supplied with a serial story. What we most want are short tales and sketchy papers.

K. M., Cork."—We are obliged to our friendly correspondent for the page of conundrums; she is wrong, however, as to the originality of two of them which are already in print. The poem shows poetic feeling, but is faulty in grammar and in sense. Witness the first verse, and the images in the third. Human captives do not usually "roar;" nor did battering rams at any period make "war"—which the phrase "battering rams at war" expresses. We must urge on everyone desirous of publishing their thoughts that it is absolutely necessary to express them clearly.

A Century of Sonnets."—If the book is sent to us for notice we shall be happy to review it.

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

PRINTED BY ROGERSON AND TUXFORD, 246, STRAND.
BORN TO SORROW.

CHAP. I.

"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

I had just finished my dinner, in chambers, one wild November evening; and that pleasant feeling of satisfaction which the idles of us feel when a day's work is fairly done, and we have brought home our good sword, bearing on its polished surface the dints of a hard-fought field, was gradually stealing over me. Without, the wind howled in fierce, uncertain blasts; for the Storm-King was certainly abroad that night, and, with his boon spirits, was making wild work amongst the aged trees, that stood, like gaunt sentinels, around the stately Temple, and in the room I felt assured that hideous news of shipwreck and death would find its way to pitying ears, and that night many a hardy mariner look his last upon the cruel rack of wind and heaven and sea, ere he sank to his last rest. That day had been an eventful one in my life; for had not the difficult case of "Smythe v. Johnson" been brought to a successful termination? and though it was not my first brief, still I felt a pardonable amount of exultation at having landed my persecuted client safely through the mysteries of the English law-courts. After the first sip of a right good glass of port, I began to think that a bachelor's life is, after all, not so very miserable, when one's health holds out and one's digestion is faultless, and those evil birds, duns, keep their ill-favoured visages from the door. What though no placens uxor sat opposite me, wreathed in smiles? what though no baby tugged helplessly at my watch chain, and made my chamber resound with hideous moan? Did not my dear books blink cheerily at me from their cases, in the fireside? did not the oft-used jar, labelled "Latakia Tabac," stand at my elbow, ready to minister to my wants, and transport me with its genial fumes to cloudland? Quite a genial evening I had determined to enjoy, when, of a sudden, I heard the door open; a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a rich musical voice shouted in my ear:

"Here you are, Jack—dreaming, as usual. Wake up, old boy, and listen to my good news. No, not a drop shall you touch till you have heard all—and then we will both get drunk, if you like; for I feel happy enough to do any foolish thing. I am booked, Jack, in the matrimonial way, to the dearest, sweetest little girl that ever gladdened a man's eyes. Congratulate me on my good fortune, old fellow."

I looked up, somewhat displeased, I must say, at having my quiet and festivity broken into in such an unceremonious manner, when I discovered that the intruder was none other than my old college-friend and thorough scape-grace Charley Dalton—a barrister, like myself; but with this trifling difference, that he was rich and cared not for friends, while I was poor and had to move heaven and earth to earn my daily bread. He had kept his 'Term's duly in the Temple, of course, and had eaten the requisite number of dinners in the solemn old hall; but as far as a brief, I can conscientiously aver that not even the shadow of one had ever troubled him. However, he didn't mind—this genial youth—he was blessed with five-hundred per annum, and the prospect of a thousand more; his animal spirits were exuberant from his youth up; never happier than when engaged in some piece of harmless devilry; he could sing a decent song, and, as an athlete, had deserved well of his country, and now I supposed he was going to be married.

"Well, my boy," rejoined I, in a saturnine voice, "you seem to have a pleasant knack of disturbing your friend's siestas. But as you are here, pray sit down, Charley, and make yourself comfortable in the old den. You will find a glass in that cupboard. Take a weed, and compose yourself if you can, instead of walking up and down the room like a lion before feeding-time."

"It really does seem too much of a good thing, though," resumed my friend, when the fit had partially subsided, "for a fellow like me to settle down into the respectable walk of life, cut all his fast companions (meaning thee, my Lothario!), and champagne suppers and dinners at Richmond, and become a model family-man. Now I know you are boiling over with impatience to know the lady's name. Wait till you have seen her. You won't want a second look, my boy, to stamp her on your memory. You remember the girl we met at the Archery Ball last summer—I mean the fair girl, with jolly large blue eyes, like lakes, and that demure little smile; you waltzed with her, my anchorite, and raved about her for a month."
Of course I pretended to have forgotten. It was my cue, you see, being a grim old bachelor; but I did remember, nevertheless; and if ever woman could have tempted St. Senanus himself to have forgotten self, and hope, and Heaven in one long blissful waltz, that was the woman.

"No humbug—I see you remember her. Well, her name was Katie Stewart, and it is her sister that has done me the honour of whispering in my ears a word of three little letters, which doesn't take long in telling, but means a good deal. Their brother was at Corpus, you know, and is in orders now. I met him at the Bishop's, and, through his reverence and most potent lordship, got introduced at Oakland's, which is old Stewart's place, in Kent. You know me too well, old man, to suppose that I could stay in a house with a very jolly sensible girl, without getting very badly hit. I will defy any man, who was not a confirmed idiot, to have withstood Ella's eyes, as she played and sang, and played croquet with me, day after day. So the long and short of it is that I fell madly in love with her; and one night, in the conservatory, after she had been playing Liede von statten, I asked her to be my wife. She did not seem and look confused, like most girls do, nor did she say the conventional 'Ask papa,' nor 'What will ma say?' but she talked to me quietly and sensibly, and wound up by saying that she wouldn't give her answer then—she must have time to think; but that she did care a little for me. The old man behaved like a brick; slapped me on the back, and said 'Win her if you can, my boy, and treat her well afterwards!' Now, old cynic, you don't seem overjoyed. If you are very good I will take you to Oakland's, and you shall see my divinity, and confess that the sun shines on no fairer girl in England."

"Ha! well. All very well, Mr. Charley," answered I, "if the girl really does love you, and will marry you, always provided, as we lawyers say, Have you looked at the responsibility of the thing you are going to do? Recollect the charge will be a great one. You are the last man alive to care about trammels of any kind, and you will find married life rather a change."

I wonder what the feeling is, inherent in human nature, which always impels us to detract from another's enjoyment. "Tis pity," but "tis true" that we no sooner see a man thoroughly happy than we set about drawing dark pictures for him. Has he got a good horse, warranted free from vice, and ready to take anything, from the stiffest 'bullfinch' to the broadest pool? then are we right glad to see this animal suspiciously, and say "Slightly spavined isn't he? Seems as if he were touched in the wind by his breath," or some other cautious remark. I believe that for one man who regards life like Mr. Micawber, in hopes that something will turn up, there are a thousand who look upon their neighbour's happiness as a personal affront to themselves, and cry "Vae atque dolor" all the day. Believe me, the type of men who, when your last novel failed or got cruelly abused, or when a sickle Fortune turned her attention elsewhere, slapped you on the back, and sang out, cheerily, "Never mind, old fellow, keep up your spirits! better luck next time: can I help you at all?"—this type has almost entirely gone out, and in its place has succeeded a semi-stoical, semi-melancholy style of Job's comforter, who does not comfort, but either passes by "on the other side," or whines in your ear that it is the way of the world, and that you must not expect anything but misery in this life. It is the way of the world, certainly; and if a man fall, now-a-days, there he must needs lie, till he is strong enough to rise and gird himself anew for the battle, or, failing that, to die in despair and make room for others. I feel that I have sinned in imposing this digression on my readers; but one should think sometimes, even in this working world."

"There you go, old Diogenes," laughed the happy man, "always groaning! Blest"—and here he threw his eyes round my well-appointed room, and took another appreciative sip—"blest if anyone would not think that you were a Capuchin, condemned to vegetables and water, and all that style of thing, instead of being a merry old bachelor, with no friend to borrow your money, and no relations to bore you. And supposing if you have had your little affaire du coeur before this, you are quite recovered now; and as to what you say of married life, wait till you see Ella Stewart, and then talk."

"I only joked, my dear boy; I only joked. I am sure I wish you joy, with all my heart, and"

"Fair fall the wooling!"

—and what's more, I envy your luck; for bachelor-life is not so pleasant as it seems. One wearsies, somehow, of the perpetual loneliness and friendlessness, and longs for some dear little body to sit opposite to, and make coffee."

"Just so. I wish you had married, Jack, my boy. There was little Milly Travers—you had only to say the word."

"No more of that, an' thou lovest me, Hal. That is a sore point now. Well for me that I didn't marry her. You have heard, of course, that she has bolted with Lexington, of the Rifles? Her husband treated her worse than a dog, so no matter for him; but for her, poor thing—poor thing! But I am anxious to see this beauty: Charley, when shall I come?"

"Oh, let me see; they asked me to come and stay next month; would the first suit you? I will just drop a line to Stewart mère, to say we are coming; and do you hold yourself in readiness?"

And then, for the second time, my companion relapsed into temporary insanity, and raved about his darling till I almost tired—these things so rarely do interest a third party. Let me try and describe him, as he lies curled up in my chair with a cigar in his hand, and the smoke-wreathes curling about his head. He was a perfect style of manly Anglo-Saxon
Born to Sorrow.

beauty: a fair cluster of curls overshadowing a tolerably broad, intellectual forehead; his nose slightly aquiline, with those piastr nostrils which one sees in highly-trained natures, contracting and expanding with every changing humour. The chief beauty, though, of his face, lay in his eyes—of a cheerful, bright grey (the coruscæ ocui of our forefathers), all a blaze with concealed merriment, and scarcely ever still—a perfect index to his every thought. Add to this a powerfully-cast frame, head well set on the shoulders, and arms with "thews and muscles such as warriors have," of which many a blatant cad had felt the weight in the halcyon days when at Trinity, and which had stroked many a winning boat in the boating struggle at Oxford. At the first glance you would say, "This is a man whom I can trust;" and, in good sooth, everybody seemed to trust and love my friend Charley. It might have been because he was a hospitable, kindly creature, who helped without being pressed, who lent money without hope of ever seeing it again. I am inclined to think it was from the perfect gift he enjoyed of being all things to all men. There was a certain Apostle, you will remember, who had the same gift, and we all know his wondrous popularity and success in his sacred mission. To men my hero was genial and courteous, never forgetting a friend nor malicious to a foe; to women he was chivalrous and delicate. Every woman was to him a lady, and was treated as such—perhaps he had never found any bad specimens. Children, and even dogs, idolized this harmless young fellow; and, mark me, 'tis no bad sign of a man's worth when he is liked by the brute race. Never trust the man who children will not go near. There is more philosophy and instinct in a child's mind than we give it credit for. This is the man whom I had known from his school-days: as a boy he had fought my battles, for I was sick and weakly; as a man he had stuck to me when other and more enticing friends courted his acquaintance. Pardon me, then, if I am somewhat prolix in painting his portrait. I think it well to start with a just conception of the hero's character.

"I shall be awfully sorry to lose you, dear old chap," resumed Charley more seriously: "we have been such staunch friends. But, as the Bible says, you know a fellow must leave all his relations and friends, and cleave to his wife. Ay, if some husbands clave to them closer, there wouldn't be such pretty stories in the Times every morning. Tell you what, you must dine with us often; not that I can give you sherry like this, by any means—"Res angusta domi" would prevent it. We can't be all Luculluses like you. Stay, there goes ten; I go to play pool for the last time, at the rooms of one Thurston a Sadducee, with Chalker of the Lancers, and some old Trinity men. Ta-ta, old man, keep yourself discharged for next month."

And, whistling a comic lay, he rushed away as impetuously as he had made his appearance. As the last echo of his footsteps died away, and I was left alone in my glory once more, I threw myself back in the chair, and looked moodily at the fire, and fell to peopling the grate with bygone scenes and faces, as men will do when in a sentimental humour. I began to envy this young fellow's lot, and wonder why such a lot shouldn't have been mine. Oh me! had I not attended at the feet of young maidens? had I not grinned and simpered, and dragged through many a weary evening-party, in striving to make myself agreeable to the fair? How badly that young demoiselle, with the aurorn coronet, peeping slyly from behind that coal, behaved to me! If she did leave me for another, she needn't have insulted my misery with wedding-cards; There is the beautiful actress Katie Rivers again—why I actually was fool enough to imagine that she cared for me. Whose brava equalled mine? whose bouquet rivalled the magnificent of mine? And yet she allowed me to bask in her smiles a short time. I offered her a home: in cant phrase—"she went to the bad!" "Well," thought I, "you have had your day, my man, and you are less prepossessing now than ever!" So I, whispering over my lost giovanti, seized the poker and demolished the witching faces in the fire, and then sought that common comforter—my bed!

CHAP. II.

IN THE TOOLS.

The month slipped swiftly by: I had not forgotten my engagement, and punctual to the minute, on the appointed day my friend Charley drove up to the door, gorgeously attired, and with a most radiant face—that of a man who knows he is in luck and means to enjoy the luck as long as it lasts. No sign in his face of that weary, seedy look which some men wear in the morning, just after breakfast, telling its old tale of late hours and feverish excitement over the board of green cloth, and anxious listening to the rattling of the syren box. The reason, too, of his purple and fine linen I knew full well. 'Tis a sure sign, look you, that a youth is in love, when he begins to attire himself in gorgeous raiment. For two occasions, I have a certain theory, do men dress their best first, when they are going to their death; and secondly, when they are going to propose to the lady of their heart—situations equally trying to some minds. History tells us that when the early morning broke over the rugged pass of Thermopylae, and disclosed with the first beam of the sun, the embattled host of Persian chivalry, myriads on myriads, ablaze with barbaric pomp and splendour, that the faithful and devoted band, who were so soon to go down to Hades, sat combing their long beautiful hair in true Spartan fashion, and singing the death-song of their country; and this over, Leonidas and his five hundred went forth
to die, like true men and good. And imagination may picture before us a De Rohan or a De Lauzan riding in the fatal turbin to the guillotine, tricked out, with extremest care, in feather and slashed doublet, with lovlocks flauting in the breeze, true gentilhomme to the last, and smiling their quiet contempt upon the crowd of hissing, phrenzied canaille. As in death, so in love. For nowadays, though the British youth prides himself not a whit on his personal elegance, and, so long as he feels airy and comfortable, is given to affect shaggy tweeds and sturdy knickerbockers; still, when he calls upon the lady of his choice the case is altered. Then doth he endue himself in the official frock-coat; then are his neck-ties a matter of serious consideration; then are his feet encased in the shiniest of boots, and, as he saunters down Bond Street, provokes the witty but not over-respectful compliments of the vulgar boys.

“Here we are again!” broke in our friend, interrupting the current of my thoughts, “punctual to the time. Hope you have slept well. You are looking a trifle seedy, my friend. When will you learn to abjure sack and become a steady man!—like me, for instance. Neat turn out, is it not, Jack?” directing my attention to the mail-car he had driven to the door. “And in truth it is easy, practised position, he gave the mare her head, and off we started on our courting expedition. Nothing leaves the blood and exhilarates a man, in my opinion, more than a drive on a frosty morning behind a fast-stepping horse, and by the time that we had both lighted our cigars we felt in the pleasantest possible humour, at peace with ourselves and the world generally—a feeling which is all the more gladdening from its exceeding rarity. Dalton smoked for some time in silence, only broken by occasional admissions to the mare, until at last a great idea seemed to strike him, and he burst out, laughing:

“By Jove, you know, I almost fancy all this is a dream; sometimes it seems too good to be really true.”

“You were always given to dreaming,” responded I. “Don’t you remember that you never could walk down the ‘High,’ without peeping under every milliner’s bonnet, and fancying that she was either in love with you or you with her? Don’t you remember how eager the Senior Proctor was to make your acquaintance, and what a lecture old Macline used to read to you on wasting your opportunities and not improving your probation time?”

“Pecorari confiteor,” said my companion; “but how could a fellow read in those glorious old Oxford times? Somehow one was too busy to read: what with the drag and cricket, and a pull down to Nuneham, and long-whist of nights, the time slipped away. Fellows like you, who wanted nothing better than glory, could find time to stick in all day, and grind your eyes out over a book; and the end of it was, of course, that you got patted on the back and called a Chrichton, while all my set were ploughed out-and-out.”

“Ah, well! it did us both no end of good. I know you cultivated your muscles, and I cultivated my mind, and pleasant times we had of it.”

Thus, evoking sunny memories from the storehouse of the past, and recalling numerous anecdotes of our college life, we bowed along through a succession of pretty lanes, in the loveliest of all England’s counties, the garden of Kent—that county so remarkably beautiful in the summer-tide, when the hop wreathes its graceful garlands from pole to pole, and the air is redolent with exquisite perfume; not a whit less lovely now, when the hoarfrost, with its delicate tracery, jewelled every tree and shrub, and the dew hung in tremulous pearls from the snowdrop and crocus, and the blackbird, our cheeriest songster, poured forth peal on peal of merry music defiantly, as who should say—“Beat that if you can!” And as we drove, halting only once to “wash out” the horse’s mouth, which mystic process is performed by the consumption of much beer from pewter tankards, we approach at last some lodge-gates of old Norman pattern, very strong, and surmounted by the Stewart cognizance.

“Welcome to Oaklands, Jack!” cried Charley; “you will get a warmer welcome in a few minutes. Isn’t it a sweet spot? makes you in love with it almost insensibly, does it not, O enthusiastic admirer of nature?” And in good truth it was a fairy view, this carriage-drive to the Hall: on either side of the walk rose in straight, graceful beauty, lordly elms, which had borne for many a weary year the storm and tempest, and, like so many Nestors, had seen many a generation of Stewarts rise and fall; had seen the grim old Alan de Stewart return from the Roses’ war, with armour all blood-splent and dinted, and the red-red rose all quivering and drooping after the terrible onset at Towton; had heard the murmured vows of many a fair Stewart maiden as she listened to her gallant wooer, and witnessed many a gay bridal procession stream in summer bravery up the shady avenue; had seen that fatal evening when the stout-hearted, merry old Marmaduke Stewart was born in from the hunt a mangled disfigured corpse, never more to ride, straight as the crow flies, across the stilt country, never more to waken the echoes of the county-side with his cheery “View halloo!” and had dropped its leaves, like tears, upon the bier where lay stretched the cheery old Master of the Hounds. In summer-time there must have been quite an impervious canopy of leafage, so closely were the guarded branches entwined;
but now, of course the fell hand of winter had torn off all the leafy beauty, and left but the bare trunks and the dry branches crackling above, and ever and anon a glimpse of the cold blue sky, flecked with skimming pigeons. As we turned a corner of the drive, Oaklands Hall stood before us—a large irregular pile, partly Tudor, partly Elizabethan, with massive stone portico and pointed gables. Modern improvement had been at work I could see, and, in the wing added by some later hand, I knew, by intuitions, that the billiard-room and that paradise of loungers the smoking-room were situated, where, as is most fitting, the men, when thoroughly tired of the ladies’ society and tittle-tattle and flirtation and music, might fly to, and sprawl at their ease, and discuss the genial weed, and talk of their horses and the odds for the “Leger,” and the shooting, as men will. At the side was a large handsome conservatory for the ladies, where they too, when the rough ones had fled, might discuss their dresses and the company, and their flirtations, amidst flowering cacti and perfumed azaleas, as ladies will. Nor must I forget the broad, trim lawn stretching in front—scene of many a croquet party field of battle, where mallets gave the death-blow to many a heart, and arrows, that missed the target, quivered in many a smitten warrior’s breast.

“Just in time for lunch,” broke in Charley at this point. “People must eat, even when they are in love—oh, Jack? And now to draw the household.”

Answering his loud summons at the bell, there appeared a gorgeous creature in livery, John Thomas hight, one of the most resplendent of his class, who first looked at us as if of another sphere, as is the playful habit of these lofty retainers, and then condescended to usher us into the dining-room and take up our cards. I had a habit of always estimating the people I was visiting from their dining-room, and I very soon came to the conclusion that my lines had here fallen in pleasant places. One rapid glance at the well-appointed furniture, the valuable pictures and the inviting mahogany, and I felt satisfied that the house belonged to a gentleman of refinement and taste. We had not long to wait for the lady of the house. I soon heard myself being introduced to a quiet, pleasant old lady, with a world of placid content in her face, as if thoroughly satisfied with herself and the world.

“So glad to see you, Mr. Dalton! I hope you mean to stay, now that you have come; and very happy to see you, sir. I hope we shall contrive to amuse you in our dull house.”

At my ease in a moment, I made my best Sir Charles Grandison bow, and assured her that there would be no fear on that score, and I thought that I could answer for my friend.

“Oh, by-the-bye, Mr. Dalton, there is a surprise for you: we have got an addition since I saw you last. Ella’s cousin, Captain Granstley, has had enough of fighting and broiling in India, so has come home on leave. You will be charmed to know him: he is singing with the girls in the drawing-room now; so come along and be introduced.”

Of course, as we followed our lively hostess up-stairs, Charley, the finished hypocrite, pressed himself charmed—one must keep les convenances; though, to judge from the expression which the conventional grin ill-concealed, he might have wished the soldier at Jericho. We reached the spot just in time to hear a rich buffo voice finish the last bars of “Come à Bello;” and an equally good pianiste put the last brilliant touches to the finale.

“Brava Ella!” came a voice on our ears, as we entered: “you and Captain Granstley did that last scream au merveille. Oh, I beg pardon!”

And, turning, she disclosed to my eyes the same sparkling girl who had bewitched me so at the archery-ball! Introduction and mutual inquiries after health, and “a’ that,” followed, and then, in the intervals of small-talk, I laid myself out for a good view, and will describe what I saw.

“Mr. E—, my daughter Ella,” said Mrs. Stewart; and I looked up to be instantly spell-bound by the exquisite beauty of the girl I was being introduced to. Nothing that I had ever seen, ever dreamt of, came nigh to this vision of beauty. I beheld in Ella Stewart that noblest of all created works, a faultless woman—faultless in figure, lithe and graceful as a panther, not one single proportion exaggerated or deficient, with a trifle of the “Incedo Regina” in her walk, a face of pure Spanish type, with great, dreamy, languid violet eyes, ready to melt into love or flash into wrath at a moment; glossy masses of dark chestnut hair, rippling over and sweeping low, all round a pure snowy brow; and, above all, that grand, clear complexion, with nothing unhealthy in its pallor, though losing nothing from the slight flush which mantled on it now. If there was a fault, it certainly was in the mouth—expressive of great indecision and weakness, which stamped Ella Stewart as a woman of infirm purpose and quick passions. As I drank in every glorious item of her beauty, I was too excited to speak or to make any acknowledgment. I could only keep harping on Byron’s noble lines:

“There be none of Beauty’s daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me!”

“I thought so,” whispered my friend in my ear—“impressionable old donkey! come, wake up!”

“His warning brought me to myself, and I awoke from my glamour to stammer forth something in a trembling voice, as if I were speaking to the Queen. Fortunately the beauty’s sister soon recognized me, and drew me aside to talk. She was the greatest contrast to Ella. Purest Saxon in face and form, fair as Edith the swan-necked, who ruled over the heart of
Harold; with golden hair in a coronet, and deep-blue eyes, and that complexion spoken of by country-folks as "roses dipped in milk." Quite a different manner, too—a sharp, sarcastic espielerie, which delighted while it stung.

"Oh, now I remember," said she, with an arch glance. "Do you know, I have been trying for the last five minutes to recollect your face, and all at once it struck me that I must have danced with you last summer."

I gave a delighted assent: "Yes, at the Archery Ball at Turliminster."

The gallant captain looked ill at ease: he was evidently not made enough of. Captain Grantley, of her Majesty's Irregular Troop of Horse, was no small man in his own estimation. He had fought at Cawnpore, and had relieved the women and children in that dreadful charnel-house. He had been smiting the cowardly Sepoys, hip and thigh; and at Delhi he had ridden straight through the swarthy gunners; and in short, he seemed out of his element. The fair Kate kept me in a delighted roar all during lunch, with sarcastic plaisanterie, about the ball. Didn't I remember that funny old Major, who would walts like a lobster, and who got so giddy after the performance? and how the Bishop laughed when two or three couples in the gallop went down and lay scattered about the floor? Nothing escaped this young lady's merciless wit; and I was heartily glad that I was enacting the part of the delighted auditor, and not that of the victim. Then came billiards: Charley seemed in Elysium, and the grim Captain looked on and smiled, and, when his turn came, made a series of brilliant cannonons, as neatly as if he had been born a billiard-marker! To see my friend dance attendance upon his Empress would have been ridiculous, had it not been so natural. I shouldn't have played the part of cavedropper, I own; but I couldn't help overhearing her say, "Two to your love, Charley!" and the delighted swain's response, "So much as that, darling?"

Of course mamma was there to play propriety; but the young people recked not a whit. One couple spooned, and another carried on a furious flirtation right under her eyes! I dared say, though, that she thought of her "ain lang coortin'" years ago, and softened as she surveyed the scene.

The day, as it declined, brought the squire in from shooting—a thoroughly genial old English gentleman, I saw; fonder, probably, of his gun and dog than aught else under the sun. "There's a bug, Captain," said he—"five brace and a cock! I should hardly have thought those rascally poachers would have left me so much. We will have a slap at 'em, though, some day; won't we, Grantley? Now, you boys, go and dress: I like punctuality, and I feel uncommonly hungry. Six hours' hard shooting on bread-and-cheese makes one peckish, I can tell you!" And the hearty old Squire went chuckling away.

A marvellously pleasant dinner did I sit down to that evening. All the necessary adjuncts were there—"wine, wit, and women;" and he must have been a parious fool who could have felt dull under this combination. With his shooting-cost and gutters, too, the Squire doffed his sporting character, and showed himself an agreeable talker—quite up to the affairs of the day, and able to pass his opinion on most things. He had one pet grievance of course: we should like to see the living creature who has not. He was never tired of abusing the trade plutocracy of the day.

"Those rascally Manchester cotton lords," was ever the theme of his abuse. "Why, sir," grumbled he, "not content with getting all our money, these radical crusds must buy up all our property, too! Mark my word, now, if this fine house of mine, that has been in my family full six hundred years, were brought to the hammer—which may good heaven avert—the first to bid, the first to buy, would be some Mr. Snooks from Manchester, who would lord over it with his Jewey sons and ill-bred daughters. You see that boy, gentlemen," pointing to a portrait of a fair stalwart boy in undress uniform—"that boy, my youngest, went down among the 'guns at Balaklava: I would rather be where he is now, sir, sleeping on the slope at Scutari, than live to see such a thing as I have described happen!"

I should think my reader knows the style of man now: he would meet him at the head of almost any hospitable country dinner-table. "Now, then, my boys; fill and pass the bottle: you don't seem to take kindly to your liquor; 'tis stuff not to be despised—all the same Carbonell '44. You seem uncommonly glum tonight, Captain! Can't you two boys amuse yourselves? Of course we old ones must be excused."

I looked at the soldier, and saw there a something I ill-liked in the glances which he threw at my friend Dalton. "C'est l'amour, l'amour," thought I: friend Cupid, thou hast much to answer for! The good wine did its work, though, soon, and the Captain warmed under its influence. He told us stories of his Indian warfares till our hearts sickened with horror, or leaped with wild exultation. I should be sorry to see the man whose eye would go undimmed with tears as he heard the story of the relief of Cawnpore, related with startling truth by one of the actors in that too life-like drama. They tell us of late that all the romance of that wonderful relief must be taken with the conventional "grano salis;" but still I like to believe the story of Jessie Cameron—how she stood upon the battlements of the blood-stained, fiend-beleaguered city, and listened, Cassandra-like, with streaming hair and eager ears, to the familiar slogan of her highland home. People will say, now-a-days, that there was no such person as Helen, no such place as Troy—that swan-necked Edith never searched for her love amid the heaps of slain at Hastings—that fair Rosamond never drank from the poisoned chalice—aye, even that William Shakespeare
was a myth, and his works written by monks! Such people there are, my friend; let us be right thankful that we are not even as they!

Said Charley to me that night, as we smoked our cigars over a bottle of cool claret in the bedroom, "Jack, old chap, there are breakers ahead. I foresee that there will be a tussle between this cousin and myself before very long. I hate the man! There is no denying the fact: and there is very little doubt that he hates me—hates me bitterly enough even to satisfy Doctor Johnson. And I know, from his bearing to Elys, that he is badly hit in that quarter—quite a flying shot. And, by Jove, you know, I can't blame him for that. Well, we shall see—detur dignari—let the best man win! as the 'fancy' have it."

"Tush! my dear boy; don't disturb yourself with these idle fancies. The Squire's liquor must have got into that curly head of yours! Probably the man doesn't care one bit for her; soldiers rarely do bother their heads with serious courting—he loves and he rides away!'' That's their motto. Of course he makes himself genial in the girl's presence. You wouldn't have the man put on sackcloth and ashes, would you? A soldier like Grantley deserves half-an-hour's attention from a woman, and most women would be only too glad to give him more. Are you going to hunt to-morrow? The meet is at Tedstone Hill—that is, if you can tear yourself from the women. I have a mighty fancy to see this Irish horse which the Squire talks about. Grantley will ride him, I suppose, being a mighty hunter and pig-sticker."

I almost fancied my friend muttered something unfit for ears polite about Grantley; so I had him an affectionate good-night, and went to sleep to dream that the Captain was levanting with Elys, on the Irish horse, while Charley was in hot pursuit astride of an engine.

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CHAP. III.

PRINCE RUPERT.

The next morning, as I drew the curtain, I looked out upon as fair a hunting day as the most exacting huntsman could desire—such a day as Mr. Pacey Romford would describe as a "right hunting day"—just sufficient breeze for the scent to lie well, and not the slightest trace of that bitter and uncompromising foe the frost.

"Of course you will all hunt to-day?" said the Squire cheerily at breakfast; "the morning seems quite made for a smart run, that is if you can leave the ladies—you I mean, Charley?"

"I don't know what your English country is like," broke in Grantley; "but I suppose it won't be much harder than pig-sticking in the Deccan, so I shall have a shot at it. You will come, of course, Mr. Dalton?"

"I should rather fancy I would," said Charley; "and isn't it a blessing that I brought my hunting togs? I thought the Squire here would be trying our mettle."

"Now, about the mount," ruminated the Squire; "I think I can suit your tastes capitally. There is a quiet, weight-carrying cob, Nancy Dawson, for you, Mr. E.—and, Charley, you shall have Wildfire: and don't let her pull your arms off. If the captain, here, is not afraid, he may have Prince Rupert; though I warn you, gently, he is a regular devil, and once let him get the bit between his teeth, you may say your prayers."

Spite of this cheerful recommendation Grantley did not look in the slightest degree concerned, and observed, with a smile tantalizing to see, that he had had a little experience in ugly-tempered horses.

"Our little Colonel had a brute of an animal: he offered him for nothing to the man who valued his life cheap enough to mount him. He certainly was a nice animal, and very nearly broke my neck; but I do hate being beaten by that sort of thing, and he is now a valuable hunter."

"Well, come along then," said our host, seizing his heavy hunting-whip and flecking some specks of dirt off his weather-stained "pink": "we have no time to lose; the meet is a good way off. Hallo! what's this? Kate in a habit! Are you going to allow this, wife? I have often told you, Kate, that you must not hunt."

"Ah, now, don't be disagreeable for this once, you dear old man," coaxed Kate. "I do feel so inclined for a run, and Miss Forester is eating her head up, and I promise solemnly to keep on the road."

"Ah! I know what you keeping on the road means," grumbled her father. "Well, if you don't know the value of your life, I am sure nobody else knows; so, if you must you must. Follow me, gentlemen."

Out past a pretty conservatory, where Charley saw something to kiss his hand to, past a bowling-alley, to the stables—now in a state of busy excitement, with grooms and stable-boys, et hoc genus omne, who love the chase and everything connected with it, and stand in the way, and busy themselves in stripping the graceful horses, and vary their task with complimentary comments to the effect that "Miss Stewart's mare is unkinimon fresh this morning, and I 'ope she'll be able to stick on un, tho' it's she as rides like a bird, she do."

"Now then, my lads," roared the Squire, "bustle about and bring out the horses. Take care, Tom, how you manage the Prince. How is he this morning?"

"Well, your honour," said the grinning groom, with a plunge at his forelock, "faith, and its mighty wicked his lordship looks. Made a dash at me this blessed morning, and did for my sleeve. Saving your honour's presence, 'tis the devil's own I think he is."

"All! let me try him," said Grantley, quietly.
"If you don't mind, Squire, I should rather like to take him down the yard now, before we start. It may save trouble."

Presently the stable door opened, and out came the groom, leading a splendid black hunter, some sixteen hands high, beautifully built, with the strength of a lion in his forequarters and the lightness of a greyhound in his neck and graceful head, but with a sort of look in his eye which compelled the bystanders to give him clear quarters. He evidently didn't relish this part of the business, and commenced rearing and dancing a very animated polka on his hind legs. The Captain approached him.

"By George, he is a beauty! So-ho! my boy, then. Easy, man. Now hold him tight, while I vault up. Quick, the reins; snaffle-curb, so much the better. Now then, my man, we shall see who is to be master."

The Prince, with an angry snort, made a hasty dash forward, which would have sent a less resolute rider to earth in no time, but didn't shake Grantley in the least. He only set his teeth harder, and patted the brute's neck, with a few encouraging words. Then commenced a very rough struggle indeed, brute nature contending with man for the mastery neither resolved to yield. Firm as a centaur sat Grantley, while the Prince reared and shook; and, finally, seeing that he had the worst of the struggle, bolted like a whirlwind, and made for the yard-gate.

"Well done, sir!" shouted the impulsive Squire, as he saw the now tamed animal rise like a bird at the gate, and clear it in beautiful style, and then stretch away into the country, till completely breathed. In a few minutes he came back, with his glossy hide all streaming with perspiration, but as meek and gentle as if he had been broken in for the most timid lady.

A murmur of ill-concealed delight and admiration rose from the assembled crowd of helpers and grooms as the Captain appeared; and the head groom remarked to his satellites, confidentially—

"He's a rare pluckey un, that man; I don't know the rider in all Kent who could have done that half so neatly. There's real blood in these swells arter all."

With which he silently and deferentially handed the Captain his whip, and the cavalcade set out.

Tedstone Hill, the appointed meet, was as likely a place to find as any in England: broad, waving undulations of gorse, blooming as it does all round the year, and ablaze with golden blossoms, in which reposed Reynard, little dreaming of the morning's run. We were early, and so were at full liberty to take in the whole lovely picture, which it would take the pen of the late talented author of "Mr. Sponge's Hunting Tour" to do full justice to. A more picturesque sight could not well have been conceived. There were half the country-side gentlemen—some in pink, some in black—all eager for a good run, all chatting and smoking, and seeing to their girths with that real earnestness which characterises the English sportsman in the most national of his sports. A confused sound of Yelping and oaths and cracking of whips, and up stream the hounds, and with them the gallant master, from cap to toe a perfect sportsman. He nods affably to the assembled field, takes his cap off to the ladies, and then busies himself in directions to the huntsman, who, horn in hand, is in a furious state of excitement, as all huntsmen invariably are when there is a chance of a good run.

"Now, Jack, whip 'em in," says he to the whip; and the whole pack are driven neatly and quietly into cover, and set about their work with a pertinacity which bodes our cunning friend Reynard little good. Presently a faint whimper is heard, Gaylass has given tongue, and the whole field pitch away their weeds, stow in their flasks, and, to a man, settle themselves firmly in their saddles and peer eagerly in the direction of the excited hounds. A minute, and the huntsman yells "Yoicks! Hark to Merrylegs, she has him!" and Merrylegs bursts out into a deep-mouthed bark; then the whole pack burst out into one joyous peal, and the fox is away, and making up his mind for a steady, long run, before he reaches the friendly earth again.

Then comes the exciting movement. "Gone away! Tally-ho!" roars the master; and away stream the whole field, every rider with whip-hand low, and firm seat, and an exultant feeling at heart that none but foxhunters know. I had conveyed the fair Kate to the field, and had been intensely amused with her by the way; but now, at the first sound of the huntsman's horn she was away, nodding—in a half-deaf, half-laughing, altogether pleasant manner—to me, and, despite of the despairing Squire's prayer that she would "keep on the road," dashed at the first hedge and vanished from my view. Charley and I and the Captain for about half-an-hour kept well together; Grantley leading gallantly on Rupert, who swept along now, as if proud of the rider who had mastered him; Charley following easily, and my respectable plodding cob bringing up the rear, a not very good third. As yet we had experienced no particularly hard riding. There had certainly been a few upsets, and more than one man's coat had changed from pink to a dirty claret colour; and more than one unskilful rider had come to utter grief in the ditch. But we had not long to wait for something more calculated to try the mettle of man and beast. Right in front of us there lay one of the stiffest fences I ever remembered to have seen in all my hunting days—about five feet high, rising abruptly from the bottom of a hill, and flanked on either side with dry ditches. The first to take it was a lady who had kept close to us during the day, but whom nobody seemed to know in dark-blue habit and chimney-pot, and all the charming completeness of a lady equestrian's dress. At the meet some of the assembled men had suspected that she was some riding-mistress, some Kate Mellon of the neighbourhood, for there was an undefinable something in the way in which she carefully avoided the ladies which proclaimed that she
was not herself sans reproche. Right by us now, as we laboured up to the dangerous fence, swept the dark habit; and the rider, with a laugh of defiance and dashed cheek, rode straight on. Her horse—a magnificent chestnut—rose gallantly, and cleared the fence like a bird, and, slackening his pace not a whit, galloped on. Then came the rivals Charley and Grantley, and the latter showed his teeth in sneering defiance, as who should say, "You know my power, my boy; let us see who is the braver now." Then Charley, fully understanding the sneer, and wild with rivalry, was beside Grantley with a rush, and neck and neck they raced down to the fence. My friend's chestnut rises at it, and with a bound and a struggle is over. Gallantly done, by Jove! With one deep oath ground between his teeth, Captain Grantley urges the Irish horse to the leap. To the full as gallantly as his rival did the beautiful animal breach the fence; but his head-feet caught in the rails, and down he went, with a most horrible thud—that heart-sickening sound of falling crushed bodies—and rolled over his rider into the ditch below.

"Good God," I exclaimed, "the man must be killed!" and, setting spurs to my cob, was soon beside the prostrate horse and apparently lifeless rider. Charley, too, hearing the thud, had reined in, and bent over the captain.

"Here, Charley, try and get the animal off him—he mayn't be quite dead yet."

The horse was dragged off, and then we stopped to examine the motionless body. Perfectly still he lay, with his arm doubled under him, in an unnatural way that I knew must be a fracture, and a thin stream of blood trickling from his death-pale forehead added to the ghastliness of his appearance.

"Try some cold water, Charley; fill your hunting-cap from that brook. I wish to Heaven the Squire were here. I hardly know how to act. Why didn't the poor fellow listen to him this morning? Ah, that's better."

I sprinkled the cool drops on his brow, and he seemed to recover, and with one great gasping breath opened his eyes.

"What have I done? Who are you?" he asked, in a low voice. "Oh! I remember: that cursed horse refused the leap, and has done for me, I suppose. 'Twill serve me right: the brute had his revenge.' Then his voice sank to a groan. "Curse my ill luck, to be smashed by such a tripe as this! Oh my head pains me so; and my arm I think is broken. I—I can't move it. I saw my fate," he went on, incoherently, "directly the brute rose to jump, and I couldn't turn back—and I wouldn't to have saved my life; for—"

This little word spoke volumes. I knew what was passing in his mind then. "A drop more water! and would you mind lifting me a little? I feel awfully fain, and my arm pains me infernally. Thanks!"

A few minutes more, and Charley re-appeared with a country-cart, driven by a boy, whose face displayed the liveliest wonder at what he saw.

"As good luck would have it, Captain," said he, with not a tinge of malice in his heart now (he felt a sportsman-like sympathy for the Captain, bold rider as he knew him to be), "this affair happened to be by the road-side. We will lift you in, and take you to the Hall in a crack. Gently, then, Jack; take care of his arm. To tell you the truth, I was equally afraid of a spill; but I suppose some good cherub watched over me, and landed me all right, so that's comfortable. Now, boy, drive very slowly to Oaklands Hall. Don't go off the walk, if you value your precious life. Will you go with Mr. Grantley, old fellow, to break the news to the ladies? I mean to try and catch the tail of the hounds."

A weary drive was that to the Hall. The Captain kept groaning, and moaning his hard fate—not for the pain, I knew, that he suffered in body. He had probably gotten many a harder knock where they were thickest in the battle-field. No, it was the being beaten by a beardless boy—and a rival, too—that galled him.

"By-the-bye, don't you think I had better go first to the Hall, and tell the ladies they will be so dreadfully frightened otherwise."

"If you like," motioned the sufferer.

So I ran on in front, dashed up the avenue, and, regardless of the speechless surprise of John Thomas, the footman, rushed into the drawing-room.

"I am very sorry"—I could go no further—"very sorry that a bad accident has befallen Captain Grantley. The Irish horse fell on him, and hurt him badly; but pray do not alarm yourself. It is nothing fatal."

Did my eyes deceive me, or was Ella Stewart fainting? Without a word, without a movement she had swooned away. Utterly beside myself, with mingled surprise and terror, I sprang to the bell, and pulled it frantically.

"Some water at once! Miss Stewart has fainted!"

Could anything be more unfortunate than this? A few seconds and the Captain would arrive, and, should he hear of this, goodness only knows how high his hopes would fly! Soon Ella opened her beautiful eyes, wild with terror.

"Is he very badly hurt? Will he die?"

Then modesty overcame her fear, and the mantling blushes rose to her cheek. "Oh, how foolish I am: I must be mad!"

What could it mean! Was it probable that this Indian Captain, with his strange fascinating eyes and fierce moustache, had wrought this change in "Charley's darling?"

No long time elapsed before the cart arrived with its bruised burden, and stood before the door; and I assisted Grantley out, with his face bleeding and his arm useless. "No more soldiering with this," I said he, with a ghastly grin. "Oh no, my dear Miss Stewart, it is really not much—noting to grieve you!"—with a passionate glance into her violet eyes; and, if I ever saw the language of love I saw it then. Not a word spoke she in return; for Broe can be dumb sometimes, and then as elo-
quent as if volumes were spoken: but her eyes
said, plainly as eyes could say, "I love thee! I
love thee!"

"'Twas partly fear and partly love,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart."

I don't suppose that Gennevieve said so much,
on that eventful eve when, in the gloaming, her
lover read the story of another's love, and in
that story pleaded his own: but there shot
from those tear-dimmed, beautiful eyes, one
quick, rapid glance, and he read the story of
the love that never dies full deftly, I can venture
to assert. Meanwhile the injured rider had been
carried to the "Blue Chamber" (fabled
abode of royalty), and fallen off into the deep,
dreamless sleep of weakness.
The evening shadows fell apace, and brought
with them the hunting party and the Squire,
whose exultation at the fine run, and subsequent
kill, was considerably damped at the news of
Grantley's mishap. "There must have been
some cursed ill-luck about this business," grum-
bled he at dinner, "for he managed the horse
splendidly this morning. Ah! well, the animal
shall be sold instantly; that's all I can do; and
I hope the poor fellow will get over it soon."

* * * * *

And now I, the Chorus of this life-true drama,
must make my bow, and leave the dramatic
persona to act their own little parts. You will
probably hear of me again when it is my time to
come on: at present all I can say is, "Valete!"
Would I could also add "Vos plaudite!"

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TRANSFORMED.
BY ADA TREVIANION.

The landscape was tranquil and pale
With heather and birches light,
And just a glimpse o'er a lonely vale
Of the distant surges white:
In the burning horizon's air
The blue mountains lay like smoke,
And a sound as of psalm or prayer
On the silence faintly broke.

At my heart was a wish unseen
On that breathless summer day;
The old stranded years were gone
Looked bright in Memory's ray;
And I thought, could one come again,
Whose smiles I used most to prize;
It would pay me for all the pain
Of my lonely pangs and sighs.

That thought was the maddest of dreams:
He came, and I heard him speak;
But his eye had no tender beams,
And no flush came to his cheek:
There was not one lingering look,
Not even a single sigh;
I read in his face as a book
How hot love can cool and die.

Where the heath-bells the thickest grew,
I sat on a rising mound;
Like serpents of dull livid hue
They looked as they clustered round:
The birch-trees of silvery charms,
With their roots in cool moss
Seemed hag-forms, whose bare skinny arms
Were beckoning me across.

So now we are sundered for ever
More utterly than before;
But from my dreams banished never
Is that scene I'd view no more.
Oh, the heather and birches light,
Made so ghastly by my pain,
God grant some time may come a night
I shall not see them again!

Ravensgate.

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THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.
(From the German of Schiller).

The oak-wood murmurs;
The clouds drive o'er;
The maiden sitteth
By the wave's green shore:
The waves they are breaking with might, with might;
And she wafteth forth in the gloomy night,
Her eyes all with weeping bedewed:

"My heart is broken;
The world is void,
And now hath it nothing
That may be enjoyed.
Thou, Holy One, call back thy child to thee,
An earthly fate hath been known to me;
I too have lived and have loved!"

There runneth of weeping
Big tears, but in vain;
Her wailing it wakes not
The dead one again:
But tell me what sootheth and healeth the breast
By the vanished pleasure of love oppressed—
L, the heavenly, favour thy prayers!

"Let big tears of weeping
Run on, though in vain!
For mourning it wakes not
The dead ones again!
The sweetest resource for the sorrowing breast,
By the vanished pleasure of love oppressed,
Are Love's own sorrow and tears."

P. N.
A PICTURE OF PERU.

BY KINAIHAN CORNWALLIS.

CHAP. I.

Reader, you may have seen a ship blockaded up in the Arctic regions during the winter months; you may have seen her frozen in a sea of ice, surrounded by hoary icebergs, and within sight of a coast covered deep with snow, and, save by its general elevation, scarce distinguishable from the frozen deep, the archipelago of icebergs, and you may have observed the naked masts, and rigging, and yards, and bulwarks of that vessel white with an accumulation of frozen snow. You may have seen nothing but a frosted ship upon a frosted ocean. If so, you will be able to form an idea of the state of the Chincas, and the ships there loading, at the time of which I write, when I say that as much as the ship and coast land in the Arctic regions might be covered with ice and snow, these islands—in shape and all but size resembling gold nuggets—and these ships were covered with guano. Its presence was universal; there was no escaping from it: it rose and drifted about in clouds, and with its yellow, snuffy powder, almost as irritating to the eyes and nose as snuff itself, it pervaded the air, and settled everywhere in the immediate vicinity of where it was being worked and shipped. Masts, rigging, yards, deck, and cabins were alike as yellow as the guano, and as the islands themselves.

Immense flocks of marine birds hovered and fished about the island—the guano-bird, or poto-huencu, having a bluish plumage, a bright, red beak, and a yellow feather on the head, drooping gracefully over the neck. They uttered a wild "wa-ha," and when on the wing flitted somewhat like swallows. Long strings of pelicans, in single file, followed by flights of white pigeon-looking birds, swept the vault of heaven to a height approaching the invisible, occasionally drawing themselves into a crescent-form, with the eyes directed toward the water; and then descending simultaneously with a back somersault, and with astonishing velocity and precision, closing their wings as they neared the surface, disappeared, but to emerge almost instantaneously, each with a wriggling, quivering fish in his pouch—the latter two feet long at least. That birds of a feather flock together is shown here, for the blue birds are all on the closest terms of intimacy with each other, while they carefully avoid the white birds, who in their turn are equally averse to associating with their blue neighbours. This is nature; and when we come to human nature we find it pretty much the same, only that all the white birds are by no means so free and equal, even in democratic countries, as those of the Chincas. Then these birds, after repast, winged their way to the cliffs, where they perched themselves as if gorged: and solemn indeed looked these feathered fishers, as there, seemingly immovable, with their bills resting on their necks, they calmly eyed the evolutions of their fellow-pelicans. Seals also were to be seen swimming and staring about in all directions, among the dark arches, and rocks, and caves of the islands, two of which only have yet been worked—the middle and north, the latter being the principal, and where vessels "most do congregate."

"The superficial extent of the three islands," observed a fellow-passenger, "is about eight miles, and the quantity of guano still on their surface will allow of an annual shipment of sixty thousand tons for more than a century." The necessary labour incident to the removal of this article of commerce from its natural bed to the ship's hold is performed by Chinamen and criminals, but, with very few exceptions, altogether by the former, whose condition is most deplorable, and reflects great discredit upon the Peruvian authorities. These men are forced to endure, without appeal or redress—for they are not allowed the opportunity of making themselves heard, and protesting against the obnoxious bondage in which they are tyrannically held, till death, and death only, breaks the chain which holds them—a slavery to which that of the negro in the rice-fields of Carolina is a paradise. They have to toil unceasingly from daylight till dusk on every day of the week, Sunday not excepted, in the midst of clouds of pernicious, irritating dust, which speedily induces phthisis; and when their enfeebled health induces exhaustion before their long day's work is done, they are inhumanly lashed by their black overseers; and very frequently, in order to escape these cruelties, and flee from an existence so odious, they commit suicide by flinging themselves from the cliffs on to the rocks below. Their habitations are filthy and wretched cane-built huts, erected on the guano; their food is chiefly rice, and is served to them in the most repulsive manner, and not altogether free from the all-pervading guano; so that whether these poor fellows are eating or drinking, working or sleeping, they are constantly imbibing the dust or fumes of the deposits which have brought so much notoriety to the island, and wealth to Peru, but have made and consigned to so much misery and premature death these imported labourers from China. When they die they are thrown outside their huts, like dogs; and the turkey-buzzards swoop round, and speedily tear and devour them.
The manner in which these unfortunate victims are procured is by an agent in China negotiating with them to serve as labourers in Peru, at certain wages, for a stipulated number of months, in consideration of their being provided with a free passage to that country; the sequel of which is that, after being landed in Peru, they are sublet to the government contractor for the removal of guano from the Chincha Islands, who pays handsomely for them to the importer, upon which the poor wretches are sent to work in that insular hell, from which they seldom or never emerge, working away for years in abject slavery, and receiving neither their wages nor their liberty, but lashed and starved to death in the end. The guano is loosened with the pick, or by the digging action of a twelve-horse steam-engine, in the first instance, and then wheeled away in barrows or in wagons, along a tramway of iron rails, leading to the mouths of the mangeras—large tunnels made of canvas—which descend into the rocks, barges on the same, or hoists by means of capstan bars, and driven round three capstans, which turn the crushing rollers. The expressed juice flows through a channel into an appointed receptacle, in a room walled up, or hung down, in the manner of boiling. The result is that the three different qualities of sugar are produced—the refined, the brown, and cakes of hard, brown treacle, called chaucacas, which latter are eaten largely by the Indians, formerly slaves, but now, by virtue of the decree of President General Castilla, issued in 1855, universally free throughout all Peru for ever.

The plantation of hacienda homesteads were both handsome and extensive. The sugar-mill or trapiche, the boiler-house, and capacious refining and store-rooms, in general occupied one side of the courtyard and facing the residence, the rooms of which were large and well furnished. A peculiar feature, as I thought, pertaining to the haciendas, was the circumstance of there always being a chapel, with a priest to preside over it, adjoining the dwelling-house. The manner of living at these estates is pleasant and easy, although devoid of excitement, and perhaps not altogether free from monotony. Proprietors and servants are alike up with the dawn, and pursue their respective occupations until ten o'clock, when they assemble, and partake of a substantial breakfast of soups or caldo, fried slices of bananas, poached eggs, and other still more solid dishes, concluding with a cup of chocolate and a glass of water. At four o'clock they all again assemble, and partake of dinner in the form of a chupé, a standard conglomeration of eggs, chicken, and potatoes. Fresh fish in vinegar usually succeeds the chupé, which is again followed by the best of fruits and preserves, and the repast ends with each individual swallowing a glass of water. An occasional interchange of dinners between the families at the various haciendas is customary among them. Beautiful flower and fruit-gardens are attached to every homestead, through which a running brook is just as invariably to be met with. Adjoining these is located the galpon—a village of cane huts, occupied by the labourers, who live entirely aloof from the family of the proprietor. Certainly
the valley of Cañete seemed a pleasant place to live in, with its waving cane-fields, its rambling vineyards, its haciendas, with their neat belfried chapels, their groups of buildings, sugar-works, and negro quarters, their groves of citron and olive, and the lofty and graceful palma or alligator pear, vying with the cherimoya in height and profusion, and with the orange and the lemon-tree alike flourishing and displaying their clustering fruit, as tempting as the delicious granadilla of the passion-flower, and with donkey-trains, and mounted pleasure-seekers trotting and prancing over the plain, or winding round the hills, and giving animation to a scene exquisite in its rural beauty.

I receded from the happy shores of Cañete and Cerro Azul with regret, and I lingered long in memory over a picture so peaceful, yet so beautiful as that which I there beheld. On, over the calm blue waters of the ocean, with her heart of fire, her iron lungs and her breath of smoke, the steamer like a thing of life, with quick smoke and flame, built up her course.

In the morning I awoke to find the steamer at anchor, still and steady, between the rocky and barren island of San Lorenzo—a desolate, volcanic ridge, six miles long by one broad, and at its northern end rising nearly twelve hundred feet above the water-line—and the Peruvian mainland, with the town of Callao lying right ahead, but partially hidden by an artificial wharflike projection, near which the "Ocean Queen," a dirty-looking old craft, was moored, and there made useful as a coal-hulk in the service of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. In addition to San Lorenzo, several small islets were partially visible on its seaward side, one of which was shaped and bored like an arch. Several small bongos, or boats, freighted with a supply of stale fruit, were floating alongside; while their murky cotton-girdled occupants paddled to and fro, and elevated their eyes and voices in a vain attempt at effecting sales. A little further off two sperm whales were lazily moving in the direction of the ocean, spouting steam-like jets of water and disturbing flocks of pelicans as they went. They were approaching close under the vessel. I darted into the cabin, and laid hands on a hot roll, which had just been laid on the breakfast-table; breaking it in twain, I cast the bread upon the waters in the immediate vicinity of the whales. I dealt out a piece to each, and experienced the satisfaction of seeing them swallowed by the swimming monsters. There was one circumstance, however, in the matter which favoured me: I threw the pieces so exactly at their snouts that it would have necessitated a turning aside on their part to have avoided the same. Still this did not take from the fact of my having fed the whales on hot roll. The whales went spouting on their way, and soon after they had rounded the islet mentioned, I descended again to the cabin, there to partake of hot roll also. After breakfast I left the steamer, in company with two of my fellow-passengers. Ten minutes' sailing and rowing brought us within view of the Callao landing-place. The latter lay straight before us, blocked up by a swarm of boats, the majority of which were native, and manned by Indians speaking broken English; the remainder were ship's boats, waiting the return of those whom they had brought ashore.

The houses on the town side of the harbour rose abruptly from the water, and the turbid element washed their walls, and in one case flooded a balcony. The houses were an aspect as flimsy as they were variously painted, and were highly suggestive of stage scenery. Moreover, the whole scene, including the famous castle in the background, struck me forcibly as the most theatrical-looking picture of real life that could exist. The very costume, manner, attitude, and arrangement of the people standing and walking within view of the mooring spot, and the comparative stillness and listlessness of everything animate, greatly enhanced this resemblance, and I stepped from the boat on to the sandy strip of shore, which led at the distance of a few yards by a few steps into the main streets, with a sensation of curiosity to explore, and of delight at having found at least novelty in the outward appearance of things.

Women of the lower class, in tawdry apparel, with eyes keen, black, and piercing, and complexion of bronze, whose age had rendered them flat and ugly, were to be seen, either carrying light burdens on their heads, or seated in front of fruit-stalls, or standing idly in doorways, whose breasts, half-exposed, hung down like miniature pockets of hops, and, but for the withered and mummy-like skin, would have been voluptuous. The sight of these did not enhance the opinions I had formed of the beauty of the female Peruvians; but after-experience made known to me that in these I had not beheld fair specimens of the sex, and that the ladies of that rainless clime, especially the Lumanian damsels, were worthy of their fame for the charms that win, the grace that beautifies. The railway-station lay a little to the right of the landing-place, and within view. The line extends to Lima, where the old suppressed convent of San Juan de Dios forms the terminus; the carriages, Premier and Secunda, are of English build; English also are the locomotives and the engineers. From the head of the bay, looking towards Lima, the prospect was highly picturesque. A green alluvial plain, sprinkled with farms and clusters of willow-trees, spread out from the right and the left of the port to Ancon on the north, and the rugged cliff of the Moro Solar, at the foot of which, to the south, repose the small but fashionable bathing-place of Chorrillos; while away inland, and bounding giant-like the prospect, the magnificent Cordillera of the cone-decked Andes rose abruptly from the plain, at the distance of about twenty miles from the blue waters of the ocean. Towering one above the other, the snow-capped mountain summits pierced the azure void in rugged sublimity, and, with their bare, uneven sides glittering against the flashing sky, formed a splendid scene, on which the eye lingered with
The manner in which these unfortunate victims are procured is by an agent in China negotiating with them to serve as labourers in Peru, at certain wages, for a stipulated number of months, in consideration of their being provided with a free passage to that country; the sequel of which is that, after being landed in Peru, they are subject to the government contractor for the removal of guano from the Chincha Islands, who pays handsomely for them to the importer, upon which the poor wretches are sent to work in that insular hell, from which they seldom or never emerge, working away for years in abject slavery, and receiving neither their wages nor their liberty, but dashed to death in the end. The guano is loosened with the pick, or by the digging action of a twelve-horse steam-engine, in the first instance, and then wheeled away in barrows or in wagons, along a tramway of iron rails, leading to the mouths of the mangueras—large tunnels made of canvas—which descend into the lighters, barges, or ships in waiting below. Every Chinaman, be he strong or weak, is required to wheel five tons of guano a-day to these lighters.

Owing to the number of vessels willing to accept a charter from the Chinchas, there is a constant accumulation of them waiting their turn to be loaded, priority of arrival being the plan of proceeding in that respect, unless a handsome bribe be resorted to, in which case a ship may come in between, and go off heavy laden, long before she could have done so in the regular way.

The formation of the group of the Chinchas is entirely of felspar and quartz, and as the former undergoes decomposition by the action of the atmosphere, so the shores of the island become picturesquely broken and indented, which process, in the course of ages, will hardly leave a trace of them above water. This chemical agency, together with the force of the waves, has already resulted in the separation into three distinct islets of what undoubtedly was one rock; and the same agency, antecedent to that period, undoubtedly resulted in the separation of that one rock from the main land.

The view from this point was delightful—the Andes on the one side and the ocean on the other, with the fantastic rocks of the islands fringed with foam in the foreground. Here and there a whale threw up a jet of spray, and a school of sea-lions agitated the blue waters of the bay, while above myriads of birds held their carnival beneath a glorious sky.

Six hours' steaming along the leaving the islands, brought us abreast of the quiet and picturesque landing-place of Azul, the port of the beautiful city of the richest sugar-yielding and vine districts in all Peru. There vessels are at anchor. The distance is thirteen miles in length, and from the Andes to the town. Thousands of acres of mangue-crest and rustle with the breeze, each ha-
the mantilla or shawl of bright Chinese silk, passed over the head, and either wholly or partially concealing the features at the will of the wearer, thus doing away with the necessity for a bonnet. One Peruvian lady of the number, however, was arrayed after the more recent French fashion, with the small bonnet and artificial flowers, the gay silk shawl worn over the shoulders only, and the dress to correspond. Hers was rather an exaggeration of the Parisian type, and had it not been for the beauty of her face, displayed in consequence of this divergence from the natural costume, I should have preferred seeing her in the becoming and elegant saya y manto, although I could never look at that garment without regarding it as a cloak for intrigue, and that it assuredly is so, the state of society where it or the mantilla conceals the features of woman affords ample testimony. The latter dress is, however, every year falling more generally into disuse, save at bull-fights, religious processions, and on feast-days, of which I am happy to say there are a great number throughout the year.

The saya y manto consists of a full silk or satin skirt, usually black, to which is attached a mantle of similar material, which is drawn over the head and held by the fair wearer so as to expose only the eyes, or oftener one eye only, which at once black and brilliant, peers out from between the light folds of silk, leaving the beautiful picture to be filled up by the beholder. The disguise is impenetrable, and Peruvian ladies aim to dress as much alike as possible, and they certainly succeed. Every woman appears in endless duplicate, and which is my wife or which is yours it would be hard to tell in the street. They move along voluptuous mysteries.

There was a fascinating grace in the carriage of the younger women, of which Byron would likely have had much to say had he ever dwelt among them.

As the train sped onward over the desolate and plain covering the buried ruins of the old town, with the ocean glittering in the sunlight on one side, to the right, and here and there a gaunt ruin climbed over by parasitical plants on the other, I said, to myself, This indeed is a country of resurrection and decay; eventful in its history, great in its forgotten lore. The railway ran parallel with and in immediate view of the Lima road. Droves of mules, heavily laden with bales and sacks of merchandise, packed after the manner of the camels engaged in the old desert caravan traffic between Suez and Cairo—now, however, superseded by the railway—were treading with regularity of pace their way towards the metropolis. Small farms, extending from the right of the railroad to the ocean, succeeded each other. Groups of dirty and most primitive huts were here and there presented to the eye, adjoining which were patches of cultivation. The dusky occupants of these worse than Irish cabins came at us, as is often the case as you enter the iron roads of other lands, when you will pause to look, and the children,
delight. At their base the white towers of Lima were enwrapped in orange-groves and gardens of caramayas, which hemmed in the city, between which and Callao extended the ruined-looking, ill-cultivated grounds, on whose site once stood the old earthquake-swallowed town, which, on the 28th of October, 1746, came to its sudden and awful termination. The evening on which this dire calamity took place was warm, but perfectly calm. Suddenly a tremendous shock of earthquake startled all Lima and Callao, and, almost at that moment the whole town last-named became one mass of ruins, the earth gave in, the island of San Lorenzo was thrown up, and the waters of the bay rolled over the scene of disaster, carrying the frigate San Fierro, together with other vessels, in their course, and leaving them high and dry. One solitary being only escaped of all the five thousand inhabitants of Callao: the rest, with shrieks and groans, went down with the ruins into the yawning earth, pursued by the remorseless tide.

Lima also was in great part reduced to ruins, for of three thousand houses, only twenty-one were left standing. I saw a monument surmounted by a cross standing between Callao and Bella Vista, which denotes the spot where the frigate was left, surrounded by crumbling vestiges, in some cases the half-excavated roofs of houses and monasteries. It awakens sad and gloomy feelings and historical recollections, which are held sacred in the Peruvian mind, and is in itself painfully commemorative of one of the greatest calamities that ever broke upon a city or a people. It was long before the people of Peru recovered from the panic with which they were so sorely stricken. Some attributed it as a curse upon the Spanish rule, and the Inca Indians waited over their misfortunes of their country in being placed within the tyrant grasp of that perfidious power.

The rebuilding of the town, however, was quickly begun, and proceeded with under the inspection of the viceroy, its site being a little removed to a more convenient spot, a small indentation in the coast, a mile or so eastward. The Castle of Callao was then built; it is in the form of a pentagon, with two round towers and a curtain, well provided with cannon, which, facing the harbour, is well calculated, both by build and position, to resist invasion, and successfully defend the town from a seaward attack.

In September, 1821, this fortress was surrendered by the Spaniards to San Martin, at the head of the patriot army of Peru, which had newly risen for the overthrow of the tyrant rule of Spain, and the emancipation of their country from the thraldom of a foreign yoke, imposed since the conquest—the time of Atahualpa, the last Inca, in the early part of the sixteenth century. On the 15th of February, 1824, a mutiny occurred in the castle, caused by the payment of arrears to the patriot troops, resulted in the liberation of the prisoners. The mutineers held
Four streets diverge from
which leads to a large stone
Rimac, which is here some-
ballow, with alluvial banks,
town on the one side and a
on the other, but gradually
leaves long, low shores at the
city from this bridge, the lat-
was constructed in 1013, is ex-
b只剩down, pictures in its unfinished
and its apparent dilapidation, as
weedy rankness of vegetation along
northern bank, and the uncultivated
pond.

Crossing this bridge and continuing to the
river hand, I entered the suburb of
Lavano, where I entered the delicious shade
almedas—avenues provided with side-
and formed by double rows of lofty wil-
that hang down their leafy, interlaced
ches as if in sympathy with the grief-worn
pressed. Through one of these avenues,
entered the great bull-ring of Lima—the
scene of Sunday conflict—I strolled leisurely.
hen I arrived in front of this place of enter-
ment I found only a blank wall to reward
my curiosity, but I resolved to attend the bull-
fight on the following Sunday in company with
all Lima, and learn more of it.

The building was erected in 1770, and, con-
sequently, alike with nearly every public edifice
in Lima, is a vestige of vice-regal times; indeed,
the republic has done but little to advance
Peru.

All the churches, with their picturesque but
filmy-looking towers, the monasteries, the na-
tional museum, the hospitals in the alamedas,
the walls round the city (built in 1685), the
bridge over the Rimac, the fountain in the
plaza, the pantheon outside the town, and the
National College of Surgeons, were erected in
the days of Spanish rule. Moreover, nearly all
the private dwellings in Lima—built of adobes
with partition-walls of cane—belong to the same
period.

I took up my abode at the Hotel de l'Europe
on this, the day of my arrival, and prepared to
act up to the proverb concerning Rome and the
Romans. I found the proprietor (a Frenchman)
smoking a cigarette, with his head encased in a
blue fez, and betraying but little anxiety after
the interests of his establishment, which was
correspondingly ill-conducted, although cap-
able of being made the most comfortable,
as well as the most profitable hotel in Peru,
it being a splendid modern house, three
storeys high, built regardless of expense, and
occupying a central situation in the Calle de
Comercio.
THE BETRAYAL OF MAYNOOTH
CASTLE, DUBLIN.

(A Legend of the Rebellion of Silken Thomas.)

BY ELIZABETH TOWNEBRIDGE.

Silken Thomas spoke boldly; his chiefs grouped around;
For Maynooth a defender more true can’t be found:
"The Saxons’ fierce cannon may shatter its walls,
But my fosterer holds it till round him it falls."

Oh, shame on the traitor could outrage such trust!
Oh, woe to the false heart such close ties could burst!
Ah! bowed is the head of the minstrel, and pale
Are the lips that but whisper the dauntless tale.

Sixteen days lay the English before it encamped;
Their courage was failing; their high hopes were damped;
Each offer of mercy, each threat to it borne,
With scoffing derision was laughed all to scorn.
While Brecon* low muttered: "Their bold rebel chief,
Ere they yield to our terms, will bring them relief."

But a few words are whispered in Skeffington’s ear;
Though contempt writhes his proud lip, his brow becomes clear.
While the garrison sleeps, that night, wine’s heavy sleep,
The broad flag of Britain waves high o’er the keep.

Each post of importance, placed ’neath Saxon guard,
The traitor who sold it now claims his reward.
"Yes," Skeffington answered, "thou shalt have indeed
The gift thou wast promised for aid in our need;
But, the better to guide us, I pray thee now tell
How thy late master used thee—if ill or if well."

Then blindly did Parez fall into the snare,
Speaking openly forth before all who were there:
"The same voice, when infants, aye sang us to rest;
We shared the same cradle, and drew the same breast.
In boyhood together the same sports we played;
As men shared one fortune, through sunshine and shade.

* Brecon and Skeffington were the names of the English generals; Parez that of the false foster-brother—a very close tie in Ireland.

In my brother’s bosom my place was the first;
Near his person ever my place was of trust;
Every gift that his love could upon me bestow—
All I have, all I am, to his friendship I owe."

Then burst forth the Saxon, ’neath passion’s full sway
"Out! wretch, that a master so kind could betray!"
Could no memory move thee, no gratitude bind,
That all honour, all feeling, passed thus from thy mind?
Foul blot on thy country—to manhood a shame,
What infamy ever must follow thy name!
Away! lead him forth! But the infamous gold
First pay down, for which king and country were sold;
And when he receives every coin that I said,
In the court-yard without let him hang until dead."

There is pride without honour—he stopped not to pray
For his life as to sure death they led him away;
But the words calmly uttered, "Were the deed yet undone,
The fortress you hold now should never be won."

A voice in the crowd called out, loudly, "Too late!"
And in silence and darkness he passed to his fate.
Shame covered the traitor who outraged his trust;
Woe came to the false heart that all ties had burst.
Ah! bowed is the head of the minstrel, and pale
Are the lips that but whisper this dauntless tale.

NEVER ALONE!

BY MRS. ARDY.

Kind friends, wise counsellors are ever near me,
And at my pleasure I can summon each.
Their mission varies: some console and cheer me;
Some warn, exhort, admonish, help, and teach.

Oft from their number I select a stranger,
Passing my former favourites aside;
Secure that jealousy can never endanger
Friendship so true, and fellowship so tried.

Ye who are wearied with the world’s false pleasures,
Turn from its wind words and specious looks,
And share with me the rich, exhaustless treasures
Found in the dear companionship of BOOKS!

* Boyce was the name of the man who called out, “Too late;” and it afterwards became a general form of expression for those who lost an opportunity, “‘Too late,’ says Boyce.”
HOW THE HOWE FAMILY ROSE AND FELL.

BY ALTON CLYDE.

Author of "Maggie Lynne."

CHAP. I.

"Mr. Howe!" exclaimed a sharp, female voice from the comfortable depths of a large easy-chair.

"Well, my dear?" feebly responded the gentleman thus addressed.

"Will you put down that stupid newspaper?"

"Do allow me a few moments, Maria."

"Just the answer I might have expected," said the lady, indignantly. "But I remember the time, sir, when my conversation had more interest for you."

There was no reply except a sly smile lurking round the corners of the gentleman's mouth: his face was wisely hidden behind the newspaper.

"Will you attend to me or not, Mr. Howe?"

There was no mistaking now, the sharply-accented syllables. Mrs. Howe was getting angry. Mr. Howe knew by experience when the domestic sky threatened a storm. His paper was folded with a sigh, and laid on the table—one of the countless little sacrifices which her imperious temper everyday exacted from him.

"Have you anything new to tell me, Maria? Has either of the girls had an offer? or have their bonnets gone out of fashion, and do they want new ones?" he asked ruefully.

"You need not sneer, Mr. Howe. It is well known that you grudge very shilling that is spent upon your daughters. Poor dears! it does not cost much to set off their natural attractions. If they were like those plain Miss Greens you might be dissatisfied."

He coughed doubtfully, recollecting all the drapers' and milliners' bills that were still unpaid; but he did not tell his wife how strongly he disented from her view of the subject.

"Do you recollect what we were talking of last night, Mr. Howe?"

He moved uneasily in his chair as he ventured his hesitation answer. "Yes, my dear. Why do you ask?"

"Because I wish to know if reflection has made you more reasonable," she replied.

Poor man! they were already treading on that debatable ground where he always felt himself unsafe. He would have made his escape from the room and nipped this dreaded conversation in the bud, if such an act of daring had been practicable; but if there was an ember of rebellion in his breast it was quenched when he met the keen, hawk-like glance of the bright, black eyes which had ruled him through life.

"Excuse me, love, if I am not quite clear about your meaning. Are you alluding to the party?"

Mrs. Howe's cap ribbons rustled stormily as she spoke.

"Don't try to deceive me, Mr. Howe? You know very well that I alluded to the party. Did you suppose that I should give it up on account of your meaness? If you forget your daughters' interests, it does not follow that I should. What will become of their prospects of being well settled in life, if they don't get into suitable society; and how can they do that if we are not to give parties like other people?"

"I think you said, Maria, that you could not give your party until the drawing-room was re-furnished," he answered hesitatingly.

"Yes, of course. I should think you are aware that what we might put up with when we lived at No. 4, Park Terrace, will not do at all for Regent Villa. I was quite annoyed this morning when that odious Mrs. Green and her daughters called. They only came as spies; for I know they envy us."

"They are mistaken," thought Mr. Howe; "they would not envy us if they knew the truth. Maria (he said aloud) I often wish that we had never seen Regent Villa."

"Why, Mr. Howe?"

He felt all the force of the scornful monosyllables hurled at him with one of Mrs. Howe's kindling glances. But he went on, with a courage that surprised himself:

"Because I have never known a day's peace of mind here. Why did we leave Park Terrace? It satisfies people who have double our income, and it is far above what we could aspire to when we began life, in a six-roomed cottage, on a hundred a year."

"Thank you, Mr. Howe; you like your subject, it is so congenial to your low taste, and it is just your kind nature to wish me to have the benefit of your reminiscences. If I had only taken the warning of my friends! They told me, before my marriage, that I should repent throwing myself away."

And, overcome by a sense of her injuries, the lady sank back in her easy-chair, drew out her handkerchief, and freely used her smelling-bottle—symptoms which, from experience, alarmed Mr. Howe. He hated scenes, they disturbed his mental equilibrium, and he had a nervous
dread of hysterics. Here lay one of the secrets of his wife's power.

"Maria, do be calm: I did not mean to wound your feelings. Come, I give my consent to the party; only I must beg you to grant me a little more time. It will be an expensive affair, and it distresses me to say it, my dear; but I am afraid that we are living in a style that we cannot support."

"Nonsense, James! (Mrs. Howe struck in, with suddenly-reviving energy). Your salary is large, and you have good expectations; old Mr. Moss will be sure to take you in as a partner, and when he dies you will be head of the firm. In the meantime we must keep up an appearance. In the eyes of the world, seeming to have wealth is one great step towards having it in reality; but I know where you have got your absurd notions [Mr. Howe looked apprehensive, as she went on with clouded brow]. The next thing I shall expect to hear you quoting Mrs. John Howe as an authority, and proposing her daughters as an example to your own. I suppose you would like me to make puddings and darn stockings, and the dear girls to make their own dresses and assist in the education of the younger children; then, perhaps, we should not be ruining you by our extravagance. I hate those model wives; next to model families there is nothing that I hold more insufferable."

"My dear, you quite mistake poor Lucy's character," Mr. Howe put in meekly; "she always asks about you and the children in the kindest way; and I am sure she is anxious to be on more friendly terms."

"Really, what an honour for a druggist's wife to confer! but I decline it, Mr. Howe. You may prefer your brother's shabby parlour to your own drawing-room, if you please. But that family shall never be intimate at Regent Villa while I have any influence. I was so much provoked, the other morning, when Julia and I were in town shopping; we met that vulgar Jane Howe, in a brown stuff dress, and a coarse straw bonnet that our housemaid would not wear. She quite forced herself upon our notice, and would persist in calling us aunt and cousin, just to attract people's attention and publish our relationship. I believe it would have made our poor Julia ill, if Mr. Harcourt had met us in such company."

Mr. Howe was much relieved when his ear caught a rustling of silk in the passage, and his two eldest daughters, Julia and Sophia, came in, as excited and eager to talk as two such elegant and well-bred young ladies could allow themselves to appear. They happily created a diversion by engaging their mamma in the important discussion of what they were to wear at a ball on the following Thursday.

Mr. Howe was thus left at liberty to pursue his own inclination, and shut himself up for the rest of the evening in the little back-parlour, which Mrs. Howe ambitiously styled the library.

CHAP. II.

James Howe is a lucky fellow. This was the unanimous opinion of his acquaintance, when they saw him rapidly promoted over the heads of his fellow-clerks. There were men in the counting-house who had plodded on, year after year, hoping in vain for some change to their advantage. They looked on with envy, and did not hesitate to ascribe his elevation, not to his steady industry, or to the business talents which even they could not deny that he possessed, but to the peculiar good fortune which had placed it in his power to render an important service to the eccentrical head of the firm.

This incident occurred when James Howe was struggling on the lower steps of Fortune's ladder. His employer, Mr. Moss, was garreted one October evening, in a lonely lane near his country-house. By a fortunate chance the clerk was returning from a ramble in that neighbourhood. He was attracted to the spot by the barking of his pet terrier, whose quick ear had caught the sound of the struggle. The ruffians had overpowered his master's efforts of resistance, and were in the act of rifling his pockets. His timely help saved the old gentleman's property, and perhaps his life. One of the men succeeded in making his escape; but the other, being disabled from flight by a well-aimed blow from James Howe, was secured and given into the hands of Justice. When Mr. Moss recovered from his fright, and recognized his preserver, he thanked him, in his abrupt characteristic manner; but from that time the clerk had gained the friendship of a man of whom it had been often said, that he never forgave an injury, or forgot a benefit, however slight.

In justice to Mr. Howe, it must be observed that he never presumed upon his advantage; but went on as before, strictly attentive to his duty as a servant of the firm. This prosperity caused much unselshy joy to his younger brother John, who, about that time, began business as a druggist. It was said by the intimate few who most respected the two brothers, that the only thing in which James had been unfortunate was in his choice of a wife. They wondered how he could have been attracted by the bold black eyes and showy graces of Miss Maria Smith, a coquettish young milliner, whose acquaintance he made during a pleasure excursion. Their hasty marriage was deeply regretted by his friends; and the after-conduct of the lady fully justified them in this feeling. She never lost an opportunity of showing her contempt for plain unsparing John Howe and his amiable wife.

The Howes were very unpopular in their prosperity. When their little suburban cottage was exchanged for a handsome house in Park Terrace, and when Mrs. Howe, in her rustling brocade, met old friends in the street, and passed them without a glance of recognition, people shook their heads dubiously, and pre-
dicted that it would not be long before the bubble burst. But at that time, Mr. Howe's prospects were all that could be desired; and Mrs. Howe was serenely and exultingly great. It would have been an offence past forgiveness for any one to remind her that she had ever made caps and bonnets, or that there had been a time when her desires were contracted by a scanty purse.

Mr. Howe liked nothing better than to steal down to brother John's for a quiet cup of tea, when he could do so, without risking a domestic storm on his return. On such occasions, he could not help making secret comparisons between his own home and his brother's—the smiling, contented family group, and the cheerful little parlour, where he could smoke a cigar without being reproached for spoiling the lace window-curtains; where he was not afraid to sit down on the couch, and the chairs seemed meant for something else than to be looked at. When one of his nieces sat down to the piano, and played him the simple old tunes which she knew he liked, he could not but contrast it with the conduct of his own daughters, who always tittered over what they called papa's strange taste, and protested that they could not play anything so vulgar and old-fashioned.

Mr. Howe had reason to feel disappointed in his family. His two elder daughters were showy, handsome girls; they had been formed after their mother's model; and, apart from the surface-polish which their brilliant but not sound education had given them, they were, in person, character, and manners, a fac-simile of Mrs. Howe, as she was at the same age. The only son was at an expensive public school, where he was distinguished for nothing but his agility in the cricket-field. And the two younger girls were growing up, like their sisters, offering no variety to the family features and the family character. But a time soon came when Mr. Howe forgot all other discontents in the new cares which pressed upon him. To his dismay, the ladies of his household made the discovery that the house in Park Terrace was much too small; that its appearance was not good, and the gentility of the situation only second-rate. They sighed for a more fashionable neighbourhood. Papa really must see Regent Villa, it was just the house to suit them. He had read the advertisement, in which it was described as "the delightful family-mansion lately occupied by E. Morley, Esq." This was the name of a wealthy banker—one of the great city-men. In Mrs. Howe's view the name of its former tenant surrounded Regent Villa with a halo of distinction that would have awoke for every disadvantage. It was in vain that her husband put in his plea of remonstrance that such a house was beyond their means; his objections were at first playfully combatted, then resolutely put down. He felt extinguished by his wife's forcible reason.

"I know what I am about, Mr. Howe. People will visit us there who would not think of coming to Park Terrace; and I shall be much mistaken if Mr. Harcourt does not propose for Julia before the end of six months." It ended, as their family debates usually did end, in his better judgment being over-rulled. They removed to Regent Villa. When once Mrs. Howe had resolved to do a thing, she did it with a decision that never wavered from its purpose. She had all the power of self-assertion and strength of will that her husband lacked. It seemed quite in the natural order of things that she should govern him. To avoid scenes and preserve peace she submitted his will to her, and yielded every inch of ground almost without a struggle; yet no man ever began life with a fairer capital of good intentions, with sounder principles and clearer perceptions of right and wrong, if he could have been true to them in practice.

**CHAP. III.**

There was more meaning than anyone suspected in Mr. Howe's altered looks and frequent fits of dejection. His robust health was wearing down under the pressure of mental anxiety. He showed a nervous dread of absenting himself from business, even for a single day, and resisted his master's kind efforts to induce him to run down to the seaside for change of scene. When his brother talked of a physician, he replied that medicine could do nothing for him. It was the air of Regent Villa that did not agree with him.

Mrs. Howe had the dearly-bought satisfaction of receiving the best society; but her husband always felt himself in a false position when he did the honours as host. When she was exulting in the newly-furnished drawing-room, and enjoying in prospective the mortification of Mrs. Green, he was looking round uneasily and calculating the cost: and when he heard the notes of the new piano—which Mrs. Howe had insisted on ordering, because Julia could not play her opera-pieces on the other old-fashioned thing, which was only fit for Fanny and Maria to practise on—he turned gloomily away to torture himself with the ceaseless inquiry, "How the bills were to be paid?" He saw his affairs every week more hopelessly involved, money and credit melting away, and debts accumulating upon him. He knew what course an honourable man ought to take; but it was here the defects in his character were betrayed: it was that moral cowardice which formed the worst part of him, and was at the root of all the wrong he did to himself and others.

This was the state of affairs when Mrs. Howe gave her grande party: it was one of her most ambitious efforts, for it was meant to emulate a similar entertainment which had just been given by one of their wealthy neighbours. Mr. Howe was weary of the subject; he had heard nothing else talked of for weeks. On the eve of the great day there was a complete revolution in the house, from the attic to the
cellars. The invasion extended even to the little back-parlour, which he looked upon as his own peculiar refuge. The party became to him a tyrannising inflection. It startled him when he watched the unpacking of the hired silver plate, and when he met the florid-faced professional clock, whose services had been engaged for the occasion, at a price he did not like to dwell upon, and bewildered him in the passage—when he ran against the hired waiters, whose imposing appearance half-inclined him to take off his hat, and say, "Your pardon, gentlemen."

Alas! for air-built castles and frail human hopes! the party, which involved so much behind the scenes, which was answerable for such domestic discomfort, for meanness to the servants and pinching at the family-table, this party was, after all, a disappointment!

A crowd of well-dressed and well-bred people came at the appointed hour, looked at themselves and at each other, and said and did the usual things that people do at evening parties; then rolled away in their carriages, to criticise the evening's arrangements over their muffins and coffee next morning, as an indemnity for their condescension in allowing themselves to be entertained at such a second-rate house. This was the society for whom Mrs. Howe so unkindly cut her husband's relations and old friends. She was blind to the fact that she was looked down upon and patronized by the people whose notice cost so much, that they did not fail to resent the absurd attempts of a manager's wife to measure purses with them.

Mrs. Howe gained nothing by her party. Mr. Harcourt did not take advantage of the opportunities which she took care to afford him during the evening of improving his acquaintance with her daughter Julia; true, he had paid her attention, stood beside her at the piano, and turned over the leaves of her music. But he did the same for her sister Sophia, and several other young ladies. Her matrimonial hopes were sinking.

Mr. Howe did not join his family in their autumn trip to the seaside that season. While they were keeping up appearances in an expensive hotel at a fashionable watering-place, the master of Regenta Villa was dragging out the slow, weary days in his office, bending over the desk till his brow was seamed with wrinkles, and his shoulders had contracted an incurable stoop, and looking as if he had forgotten that the golden sunshine was making gladness in green places.

"I'm sure things are going wrong with master!" the housemaid whispered in confidence to the cook one afternoon, as she sat trimming her new cap, with smart pink bows that would have shocked Mrs. Howe's ideas of propriety.

"I can tell eggs when I see shells," continued the oracle, biting the end of her thread. "Master eats next to nothing, and wanders about so strange-like—as if he didn't belong to his own house. We shall see who's right; but, if all's true that I've heard, they've been holding their heads a deal too high. For my part, I never lived anywhere where the missis was so mean with the beer, and kept such a tight hand on the tea and sugar. But it's always the way with them make-believe ladies!"

Chap. IV.

"Yes, John, at last the blow has fallen, and to-morrow the news will be talked over by all my friends in town. I am ruined—a beggar! after all these years of toil! And I am too old, too much broken down in spirit to begin the world again." And Mr. Howe covered his face with his hands.

It was a cheerless November evening, and the two brothers were sitting dejectedly over the fire in the druggist's little parlour.

"Never despair, James; but look up, and hope for the best: things may prove better than you expect."

If human sympathy could have cleared a careladen brow, or had any healing power over a crushed spirit, John Howe's look and tone would have done that kindly service for his unhappy brother.

"I should not mind so much if my fall did not drag others down. It is such a blow to Maria and the girls! Poor things! Their distress quite unnerves me. Bankrupt both in reputation and money, I can never look an honest man in the face again!"

The younger brother turned to the fire, full of troubled thought; but when he looked round again there was a new light breaking over his kind face. He laid his hand on his brother's arm, and his eyes lit with a pleasure that none but generous souls can know. It was one of those simple acts that sometimes expounds scripture better than any pulpit homily.

"James, the world has used me better than I ever dared to hope: now I have some loose cash lying useless, and I want you to take it freely as it is offered. You can't doubt my Lucy, for you know we are one in all things. But if you don't like to accept a gift from us, take it as a loan, and pay it back when you can spare it."

The world-worn, spirit-broken man bowed his face over the friendly hand, as if rendering homage to the generous nature which, till then, he had never fully appreciated. When he spoke there was a heart-broken tone in his voice.

"I can't, John; it would be robbing you and yours. It is enough that I have thrown away my own chances in life. I deserve to reap what I have sown."

The rest of their interview was passed by one brother in cheery words of comfort, and by the other in despairing self-reproaches.

"It is no use, John; you can't give me your brave spirit and clear conscience. I have been a coward all through, and worse. You talk of Mr. Mossa" (he put his hand to his forehead, as if he felt a sudden pain, and went on, his words
The Philosopher in the Streets.

I.—My Fellow-Travellers.

It is a very curious, and withal very amusing thing, to watch the varying demeanour with which men travel through this world of ours, and treat its varying occurrences—in the storm of trouble, in the fitful sunshine of prosperity—whether their path lie through the well-beaten track of common-place matter-of-fact life, content to tread the beaten path, with very few flowers and very few thorns, or whether they be the pilots into a new and devious region, where the foliage is of a rarer green, and the flowers emit a more beautiful fragrance, and the birds

gathering a strange intensity of expression), "I can never apply to him as a friend, or hope anything from him, but forbearance. I have resigned my place in the firm to a successor—that dream of my life is gone. Spare me any questions to-night, my dear fellow; you shall know all, soon!" He grasped his brother's hand, as he added, "John, there is a look in your eyes now that goes to my heart; it is so like mother's look when I was a boy, and had been doing wrong!"

Before they parted John Howe forced from his brother a promise that he would accept the help he had offered. That was their last earthly meeting!

An affrighted messenger came from Regent Villa next day, the bearer of news that sent him, with white, terror-stricken face, to that wreck of a home. Sheriffs' officers were in possession of the house and furniture. It is to be doubted whether those men, innured as they were to the sight of human misery, could have furnished, in all their professional experience, the history of a sadder domestic tragedy than the one they had witnessed that morning.

In the drawing-room Mrs. Howe lay on a couch in violent hysterics. Her daughter Sophia, on her knees before her, weeping and wringing her hands; Julia sitting in the shadow of the window curtains, in sullen misery; and the two younger girls, crouching helplessly on the hearth rug, and joining their united cries to their sister Sophy's. And, distinct above all other sounds, came the hum of voices and the hurried trampling of strange feet from the back-parlour. The scene that John Howe saw there was photographed upon his memory for the rest of his life—his hapless brother had committed suicide! He lay there, as he had fallen, a crimson thread of blood darkening over his vest and spreading on the carpet: and a few paces from him was the pistol, as it had dropped from his nerveless hand when its fatal work was done.

John Howe was not long in that unhappy house before he learned that a painful domestic quarrel had occurred that morning. Mrs. Howe had reproached her husband for the loss of his situation, and hard, bitter words had been spoken—which now she would have given anything to recall! A sealed letter was found in Mr. Howe's pocket-book, addressed to his brother, and marked "private." It consisted of several closely-written sheets. John Howe read it slowly, pausing over the indistinct words, and spelling them out with painful care. His broad breast heaved, and his brow burned, as he read. To him, who held honesty and honour dear as light and life, it was a terrible blow to learn that, after years of tried integrity, his brother had been proved guilty of embezlement! He confessed that he had appropriated the money to discharge some pressing bills.

"You know all, now, John," concluded the unfortunate man. "Don't think harder of me than you can help. I have disgraced the honest name our father left us, but you and yours will redeem it. Farewell!"

It was natural that John Howe should shrink from any friendly intercourse with his brother's widow; but he proved a generous friend to her family in their fallen fortunes. With his assistance they were enabled to leave the scene of their rise and fall, and hide their shame and humiliation in a small country-town in the south of England.

Worthy John Howe and his estimable wife went on as they began life, seeking the substance rather than the shadow, and steadily toiling up the hill, until they had honestly won the right to rest, and enjoy the fruit of their industry in well-earned prosperity and independence.
weep, then there certainly is some sorrowfully-
sufficient reason for their tears." He is fully con-
tent if he can wend his way to the mysterious
bourne ycleped "the City;" and through the
splendour of a summer's day, or the stormy
wrath of a wintry one, keep his eye steadily
fixed on the cash-book and ledger, and devote
his mind to secret and deep conference with his
sedate clerk till the hour comes when it is time
to shut up the warehouse, and then, with the
honest German, "The sooner 'tis over the
sooner to sleep" is his motto, with perhaps a
quiet rubber first with Mrs. Jones and the girls,
or a contemptuous and sleepy approval of Miss
Amelia's performance on the piano; and, when
he awakes the next morning, the money article
in the Times, till the ominous comes to bear
him to the City again. Such, with the interval
of Sunday, when the sleakest black is donned,
and the largest prayer-book nodded over—such
is my friend Jones's life; till it comes his time
with the rest of the world to make up his great
account, and say "Good night!" for the last time
to the world, and to sleep "the sleep that knows
no waking."

Now for the other type of man—rarer, per-
chance, but quite as well known—the man
who prays and searches without rest till he
has discovered, or thinks he has discovered,
the cause of everything—the inner life of the world;
why people laugh, and why they cry; what
makes them comfortable and happy, and to
what they owe their misery and want. It has
been the fashion in this work-a-day world, and
in this beautiful nil admirari age, to sneer at
a man like this; very much in the same way as,
in darker and more unenlightened times,
the rude and unlettered laughed at or bitterly per-
secuted the searcher after the truth; very much
in the same way as the seekers after the "Sang-
real," with their pure and enthusiastic ideas of
the unattainable ideal of truth and chivalry,
were branded with the name of madmen, and as
the traveller along the dim and mysterious paths
of Science were held to have dealings with the
devil himself. Did not the learned and gifted
of the land laugh at George Stephenson for
a poor daft creature, who imagined that men
might travel by steam?—the very descendants of
which learned body would think themselves
very much aggrieved if the telegraphic wires
did not flash their last telling speech on the opening
of the "Bucklecombe Branch Railway"
to all the morning papers, and would think
nothing of travelling into another kingdom in a
day, "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in
illis."

To get back to my text, mine is a sad ram-
bling fashion I am sore afraid; but my readers
must bear with me. It is easier far to pick up
a habit of digression than to break oneself of it,
and one really does sometimes find more amusing
matters in the bye-paths than on the high-road.
Of this latter type of man my friend Robinson
is a perfect specimen. To use a somewhat vulgar
phrase, he travels about with his eyes open,
and there is scarcely a thing or person in this
world that escapes his attention. Where Jones
would trudge along the street oblivious of every-
thing but the markets, and scarcely opening his
mouth except for the casual "Morning!" or
"Fine weather this we're having!" Robinson,
with his wide-awake face and curious eyes, lets
nothing escape him. He makes characters, and
furnishes plots of life which would make La-
vater stare, and do the manager of the "The-
pian Theatre" a world of good. He can tell
you, bless your heart, why Captain de Cuttle
put Mr. Pontifex in that most unequivocal way,
in Regent-street; he knows the whole history,
and, with his finger laid authoritatively on his
nose, declares: "Knew it from the first, my
dear fellow; much too thick those two men were,
to last long!" and then launches out into a
variety of examples of friendship severed by too
much affection, beginning, if you let him from
Orestes and Pylades. Do you suppose that
Robinson is ignorant of the reason why Miss
Symper discarded young Foole Hardy? Then
you can't know the man. He knows the whole
history of the courtship, and will give you, in
detail, the whole reason why the advanced people
parted. Now some persons think a man like this
a bore, and draw between him and Paul Pry
peeping at a keyhole trenchant comparisons. I
am inclined to think he is nothing of the sort,
but a very valuable acquaintance, and a philoso-
pher withal; and it was under his very able
 tuition that I picked up my present habit of
moralizing on the people who pass me in the
street, or share the interior of any conveyance
with me, till my mind is stored with plentiful
food for reflection of a materfer kind, when I
take counsel with my much-loved meerschaum,
and, amidst the smoke-clouds,

"Give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

Not that my fellow-travellers are in the slightest
degree communicative; your true John Bull is
much too dogged and sullen to inflict his joys
or woes on the patience of his chance acquaint-
ances. And it may be that he is very right in
not doing so; for, after all, what time have we,
in this material world, to moralize and weep
and sympathise with the troubles of others?
Each man has his own troubles, his own petty
cares and serious misfortunes, to torment him
during the day and keep him awake during
many a sleepless night. What is it to Jones
that his friend's money is lost to the uttermost
farting in the breaking of the last great bank?
Has not Jones placed his wearily-gotten all in a
firm which, for aught he knows, may be failing
at the very moment? and is he not much too oc-
cupied in serious calculation as to how he shall
remove his earnings with the greatest possible
speed before the dark storm-cloud which is
gathering in the horizon bursts, in all its con-
centrated fury? The wife and the "bairns" at
home have too much a share in his thoughts
and anxieties for him to share the woes of others.
And for this he is oftentimes called an unfeeling
man. It is, believe me, a pleasing picture to look on John Howard labouring, with heart and soul, amongst the fever-stricken wretches in the pestential jails; and we feel a tightening about the heart, and a tear glistens in our eye, perhaps, when we read the story of Miss Nightingale sitting, like an angel of Hope and Light, amidst the bruised and dying soldiers; but we comfort ourselves, after the fit of admiration is over, with the reflection that, after all, we cannot all be John Howards and Florence Nightingales, and, with this "flattering unctious" applied to our consciences, return to our old selfish ways. And, besides this, I am inclined to think that the man who will persist in making you the confidante of his private griefs and misfortunes, is certainly somewhat of a bore. Jean Jacques Rousseau's Confessions are very charming things for a little while, but one soon gets a wearied of the everlasting egotism which prompted the man to lay bare the innermost recesses of his not over-clean heart to our inspection. In reading that prince of egotists Sterne's Sentimental Journey, we are inclined to forget, for a moment, everything of the man's hateful character in our intense admiration of his picturesque writing; but we soon get sick of the everlasting selfish compassion, and, like a chill blast on the warmth of our esteem comes the bitter reflection that "the man who could weep over a dead donkey could leave a living mother to starve." Now I scarcely think that any one will find fault with the true type of Englishman as erring in this respect; you may travel from week's end to week's end with the same man in the same omnibus, you may both occupy the same seat and be bound to the same destination, and, with the exception, perhaps, of passing your fare to the conductor, or a solitary remark on the weather, he will not exchange another word with you, but retreat behind the fastness of a damp Times, and survey you, ever and anon, with that injured look of respectability that the well-to-do Briton assumes, as much as to say "Yes, here I am; have as perfect a right to travel in this 'bus as you have, and pay my way." How different on the Continent! Frenchmen will talk; if they have nothing sensible to talk about, they talk nonsense and make it appear charming. In the time that an Englishman is taking mental stock of you, and putting you down, by the expression of his face, as a pick-pocket or an escaped lunatic, the Frenchman has formed an intimate acquaintance, and is chatting away as volubly and confidentially as though he had known you for years. Many a dreary dinner at a table-d'hôte have I speculated on as about to prove a miserable purgatory of cold soup and stale fish and sullen silence, till the magic charm of the foreign element has melted the stiff reserve of the mirolas Anglaises, and made them laugh and become genial in spite of themselves.

And now to return once more to my very scattered sheep, my fellow-travellers, whom I fallaciously promised in the commencement of this disjointed article that I would illustrate in my own style of peculiar philosophy, which is not spiteful and bitter enough, I hope, to be cynical, nor lazy enough to be epicurean, nor hopeless enough to be stoical. I take it that to the real observer of life there are fewer more interesting objects of common occurrence than the omnibus drivers, the conductors, and the people who ride inside and outside these conveyances. They have a character "peculiar to themselves," as the newspaper puff says anent light wines, as peculiar as that of the cabmen. Impris, your omnibus-driver is a philosopher, and when he is disposed to be communicative a most valuable acquaintance; for, from his elevated cognizance of vantage on the box he surveys mankind with calm indifference. For the ludicrous phase of the driver's character, for his wordy combats with his fellow-drivers, for his satirical comments on his fares, I would recommend my readers to open "John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character," and there will he find a rich treat—there will be seen every shade of driver-character, from the stout satirical Jew, who describes his opponent as walking about to save his funeral expenses, to that immortal character who upbraids the slowness of his passengers in making their exit in the following hint to the conductor: "Now then, Jem, quick with that lot; any one would think you was a 'pickin' 'em out like winkles with a pin." Certainly the wittiest and most natural part of the whole of poor Leech's immortal works are those which depict the omnibus-drivers and their satellites. But our game is not at present with the driver, but the passengers who patronize his commodious vehicle, who ride every morning to the City or elsewhere, to their daily avocations, for the comparatively small sum of fourpence, and return by the same in the evening.

The omnibus which I patronize, and have for years, and in which I make my way to the City, for what purposes and on what business concerns not the reader, let it suffice that it is, as Slender would say, "indifferent honest." The driver with whom from long acquaintance, I have struck up a species of alliance, offensive and defensive, is a character in his way, and has condescended, in a mysterious tone and between the puffs of his pipe, to inform me that he is a married man, with some small children (I am afraid he called them "kids," but you see he is not an extremely polished man), and that he intends, come a year or two, to relinquish the reins, and sink into the comparative oblivion of a cottage at Islington, where his old woman keeps (and here I am again afraid he meant the partner of his bosom). "You see, sir," said he, "I allays looked out for a rainy day, and laid a little by. As long as I can get my pipe o' baccy and a pint of beer to moisten it, I don't care." He then would hint, with great mystery, at some indefinite sum of money, which no earthly persuasion would induce him to put a name to. The only bad trait in his character is the persistent way in which he bul-
lies the hapless conductor, a young gentleman of no particular wit, with an outline of a face "sketchy" as the young man in Dickens' novel, and weak straggling hair. It seems to me that nothing that this young man can do satisfies the Rhadamantus on the box.

"Now, Jim! going to be all day with that change?"

"Lady made a mistake, Bill," rejoins the victim.

"Made a mistake?" yells my friend, with a world of withering scorn in the words: "ye can't reckon no more than one of them there 'oses."

What with the persecution of the inquisitor, his master; what with the getting his life endangered and his temper sored by the jokes he gets from impatient passengers, and the fierce verbal altercations with stern old women, he has a sorry time of it I expect. And perhaps, after all, his life is a romance, if one only knew it; and from his hardly-earned pence he, being a good son, may support an old woman, like his master; and, perchance, the rough and flinty road he travels may be bounded by the dear object of his ambition—the driver's box.

And now for the passengers. Of course one might as well count the sands on the yellow seashore as endeavour to depict every type of character; but there are always in every class of people some distinct types, to which it is possible to refer others. Now, we will suppose, this fine September morning, that you and I are the only insides; let us wait and see what we shall see:

"Charing Cross, please?" says a quiet silvery voice, and the conductor is at once charmed into politeness; and following the voice comes a lady-like pale girl, with a roll of music in her hand, and a weary expression of face. "Daily governess," you mutter into my ear, and I can safely affirm that you have guessed rightly.

Everything about her tells the same tale: the dress, with some poor, faded remnants of the old gentility; the gloves, stitched and mended; and, under a plain bonnet, the pale-worn face, with that pitiful look in the large brown eyes, and that nervous twitching of the mouth which indicate the daily governness, which tell their own sad tale of struggles against insult and want—of insult from purse-proud vulgar employers; of insult from great, lazy, talking menials, who speak of the governness as "that young pusson"; of insult from insolent or stupid pupils; of insult so bitter that the other alternative, cruel absolute want, seems almost a relief. Am I not telling you an old tale? am I not wearying you with details, which are well known? The story of human misery and lost fortunes and blighted hopes is no novelty; but one gains nothing by noticing only the lights of a picture, and disregarding the grey solemn shadows. Ah! it is

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow,
Remembering happier things."

And so thinks the poor wearied lady as she sets forth on her thankless daily journey, to be repelled and treated like the commonest drudge; she, who in the dawn of her childhood and the blush of her girlhood, was the idol of a wealthy father's heart, and whose every scarce-formed wish was anticipated; she who had scarcely any idea of the misery of those who struggle for bread, till the blow came, and her father was prostrated with it from a jovial, hale man to the stricken heart-broken wretch, whose last days she now cheers to the best of her poor ability, and the hard reality was forced upon her that she must enlist herself in that forlorn hope—the last effort of poor gentility—a daily governess's situation. The reader can imagine the rest. Happy for the dear creature whose eye rests on this page if she has not been driven to the terrible strait herself—the advertisement paid for with the last poor coins, and answered, "after many days," and the employment of the lady brilliantly educated, who can execute the "Moonlight Sonata" with the best, and is thoroughly versed in the mysteries of half-a-dozen modern languages, in hammering the elements of French into the stupid offspring of some ill-bred parvenu, who is desirous of concealing her own want of courtesy in a distant and chilly air of patronage, which sometimes condescends to ask the poor governess to lunch, and parades before her the comforts and elegancies of a home which might have been hers. Little does the unthinking reader, who casts his eye over the advertisement sheet of the Times, and sees the myriad applications for the post of daily or nursery governess reflect, on the miserable history shadowed there: "Has been well educated," or, what is still more pathetic, "Has never been out before." The first appeal of the tenderly-raised home-flower to the storms and troubles of adversity.

Charing Cross is reached, and the governess fades from our view, threading her way timidly amidst the motley crowd of honest men and thieves, intensely respectable women, and women who have every attraction but respectability, and all the shifting figures who throng the dangerous streets of the "City of Extremity." Good luck go with thee, poor faded flower! Mayest thou find kind treatment for this day at least; and may he, the brave boy, who left thee in thy days of prosperity, soon return, to bless thee with the full reality of that home which illusory hope had promised thee through all the weary years! and which though "round absence has given the weed of custom" may blossom yet, in the happy time to come.

The next character who appears on the scene is a very different type to the last: her advent is heralded by a storm of reproaches and revellings hurled at the head of the unoffending conductor, because he will not stop quite still. "Expecting respectable people to break their necks!" And the next thing we see is the respectable person herself, squeezing into the omnibus, with a multiplicity of packages and
"When you marry, get the whip-hand at once, my boy," was the advice of a sporting Nestor to me, and I am inclined to think that he was very right. Marriage need be none the less happy because the wife feels—not perceptibly, but still feels—that the bread-winner holds the reins, and is alive to a sense of his position.

All this time the subject of these remarks, when she is not employed in glowing, in a sternly forbidding manner, at your humble servant, as who should say "Tis no use speaking to me, young man; I am proper, that's what I am!" has been doing battle to the death with the conductor—prodding him in the waistcoat, and badgering him about the stoppages, strongly affirming that she has passed her destination; and finally, on her departure, presenting him with a tract entitled "The Converted Conductor; or, Why do you Swear?"

"Voy, indeed?" sighs the victim. "Blest if she wouldn't make a parson swear. Never see such a hold cat!"

And now, thinking I have done my duty to the ladies—Place aux Dames has been my motto—I will turn me to the sterner sex, with these two bits of advice: To my first passenger he as courteous as possible: she will understand it, and reward you with a grateful smile withal, which will do your heart good. To the unprotected female be calmly indifferent (ten to one, if you are affable she will set you down as a polite thief); and when she offers you a tract, decline it with thanks, and hint that you are a tract-distributor yourself.

As the types of my lady-companions vary, so do those of the men. One or two, however, may serve as examples of a class. There is one young fellow among my fellow-passengers to-day, in whom I take a great interest. It does not take two glances to tell me that he is a Frenchman, and he carries his history in his face. Pale and jaded, he seems like the governess; with that same earnest, wearied look in his dark eyes, as if he were almost tired of straining his eyes towards the distant object of his ambition. Let me make a history for him. We will call him Alphonse; most Frenchmen in England, especially waiters, seem to be named Alphonse. Half-a-dozen years gone by, there was not a cleverer or more promising musician in all the Conservatoire than my young friend. To send him there his parents had striven and scraped, in the dear old homestead in Normandy, bowered in its wealth of apple-trees, and surrounded by many a green meadow dappled by the sturdy oxen. "From his childhood," these worthies will tell you, that "cher Alphonse was a musician, singing ere he could speak almost—and to hear him play the violin, Dieu! it was wonderful." He was a Mozart to them, poor souls! and the tears would start into their eyes as Alphonse played some piece of his own composition; and the end of it was that to the Conservatoire Alphonse was sent, to try and rival Gounod and Chopin,
with a few pounds in his pocket, the tears of his mother wet on his cheek, and his own little Marie's kiss still tingling on his lips. Very successful was his career there, and his execution far above mediocrity; and in an evil hour some musical amateur suggested his going to London and trying his fortune, under the impression that in England a foreigner has only to land to make his fortune—that fallacious hope, that crooked things will "come round" in time. And to England he went, and carried his daring opera in his pocket—to meet what? To see that the market was overstocked already; that the opera-house, which echoed to the delicious melody of Gounod's "Faust" and Meyerbeer's "Prophète," had no place for his talent. Play the violin he might: there was room for him in the orchestra, with fifty others; and into the orchestra of the Italian he carried his shattered hopes and almost broken heart, and kept body and soul together, in a strange country, by the scantly pitance eked out to him. Gone all the pleasant dreams; tumbled and prostrated the châteaux en Espagne which his dear opera was to procure for him and Marie; faded all the bright mirage, and there was left but the hard certainty that he must descend to the common drudgery of the orchestra, and teach the English demoiselles the elements of that music which was his idol. No night is there though unrelished by a single star, and Hope is not quite faded, yet he may scrape enough to return to his beloved France, and marry the love of his youth. To this intent he lodges in some cheap hotel, in that paradise of Frenchmen, Leicester Square, and practises the sternest economy, and takes a twopenny ride in my omnibus, when he fondly hoped to have ridden to the opera in a barouche. I feel an honest liking for this young exile, which I certainly do not for many of his dirty, debauched brethren, male and female, who haunt the Haymarket and prowl about Regent-street; though, in all conscience, I may be wrong in this history, and my young friend may be a very villainous character. One of the most ingenuous, childlike faces I ever saw, belonged to the keeper of a noted night-house in the Haymarket; and I have seen many a man, whose virtues and excellent character were of the highest degree, yet whom Gall or Spurzheim, after one look at his head, would have declared the greatest malefactor unhung, and have been laughed to scorn for their pains. With a graceful bow, the Frenchman, on whose career I have been speculating, bids me good-day, in a sweet, soft voice—a voice that we deem an excellent thing in a woman, and meet with so rarely in the blustering, self-confident Briton. He will put by his earnings to-night, when his work is done, and then write a long letter to Marie, and set to work on his humble fare, with a sparkling chanson of Beranger on his lips; for nothing ever entirely ruins your Frenchman’s spirits.

I find that I am already transgressing my limits, and have not nearly done with my fellow-travellers, who are beginning to crowd the omnibus. A scant word must suffice for them at present. They are all here: The stolid merchant with his Telegraph, just purchased from the daring young newsvendors, who perform such astounding feats in jumping on and off the omnibus whilst in full career. The countryman in London—not the stage countryman, I beg to mention, such a thing never existed, any more than the stage Yorkshireman—but the genuine article, who does not alap his waistcoat, and say "Dang it!" but sits in a helpless fashion, with a sheepish look on his honest young face, evidently very much puzzled with all he sees, and very desirous to get back to the sheep and cows, after the din and hurly-burly of the metropolis. The sunburnt sailor, with the parrot in a cage tied up in a smart bandana; and the blue broad-cloth coat, just purchased from some outfitter. There will be glad hearts in some house tonight, mark me; for the mariner assures the company that he hasn’t been home "well-nigh for a dozen years; and I’d like to see the mother, bless her old heart!" And last, but not least, the hard-worked city curate, with the last book from Mudie’s, determined to enjoy an hour’s well-earned relaxation. I charitably hope that he will not be disappointed, as books are very plentiful, but good ones rare; and, as my fellow-travellers plunge with me into the crowded streets, I feel thankful to them for having afforded a sucking philosopher some amusement: if the reader of this article feel the same I shall be fully content.  

H. J. S.

YOUNG GIRLS.—To our thinking there is no more exquisite creature on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age. There is a period in the summer’s morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendour of the day. There is, at least, full promise of the dazzling noon; but yet the dewdrop glistens on the half-opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So, too, in the morning of a girl’s life there is a time like this, when the rising glory of womanhood sparkles from the thoughts of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood. Unconsciousness has all the effect of the highest breeding; freedom gives her elegance, and health adorns her with beauty: indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.
OBSERVATIONS ON THE GROWTH OF TREES.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

A tree is indisputably the noblest form which vegetable matter assumes on the face of the earth. There is something noble and majestic in one that has stood for centuries. It has braved a thousand storms, and looks as if it could brave a thousand more. When we look at its massive stem, its far-extended branches, and then think of its smallness and feebleness at the commencement of its life—that it was once enclosed within a little seed buried beneath the soil over which it now spreads, we cannot but feel that we have before us one of the most beautiful and wonderful of the works of God, and an astonishing display of the effects of those secret, silent, and ever-active forces with which He has endowed matter. The tons of solid timber contained within that tree have been drawn from the earth and atmosphere, and are the result of the slow unfolding of those vital powers with which the seed was originally endowed by the Creator. Yet we pass these beautiful living fabrics every day of our lives without a thought. They are perpetually challenging observation, and should one of greater strength or symmetry of form than the rest be so fortunate as to attract our notice for a few minutes, we see nothing in it but a chaos of irregularly formed and numberless branches, a sense-confounding confusion. We intend, however, to show that a principle of order is there; and, to render it palpable to the eye, we shall prove that the tree is a world in miniature—that it is a community of little plants mutually dependent on each other, and as much distinguished by their individual peculiarities and the influence of favourable or unfavourable circumstances on them, as the individuals associated together in a town or city. We shall prove that these little plants work together in building up the tree, and how the amount of labour done by them every year, on the season's growth, has been registered not only in the wood of its stem, but also on its exterior bark. We shall establish these facts and others equally interesting, and we hope so to influence our readers that for the future they shall never look at a tree without admiration and thoughtfulness, but view them with the same feelings of pleasure with which we regard them.

The First Year's Growth.—If we plant a beech-nut in the ground at the temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, it remains inactive until it finally decays; but if the earth is moist and above the temperature of 32°, and the nut is effectually screened from the action of the light, its growth is no longer suspended; its outward envelopes soften, swell, and are finally ruptured by the vital movements of the embryo, which elongates downwards by its radicle, or young root, and upwards by its plumule, or young stem, lifting the cotyledons, or seed-leaves, above the earth's surface. These leaves speedily enlarge, and by exposure to the light acquire a green hue, so that they ultimately assume quite a different appearance from that which they had when they were wrapped up within the folds of the testa, or outward envelope of the nut. They are two in number, opposite, thick, and fleshy, are attached to the embryo, and contain a store of starch, which, converted by the oxygen of the air into sugar and dextrine, contributes to the development of the first pair of atmospheric leaves put forth by the young embryo and to the extension of the roots in the soil. The cotyledonary leaves are therefore only temporary appendages of the vegetable axis. They foster the growth of the first pair of atmospheric leaves, which are parasitic on them until sufficiently developed to draw their own supplies of food from the atmosphere; hence, at the end of a certain time, they fade and fall, having performed their allotted functions, whilst the atmospheric leaves take the form peculiar to the plant, and remain permanently attached to its stem. These leaves elaborate the fluids and gases absorbed into the interior of the plant from the earth and atmosphere much more perfectly than the cotyledons, and contribute to the upward growth of the young axis, to the development of the next pair of atmospheric leaves, and to the increase of the number of radicles in the soil. The growth of the plant, feeble during the cotyledonary stage of development, is now considerably accelerated, and increases with every fresh growth of the axis and succeeding pairs of leaves. The sap continues to ascend from the roots to the leaves during the spring, but, as the season advances, it is gradually arrested and turned away from the leaves into new channels, in consequence of the development of the buds within their axis, and of the growth of the bud, with which the shoot or vegetable axis terminates. Thus the ascensional movement of the sap to the leaves in spring is succeeded by a movement of the sap towards the buds about the end of summer, which is designated as the autumnal sap. In proportion as the current of sap is diverted from the leaves to the buds, the internodes, or naked intervals of stem between the leaves, become shorter, the leaves approximate, and finally cease to form, whilst those which were put forth in the earlier part of the season and are fully grown gradually change their colour—a sure prestige of their approaching fall. The current of sap continues flowing to the buds till the close of the season of growth; and, the lateral and terminal buds
Observations on the Growth of Trees.

having obtained their maximum development, the leaves fall from the axis or stem. We have now a naked, unbranched, defoliated shoot, with terminal and lateral buds; and in this condition the shoot remains above the ground through the winter months.

This is the ever-varying hues of the dying leaves which give to the forest landscape its peculiar charm in the autumnal months, produced mainly by the current of sap becoming diverted to the buds forming within their axis. A few more weeks and the beauty is all gone. It has vanished like the rainbow painted on the storm-cloud. The stormy winds have swept the sky, and the trees are naked and defoliated.

If we examine the buds on the exterior surface of this naked shoot, we shall find them elongated ovoid bodies, covered exteriorly with closely imbricated scales, and containing within their interior an incipient repetition of the shoot to which they are attached. This last fact is easily verified by making a longitudinal section through the center of the bud from its apex to its base, and examining the section with a microscope, when the young shoot of the next spring, with all its leaves and internodes, will be seen already formed in an embryonic condition, awaiting the return of the conditions suitable for its development. Hence it is that many authors have assimilated the buds to the embryo, which, by its growth, is destined to give rise to a new individual, in which opinion we certainly coincide. The embryo differs only from the bud in developing after it is separated from the parent plant, whereas the bud produces a new branch on the living stem which gave it birth. It may therefore be called a fixed embryo. In both instances the bud and seed contain within their envelope, in a rudimentary condition, the next season’s growth, and are beautifully organized so as to protect the embryo in their interior from the cold of winter, during the season of vegetable repose, and ensure their support and healthy evolution on the approach of the period of vegetable activity in early spring.

The Second Year’s Growth.—In the preceding remarks, we have traced the development of a young beech-tree from the nut, and have given the history of its growth during the first year. It has been shown that after the leaves have fallen from the stem, the buds which formed in their axils still remain attached to its surface, and that these buds contain within their scaly envelopes, in a rudimentary condition, a young shoot precisely like the one which gave them birth. This state of things continues throughout the winter months; but with the return of light and heat to the earth in spring, vegetation recommences. The seed in the ground and the buds on the tree alike begin to germinate, and in both instances are but repetitions of the plant on which they originated. We know this to be the case with the seed, and we shall proceed to show that the same holds good with reference to the bud; so that a tree, philosophically consi-dered, is not an individual, but a collection of individuals, developing about a common axis or stem, to which they remain attached from generation to generation. As the first year’s shoot only develops from the seed under suitable external conditions—otherwise the seed remains inactive in the ground—so the bud will only germinate on the first year’s shoot, or grow into a young branch, when the conditions are favourable. A certain amount of sap and sunlight are required, and if these cannot be obtained the bud will remain dormant, or the leaves will form without the internodes between them.

Generally speaking, it is the upper buds of the first year’s shoot which are the first to develop into branches. The reason of this is, that the sap had a tendency to mount in the greatest force and abundance towards the upper leaves and buds of the first year’s shoot, so that the inferior leaves were the first to detach themselves, and their buds did not receive enough nourishment to come to a perfect state. Hence it is that the lower buds become almost only partially developed, while the upper form shoots. It is partly on this account that the trunk of most of our trees is naked and deprived of branches. However, the formation of the trunk is chiefly to be attributed to the fact that the principal axis, during the first year of its growth, abstains from forming any shoots.

By the development of the upper buds of the first year’s shoot the sap is set in circulation throughout the system of the plant, and the bark and wood, which at the close of the growing season in the autumn of the previous year adhered firmly to each other, are now easily separable, on account of the flow of the sap between them. In consequence of this, the young elongated, already formed cells of the wood and bark of the previous year become again vitally active, and generate from the sap cells of precisely the same nature as themselves, the wood-cells forming the woody layer, and the bark-cells the new deposit of bark, whilst the cells retain their original cellular character at those points which correspond to the medullary rays. The shoots, terminal and lateral, are now to the parent shoot what the leaves were to it the first year—that is, they contribute to the formation and elaboration of the organizable material, or sap, out of which the woody stratum and bark layer are formed, and thus increase the circumference, and, at the same time, the strength of the primary parent shoot. Towards the end of the second year the current of sap is again diverted from the leaves of the young secondary shoots to the buds forming in their axils, the newly-formed stratum of wood and bark hardens, and the bark and wood again become firmly adherent. The tree is again defoliated, and the second generation of shoots contains beneath the scaly envelopes of their buds the next year’s growth, safely protected till warm weather comes. With the commencement of spring the buds throw off their scales and develop their leaves and internodes, and
in this manner will the tree continue to grow through the next and the following years, each annual growth being only a repetition of the same phenomena. In the course of time the tree arrives at an adult state, its leaves undergo a change of organisation, and it produces flowers and fruit for a series of years.

Now this course of events is left engraven on the exterior bark of the stem, as well as in its interior, in the wood-rings visible on its cross section, the number of which shows the age of the tree. Each branch and twig has its own peculiar history of growth written as legibly by nature on its outer bark as if a record had been kept artificially. If we compare one shoot with another, we shall soon find that separate trees of the same or different species do not exhibit a greater difference of growth than two shoots on the same tree.

When the young shoot unfolds itself from the bud in early spring, and the scales fall off, they leave a trace of themselves on the exterior bark, and we recognize, by the numerous girdles, or bud-rings, the place where the growing shoot during winter remained in a state of rest. Now it is evident that the upper and under boundaries between two sets of bud-rings immediately following one another give the growth of the shoot for one season; and as these bud-rings continue visible often many years on the bark, by counting the number of sets of bud-rings, and comparing their intervening portions of stem, we are enabled to ascertain the number of years’ growth of an old axis, and the rate of that growth as it were to follow. But this is not all; for the leaves, as well as the bud-scales, when they fall from the stem, leave a cicatrice, or scar on the bark, which marks their point of attachment, and thus we can ascertain, from the number of leaf-scars between two successive bud-traces, the number of leaves which were produced during the season. The clearest marks of these bud-traces and leaf-scars are visible on the beech, the mountain-ash, and the horse-chestnut, where they continue for several years. They are less apparent on the oak, the linden, and the fir, where they are not visible on the old axis through the growth and changes going on in the bark.

STRAIGHT THOUGHTS.

Hera, the Assyrian Venus, held a serpent in one hand. The serpent has ever been the type of wisdom (the term copperhead is not so reproachful, after all), hence it may be inferred that love and wisdom are inseparable; and there never has been, philosopher, statesman, poet, grand, comprehensive mind, lodged in man or woman, that has not at some time been under the sway of love. The effect of the serpent’s sting may have been to rouse the mind to action, though almost maddening; or, it may have been, like that of the sting of the asp, which Cleopatra took to her bosom, “as sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle”—the wisdom that rouses, or the wisdom that calms.

The Assyrians first worshipped love as a star: the star, attendant and herald of the sun. As long as Venus is above the horizon, the night is not far advanced; and though the night may have been long and weary, when she appears the morning is at hand. This, too, is typical. The night of utter ruin never sets in on a man, while the star of love shines on him; and however miserable and sinful he may be, however dark his condition, when she arises on his soul the dawn is near. Thus can you trace love back to her heavenly origin. “From heaven she came” to be a “habitant of earth.”

All nations, in their impersonations of her, have embodied their idea of the beautiful—in their ideal of her have concentrated the beauty diffused through the universe. “The Greeks,” says Buckle, “generalized their observations on the human mind, and then applied them to the gods. The same remark applies to beauty of form, which they first aimed at in the statues of men, and then brought to bear on the statues of the gods. . . . The most powerful of the gods, and the most universally worshipped, they made a female soul, lodged in the most lovely of female forms; thus, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, expressing to the world that their highest ideal was women. For Jove himself acknowledged her sway: as he deposed his father Saturn, so his daughter deposed him, or at least became the power behind the throne.” Byron says—

“Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart—
’Tis woman’s whole existence.”

That man whose love is a thing apart from his life has never loved. A man’s love becomes a part of himself; as to each man everything is as he sees it, so his love adds to all things, enriches them, as his nature has received an addition, and has been enriched. I say that the whole external world is changed, to a man when
he loves; and does he cease to love? then, if his love has been deep and earnest, it is forever changed to him. A faculty of the soul, once awakened, can never again become dormant. Even were this not true, the very remembrance of what was once perceived would enrich the soul. Better for one born blind to receive sight, and have a picture gallery in his mind, though the whole outer world were again to become darkness to him. "Down on your knees," says Rosalind, "and thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love." The good man should down on his knees, and thank heaven for the well-spring of love that has been unsealed in his heart.

Men and women are not so very different: they think, feel, and love alike: in heart, and mind, and soul they are similar. If a man lacks vigour of mind he is termed effeminate; if a woman has this vigour she is termed masculine. Look around you: do you not see strong-minded men and women in about equal proportion?

Though man may have the right to be the head of the house or state, yet does this argue superiority? There has scarcely ever been a king who had not subjects his superiors, intellectually, yet who had no thought of usurping the throne.

You often hear the question asked, "Of what use are languages, mathematics, or the sciences to women? As much use as they are to the great majority of men. Does the lawyer, preacher, or physician use mathematics or languages, except to a limited extent? If, as is reiterated at every school anniversary, education means development, hasn't a woman a right to development, use or no use? Hasn't every tree that God has planted a right to growth? Are men dwarf-pine, or scrub-oaks, and afraid of being over-shadowed, that they indirectly, if not directly, oppose the development of women?

We men need not fear. Whatever may be the girth and height of those around us, we can only develop as it is in us to develop. Only mean souls, caring for a relative consequence rather than an absolute, measure themselves with those above or below them. Every true man rejoices in his own culture to the fullest extent of his powers, because it develops him.

We men are too supercilious towards women. Let us be discussing a political, scientific, or religious question, and, does a woman enter, how soon we change the subject! even our very tone and manner becoming nonsensical, playful, or complimentary, unless we talk sentiment or poetry.

The very finest political, scientific, and religious theories are but common sense, and common-sense women can appreciate. Did philosophers read their treatises to their wives, there would be fewer absurd theories afloat...... One mind should hold converse with another mind, regardless of sex.

A woman who thinks and talks of politics need not be a politician, any more than a woman who thinks and talks on religion need be a divine. Then we men have the absurd notion that we are privileged to be free-thinkers, but that it is unwomanly in a woman to be otherwise than orthodox. Whatever influences a woman's destiny is proper subject to her of thought and conversation. Unless we hold with Mahomedan, that woman has not a soul, we must certainly acknowledge that she has the same interest in religion that we have. Is it not proper for her, who lives where Mahomedanism is the religion, to examine into it, to find if she is the soulless being that the faith of her father, husband, brother teaches? The women among the early Christians thought for themselves, or the list of martyrs would not be one-half so long as it is. The women "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre" thought for themselves. Mary Magdalen thought for herself, and thought more correctly than the Jewish Doctors, when she came a weeping penitent to Christ, and anointed his feet with precious ointment.

At the very mention of the Age of Chivalry start up before the mind's eye steel-clad warriors, jousters and tournaments, long processions of pilgrims and crusaders, with banners and lances, solitary knights in quest of adventure—all stir and activity. But what a dreary life must woman have had, a spectator at the tournaments, or bending over that endless embroidery—with, it is true, the variety of pricking her fingers, and working by mistake green-yarn into a horse's ear, as a mail-clad warrior, on the eve of departure for the Holy Land, bends close to her crimson cheek! A beautiful picture, doubtless; but a finer is "Rebekah" watching by the couch of "Ivanhoe," or standing on the parapet, ready, at the advance of Bois Gilbert, to precipitate herself from the dizzy height. Rebekah, the skilled and cultivated Jewess, more than a match for Bois Gilbert, the bold and subtle infidel, with his own weapons, sarcasm and argument—Rebekah, that very type of a noble, cultivated woman—the most glorious character that adorns the page of Romance.
THE INSTITUTION OF DEACONESSES.

In the very beginning of their labours as ambassadors for Christ, we find that the apostles were entangled with various kinds of secular business, which interrupted their spiritual duties and threatened to spoil much of their usefulness in the government and extension of the church of God. To use their own words, they thought it not reasonable that they should leave the word of God and the distribution of the bread of life (which that word is), to serve tables; that is, to sit presiding at the tables where alms were collected from the faithful, and distributed to widows and the poor. In order to relieve themselves partly—for we know that they did not entirely—of these heavy duties, they appointed seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, over this business. They laid their hands upon them, that they might be solemnly consecrated and set apart for their important office. But although the care of widows and orphans was a chief part of the work of the diaconate, we are not to suppose that it was the whole. From the example of St. Philip, one of the seven, we learn that they were diligent preachers of the gospel; and when one of the most distinguished nobles of the East was to be converted and baptized, that work, so pregnant in its results, was entrusted to a deacon.

But it soon became obvious that many offices and works of mercy, to be performed by these ministers of Christian love, were more appropriate to women than to men. Such were the nursing and first steps in the discipline of little children; such was much of the attention necessary for aged widows and the sick. The Christian religion, so provident yet so complete in exhausting the resources of human energy and character, would not be likely to leave untouched and undisbursed the mighty treasure of feminine tenderness—the inventiveness, patience, and long-suffering, which are the properties of a good woman, set on a mission of love. Besides these general reasons for the selection of women to take part in the charities of the church, there were others of a local and temporary kind, not less binding and efficacious. In most eastern countries, ladies of rank and respectability are kept secluded and separate from general society. They occupy distinct suites of apartments, and veil their faces when they go abroad. This exclusion they cherish as a high and precious privilege. To bring the truths of the gospel home to the hearts and consciences of these, whether buried in heathen superstition, or walking in the twilight of the Jewish dispensation, it was necessary to employ the gentle ministers of their own sex. These instrumentalities were of two kinds, which for the sake of convenience we shall call formal and informal.

By the formal, we mean the work of the deaconesses, who were ordained and set apart for their sacred office by the laying on of the apostles' hands. Some of these deaconesses were aged widows. Hence St. Paul writing to St. Timothy, for the instruction of the church at Ephesus, says: "Let not a widow be chosen into the number under threescore years old, having been the wife of one man"—that is, not disgraced by the abomination of divorce—"well reported of for good works; if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet (condescending to the lowest duties of Christian kindness and benevolence), if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work." From Tertullian, who flourished in the second, and Epiphanius in the fourth century, we learn that unmarried women were chosen to the same blessed occupation. Nor were these always advanced in years. Many of their duties required fresh and unimpaired powers, and the cheerful brightness of soul which is the property of airy and unsorrowing youth. Some attended on prisoners, especially those who were in bonds for righteousness' sake, not counting their own lives dear unto them, if they could succour and encourage the heroes who for Christ's sake were appointed to die. Some ministered to the necessities of the saints, who were hidden in deep catacombs, in rocks and caves of the earth, in lonely granges, in mountain fastnesses and woods. Some assisted in preserving order, and promoting reverence during the public worship of Almighty God. Some were catechists—that is, they instructed the ignorant of their own sex by question and answer, preparing them for their confirmation by the bishop, watching over them during their whole lives, and even straightening the female corpses, performing for them the last offices of decency and cleanliness, and accompanying them, as mourners, to the tomb.

Duties so active and conspicuous as these brought down upon them, from time to time, the full torrent and tempest of heathen persecution. The philosophy of Greece and Rome had suggested no such deeds of charity as the pious deaconesses daily performed, with the quiet saintliness of love to Christ. The uproarious votaries of idolatry would be at a great loss to understand them. Pliny, during the persecution in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, put two deaconesses to the torture, that he might force them to renounce the Christian faith; but they continued steadfast and unwavering, ready to die rather than deny their Lord. They soon became a popular, not to say a fashionable institution. In the time of St. Chrysostom there were forty deaconesses at...
The Institution of Deaconesses.

attached to the great church at Constantinople; among them stood foremost Olympia, a widowed gentlewoman of high rank and great riches, whose meat and drink it was to relieve the orphan and the bereaved in their necessity, and to keep herself unspotted from the world.

The institution of deaconesses continued uninterrupted until the twelfth century in the oriental church, and in Western Christendom until the close of the eighth. Its discontinuance at these several periods may have been partly owing to abuses which had crept into the system; but it was chiefly the consequence of the enlargement of the monastic orders, the adoption of irrevocable vows, and the gradual absorption of the lay into the ecclesiastical element of the church. When the great Reformation dawned upon Christendom, the restoration of the office and its peculiar work was seriously contemplated by many of the Reformers. Luther deplored the loss of the primitive diaconate among men in his days; and adds, concerning women (as though designating them to the care of widows, orphans, and the poor): “A readiness to compassionate others is more natural to women than to men. Women who love godliness have, generally, also a special gift for comforting others and soothing their sorrows.” Among the Waldenses and Moravians the office substantially continued, although under another name. Their widows did not spend their time in going from house to house, and, by the intolerable folly of their tongues, leaving the inhabitants in tears when they departed. The young women did not amuse their leisure with sarcasms on their neighbours; but both young and old employed themselves, with diligence and godly fear, in comforting the bereaved; in reconciling those that were at variance; in reprobating those that displayed the dangerous levity of youthful lusts in their dispositions; in nursing the sick, and helping the needy. To discharge these duties with greater usefulness and system, many young women voluntarily chose a single life—not under irrevocable vows; not under the impression that such a state necessarily implied a higher degree of holiness and purity, and that to be religious a woman must be a nun, but that they might, without the shackles which motherhood implies, devote themselves more continuously and simply to the care of the suffering and the right training of the young.

Under the fostering auspices of the King of Prussia, the office of deaconess has been revived in Germany, during the last few years, with a strength and vitality which has excited the interest—not to say the astonishment—of the whole Christian world. This movement began, like the planting of a grain of mustard-seed, at the Deaconess’s Institution at Kaisersworth, on the Rhine. It includes the organization and training of nurses, a home for servants out of place, a refuge for penitent Magdalens, a hospital for little children, an orphan asylum, and an establishment for the care and recovery of the insane. Its branches are found in every part of the German empire. It has a flourishing house at Constantinople, at Pittsburgh in the United States, and at Smyrna, in the Levant. The discipline of the sisterhood, their rules and instructions, are entirely free from those Romish corruptions which have made nunneries a byword of reproach. They are not irrevocably bound to a single life. There is no affectation of mystery about their proceedings, as if candour and openness were opposed to a holy career. The rich do not forfeit their property, nor take vows of poverty, nor deny the necessity of personal cleanliness. In all these respects they follow the apostolic model, and remind us of that noble-hearted woman of whom St. Paul (writing to the servants of Christ at Rome) said: “I commend to you Phoebe, our sister, who is a deaconess of the church at Cenchrea; that ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you; for she hath been a succourer,” or, as the word may be rendered, a kind and hospitable entertainer, “of many, and of myself also.”

But we are not to suppose that the efforts of godly women to promote the welfare and improvement of children and their own sex, is apostolic and primitive times, were confined to those formal societies to which reference has been made: on the contrary, we believe that what may be termed informal efforts were equally conspicuous, and not less deserving of commendation. Such was the work of those saintly ladies, “Tryphena and Tryphosa, who laboured in the Lord;” of “the beloved Persis, who laboured much in the Lord;” and of that blessed family on whom St. Paul has conferred a wrath of immortality, where he says, “Salute Rufus, chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine.” What a world of womanly sympathy and help bestowed upon the apostle, in his labours and sufferings, and that fearful care of the churches to which he elsewhere so pathetically alludes, is implied in those four short words HIS MOTHER AND MINE! It was probably to gentlewomen of a like spirit that he addressed the tender and touching admonitions contained in the last chapter of his epistle to the Philippians: “I beseech Euodias, and I beseech Synche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord. And I entreat thee also, true yoke-fellow”—meaning, most likely, Ephaphroditus—”help those women which laboured with me in the gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-labourers whose names are in the Book of Life.”

Tabitha, the Syrie name of Dorcas—signifying in Greek a gazelle, and graceful perhaps, in her person and demeanour, as that beautiful animal—was another example of the informal deaconess-work which we want to set forth. She resided at Joppa, the port of Jerusalem on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, where there would be many a call for her quiet charities in the widows and orphans of seamen who had perished in the great deep. Early she became a convert to the Christian religion, and we
read that she was full of good works and almsgivings which she did. She was not satisfied with an occasional criticism on the proper mode of distributing charity, or the due discrimination of its recipients; she worked with her own hands in the cause of mercy; she personally relieved the sick, and that doubly and trebly, by comforting those that mourned, and, like her Saviour, wiping away the tears from many an eye. That such were her deeds of unconquerable love for her kind we know; for when she died, “the widows were weeping and showing the coats and garments that Dorcas had made.” No wonder that on her the apostles first exercised their mysterious prerogative of raising the dead to life; as though from age to age, in the church of God, she should still live, till the end come, in the works of those who imitate her virtues and in the memory of all the good.

It may be anticipated from the foregoing remarks, that the present paper has been compiled with a practical intention. In most parishes and neighbourhoods there live a number of gentlewomen, of such a rank in life as to be placed above the necessity of personal labour. From this estimate we exclude, of course, those who are married and have the care of a family. Now allowing to the full that such persons are diligent readers of contemporary literature; that they form, within the Christian limits of prudence and moderation, convivial and social engagements, and take a part in the domestic management of the families to which they belong, they must, if they duly economize their time—counting minutes as more precious and irretrievable treasure than gold and silver—they must possess a considerable amount of leisure. Resting our request only on the lowest scale of obligation, it is this emphatic leisure which we would ask them to employ in deeds—personal deeds of Christian charity and love. Notwithstanding the good condition, for the most part, of the poor of this country, as compared with other peoples, there are many cases of ill-provided and miserable children, whose thin and ill-clad limbs demonstrate their depth of unexplained and unrecorded sorrow—buds whose little life has opened amidst wintry storm, and already droops upon the stem; small tender nurslings, too young to have been guilty of improvidence, or the sins that bring deserved hunger and shame. Why should not one opulent deaconess, so to speak, of Christ Jesus, hear her Saviour addressing her in the countenance, the voice, the tears of one of these her little sisters in the great family of God, and saying “Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages!” Why should she not visit it as often as occasion may require, and see to it that the little being is clean, warm, and tidy, and thus encourage the fainting heart of the widowed and overtasked mother, and fill her soul with thankfulness to God and man? If some ladies wore a jewel the less, that such a little child might be warm amidst the snows and ice of winter, they would wear indeed an ornament the more—even the ornament of a meek, a quiet, a benevolent spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.

There is another practical want, bearing on the subject of informal deaconess-work, which deserves serious attention; we allude to the growing difficulty of obtaining good, modest, unobtrusive, neatly-attired, industrious domestic servants. Might not some of our gentlewomen, in their hours of leisure, take in hand some poor girl, just removed from the National School, at an early age, on account of the necessities of her parents, and teach her the simpler duties of domestic economy? Would not such patronage of the inferior by the superior tend to sustain that young person’s character amidst the manifold seductions and temptations of many a mighty seething city? We know cases in which the course now recommended has produced the happiest results, and stored up a revenue of grateful affection for the good women who have practised it, which lasted until their extreme old age.

There is another task which may well be undertaken by the feminine diocesan. It is that of occasionally visiting the bedside of those sick and bed-ridden women, who have no one to amuse and solace them, and pass weary days alone in their chambers, saying, as the slow, monotonous hours roll on, “Would to God it were evening!” What hours of distress and exhaustion would be relieved and beguiled by this simple expedient, and how many a saddened spirit be borne in pleasantness along a period of time which must otherwise be passed in almost unmitigated misery!

Without stopping to dwell at length upon similar works of mercy, which may be habitually performed by good women, with only a slight expenditure of labour, and still less of money, which lose nothing of their sacredness by being connected with what is sordid and mercenary, let us rather encourage our daughters and sisters by alluding to the rich reward which will attend them. Lifted into a more ethereal region of thought and emotion, they will act towards all with greater consideration and tenderness; while their displays of “simple goodness” will kindle in many a breast the corresponding flame of “simple gratitude.” Their work will be felt, alike in its origin, its aims, and its effects, to rise above the technical and artificial arrangements which spoil, in the estimation of the needy recipients, so much of our public charity—which neutralize the moral benefits of our alms, and dash with a flavour of wormwood the cup of cold water which we profess to give in the name of the Lord. There will be a smile of friendship and hearty sympathy in the gift which will double the value of the bestowal; while every impression such good women receive of the want and wretchedness around them will be like voices from unseen angels, calling on them to be more thankful to God and man for the manifold and varied mercies which they themselves enjoy. And supposing that in many cases they receive no credit
for their diligence in doing good, and their si-
len, unobtrusive liberalites—that they must of-
ten be prepared to meet the full blast of cold and
heartless ingratitude—what else has been the re-
turn made to the Author of every good and per-
fet gift, who, nevertheless, causes his great sun,
the image and type of himself, to shine upon the
evil and the good, and his refreshing rain, the
symbol of his renewing Spirit, to come down un-
pon the just and the unjust? At any rate, when
godly women are treated with heartless-
ness by the people whom they study to bless
and improve, those terrible syllables cannot
apply to them: "Verily, verily, I say unto you,
she hath her reward!" They will learn some
useful lessons; they will gain some healthy dis-
pline even in the worst encounter with imposi-
tion and worthlessness. But depend upon it,
if they go forth in a simple and true spirit,
braced to their task by the imitation of Christ
and leaning upon the arm of the All-powerful
for help and guidance, they shall have their re-
ward—"they shall have it in the inward appla-
sue of a good conscience, and in the revealed
smile of their redeeming and all-seeing God! And
in that day, which to all is swiftly coming, and
to some even now may be in the very point of
dawn, when they must meet their Maker and
their Judge face to face, and when their hearts,
nursed in softness, might well fear and quake,
they shall hear—O tones of unutterable joy! O
rapture almost insupportable! O foretaste of
the far more exceeding weight of glory!—they
shall hear the voice of Him who wept over the
daughters of Jerusalem, who nursed little
children, who raised the only son of his mother
(and she was a widow) who went about doing
good—"they shall hear the voice of Him who sits
throned midst the central splendours of
the universe, speaking to each one, unknown,
retiring individual though she may be, and saying,
"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least," the very
least, "of these my brethren, ye did it unto
me!"

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

My Dear C.—

The prospect of Peace has at length given
wing to the Parisians, and all Paris is now on
the coast, displaying their charms—male and
female—in costumes more or less eccentric,
while the cholera is quietly carrying off its
victims without our papers mentioning its exis-
tence in the Capital. They tell us daily how
many cases London has to deplore; but not a
word of Paris, for fear of frightening us; and
were it not for the indiscretion of the doctors
in the hospitals, and deaths that happen under
our eyes, we should pass our time in perfect
security, deeming the enemy far away. Gover-
ment treats us like so many children. I scarcely
know whether it be wise or not: for my own
part I prefer a knowledge of the state of things.

The Empress has sent a medal, accompanied
with a letter, written by her Majesty to Madame
Cornuau, the Prefet's wife, at Amiens, for her
conduct during the terrible epidemic in that
town. On the medal is engraved:

"L'Impératrice Eugénie à Madame Cornuau, épi-
démie cholérique d'Amiens, 1866."

—a glorious heirloom for a family.

The Emperor's fête, which until now has
always gone off so gaily and without accident,
has filled us with consternation this year. They
say that nine poor creatures were trampled
to death on the bridge of the Place de la
Concorde, after the fireworks, besides several
wounded. No one can tell the cause of so
terrible a rush, though I feel sure that it
originated with the bands of young men who,
whenever there is a crowd in Paris, amuse them-
theselves by forming a compact body, and
then rushing through the multitude without
mercy, screaming and howling in the ears of the
people like so many wild animals, and consider-
ing it great fun to be thus able to frighten the
quiet citizens of the metropolis. Nothing can
describe the scene on the 15th: it was heart-
rending to hear the poor victims, and be so
near them, without being able to get to their aid.
One woman was seen leaning on the parapet of
the bridge, and running along it without falling;
but we are very much afraid that others may
have tried the same method of escape without
being so fortunate, and that the Seine may show
us other victims. After the bridge was cleared
shoes, caps, hats, bits of coats, dresses, and
shawls were found scattered about the ground
in all directions; and a troop of boys had the
heart, after so awful a catastrophe, to parade a
crinoline found there about the streets—"Cet
âge est sans pitié," says Lafontaine, and it is
very true.

Blondin had asked to be allowed to walk
across the Place de la Concorde, as far as the
Madeleine, on a rope: but the authorities, with
good sense, prohibited so dangerous an exploit;
and well it was they did so. With such a concourse
of people gazing in the air, what might have
happened! There seems, indeed, to have been
Our Paris Correspondent.

a fatality this year; for the fête, not only in Paris but also at Dieppe, ended by a cry of distress. At the Casino in the latter fashionable watering-place it was announced that Lucifer would appear in the middle of Hell; that is, that an invulnerable man would pass through a fire.

The Casino was crowded, and the man accomplished his perilous feat amidst the delirious bravos of the spectators, who vociferated “Bis! bis!” (Encore, encore); the silly fellow repeated the scene, but, one knows not why, lost his presence of mind and fell into the middle of the flames, which soon began to suffocate him; happily the firemen were there, and rushing on the burning pile snatched the victim from impending death, though not until after he was severely burnt. All this is very lugubrious you will think, and requires something in the sequel to enliven it. Patience!

The Saint Napoleon in the small village on the coast of Normandy, where your correspondent celebrated it, offers a joyous contrast, at least in the end, to those I have mentioned, and I beg a thousand excuses if my mise en scène appears too long. Fancy one of the most free-and-easy little villages in the world, without the least smell of fish, one long tortuous street, with houses turning their faces in every direction as to show their independence and to brave all the Haussmans at the epoch they were built. This is the little village of Ver, famous for its lace—the women’s employment while their husbands are out fishing. There are three women amongst them, who have gained each of them the medal of the different Great Exhibitions. I saw a piece of a shawl that one of them is working for the coming Exhibition—I say a piece; because all those magnificent pillow-lace shawls we see are made piece by piece, and workwomen join them together in an imperceptible manner, to form the whole. The texture of this piece of lace is beautiful beyond description; it will be worth about two hundred guineas when finished, and I fear will make many a feminine heart ache. Pass straight through the village and you are in the country again, and very much surprised to see the wide expanse of the ocean rolling at a short distance before you. After two or three minutes’ walk you are on the beach, at the edge of which are built two small houses facing the sea. One was constructed by a rich landowner in the neighbouring department, to receive his family for two months’ sea-bathing. The other is the château of a Parisian wine-merchant, whose pretensions are to become esquire of the village, and who therefore does everything to ensure popularity. He pays the fishermen double what they ask for their fish; goes out with them fishing, for which he pays very dear; chases and jokes with them on all occasions; pays half a franc more than the other inhabitants for everything he buys and everyone he employs; goes to mass regularly every Sunday; has made the curé a present of a “saint sacrament” (the box in the form of a star, in which the Host is exposed on the altar to the veneration of the believers); has the scut of honour in the church; is called the rich Monsieur ** **; and I hope is happy. This gentleman illuminated on the 15th—that is to say, he hung about a dozen paper-lamps before his house, hoisted the national flag, and fired his gun at intervals. All the village came to see the sight: never had anything grand been seen before; and nothing could be more amusing than the observations of the good folks as they crowded round the door of the exulting wine-merchant—whose cellar, however, remained closed, although several hints were thrown out to him by the thrifty in the multitude; and really, considering their singing and shouting, I should think that a glass of wine or cider would have been acceptable, particularly after the bonfire, which ended the fête, and was the prettiest part of the performance, for it was now high water. A large pile of tar-barrels, &c., was placed near the foaming waves, but far enough off for the young men and maidens to dance round it in a ring, their merry voices mingling with the noise of the billows. This scene was really very pretty. The flames lighted up the beach at a long distance, reflecting in the water now crimson, now silvery tints, and spreading a fairy-like appearance on the animated multitude, which contrasted with the solitudes of the country and sea, beyond the glare of the bonfire. It was novel to one who had only witnessed for years the artistic display of illumination in Paris: and, as the gay throng left the shore to gain their respective homes as soon as the flames died out, and I stood under the verandah of one of the new houses I have mentioned, listening to the gradually sinking din of the songs of the country, I could not help preferring wild nature to art. But now for a little more Paris news.

There is nothing new in the theatrical world. Verdi, they say, is preparing a new opera, of which I forget the name, and Mdlle. Patti is studying to dethrone the celebrated fa Mdlle. Nilsson in “La Flèite Enchantée,” by la higher in the gamut: may she succeed, though methinks that Mdlle. Nilsson’s fa is shrill enough.

The City of Paris has just purchased the Hôtel Carnavalet, the residence of Madame de Sevigné, and where for twenty years she held her court. It is situated in the rue Culture Sainte Catherine, and is decorated by several statues of Jean Goujon, besides possessing other artistic qualities worthy of its future destination as Museum of the City of Paris. It seems that this hotel is well known on your side of the water, and that English visitors make frequent pilgrimages to it to get a glimpse of the room in which Madame de Sevigné wrote her celebrated letters. So enthusiastic, indeed, are some, that nothing can prevent them satisfying their curiosity: “thus,” says a French paper, “a lady not being able to have the key of the room had a ladder placed outside, and mounted it for a peep into the sanctuary.”

It is said that you are going to turn frog-
Mems of the Month.

Certain gourmets intend to organize a series of dinners next winter, which are to surpass all the world has ever seen. Each dish is to be prepared by the cook that most excels in the dressing of that dish: so that if there be twelve dishes there will be twelve cooks. We progress, you see. The laying of the Transatlantic Cable is perhaps a subject more worthy one's enthusiasm; and I must acknowledge that its success has been a theme of admiration in all our papers; but Monsieur Babinet, who cannot admit its durability, has awarded only two months' life to it. Monsieur Babinet thus decrees it.—With kind compliments, your truly,

S. A.

MEMS OF THE MONTH.

The prorogation of Parliament has happily put an end to the dreary talk-talk of the session, and members are away pursuing far more congenial avocations in healthy sport—Partridges versus Politics. Now is the season for the publication of correspondence of a varied nature to fill up the requisite space in the newspapers: now or never may some fortunate author, possessing influence in Printing-house Square, be reviewed at considerable length in the columns of the leading journal; now may the "snobs" in the Park have it all their own way, so far as the "nobs" are concerned, the "row" being all but deserted. "My Lord Dundreary" is salmon-fishing in Scotland; his prototypes have flown to some retired quarter, there to indulge in shooting, boating, and "all that sort of thing"; the "Star's" Flaneur informs us that he has departed. And even Your Bohemian also is looking forward to a pleasant change in his somewhat monotonous existence in the shape of a trip seaward. In the meantime affairs in general are, we are glad to think, beginning to look more encouraging. The state of the money market is improving, and we have every reason to anticipate still brighter prospects. We hear little or nothing of the rinderpest, in spite of this being the season for the voluminous correspondence before alluded to; and we are in great hopes that that other scourge, which has for so long a period been amongst us, is decreasing, and that the cholera, so fatal in its effects in the crowded, poverty-stricken, and badly-drained districts, is now less virulent, from being either attacked in the first stage of the contagion, or owing to the more fortunate discovery that "prevention is better than cure." As a preservative we have seen it stated that all the water we drink should be boiled; and it has been further suggested that we should take a fair quantity of salt with our food. It is certain that the mortality has arisen as much from what we smell as from what we eat and drink, although it has been increased by the impurity of water hitherto deemed safe for drinking purposes; and we fear there is but too much truth in a recent cartoon in "Fun," where the jester lays aside his cap and bells, and depicts "Death the dispenser" at the pump-handle. "Mrs. Brown on the Board of Health" is also in a more serious mood than is that good lady's wont. In our progress through the streets our nasal organs are powerfully reminded of the presence of a strong disinfectant, distributed through the medium of the water-carts, and the unpleasant whiffs we get are doubtless beneficial to the health of ourselves and our neighbours, though we have inhaled much more agreeable scents in our time. To turn from this mournful topic, we record with satisfaction the successful expedition of the Great Eastern, and the completion of the Atlantic Cable, the failure of which was made known this time last year. We were not in a position to confirm this gratifying news last month, though we had every reason to believe that the result would be successful. Mr. Deane's diary is now before the public, to which interesting record we may refer our readers for all details.

We learn that some good is likely to arise from the Hyde Park demonstrations, and that advantage will be taken of the demolition of the railings to widen Park-lane, down which Your Bohemian strolled, in his Bohemian capacity, on the night after the aforesaid demonstrations, braving the truncheons of the police, which had no personal application, and at the
risk, at one time, of being trampled under-foot by the Guards, who were loudly cheered on their appearance. We sauntered down Park Lane on being informed very civilly that we could not go through the park that night, and by not running with the mob we came to no harm. As far as we saw, we are of opinion that the police may have made matters worse by “running a-muck” among the crowd: though what else could they do? It was not without great provocation, since missiles were hurled at them by the roughs, who, on the Tuesday night were mercilessly chaffing those policemen who were protecting the park against intruders wherever a gap occurred. It must have been rather irritating, for instance, to be told that since they had got behind trees, the “bobbies” were all right and in their proper places. There were eye-witnesses who did not fail to come forward and speak up for the conduct of the police under the trying position in which they were placed.

We were at last fortunate not only in securing our seat by the coach to Brighton a week in advance, but also in having a fine day for our journey, considering that foul weather set in immediately afterwards. We enjoyed our ride immensely. The first relay was at Croydon, and the other changes were effectuated at Reigate (where we stopped ten minutes), Crawley, and Hickstead; and the regular coachman it appears is never certain where he may find a nobleman with his own cattle ready for a stage. It is just as it happens. The coach left the White Horse Cellar most punctually at a quarter to one, instead of one o’clock as announced, so we very nearly missed it, and we rattled into Brighton at half-past six. There is some difficulty in obtaining the box-seat, or those places immediately at the back of the driver, they being usually reserved. As we passed one cottage, some children ran out therefrom carrying a flag, on which was inscribed “Old Times for Ever!” and they flung us a nosegay. We were informed that the coach stopped at this cottage on the previous week, when all the passengers were regaled with wine, cakes, and fruit. Failing the coach on a former occasion, we went down by rail, which is certainly a contrast. We left London Bridge terminus at five minutes after four, and we were in at the Brighton Station at five minutes past five precisely, being only half-an-hour more than we took in performing the journey between Peckham Rye and Victoria the other evening! We have no doubt that many to whom time is not an object will avail themselves of the coach as an agreeable change, the only drawback to which is that they are sure to be either drenched or smothered with dust—the last being our fate; so that what we lost in City smoke we found we had gained in another way at our journey’s end.

The meeting of the British Association at Nottingham—one of the principal events of the month—has passed off with the usual éclat, under the presidency of Mr. Grove, whose address was most instructive, and will be read with interest. Professor Huxley, and several other labourers in the scientific vineyard, came out strong on this occasion.

Mears, Moxon & Co. having, on their own responsibility, withdrawn Mr. Swinburne’s “Poems and Ballads” from circulation, copies of the work are fetching considerably more than the published price, and will yet increase in value owing to their suppression. Mr. Swinburne is a contributor to the present number of the “Cornhill Magazine.” A series of slight gossiping articles, relating to the stage, and called “Behind the Scenes,” are appearing in the Evening Standard, in which we think we recognize the pen of Dr. Daran, the author of “Her Majesty’s Servants.” Unfortunately they are not published weekly or nightly, like the Flaneur or the “Readings by Starlight,” in the Star, and therefore we have missed several; but we hope they will be collected and published by themselves when completed, since they contain much to amuse and interest. Artemus Ward, it is understood, will shortly make his appearance in “Punch,” and our old friend has certainly exhibited a want of vitality of late, the illustrations, for the most part, being very senseless, and the letter-press—“Happy Thoughts,” for instance—being dull and dispiriting: Tenniel seems to be the chief prop of our facetious friend. Ross’s “Seaside Sensation,” published by Routledge, is of the catchpenny order, and is not calculated to promote either laughter or goodhumour on the investment of one shilling. We believe the London Review has attacked it, and deservedly, though it is a question if it is worth such notice.

The death of Mr. Robert Roxby is an event which will be regretted by all playgoers who collect the dynasty of Madame Vestris, at the Lyceum, with which Mr. Robert Roxby’s name was most agreeably associated; he was a great favourite as an actor and was an admirable stage-manager. It is strange that the Era, a journal usually well posted in dramatic matters, should have given but a scanty memoir of him, and did not refer to his chief successes.

It was quite refreshing the other evening, in this sensational age, to witness the excellent comedy of “The Poor Gentleman,” admirably acted at the Haymarket. We certainly never saw Mr. Rogers to so much advantage as in Humphrey Dobbins, and, with scarcely an exception the whole representation was a great treat. The centenary revival of the pantomime of “Mother Goose,” at Sadler’s Wells, has proved a hit, at this dull season, under the superintendence of Mr. Tom Matthews, who was in the original cast with Grimaldi, and who was called before the curtain as a reward for his able reproduction of the scenes in the old style.

The revival of “Mrs. Brown at the Play” has been attended with great success, and Mr. Arthur Sketchley’s snug little auditorium at the Egyptian Hall is well filled. Mr. Alfred Melson’s concerts are nightly increasing in public
favour, and Master Bonnay, on the Xylophone, is always recalled. His rivals are starting up at the Music Halls, so that he will have much to answer for in the way of popularizing that absurd instrument, of which we may have too much.

And now we are off for our annual holiday, away from the wear and tear of town life. You may expect, therefore, to receive some disjointed doggerel as an apology for news when next you hear from your Bohemian.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MAMMA'S RETURN.

BY M. C.

A cry of "Mamma! mamma! Ida! Ethel!" was heard from the nursery, the moment a carriage was seen driving towards the Parsonage of Merton Leigh. Emmie almost flew down-stairs, and was rewarded by having the first embrace, and a promise from her mamma that she might "sit up" on this special occasion. At which permission Tom gave his sisters a very significant look, which seemed to imply that he could, if he liked, tell them a secret about this matter. Such a thorough tease was this boy that to put his sister "in a fuss," and then declare "it was nothing to make such a fuss about," was a thing he dearly delighted in, and he would give such a shout of joy as fairly to make the poor little Emmie shake in her shoes with fright; for she was a gentle child, and couldn't understand her clever brother's tricks and fun; but she loved him dearly for all that, and sometimes people would say, "Tom quite spoils you, doesn't he?""

"He loves me, but he doesn't spoil me, he only brings me lots of 'goodies'," Emmie would answer.

"Where is your Papa, Tom?" asked Mrs. Pemberton.

"Somebody came to say old Warner was dying, and wished to see him, so we were not to wait tea."

Ida and Ethel both thought it wouldn't be at all nice without Papa—in fact, they said they would rather not have any; so they went away to take off their things, and in a few minutes they heard their Papa's footsteps in the hall. In a few seconds more they were clasped in his arms, and then they all entered the library together. The girls were nearly the same height, but very different in appearance and disposition. Ida was tall and slim, perhaps rather awkward in her gait; she had soft, dark-blue eyes, with long lashes. Ethel was very fair, with beautiful auburn hair. Then came Tom, the pride of the family. Little Emmie was between six and seven years of age: she was a flaxen-haired, winsome, gentle, and loveable child.

"How odd it seems!" said Tom; "we've been expecting you ever so long, and now you are come we hardly know what to say, there's such a lot to tell."

"Tom has six little rabbits."

"I knew you couldn't keep it. Now I shall tell something else," said Tom; "for I wanted to surprise Ethel."

Emmie was sitting on a little stool at her mamma's feet, and, thinking her brother was cross, the poor child began to cry, which only made him more determined to disclose her secret.

"Em has been sitting up until eight o'clock with us in the library, and she's getting awfully clever, and asks such odd questions. Papa calls us Dombey and Florence, and, as I can't think what he means, I am going to read 'Little Dombey,' as soon as I can get it from the library."

"How nice it is to be at home again!" said Ethel. "It's very pleasant to be going about to different places, in the holidays; but I am always thankful to be back at the dear old place."

"There's no place like home, after all," said Mrs. Pemberton. "I think the girls have had a very happy visit; and now I hope they will make up their minds to work well at their lessons."


"Which means that you think it empty," and she drew from her pocket a tiny little clasps-book, and exhibited page after page with pencillings by the way. No one was allowed a close inspection, and it went back to its old home apparently much cared for by its owner.

"Aunt Ida thought this idea of Papa's so good, that she has given Esther and Louisa such dear little blue-books, with small gold pencils, that they may put down any thing they don't understand when reading to themselves, only she says she's afraid she shall often want Papa there to give explanations."

"I think if Esther and Louisa don't care about reading any more than you do, Ethel, it would take seven years to fill up the pages. Why, I would read a dozen books whilst you were getting through one."
"It is not the number of books you read, my boy, that will make you a clever or a good man, but the influence they may leave on your mind and heart; and that is the reason why you are not to read all sorts of rubbish that you sometimes ask me to buy for you. Under the most favourable circumstances of life there is comparatively little time to give to books; so that whilst I like you to read what is amusing, I should not like your hours thrown away entirely on what is merely entertaining.

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THE VAIN LITTLE PITCHER.

BY MISS L. A. BEALE.

The table was spread for tea, waiting the return of the master. The heavy curtains were closely drawn. The bright coal fire threw a ruddy glow over the room, reflecting brightest on the Tea-pot that was singing in a low tone her evening song. The Urn stood close beside her, with his usual silent devotion, which said as plain as words, "Let us never part, beloved," and listened, enraptured, to the faint murmur of her song.

Now would I trace the influence of the Tea-pot. There was a magic in her very breath; it banished gloom and discord, and from her presence pain and weariness fled away. However dreary the night without, with tempest, and frost, and snow, she was ever the same genial, fragrant, warm-hearted Tea-pot, diffusing warmth and cheer.

Everyone loved her and sought her with eagerness; so who could blame the Urn for his constant and ardent attachment?

But even among the harmonious members of a tea-table strife and jealousies will sometimes arise, which neither music nor fragrance can banish. Who would have thought that the delicate little Cream-pitcher, with her dainty lip and slender handle—a real Sevres chина—could harbour sourness or bitterness within her beautiful form?

My grandmother once told me that the loveliest forms and faces did not always cover the purest heart. Perhaps it was so with the Cream-pitcher. She was a gossiping little busybody, and was sure to hear all that was said within her hearing. She even became a by-word—you have often heard it said that "little pitchers have great ears;" and I have no doubt it was this self-same little pitcher that gave rise to that saying.

Upon this particular evening she had been placed near the Butter-plate, which was also of Sevres china, and she turned to gossip with her.

"So we have met again, my dear Butter-plate. It gives me so much pleasure to meet with friends as refined and intelligent as yourself."

"You flatter me, indeed!" said the Butter-plate, with a pleased look; for she was more modest and quiet in her ways than the Pitcher, and had never set herself up so high in the world.

"Not at all," simpered the Pitcher. "You know there is not a dish on the table I ever think of speaking with except you and those charming Cups and Saucers. Pray, have you made their acquaintance? I think they really belong to our set."

"I do not feel at all acquainted with them, for I have only met with them occasionally, in the cupboard and wash-pan; they seldom come round my way."

"They are noisy creatures, and very free with strangers; but they are quite genteel, and must feel hurt at being thrown so much in the way of those metal things on the tray there. Oh, yes; there is the Sugar-bowl. Isn't he splendid! though I dare say you have not spoken with him, you are so still and timid. I must tell you a secret—don't breathe it, for I would not mention it to anyone else for the world—the Sugar-bowl tries to make himself quite agreeable to me; well, I might say, in fact, very sweet."

"Ah! Allow me to congratulate you," said the Butter-plate, in a faint voice, although she felt very far from being pleased at the information; for, to tell the truth, she had spoken with the Sugar-bowl many times in the dim silence of the china-closet, and listened to his sweet flatteries till she too had learned to love the Urn like her, and wonder she felt sad, to learn the Sugar-bowl was such a flirt. But the Pitcher did not know her thoughts, for the countenance of the Butter-plate never changed; so she went on,

"I was a little jealous of the Cups at one time, they claimed so much of his attention; but as soon as he can get away from them, he always comes back to me, and last night he told me to plain words that he could not live without me; and so— But you can guess the rest."

"Certainly—to be sure; it's very nice indeed," said the poor Butter-plate.

"I'm glad it happened so; it will take down that odious Tea-pot with her exquisite airs, and that low-born Urn beside her. He tried to show me some attention when I first came; I saw him looking at me two or three times, but I soon taught him that Sevres china could keep better company than electroplated Urns, and he will find it so now. How can you endure them?"

"Why, for my part, I always thought them very nice, respectable people. Don't you think the Tea-pot sings beautifully?"

That everlasting singing! That's just what makes me hate her so! She makes such a display and tries to attract so much attention. Such airs as she puts on if any one says, 'Hear the Tea-pot sing.' If there's one thing I hate more than another, it is vanity."

"I never thought her vain."

"Didn't you? She is the vainest creature alive. She tries to pass for silver, the artful thing! but she can't cheat me. I can tell plated things as far as I can see it. I suppose the Urn thinks she is silver, though; and the poor deluded fellow thinks he is going to marry a
fortune! I heard him say to her to-night, as she stopped singing for a moment, "Sing on, my little silver darling!" And at it she went again, louder than ever. Such ridiculous nonsense!"

"I always thought she was silver."

The maid set the Sugar-bowl upon the table, and the Pitcher put on her most captivating looks.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Sugar-bowl; you're just in time," she said, blushing rosily (or was it the reflection of the maid's scarlet apron?) "Would you believe it? This dear, simple little Butter-plate actually thought the Tea-pot was silver. Did you ever hear anything so absurd?"

"Indeed, no!" said the Sugar-bowl, with the most grandiose air. "I really gave you credit for more good sense, Miss Butter-plate. She's nothing but Nickle, as well as that top of an Urn who hangs around her so. For my own part I think it a shameful insult for us to be compelled to associate with such vulgar people."

"But, well," stammered the Butter-plate, "you know I have only seen her at a distance; and she looked so bright!"

"All is not gold that glitters," sagely observed the Sugar-bowl.

"Oh, I didn't think she was gold at all," innocently responded the Butter-plate—"only silver!"

"If she was only plain china I could endure her; but Nickle—pah!" said the Pitcher, with a look and tone that must have soured all the cream within her dainty form.

Here the door opened, and the family entered. They were a pleasant group—the master and mistress, two children, and a visitor (the master's niece), a beautiful young lady, who had just arrived. The garrulous little Pitcher was mute as the Butter-plate, and listened eagerly for every word that was uttered, while the Sugar-bowl looked as though he could not speak if he tried. All were silent but the Tea-pot, who still murmured her musical song.

"Only hear the tea-pot sing!" merrily cried the niece, drawing up her soft silk garments as she sat down to the table. "How I like her music!"

"Yes, indeed," said her uncle. "That's the music when you're cold and hungry—better than all the harps and organs in the world. Fill up my cup, dear" (to his wife).

"Why Bridget, the cream is sour!" exclaimed the mistress. "You must do better than this. Bring some more."

"Indade, mem, the room was so warrum, and the tay was late; an' sure it was swate when I brought it on, mem," responded she of the scarlet apron, as she went for new cream.

"Is the tea-pot silver? It is very beautiful indeed, said the niece, admiringly.

"Yes, pure and massive," replied her uncle. "I brought it from Peru when I was there last. That and the Urn cost me quite a little fortune. I have tried several times to get a cream-jug and sugar-dish to match, but could never find anything nice enough till to-day. I sent home some very fine ones. Bridget, put the sugar and cream into the silver, to-morrow."

"How very nice that will be!" said the young lady. "I do admire a silver tea-service so much!"

The Cream-pitcher and Sugar-bowl listened in mute dismay. Their day of pomp and pride was over. They thought of the dismal future, shut up forever in the depths of a dark closet, away from all society, never to hear the voice of the once-despised Tea-pot, or to join again in the cheerful festivities of the tea-table.

"They are both silver, then?" exclaimed the Butter-plate, when the family group had withdrawn. "Who would have thought it? They must be worth a deal of money—more than all the rest of us together, I daresay."

"I wish I were dead!" moaned the Pitcher, at the prospect of her future banishment; yet the thought that she would have her sweet Sugar-bowl to share her loneliness still kept her from despair. But even this solace was soon denied her; for the Sugar-bowl rudely cried—

"You always were the most conceited little minx I ever saw in my life. I wish you were dead too!"

Upon this the vain little heart of the Pitcher broke with grief. She slipped from the fingers of the maid, and hitting the sugar-bowl they both fell on the marble-hearth and shattered to fragments. They were then thrown into the gutter, but were afterwards rescued by some ragged little children, and now adorn the rude table of three dirty rag babies, in the wretched hut of a poor coalheaver.

"What a sad fate!" sighed the gentle Tea-pot to her companion, as they stood together on the tray in the cupboard. "That pretty pitcher, so young and beautiful!"

"But so vain!" said the Urn. "She even thought I loved her, my dear; and I once heard her say you were only pewter, and not fit for her to associate with!"

"Poor thing! It reminds me of something I heard the master read last Sabbath. Don't you remember? 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'"
THE STATESMANSHIP OF RICHELIEU.

Thus far the struggles of the world have developed its statesmanship after three leading types.

First of these is that based on faith in some great militant principle. Strong among statesmen of this type, we may place Count Cavour, with his faith in constitutional liberty; Cobden, with his faith in freedom of trade; the third Napoleon, with his faith that the world moves, and that a successful policy must keep the world's pace.

The second style of statesmanship is seen in the reorganization of old States to fit new times. In this the chiefs are such men as Cranmer and Turgot.

But there is a third class of statesmen, sometimes doing more brilliant work than either of the others. These are they who serve a State in times of dire chaos—in times when a nation is by no means ripe for revolution, but only stung by desperate revolt: these are they who are quick enough and firm enough to bind all the good forces of the State into one cosmic force, therewith to compress or crush all chaotic forces: these are they who throttle treason and stab rebellion, who fear not, when defeat must send down misery through ages, to ensure victory by using weapons of the hottest and sharpest; and its representative man shall be Richelieu.

Never, perhaps, did a nation plunge more suddenly from the height of prosperity into the depth of misery than did France on that fourteenth of May, 1610, when Henry IV. fell dead by the dagger of Ravaillac. All earnest men, in a moment, saw the abyss yawning; felt the State sinking; felt themselves sinking with it. And they did what, in such a time, men always do: first all shrieked, then every man clutched at the means of safety nearest him. Sully rode through the streets of Paris with big tears streaming down his face; strong men, whose hearts had been toughened andtrusted in the dreadfl religious wars, sobbed like children; all the populace swarmed abroad bewildered, many swooned, some went mad. This was the first phase of feeling.

Then came a second phase yet more terrible. For now burst forth that old whirlwind of anarchy and bigotry and selfishness and terror which Henry had buried during twenty years. All earnest men felt bound to protect themselves, and seized the nearest means of defence. Sully shut himself up in the Bastille, and sent orders to his son-in-law, the Duke of Rohan, to bring in six thousand soldiers to protect the Protestants. All unearnest men, especially the great nobles, rushed to the Court, determined now that the only guardians of the State were a weak-minded woman and a weak-bodied child, so dip deep into the treasury which Henry had filled to develop the nation, and to wrench away the power which he had built to guard the nation.

In order to make ready for this grasp at the State treasure and power by the nobles, the Duke of Epernon, from the corpse of the King, by whose side he was sitting when Ravaillac struck him, strides into the Parliament of Paris, and orders it to declare Queen Mary of Medici Regent; and when this Parisian Court, knowing full well that it had no right to confer the Regency, hesitated, he laid his hand on his sword, and declared that, unless they did his bidding at once, his sword should be drawn from its scabbard. This threat did its work. Within three hours after the King's death the Paris Parliament, which had no right to give it, bestowed the regency on a woman who had no capacity to take it.

At first things seemed to brighten a little. The Queen-Regent sent such urgent messages to Sully, that he left his stronghold of the Bastille and went to the palace. She declared to him, in the presence of the assembled Court, that he must govern France still. With tears she gave the young King into his arms, telling Louis that Sully was his father's best friend, and bidding him pray the old statesmen to serve the State yet longer.

But soon this good scene changed. Mary had a foster-sister, Leonora Galligai, and Leonora was married to an Italian adventurer, Concini. These seemed a poor couple, worthless and shiftless, their only stock-in-trade Leonora's Italian cunning; but this stock soon came to be of vast account, for thereby she soon managed to bind and rule the Queen Regent—managed to drive Sully into retirement in less than a year—managed to make herself and her husband the great dispensers at Court of place and pelf. Penniless though Concini had been, he was in a few months able to buy the Marquisate of Ancre, which cost him nearly half a million livres; and, soon after, the post of First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, and that cost him nearly a quarter of a million; and, soon after that, a multitude of broad estates and high offices at immense prices. Leonora, also, was not idle, and among her many gains was a bribe of three hundred thousand livres to screen certain financiers under trial for fraud.

Next came the turn of the great nobles. For ages the nobility of France had been the worst among her many afflictions. From age to age attempts had been made to curb them. In the fifteenth century Charles VII. had done much to undermine their power, and Louis XI. had done much to crush it. But strong as was the policy of Charles, and cunning as was the policy of Louis, they had made one omission, and that
omission left France, though advanced, miserable. For these monarchs had not cut the root of the evil. The French nobility continued practically a serf-holding nobility.

Despite, then, the curb put upon many old pretensions of the nobles, the serf-owning spirit continued to spread a net-work of curses over every arm of the French government, over every acre of the French soil, and, worst of all, over the hearts and minds of the French people. Enterprise was deadened, invention crippled. Honesty was nothing, gentility everything. Life was of little value. Labour was the badge of servility, laziness the very badge and passport of gentility. The serf-owning spirit was an iron wall between noble and not noble— the only unyielding wall between France and prosperous peace.

But the serf-owning spirit begat another evil far more terrible: it begat a substitute for patriotism, a substitute which crushed out patriotism just at the very emergencies when patriotism was most needed. For the first question which, in any State emergency sprang into the mind of a French noble, was not, How does this affect the welfare of the nation? but, How does this affect the position of my order? The serf-owning spirit developed in the French aristocracy an insatiable which led them, in national troubles, to guard the serf-owning class first and the nation afterward, and to acknowledge fealty to the serf-owning interest first, and to the national interest afterward.

So it proved in that emergency at the death of Henry. Instead of planting themselves as a firm bulwark between the State and harm, the Duke of Epernon, the Prince of Condé, the Count of Soissons, the Duke of Guise, the Duke of Bouillon, and many others, wheedled or threatened the Queen into granting pensions of such immense amount that the great treasury filled by Henry and Sully with such noble sacrifices and to such noble ends was soon nearly empty.

But as soon as the treasury began to run low the nobles began a worse work. Mary had thought to buy their loyalty; but when they had gained such treasures, their ideas mounted higher. A saying of one among them became their formula, and became noted—"The day of Kings is past: now is come the day of the Grandees."

Every great noble now tried to grasp some strong fortress or rich city. One fact will show the spirit of many. The Duke of Epernon had served Henry as Governor of Metz, and Metz was the most important fortified town in France; therefore Henry, while allowing D'Epernon the honour of the governorship, had always kept a Royal Lieutenant in the citadel, who corresponded directly with the Ministry. But, on the very day of the King's death, D'Epernon despatched commands to his own creatures at Metz to seize the citadel, and to hold it for him against all other orders.

But at last even Mary had to refuse to lavish more of the national treasure and to shred more of the national territory among these magnates. Then came their rebellion.

Immediately Condé and several great nobles issued a proclamation denouncing the tyranny and extravagance of the Court, calling on the Catholics to rise against the Regent in behalf of their religion, calling on the Protestants to rise on behalf of theirs, summoning the whole people to rise against the waste of their State treasure.

It was all a glorious joke. To call on the Protestants was wondrous impudence, for Condé had left their faith, and had persecuted them; to call on the Catholics was not less impudent, for he had betrayed their cause scores of times; but to call on the whole people to rise in defence of their treasury was impudence sublime, for no man had besieged the treasury more persistently, no man had dipped into it more deeply, than Condé himself. The people saw this, and would not stir. Condé could rally only a few great nobles and their retainers; and therefore, as a last tremendous blow at the Court, he and his followers raised the cry that the Regent must convocate the States-General.

Any who have read much in the history of France, and especially in the history of the French Revolution, know, in part, how terrible this cry was. By the Court, and by the great privileged classes of France, this great assembly of the three estates of the realm was looked upon as the last resort amid direst calamities. For at its summons came stalking forth from the foul past the long train of Titanic abuses and Satanic wrongs; then came surging up from the seething present the great hoarse cry of the people; then loomed up, dim in the distance, vast shadowy ideas of new truth and new right; and at the bare hint of these, all that was proud in France trembled. This cry for the States-General, then, brought the Regent to terms at once, and, instead of acting vigorously, she betook herself to her old vicious fashion of compromising, buying off the rebels at prices more enormous than ever. By her treaty of Saint-Méenchould, Condé received half a million of livres, and his followers received payments proportionate to the evil they had done.

But this compromise succeeded no better than previous compromises. Even if the nobles had wished to remain quiet they could not. Their leadership over a servile class made them independent of all ordinary labour and of all care arising from labour; some exercise of mind and body they must have; Condé soon took this needed exercise by attempting to seize the city of Poitiers, and, when the burgesses were too strong for him, by ravaging the neighbouring country. The other nobles broke the compromise in ways wonderfully numerous and ingenious. France was again filled with misery.

Dull as Regent Mary was, she now saw that she must call that dreaded States-General, or lose not only the nobles, but the people: undecided as she was, she soon saw that she must do it at once—that if she delayed it her great
nobles would raise the cry for it again and again, just as often as they wished to extort office or money. Accordingly, on the 14th of October, 1614, she summoned the deputies of the three estates to Paris; and then the storm set in. Each of the three orders presented its "portfolio of grievances" and its programme of reforms. It might seem, to one who has not noted closely the spirit which serf-mastering thrusts into a man, that the nobles would appear in the States-General not to make complaints, but to answer complaints. So it was not. The noble order, with due form, entered complaint that theirs was the injured order. They asked relief from familiarities and assumptions of equality on the part of the people. Said the Baron de Senece, It is a great piece of insolence to pretend to establish any sort of equality between the people and the nobility." Other nobles declared, "There is between them and us as much difference as between master and lacquey." To match these complaints and theories, the nobles made demands—demands that共同体 should not be allowed to keep fire-arms, nor to possess dogs, unless the dogs were ham-strung, nor to clothe themselves like the nobles, nor to clothe their wives like the wives of nobles, nor to wear velvet or satin under a penalty of five thousand livres. And, preposterous as such claims may seem to us, they carried them into practice. A deputy of the Third Estate having been severely beaten by a noble, his demands for redress were treated as absurd. One of the orators of the lower order having spoken of the French as forming one great family in which the nobles were the elder brothers and the commoners the younger, the nobles made a formal complaint to the King, charging the Third Estate with insolence insufferable.

Next came the complaints and demands of the clergy. They insisted on the adoption in France of the Decrees of the Council of Trent, and the destruction of the liberties of the Gallican Church. But far stronger than these came the voice of the people. First spoke Montaigne, denouncing the grasping spirit of the nobles. Then spoke Savaron, stinging them with sarcasm, torturing them with rhetoric, crushing them with statements of facts.

But chief among the speakers was the President of the Third Estate, Robert Miron, Provost of the Merchants of Paris. His speech, though spoken across the great abyss of time and space and thought and custom which separates him from us, warms a true man's heart even now. With touching fidelity he pictured the sad life of the lower orders—their thankless toil, their constant misery; then, with a sturdiness which awes us, he arraigned, first, royalty for its crushing taxation; next, the whole upper class for its oppressions; and then, daring death, he thus launched into popular thought an idea:—

"It is nothing less than a miracle that the people are able to answer so many demands. On the labour of their hands depends the maintenance of your Majesty, of the clergy, of the nobility, of the commons. What without their exertions would be the value of the tithes and great possessions of the church, of the splendid estates of the nobility, or of our own house-rents and inheritances? With their bones scarcely skinned over, your wretched people present themselves before you, beaten down and helpless, with the aspect rather of death itself than of living men, imploring your succour in the name of Him who has appointed you to reign over them; who made you a man, that you might be merciful to other men, and who made you the father of your subjects, that you might be compassionate to these your helpless children. If your Majesty shall not take means for that end, I fear lest despair should teach the sufferers that a soldier is, after all, nothing more than a peasant bearing arms; and lest, when the vine-dresser shall have taken up his ax review, he shall cease to become an ax only that he may become a hammer."

After this the Third Estate demanded the convocation of a general assembly every ten years, a more just distribution of taxes, equality of all before the law, the suppression of interior custom-houses, the abolition of sundry sanc-
cures held by nobles, the forbidding to leading nobles of unauthorized levies of soldiery, some stipulations regarding the working clergy and the non-residence of bishops; and in the midst of all these demands, as a golden grain amid husks, they placed a demand for the emancipation of the serfs.

But these demands were sneered at. The idea of the natural equality in rights of all men; the idea of the personal worth of every man; the idea that rough-clad workers have prerogatives which can be whipped out by no smooth-clad idlees—these ideas were as far beyond serf-
owners of those days as they are beyond slave-
owners of these days. Nothing was done.

Augustin Thierry is authority for the statement that the clergy were willing to yield something: the nobles would yield nothing: the different orders quarrelled; until one March morning in 1615, on going to their hall, they were barred out and told that the workmen were fitting the place for a Court hall. And so the deputies separated—to all appearance no new work done, no new ideas enforced, no strong men set loose.

So it was in seeming—so it was not in reality. Something had been done. That assembly planted ideas in the French mind which struck more and more deeply, and spread more and more widely, until, after a century and a half, the Third Estate met again, and refused to present petitions kneeling; and when king and nobles put on their hats, the commons put on theirs; and when that old brilliant stroke was again made, and the hall was closed and filled with busy carpenters and upholsterers, the de-
puties of the people swore that great tennis-
court oath which blasted French tyranny.

But something great was done immediately; to that suffering nation a great man was revealed. For, when the clergy pressed their requests,
they chose as their orator a young man only twenty-nine years of age, the Bishop of Luçon, Armand Jean du Plessis de Richelieu.

He spoke well. His thoughts were clear, his words pointed, his bearing firm. He had been bred a soldier, and so had strengthened his will; afterwards he had been made a scholar, and so had strengthened his mind. He grappled with the problems given him in that stormy assembly with such force that he seemed about to do something; but just then came that day of the Court ball, and Richelieu turned away like the rest.

But men had seen him and heard him. Forget him they could not. From that tremendous farce, then, France had gained directly one thing at least, and that was a sight of Richelieu.

The year after, the States-General wore away in the old vile fashion. Condé revolted again, and this time he managed to scare the Protestants into revolt with him. The doring of the nobles was greater than ever. They even attacked the young King’s train as he journeyed to Bordeaux, and another compromise had to be weary built in the Treaty of Louvain. By this Condé was again bought off, but this time only by a bribe of a million and a half of livres. The other nobles were also paid enormously, and, on making a reckoning, it was found that this compromise had cost the King four millions, and the country twenty millions. The nation had also to give into the hands of the nobles some of its richest cities and strongest fortresses.

Immediately after this compromise, Condé returned to Paris, loud, strong, jubilant, defiant, bearing himself like a king. Soon he and his revolted again; but just at that moment Concini happened to remember Richelieu. The young bishop was called and set to work.

Richelieu grasped the rebellion at once. In broad daylight he seized Condé and shut him up in the Bastille; other noble leaders he declared guilty of treason, and degraded them; he set forth the crimes and follies of the nobles in a manifesto which stung their cause to death in a moment; he published his policy in a proclamation which ran through France like fire, warming all hearts of patriots, withering all hearts of rebels; he sent out three great armies: one northward to grasp Picardy, one eastward to grasp Champagne, one southward to grasp Berri. There is a man who can do something! The nobles yield in a moment: they must yield.

But, just at this moment, when a better day seemed to dawn, came an event which threw France back into anarchy, and Richelieu out into the world again.

The young King, Louis XIII., was now sixteen years old. His mother the Regent and her favourite Concini had carefully kept him down. Under their treatment he had grown morose and seemingly stupid; but he had wit enough to understand the policy of his mother and Concini, and strength enough to hate them for it.

The only human being to whom Louis showed any love was a young falconer, Albert de Luynes—and with de Luynes he conspired against his mother’s power and her favourite’s life. On an April morning, 1617, the King and de Luynes sent a party of chosen men to seize Concini. They met him at the gate of the Louvre. As usual, he is bird-like in his utterance, snake-like in his bearing. They order him to surrender; he chirps forth his surprise, and they blow out his brains. Louis, understanding the noise, puts on his sword, appears on the balcony of the palace, is saluted with hurrahs, and becomes master of his kingdom.

Straightway measures are taken against all supposed to be attached to the Regency. Concini’s wife, the favourite Leonora, is burned as a witch; Regent Mary is sent to Blois; Richelieu is banished to his bishopric.

And now matters went from bad to worse. King Louis was no stronger than Regent Mary had been—King’s favourite Luynes was no better than Regent’s favourite Concini. The nobles rebelled against the new rule, as they had rebelled against the old. The King went through the same old extortions and humiliations.

Then came also to full development yet another vast evil. As far back as the year after Henry’s assassination, the Protestants, in terror of their enemies, now that Henry was gone and the Spaniards seemed to grow in favour, formed themselves into a great republican league—a State within the State—regularly organized in peace for political effort, and in war for military effort—with a Protestant clerical caste which ruled always with pride, and often with menace.

Against such a theocratic republic war must come sooner or later, and in 1617 the struggle began. Army was pitted against army, Protestant Duke of Rohan against Catholic Duke of Luynes. Meanwhile Austria and the foreign enemies of France, Condé and the domestic enemies of France, fished in the troubled waters, and made rich gains every day. So France plunged into sorrows ever deeper and blacker. But in 1624, Mary de Medicis, having been reconciled to her son, urged him to recall Richelieu.

The dislike which Louis bore Richelieu was strong, but the dislike he bore toward compromises had become stronger. Into his poor brain at last began to gleam the truth that a serf-mastering caste after a compromise only whines more steadily and snarls more loudly— that, at last, compromising becomes worse than fighting. Richelieu was called and set to work.

Fortunately for our studies of the great statesman’s policy, he left at his death a “Political Testament” which floods with light his steadiest aims and boldest acts. In that Testament he wrote this message:

“When your Majesty resolved to give me entrance into your councils and a great share of your confidence, I can declare with truth that the Huguenots divided the authority with your Majesty, that the great nobles acted not at all as subjects, that the governors of provinces took on themselves the airs of sovereigns, and that the foreign alliances of France were despised. I
promised your Majesty to use all my industry, and all
the authority you gave me, to ruin the Huguenot
party, to abase the pride of the high nobles, and to
raise your name among foreign nations to the place
where it ought to be."

Such were the plans of Richelieu at the outset.
Let us see how he wrought out their fulfil-
ments.

First of all, he performed daring surgery and
cautery about the very heart of the Court. In
a short time he had cut out from that living
centre of French power a number of unworthy
ministers and favourites, and replaced them by
men on whom he could rely.

Then he began his vast work. His policy em-
braced three great objects: first, the overthrow
of the Huguenot power; secondly, the sub-
jugation of the great nobles; thirdly, the de-
struction of the undue might of Austria.

First, then, after some preliminary negotia-
tions with foreign powers (to be studied hereafter),
he attacked the great politico-religious party of the
Huguenots. The two held up their great centre and
stronghold, the famous sea-port of La Rochelle.
He who but glances at the map shall see how strong this was his position: he shall see
two islands lying just off the west coast at that
point, controlled by La Rochelle, yet affording
to any foreign allies whom the Huguenots might
admit there facilities for sting France during
centuries. The position of the Huguenots
seemed impregnable. The city was well for-
tressed; garrisoned by the bravest of men;
mistress of a noble harbour open at all times to
supplies from foreign ports—and in that harbour
rode a fleet, belonging to the city, greater than
the navy of France.

Richelieu saw well that here was the head of
the rebellion. Here, then, he must strike it.
Strange as it may seem, his diplomacy was so
skillful that he obtained ships to attack Pro-
testants in La Rochelle from the two great Pro-
testant powers, England and Holland. With
these he was successful. He attacked the city
fleet, ruined it, and cleared the harbour.

But now came a terrible check. Richelieu
had aroused the hate of that incarnation of all
that was and is offensive in English politics—
the Duke of Buckingham. Scandal-mongers
were wont to say that both were in love with the
Queen, and that the Cardinal, though unsuccessful
in his suit, outwitted the Duke and sent him
out of the kingdom; and that the Duke swore
a great oath, that, if he could not enter France
in one way, he would enter in another; and that
he brought about a war, and came himself as a
commander: of this scandal believe what you
will. But, be the causes what they may, the
English policy changed, and Charles I. sent
Buckingham with ninety ships to aid La Ro-
chelle.

But Buckingham was foppant and careless: Richelieu, careful when there was need, and
daring when there was need. Buckingham’s
heavy blows were foiled by Richelieu’s keen
thrusts; and then, in his confusion, Buckingham
blundered so foolishly, and Richelieu profited
by his blunders so shrewdly, that the fleet re-
turned to England without any accomplishment
of its purpose. The English were also driven
from that vexing position in the Isle of Rhé.

Having thus sent the English home, for a
time at least, he led king and nobles and armies
to La Rochelle, and commenced the siege in full
force. Difficulties met him at every turn; but
the worst difficulty of all was that arising from
the spirit of the nobility.

No one could charge the nobles of France
with lack of bravery. The only charge was,
that their bravery was almost sure to shun every
useful form, and to take every noxious form.
The bravery which finds outlet in duels they
showed constantly; the bravery which finds
outlet in street-fights they had shown, from the
days when the Duke of Orleans perished in a
brawl, to the days when the “mignons” of
Henry III. fought at sight every noble whose
beard was not cut to suit them. The pride
fostered by lording it over serfs in the country,
and by lording it over men who did not own
serfs in the capital, aroused bravery of this
sort, and plenty of it. But that bravery which
serves a great, good cause, which must be
backed by steadiness and watchfulness, was not
so plentiful. So Richelieu found that the nobles
who had conducted the siege before he took
command had, through their brawling and lazy
propensities, allowed the besieged to garner the
crops from the surrounding country, and to
master all the best points of attack.

But Richelieu pressed on. First he built an
immense wall and earthwork, nine miles long,
surrounding the city, and, to protect this, he
raised eleven great forts and eighteen redoubts.

Still the harbour was open, and into this the
English fleet might return and succour the city
at any time. His plan was soon made. In
the midst of that great harbour of La Rochelle he
sank sixty hulks of vessels filled with stone;
then, across the harbour (nearly a mile wide,
and, in places, more than eight hundred feet
deep), he began building over these sunken
ships a great dike and wall—thoroughly forti-
ﬁed, carefully engineered, faced with sloping
layers of hewn stone. His own men scolded at
the magnitude of the work—the men in La Ro-
chelle laughed at it. Worse than that, the
ocean sometimes laughed and scolded at it.
Sometimes the waves, swaying in from that
fierce Bay of Biscay, destroyed in an hour the
work of a week. The carelessness of a subor-
dinate once destroyed in a moment the work of
three months.

Yet it is but fair to admit that there was one
storm which did not beat against Richelieu’s
dike. There set in against it no storm of hy-
pocrisy from neighbouring nations. Keen works
for and against Richelieu were put forth in his
day—works calm and strong for and against
him have been issuing from the presses of
France and England and Germany ever since;
but not one of the old school of keen writers or
of the new school of calm writers is known to
have ever hinted that this complete sealing of the only entrance to a leading European harbour was unjust to the world at large or unfair to the besieged themselves.

But all other obstacles Richelieu had to break through or cut through constantly. He was his own engineer, general, admiral, prime minister. While he urged the army to work upon the dike, he organized a French navy, and in due time brought it around to that coast, and anchored it so as to guard the dike and to be guarded by it.

Yet, daring as all this work was, it was but the smallest part of his work. Richelieu found that his officers were cheating his soldiers in their pay and disheartening them; in face of the enemy, he had to reorganize the army and to create a new military system. He made the army twice as effective and supported it at two-thirds less cost than before. It was his boast in his "Testament" that, from a mob, the army became "like a well-ordered convent." He found also that the Frenchiates were plundering the surrounding country, and thus rendering it disaffected: he at once ordered that what had been taken should be paid for, and that persons trespassing thereafter should be severely punished. He found also the great nobles who commanded in the army half-hearted, and almost traitors, from sympathy with those of their own class, on the other side of the walls of La Rochelle, and from their fear of his increased power, should he gain a victory. It was their common saying, that they were fools to help him to do it. But he saw the true point at once. He placed in the most responsible positions of his army men who felt for his cause, whose hearts and souls were in it—men not of the Dalgety stamp, but of the Cromwell stamp. He found also, as he afterwards said, that he had to conquer not only the Kings of England and Spain, but also the King of France. At the most critical moment of the siege Louis deserted him, went back to Paris, allowed courtiers to fill him with suspicions. Not only Richelieu's place, but his life, was in danger; and he well knew it, yet he never left his dike and siege-works, but wrought on steadily until they were done; and then the King, of his own will, in very shame, broke away from his courtiers, and went back to his master.

And now a Royal herald summoned the people of La Rochelle to surrender. But they were not yet half-conquered. Even when they had seen two English fleets, sent to aid them, driven back from Richelieu's dike, they still held out manfully. The Duchess of Rohan, the Mayor of Guion, and the Minister Salbert, by noble sacrifices and burning words, kept the will of the besieged firm as steel. They were reduced to feed on their horses—then on bits of filthy shell-fish—then on stewed leather. They died in multitudes.

Guion, the mayor, kept a dagger on the city council-table, to stab any man who should speak of surrender; some who spoke of yielding he ordered to execution as seditious. When a friend showed him a person dying of hunger, he said, "Does that astonish you? Both you and I must come to that." When another told him that multitudes were perishing, he said, "Provided one remains to hold the city-gate, I ask nothing more."

But at last even Guion had to yield. After the siege had lasted more than a year, after five thousand were found remaining out of fifteen thousand, after a mother had been seen to feed her child with her own blood, the Cardinal's policy became too strong for him. The people yielded, and Richelieu entered the city as master.

And now the victorious statesman showed a greatness of soul to which all the rest of his life was as nothing. He was a Catholic cardinal—the Rochellos were Protestants; he was a stern ruler—they were rebellious subjects who had long worried and almost impoverished him; all Europe, therefore, looked for a retribution more terrible than any in history.

Richelieu allowed nothing of the sort. He destroyed the old town of the city, for they were incompatible with that royal authority which he so earnestly strove to build. But this was all. He took no vengeance—he allowed the Protestants to worship as before—he took many of them into the public service—and to Guion he showed marks of respect. He stretched forth that strong arm of his over the city, and warded off all harm. He kept back greedy soldiers from pillage, he kept back bigot priests from persecution. Years before this he had said, "The diversity of religions may indeed create a division in the other world, but not in this." At another time he wrote, "Violent remedies only aggravate spiritual diseases." And he was now so tested, that these expressions were found to embody merely an idea, but a belief. For, when the Protestants in La Rochelle, though thus owing tolerance and even existence to a Catholic, vexed Catholics in a spirit most intolerant, even that could not, force him to abridge the religious liberties he had given.

He saw beyond his time; not only beyond Catholics, but beyond Protestants. Two years after that great example of toleration in La Rochelle, Nicholas Antoine was executed for apostasy from Calvinism at Geneva. And for his leniency Richelieu received the titles of Pope of the Protestants and Patriarch of the Atheists.

But he had gained the first great object of his policy, and he would not abuse it; he had crushed the political power of the Huguenots forever.

Let us turn now to the second great object of his policy. He must break the power of the nobility: on that condition alone could France have strength and order, and here he showed his daring at the outset. "It is iniquitous," he was wont to tell the King, "to try to make an example by punishing the lesser offenders: they are but trees which cast no shade: it is the great nobles who must be disciplined."

It was not long before he had to begin this work (and with the highest) with no less a personage than Gaston, Duke of Orleans, favourite
The Statesmanship of Richelieu.

son of Mary, brother of the King. He who thinks shall come to a higher idea of Richelieu's boldness, when he remembers that, for many years after this, Louis was childless and sickly, and that during all those years Richelieu might awake any morning to find Gaston king.

In 1626, Gaston, with the Duke of Vendôme, half-brother of the King, the Duchess of Chévreuse, confidential friend of the Queen, the Count of Soissons, the Count of Chalais, and the Marshal Ornano, formed a conspiracy after the old fashion. Richelieu had his hand at their lofty throats in a moment. Gaston, who was used only as a makeweight, he forced into the most humble apologies and the most binding pledges; Ornano he sent to die in the Bastille; the Duke of Vendôme and the Duchess of Chévreuse he banished; Chalais he sent to the scaffold.

The next year he gave the grandees another lesson. The serf-owning spirit had fostered in France, through many years, a rage for duelling. Richelieu determined that this should stop. He gave notice that the law against duelling was revived, and that he would enforce it. It was soon broken by two of the loftiest nobles in France—by the Count of Bouteville-Montmorency and the Count des Chapelles. They laughed at the law: they fought defiantly in broad daylight. Nobody dreamed that the law would be carried out against them. But the Cardinal seized both, and executed them on the Place de Grève—the place of execution for the vilest malefactors.

No doubt, that, under the present domesticating of the petit-frogger caste, there are hosts of men whose minds run in such small old grooves that they hold legal forms not a means, but an end: those will cry out against this proceeding as tyrannical. No doubt, too, that, under the present palaver of the "sensationist" caste, the old ladies of both sexes have come to regard crime as mere misfortune: these will lament this proceeding as cruel. But, for this act, if for no other, an earnest man's heart ought in these times to warm toward the great statesman. The man had a spine. To his mind crime was not mere misfortune: crime was CRIME.

In the eighteen years before Richelieu's administration, four thousand men perished in duels; in the ten years after Richelieu's death, nearly a thousand thus perished; but during his whole administration, duelling was checked completely.

The hatred of the serf-mastering caste toward their new ruler grew blacker and blacker; but he never flinched. The two brothers Marillac, proud of birth, high in office, endeavoured to stir revolt as in their good days of old. The first, who was Keeper of the Seals, Richelieu threw into prison; with the second, who was a Marshal of France, Richelieu took another course. For this Marshal had added to revolt things more vile and more insidiously hurtful: he had defrauded the Government in army-contracts. Richelieu tore him from his army and put him on trial. The Queen-Mother, whose pet he was, insisted on his liberation. Marillac himself blubbered, that it was "all about a little straw and hay, a matter for which a master would not whip a lacquey." Marshal Marillac was executed.

To crown all, the Queen-Mother began now to plot against Richelieu, because he would not be her puppet, and he banished her from France forever.

The high nobles were now exasperate. Gaston fled the country, first issuing against Richelieu a threatening manifesto. Now awoke the Duke of Montmorency. By birth he stood next the King's family: by office, as Constable of France, he stood next the King himself. Montmorency was executed. Says Richelieu, in his "Memoirs,"

"Many murmured at this act, and called it severe; but others, more wise, praised the justice of the King, who preferred the good of the State to the vain reputation of a hurtful clemency."

Nor did the great minister grow indolent as he grew old. The Duke of Epernon, who seems to have had more direct power of the old feudal sort than any other man in France, and who had been so turbulent under the Regency, him Richelieu humbled completely. The Duke of La Valette disobeyed orders in the army, and he was executed as a common soldier would have been for the same offence. The Count of Soissons tried to see if he could not revive the good old turbulent times, and raised a rebel army; but Richelieu hunted him down like a wild beast. Then certain Court nobles—pots of the King—Gign-Mars and De Thou, won a new plot, and, to strengthen it, made a secret treaty with Spain; but the Cardinal, though dying, obtained a copy of the treaty, through his agent, and the traitors expiated their treason with their blood.

But this was not all. The Parliament of Paris—a court of justice—filled with the idea that law is not a means, but an end, tried to interpose forms between the Master of France and the vermin he was exterminating. That Parisian court might, years before, have done something. They might have insisted that petty quibbles set forth by the lawyers of Paris should not defeat the eternal laws of retribution set forth by the Lawgiver of the Universe. That they had not done, and the time for legal forms had gone by. The Paris Parliament would not see this, and Richelieu crushed the Parliament. Then the Court of Aids refused to grant supplies, and he crushed that court. In all this the nation braced him. Woe to the courts of a nation, when they have forced the great body of plain men to regard legality as injustice!—woe to the councils of a nation, when they have forced the great body of plain men to regard legislation as traffic!—woe, thrice repeated, to gentlemen of the small petit-frogger sort, when they have brought such times, and God has brought a man to fit them!

There was now in France no man who could stand against the statesman's purpose. And
so, having hewn, through all that anarchy and bigotry and selfishness, a way for the people, he called them to the work. In 1626 he summoned an assembly to carry out reforms. It was essentially a people's assembly. That anarchical States-General, domineered by great nobles, he would not call; but he called an Assembly of Notables. In this was not one prince or duke, and two-thirds of the members came directly from the people. Into this body he thrust some of his own energy. Measures were taken for the creation of a navy. An idea was now carried into effect which many suppose sprung from the French Revolution; for the army was made more effective by opening its high grades to the commons. A reform was also made in taxation, and shrewd measures were taken to spread commerce and industry by calling the nobility into them.

Thus did France, under his guidance, secure order and progress. Calmly he destroyed all useless feudal castles which had so long overawed the people and defied the monarchy. He abolished also the military titles of Grand Admiral and High Constable, which had hitherto given the army and navy into the hands of leading noble families. He destroyed some troublesome remnants of feudal courts, and created royal courts: in one year, that of Poitiers alone punished, for exactions and violence against the people, more than two hundred nobles. Greatest step of all, he deposed the hereditary noble governors, and placed in their stead governors taken from the people—Intendants—responsible to the central authority alone.

We are brought now to the third great object of Richelieu's policy. He saw from the beginning that Austria and her satellite Spain must be humbled, if France was to take her rightful place in Europe.

Hardly, then, had he entered the council, when he negotiated a marriage of the King's sister with the son of James I. of England; next he signed an alliance with Holland; next he sent ten thousand soldiers to drive the troops of the Pope and Spain out of the Valletta line of the Alps, and thus secured an alliance with the Swiss. We are to note here the fact which Buckle wields so well, that, though Richelieu was a Cardinal of the Roman Church, all these alliances were with Protestant powers against Catholic. Austria and Spain intrigued against him, sowing money in the mountain districts of Southern France, which brought forth those crops of armed men who defended La Rochelle. But he beat them at their own game. He set loose Count Mansfield, who revived the Thirty Years' War by raising a rebellion in Bohemia; and when one great man, Wallenstein, stood between Austria and ruin, Richelieu sent his monkish diplomatist, Father Joseph, to the German Assembly of Electors, and persuaded them to dismiss Wallenstein and to disgrace him.

But the great Frenchman's master-stroke was his treaty with Gustavus Adolphus. With that keen glance of his, he saw and knew Gustavus while yet the world knew him not—while he was battling afar off in the wilds of Poland. Richelieu's plan was formed at once. He brought about a treaty between Gustavus and Poland; then he filled Gustavus's mind with pictures of the wrongs inflicted by Austria on German Protestants, hinted to him probably of a new realm, filled his treasury, and finally hurled against Austria the man who destroyed Tilly, who conquered Wallenstein, who annihilated Austrian supremacy at the Battle of Lützen, who, though in his grave, wrenched Protestant rights from Austria at the Treaty of Westphalia, who pierced the Austrian monarchy with the most terrible sorrows it ever saw before the time of Napoleon.

To the main objects of Richelieu's policy already given might be added two subordinate objects.

The first of these was a healthful extension of French territory. In this Richelieu planned better than the first Napoleon; for, while he did much to carry France out to her natural boundaries, he kept her always within them. On the south he added Roussillon; on the east, Alsace; on the north-east, Artois.

The second subordinate object of his policy sometimes flashed forth brilliantly. He was determined that England should never again interfere on French soil. We have seen him driving the English from La Rochelle and from the Isle of Rhé; but he went further. In 1628, on making some proposals to England, he was repulsed with English haughtiness. "They shall know," said the Cardinal, "that they cannot despise me." Straightway one sees protests and revolts of the Presbyterians of Scotland, and Richelieu's agents in the thickest of them.

And now what was Richelieu's statesmanship in its sum?

I. In the Political Progress of France, his work has already been sketched as building monarchy and breaking anarchy.

Therefore have men said that he swept away old French liberties. What old liberties? Richelieu but tore away the decaying, poisonous husks and rinds which hindered French liberties from their chance of life and growth.

Therefore, also, have men said that Richelieu built up absolutism. The charge is true and welcome. For, evidently, absolutism was the only force in that age which could destroy the self-mastering caste. Many a Polish patriot, as he to-day wanders through the Polish villages, groans that absolutism was not built to crush that serv-owning aristocracy which has been the real architect of Poland's ruin. Anyone who reads to much purpose in De Mably, or Guizot, or Henri Martin, knows that this part of Richelieu's statesmanship was but a masterful continuation of all great French statesmanship since the twelfth-century league of kings and commons against nobles, and that Richelieu stood in the heirship of all great French statesmen since Suger. That part of Richelieu's work, then, was evidently bedded in the great line of Divine Purpose running through that age and through all ages.
II. In the Internal Development of France, Richelieu proved himself a true builder. The founding of the French Academy and the Jardin des Plantes, the building of the College of Plessis, and the rebuilding of the College of the Sorbonne, are among the monuments of this part of his statesmanship. His, also, is much of that praise usually lavished on Louis XIV, for the career opened in the seventeenth century to science, literature, and art. He was also a reformer, and his zeal was proved, when, in the fiercest of the La Rochelle struggle, he found time to institute great reforms, not only in the army and navy, but even in the monasteries.

III. On the General Progress of Europe, his work must be judged as mainly for good. Austria was the chief barrier to European progress, and that barrier he broke. But a far greater impulse to the general progress of Europe was given by the idea of toleration which he thrust into the methods of European statesmen. He, first of all statesmen in France, saw that in French policy, to use his own words, "a Protestant Frenchman is better than a Catholic Spaniard"; and he, first of all statesmen in Europe, saw that in European policy patriotism must outweigh bigotry.

IV. His Faults in Method were many. His under-estimate of the sacredness of human life was one; but that was the fault of his age. His frequent working by intrigue was another; but that also was a vile method accepted by his age. The fair questions, then, are, Did he not commit the fewest and smallest wrongs possible in beating back those many and great wrongs? Wrong has often a quick, spasmodic force; but was there not in his arm a steady growing force which could only be a force of right?

V. His Faults in Policy crystallized about one; for while he subdued the servile, or rather the servitating, nobility, he struck no final blow at the servile system itself.

Our running readers of French history need here a word of caution. They follow De Tocqueville, and De Tocqueville follows Biot, in speaking of the servile system as abolished in most of France hundreds of years before this. But Biot and De Tocqueville take for granted a knowledge in their readers that the essential vileness of the system, and even many of its most shocking outward features, remained.

Richelieu might have crushed the servile system really, as easily as Louis X. and Philip the Long had crushed it nominally. This Richelieu did not.

And the consequences of this great man's great fault were terrible. Hardly was he in his grave, when the nobles perverted the effort of the Paris Parliament for advance in liberty, and took the lead in the fearful revolts and massacres of the Fronde. Then came Richelieu's pupil, Mazarin, who tricked the nobles into order, and Mazarin's pupil, Louis XIV., who bribed them into order. But a nobility born on high by the labour of a servile class must despise labour; so there came those weary years of indolent gambling and debauchery and "serving" at Versailles.

Then came Louis XV., who was too feeble to maintain even the poor decent restraints imposed by Louis XIV.; so the servile-mastery became active in a new way, and their leaders in vileness unutterable became at last Fronsac and De Sade.

Then came "the deluge." The spirit of the servile-mastery, as left by Richelieu, was a main cause of the miseries which brought on the French Revolution. When the Third Estate brought up their "portfolio of grievances," for one complaint against the exactions of the monarchy there were fifty complaints against the exactions of the nobility.

Then came the failure of the Revolution in its direct purpose; and of this failure the servile-mastery was a main cause; for this caste, hardened by ages of dominion over a servile class, despite fourth-of-August renunciations, would not, could not, accept a position compatible with freedom and order; so earnest men were maddened, and sought to tear out this cancerous mass, with all its burning roots.

But for Richelieu's great fault there is an excuse. His mind was saturated with ideas of the impossibility of inducing freed peasants to work, the impossibility of making them citizens, the impossibility, in short, of making them men. To his view was not unrolled the rich newer world-history to show that a working class is most dangerous when restricted; that oppression is more dangerous to the oppressor than to the oppressed; that if man will hew out paths to liberty, God will hew out paths to prosperity. But Richelieu's fault teaches the world, not less than his virtues.

At last, on the third of December, 1642, the great statesman lay upon his death-bed. The death-hour is a great revealer of motives, and as with weaker men, so with Richelieu. Light then shot over the secret of his whole life's plan and work.

He was told that he must die; he received the words with calmness. As the Host, which he believed the veritable body of the Crucified, was brought him, he said, "Behold my Judge, before whom I must shortly appear! I pray Him to condemn me if I have ever had any other motive than the cause of religion and my country." The confessor asked him if he pardoned his enemies. He answered: "I have none but those of the State."

So passed from earth this strong man.
Ti-Ping-Tien-Kwoh; or, the History of the Ti-Ping Revolution; including his own Adventures. By Lin-Le. In Two vols. — (Day and Son, 6, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.)—It is recorded of Dr. Whiston, the divine and mathematician of Queen Anne's time, that, being in conversation with Sir Robert Walpole upon the subject of politics, he affirmed "that there could be no true policy that was not bottomed by morality"—a course exceedingly opposed to the practice of the astute and wily minister, who replied "that he had heard a great deal of those theories in his time, but that, as men were constituted, it would be impossible to put them into practice."

"Suppose, sir," returned the old man, "you try my advice for once, and then give me your opinion afterwards?" Modern politicians unfortunately appear to have framed their political creed upon that of Sir Robert, and the theory of Sir Isaac's deputy and successor in the Luscanian professorship of mathematics at Cambridge, remains still unread and disregarded. Especially is the absence of such a foundation observable in the policy of Great Britain, where semi-barbaric peoples are concerned. The lust for territory on the one hand, and of commercial gain on the other, too often blinds our Government to the wrongs perpetrated to attain them, and overthrows in practice the whole system of Christian and moral ethics, upon the assumption of which we take so high a standard amongst the nations. It must have required considerable face, on the part of our missionaries in China, to teach temperance as one of the first Christian duties, while the fleet 'bombarded its cities to enforce the sale of our merchants' forbidden opium in them, and to inculcate the duty of obedience to law and government while the British State was using force to openly defy and oppose them. The work before us, written in accordance with instructions from the Ti-Ping authorities by an English gentleman who bore a commission in the service, and whose reasoning and observing powers are by no means of a mediocre quality, too earnestly bears out the truth of these remarks, and is calculated to awaken on the part of every reflective reader grave considerations on the line of conduct persisted in by the late Government, and to suggest, while there is yet time, one more worthy of a nation which bases its civilization on its Christianity. If, "by their fruits ye shall know them" be applicable to nations as to individuals, we fear that the conduct of England to her Indian dependencies, to China, and, more recently, to the trusting Maoris, is not such as to add much lustre to the faith, of which she boasts herself the representative. The work before us, written, as we have said, by an eyewitness and actor in the partly religious, partly political Ti-Ping Revolution, would be boldly libellous, were not every one of the author's statements denunciatory of the policy and conduct of the British Government towards the Ti-Pings not only capable of proof, but absolutely proved by the overwhelming amount of evidence he has collected. No assertion is made bearing on the want of faith, the cruelty and oppression perpetrated and maintained by the armed intervention of Britain against the Taepings, while pretending a so-called neutrality, without quoted authority from official documents, letters, despatches, &c, which the most prejudiced reader must accept. The story of this wonderful Revolution (scorched but not killed), and in the smouldering ruins of which survive the germs of a religious and moral emancipation, as complete as that which its leaders look for, from the temporal power of their Tartar conqueror, is given at length in these beautiful volumes, and cannot fail to enlist the public interest on behalf of the maligned Taepings, and of a movement which had its origin in religious enthusiasm, and an overwrought sense of oppression and wrong, inflicted on the Chinese by the cruel Manchoos. Of this story it would be impossible to give more than the merest outline. The ancestors of its originator (Hung-su-Tsiuven), in common with many other families loyal to the Ming, had, on the subjugation of China by the Manchou Tarats, A.D. 1665, abandoned their homes and sought a refuge from the exactions and oppressions of the invaders in the southern parts of Kwang-ting and Kwang-tse, the two most southerly provinces of China. Clanship is recognized in China, and for many generations Hung's progenitors had been the chiefs or elders of their clan. Hung may therefore be said to have inherited the seeds of leadership. He appears to have directed his attention to learning, through which alone the highest offices and honours were open, previous to the corruption of Manchou rule; but though one of the most distinguished candidates at the district examination, wanting the means of bribery he was unable to obtain his degree. Upon one occasion, at an examination in 1837, after being placed high on the list, his rank was afterwards lowered—an injustice that so much affected him that he became very ill; and while his health was still far from being re-established, we find him the subject of extraordinary visions, which, marvellous as they were, says our author, and deeply significant on many important points, could never have led to any earthly result, but through
the medium of some earthly key: this came at last, and the whole train of circumstances admit of no other interpretation than the will of a divine inscrutable Providence.

Some years previous, a curious incident had befallen him. He had met two men in the Suing-tsang-street. One of these men, who were strangers to him, had in his possession (says the Rev. T. Hamberg) a parcel of books of nine small volumes, being a complete set of a work entitled "Keuen shi Leang-yen; or, Good Words for Exhorting the Age;" the whole of which he gave Hung-sui-tshuen, who took them home, and, after a superficial glance at their contents, placed them in his book-case, without at the time considering them to be of any particular importance. Hung-sui-tshuen followed the occupation of village-schoolemaster. Le, a cousin of his, also a teacher, looking over the book-case of his relation some time after, discovered "Good Words for Exhorting the Age," and upon inquiring the nature of the work; Sui-tshuen knew nothing of them, but lent them to Le to read. He did so, and, in returning them, stated that the contents were extraordinary, and differed entirely from Chinese books. The contents of the volumes, according to the authority just quoted, consists of a good number of whole chapters of the Bible, according to the translations of Dr. Morison; many essays upon important subjects from single texts, and sundry miscellaneous statements founded on Scripture.

Upon studying these books Sui-tshuen found in them what he considered explanations of his visions. "A coincidence," says Lin-Le, "which convinced him fully as to their truth, and that he was appointed by divine authority to restore the world, that is China, to the true God." Farther on, our author quotes the words of the Bishop of Victoria:

Stung with a sense of injustices, and feeling the full weight of disappointment he found his knowledge of Confucian lore no longer the road to official distinction. It was at such a critical season of the future hero's career that the truths of the Holy Scriptures were presented to his notice, and the pure doctrine of Christianity arrested his mind.

Henceforth he and his friends and cousin began teaching and preaching the new doctrine—the worship of God, who sent his Son to atone for the sins of the world; and in every place they found some willing to accept them, and thus the sect of God-worshippers began in China. About this time Hung prohibited the use of opium, and even tobacco and all intoxicating drinks amongst his followers, and the Sabbath was religiously observed. About the end of the year 1850 a civil war broke out between the Punti men and Hakkas: the former prevailed, and the latter, being in dire distress, sought a refuge among the God-worshippers, and willingly adopted their religion: in brief, not only the Hakkas came to them, says the author, but many outlaws, who refused allegiance to the Manchus, and all persons in distress or any way afflicted with their families—all of whom were destined by Hung-sui-tshuen's comprehensive mind, observes Lin Le, to establish for themselves an important political existence. In furtherance of his own, estimate of Hung-sui-tshuen, our author quotes the authority of the Bishop of Victoria, who wrote:—

The literary talent, the moral greatness, the administrative ability, the mental energy, the commanding superiority of the latter, soon won for him the post of leader and director of the movement... He rendered the insurrection a great religious movement—he did not transmute a Christian fraternity into a political rebellion. The course of events and the momentous interests of life and death, the dread realities of the rack and torture, imprisonment and death, drove him to use, in self-defence, all the available means within reach, and to employ the resources of self-preservation. He joined the rebel camp, preached the gospel among them, won them over to his views, placed himself at their head, and made political power the means of religious propagandism.

With such an authority in proof of the character of its leader, and the origin of the Ti-ping revolution, it is impossible not to feel a real interest in the recital of the military exploits, successes, and reverses of the Taepings, who have found a faithful friend and earnest exponent in the present writer. Mingles with the narrative of these events, and full of interest and vitality, runs the current of the author's personal adventures and experience. Pictures of the country, glimpses of Chinese home-life, and much information on the manners, customs, and religious faith and observances of the people amongst whom he sojourned, add greatly to the value and agreeableness of the volumes. A love-story runs through the pages; and the bright style of the author, the touches of nature, the glad sense and keen appreciation of scenic beauty, and relish of the humorous which enlivens such portions of his valuable work, make us hope that, having once tasted the sweets of literary success, he may be induced to offer the reading world a further instalment of his Chinese reminiscences. Here is a description of river scenery:

The river scenery from Lang-shan to the city of Chin Kiang (115 miles), the first of the river treaty ports, for the greater part is flat, the surrounding country being of a low alluvial soil. It is, however, of a much more attractive description than might be supposed. The cultivated parts are embedded amongst luxuriant foliage, and the infinite variety of the smaller species of trees gives a variegated and shadowy appearance to the scene. I have found some parts of really exquisite beauty.

A thick border of trees, bushes, and bamboo seems to form a complete barrier to approach from the river; but at last a small creek appears running directly through this wall of vegetation; for some little distance
this is completely shrouded and arched in by the luxuriant growth of osier and small weeping willows; but then a break in the vista discovers through a network of foliage a small lake of pure limpid water, whose sides are bounded by fruit-trees and highly cultivated gardens; while a snug little homestead, enveloped in flowering creepers and half-barried by shrubs of Asiatic beauty, peeps out from amidst the surrounding mass of forest. I have come unexpectedly upon many little nooks like this, the very suddenness with which they burst upon one being of itself charming.

But all the river scenery is not of so sylvan a description. Occasionally, high limestone-cliffs and huge masses of mountain diversify its softness, the latter in many places rising steeply out of the Channel to more than a thousand feet. A little beyond, an immense cliff, called Ke-tow (cock’s head), offers a different, but magnificent view of the river.

Still farther on, between high impending mountains as Pwan-pien-shan (the Split Hill) it is darkly imprisoned. The hills in this neighbourhood are covered with wild tea, and numerous lime-stone quarries are burrowed along their sides. Wherever the mountains retreat from the river the intervening country is profusely cultivated, and the sloping sides of the hills are covered with a rich and varied semi-tropical foliage, sweeping down to the low land. The distant pagodas, marked with their carved and many-storied time-worn monumental sculpture; the site of some town, or anciently-celebrated locality; the occasional village, partly hidden in some half-sequestered spot; the curious, but ingenious, apparatus of the fisherman on the river’s brink, with his reel but here and there peeping through the rushes of the bank; the peasants toiling, and irrigating the paddy fields; the bright eastern sun, and clear sapphire sky, above the changeful bosom of the “Son of the Sea,” now rushing between massive rocky walls, then bursting into lake-like calmness, studded at intervals with a low and feathered reed-topped, or cultivated, rice-waving island, and the waters tipped with the snowy wings of the passing vessels—all these objects produce a landscape surpassingly beautiful. China has been termed “a vast and fertile plain;” but I believe a trip up the Yang-tze will show as diversified and grand a scenery as almost any part of the world.

Such descriptions as these are calculated to tempt tourists who have done Jerusalem and the Pyramids, to vary their notes of travel by a trip to the “flowery land.” Nor is Lin-Le’s word-painting confined to the shore. Witness the following sketch of a river-attack:

Regularly at daylight every morning the enemy would commence their attack upon Kew-fu-Chew (a fort of the Ti-Pings so-called), and the smaller forts above the Sz-Wangs’ position. Their plan of battle was well formed, and very picturesque in appearance. Successive squadrons of gun-boats would sail down and engage the fort, delivering their fire, and then, filing away before a fair wind, return to their position up the river. These vessels were assisted by others cooperating from below the Ti-Ping lines, all being profusely decorated with gaudy flags, and propelled by numerous oars on either side.

The whole scene of battle formed a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. The gallant appearance of the innumerable gun-boats tacking down stream, and opening fire one after another in regular order; some crossing in every direction, and others running back dead before the wind, with their broad and prettily cut lateen sails out on either side, like a pair of snowy wings; the incessant roar of the cannonade; the flash of the guns; the curling smoke, at first dense and impenetrable, and then dissolving into thin wreaths, gracefully circling round the rigging and the white sails; the steady reply from the flag-covered forts, now enveloped in clouds of sulphurous vapour, anon standing forth clear and sharply defined against the dark background formed by the waving bamboo; the peaceful current of the noble Yang-tze river (here narrowed to a point less than 1,800 yards across, though stretching far and wide immediately beyond on either side); the grim embattled walls of Nanking, towering over the plain a few miles distant; mountains of fantastic shape on every side (some near, impending, and majestic, others cloud-capped and dimly visible in the distance); the cheer and cry of battle mingling with the echo of artillery—all combined, produced an effect truly grand and imposing.

We think those extracts will give the reader an idea of the literary beauty of the work: for its higher claims to consideration we must refer them to the volumes themselves, which, as illustrating events of the most curiously interesting nature in connection with an hitherto stationary people, adds an important chapter to the world’s history. The volumes are very beautifully printed, and profusely ornamented with coloured illustrations from sketches by the author.

C. A. W.

FAMILY LIKENESSES.—Southey, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says: “Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses, which, having been kept, as it were, in abeyance while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age (as in infancy), the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this; a brother and sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father’s lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear.”
THE LADIES’ PAGE.

CROCHET BORDER AND FRINGE.

FOR COVREPIEDS, ANTI MACASSARS, &c., &c.

MATERIALS.—Boar’s Head Crochet Cotton, No. 10, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby; crochet needle No. 3; for a finer size use No. 16 cotton, and No. 3½ needles; or, if coarser, use No. 4 cotton and No. 2 needle.

FIRST CIRCLE.

Commence with 12 chain, and make it round by working a single stitch in the 1st chain stitch.

1st round. Work 18 plain stitches in the foundation round; at the end 1 single on the 1st plain stitch.

2nd. Work 7 chain, miss 2 and 1 plain, 6 times.

3rd. 4 chain and 1 treble in the 1st loop of chain; then (1 chain and 1 treble 5 times in the same loop of chain as before); * miss 1, and in the next loop of chain work (1 chain and 1 treble 6 times); repeat from * in each loop of chain. At the end 1 chain and 1 single in the 4 chain at the commencement of the round.

4th. 7 chain, miss 3 and 1 treble; then (4 chain, miss 3 and 1 treble, 16 times); at the end 4 chain and 1 single in the 4th stitch of the 7 chain.

5th. 4 chain, miss 1, 1 treble; then (1 ch miss 1 and 1 treble, 42 times).

6th. 14 chain, miss 8, and 7 plain, 6 times.

7th. (2 chain, miss 1 and 1 treble, 7 times in the 1st loop of chain); then 2 chain and 1 plain on the centre of the 7 plain. Repeat all round.

8th. Miss 1 and in the 2 chain, work (1 plain, 2 treble, and 1 plain); repeat all round and fasten off.

Repeat the circles until sufficient are made for the length, then attach them together by sewing them firmly.

THE FRINGE.—Make a row of 3 chain, miss 3, and 1 plain, in the centre of the treble stitches of the circles, and repeat along one side of them. Cut the cotton in lengths of about six inches, then put the needle into the loop of 3 chain; take three folds of the cotton, double them on the needle, and then bring them through in a loop, then bring the ends through this loop and draw them tight.

CROCHET NECK-TIE.

MATERIALS.—Half an ounce of shaded crimson Berlin wool; Penelope crochet, No. 2.

Make a chain measuring thirty-two inches; into this work chains of five united to every fifth stitch.

1st round. Chains of 5 united to the centre chain; work thus at each side, and into each end stitch, work five more rounds like first, making an additional section of chains at each end.

7th. Three long, five chain, miss five; one long, five chain, miss five; one long, five chain, miss five; one long, five chain; repeat all round.

8th. Three long; the first on the second long; five chain, one long, four times, then repeat from beginning.

9th. Three long as before; five chain, one long, five times; repeat from beginning.

10th. Three long as before; five chain, one long, six times; repeat.

11th. Three long as before; five chain, one long, three times; three long above chain, one long and chain, five chain; one long, five chain; repeat.

A warm comforter may be worked from the above directions, by using double Berlin wool, and No. 1 Penelope crochet.
TOILETS FOR THE COUNTRY OR SEASIDE.

FIRST FIGURE.—Goat’s-hair dress, plain in front, with a skirt and corset having no seam at the waist. The bottom of the skirt, as well as the top of the corset and the edge of the shoulder-pieces, are trimmed with a silk bias-piece, on which a row of Cluny guipure is laid. Muslin under-body. The skirt is finished with a row of buttons from the waist to the bottom.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of grey summer poplinette, plain in front, trimmed near the bottom with a large silk torse, either plain or representing a pattern. Body without sleeves, and having a round basque ornamented with a torse. Muslin under-body. Lambelle bonnet made of tulle, ornamented with a fringe of crystal beads and wild roses.

Bonnets have become so small, that it is impossible to call them anything but coiffures. At night, nets more or less coquetish replace them. Some of these bonnets are composed of Cluny lace insertions, tulle, and flowers; others of ribbon, ruches of blond, velvet, and artificials.

For corsages, apart from the favourite muslin boddice with plaits, there is the canecou, which is newer, and the peplum, which is newest. One before me is composed of white muslin, covered with entre-deux of guipure disposed en biais, so as to form lozenges, this disposition running behind and before, and forming a corset. At the top and bottom of the sleeve a jockey and wristband are simulated in guipure tracing lozenges. A waistband of a bright colour, covered with guipure, completes this model.

One very elegant country or sea-side toilet for a young lady consists of a dress with two skirts; the first of plain goat’s-hair of any bright colour, the second of foulard, with stripes of the colour to match the under-skirt. Oriental jacket embroidered en suite. Pinked silk waistband, with fringed ends hanging down behind. Muslin under-body. The second or over-skirt is cut in dents at the bottom, and looped up with bands of pink ribbon which descend from the waist.

Another very beautiful dress is made of blue Chambrey gauze, accompanied by a white foulard peplum. Blue sleeves, and waistband of the same colour. Lambelle bonnet of rice-straw, notched all round the edges, under which is a puffing of blue lisse crape. The ornament is a rose with foliage. Blue silk strings.

Muslin bodies, plaited and trimmed at the top of the sleeve with open-work, composed of an insertion bordered with black guipure, are very pretty, and much worn. Under-sleeves are nearly all of the elbow-shape, and for morning and walking-dress are made with a waistband embroidered in colours. Coiffures for home wear are very simple, but pretty. One consists of two double frills of blond, fastened behind with a bow of ribbon with long ends. Another is formed of tulle illusion in the fanche shape, trimmed all round with a blond border mixed with loops of ribbons. Chapeaux and bonnets for the sea-side are of the lightest and smallest description: the latter are strewn all over with flowers. The favourite models for hats are the japonaise and the low-crowned pretty toques, Rubens or Raphael.

For walking toilets the Catalan, the Lambelle, or the fanche are the only shapes to be found at the first Parisian millinery establishments.

There is a tendency to revive large collars, and it is quite time to make a change; lately they have decreased to the most diminutive forms. To-day the collar Louis XIV., with a point behind and on the shoulders, is in order. This model is composed of linen doubled with stars of guipure posed at each point. A double entre-deux of the same lace, laid on the linen, forms a suite of lozenges as an ornament. The sleeves ofmansoof, cut with an elbow, are finished at the bottom with three high points to match.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY received, with thanks.—"A Wish;" "The Wise Men’s Fountain;" "The Gipsy;" "Poetry declined, with thanks.—"The Sea;" "Lines written at Lynton;" "Madge;" "The Race;" "The Rock in the Sea;" "On the Death of a Beloved Friend." There is so much real feeling in the latter poem, that we regret the impossibility of breaking our rule of never publishing poetry having reference merely to local or personal events; and, in fact, be invidious to do so, after our approvals.

Church," Gateshead-on-Tyne.—We have received "A. A. C.’s" communication, and can only regret that our pages should have been made the vehicle of so impudent a literary theft, which will forever exclude the perpetrator of it from again obtaining an appearance in them. We shall be glad to hear from this lady, and accept the poem sent us, though we do not think it upon a par with the one imposed on us by our dishonest contributor.

* * Books, M.S., 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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CHAP. IV.

THE GHOST OF THE BLUE CHAMBER.

Meanwhile the gallant Captain lay in no very Christian frame of mind in the chamber called the "Blue" (probably from its draperies), into which the girls, with true feminine forethought, had given orders that he was to be conveyed.

I am not given to imitate the favourite authors of the Della-Crusca school, and describe minutely this blue chamber, with its stern, gloomy suits of armour glowing heavily down from the walls, its family portraits—De Stewarts of an ancient time—ranging in their dress, from the coat-armour of feudal ages to the pig-tail and inevitable snuff-coloured coat with high collar, which our painters of the Georgian era loved to depict their sitters in. This I leave to the imaginative lover of antiquity. My business is with the stricken warrior who lay groaning there. Full wide awake he lay, trying hard to woo that harsh mistress sleep, and tossing, with many a weary curse, upon his bed, nursing his burden of thoughts and magnifying his injury till he became almost incoherent. And chiefly did the burden of his curse rest upon that baby-faced boy, as he bitterly styled our friend Charles, whose hard-riding had brought him to this pass. The westering sun, as it fell in beautiful changing tints, flooded the chamber now; and the Captain, as he watched the grim, mailed figures tinged gently with roseate colour, and the picture-frames reflecting the ever-changing hues, began to feel more composed, and taking the draught which the village Doctor had placed by his side, he fell into a train of musing thought. Pleasant, very pleasant, some of the memories—evidently of a soft expression—which stole over the Captain's handsome features; but ever and anon there would come a changoo' er the spirit of his dream, and dark clouds passed athwart this brow; as one may often see, when watching the fleecy cloudlets scud over the morning sky, some lowering cloud tell of coming rain. Let us narrowly scan his face as he lies there, ere we enter into the subjects of his thoughts. A face that women—fond, unreasoning beings—would, when first introduced, have at once pronounced "handsome"; nay, I may dare say that some young girls home from school, and anxious to display their French, would call "distingue"—a face on which men, on the other hand, would pass the verdict of "conceited"; one which many people would think twice before they trusted; certainly not the face which, in the language of the youth of the present day, "was likely to go down with the women." There were hard, cruel lines about the well-cut mouth, or rather as much of it as the ponderous moustache suffered to be displayed; and there were deep wrinkles in the forehead, which told of many a day of hard work and night of dissipation. The nose, too, reminded one rather too forcibly of some wild bird of prey, well-curved, and fierce. And his eyes, though brilliant, very often shone with a gloomy light, which did not argue much for the happiness of the man. But enough of this appraising style. People now-a-days, I believe, are too sensible to place much faith in Lavater's theory—nay, when they see murderers at the bar, with faces that would do credit to the most saintly Anglican divine who ministers at the altar beneath his garland of Easter lilies, when they see poor Doll Tarsheen, picked up from the street, bearing in her face the lineaments of a martyred St. Agatha, they feel inclined to scoff at Gill and Spurzheim. So my readers shall fancy the Captain's portrait for themselves: whether he is to be deemed a villain or a saint, let the course of this history determine.

"What a strange box they have put me in!" soliloquized he, turning his lazy eyes round the room—"quite romantic, and all that sort of thing. These are the fellows, I suppose, who fought our country's battles in days gone by. Well, by Jove, I should think they must have found fighting uncommonly hard work! I rather think that gloomy-looking warrior there with the big sword would take a tidy rise out of some of our "Rag-and-Famish" dandies, were he to consort among them! I suppose, too, this chamber has got the usual ghost. One of those starched and ruffled ladies will be walking out of the picture and want to stand up minuet! All I can say is, she will find me an uncommon stuff partner! Oh! confound it! how this cursed arm aches! That little grinning fool of a doctor says it will not have to come off: for my own part I shouldn't miss it; for I suppose I shall have to sell out, and settle down to do the 'Soldier tired of War's
Alarms’-business in some shady corner. Well, no man can say that I haven’t done my share of work, and had my share of hard knocks. I think a charge among those Sepoy devils was rather more of a burst, than this unlucky hat! Hiegho’! and be sighed wearily: “shall I ever get any sleep, I wonder! I wonder what the people are thinking of me, below! That boy Dalton, I suppose, grinning over my misfortune, and extolling his own brilliant horsemanship, and Ella listening to her future husband devotedly. I hope I am not falling in love with this girl: it will not be the first time; but I think I have had quite enough service in that way to fall the first shots; though I must say that a man need be uncommonly strong to stand Ella’s eyes!”

And then Granley lay back on his pillow, and gently closed his eyes, and suffered his memory to stray back, through “the silent sessions of sweet thoughts,” to the time when the gentle pastime of love possessed charms for him: crowds of fair faces came surging before him—of girls who had flirted with him for an evening and then passed away—of fair senoritas who had whispered soft nothings under the limes, and then had wished to stab him when he grew cold, as the daughters of fiery Spain are wont to do. Some unpleasant phantoms, too, rose before him, at thought of which a tinge of remorse passed over his face. Evidently the recollections which they suggested were not of the most pleasing, relics of his gay time, when, to trifle with a woman’s heart, and lead a woman to shame, were thought rather a fine subject for a mess-room joke.

“Poor thing!” he muttered unceasingly—“poor Nathalie! I hope she has forgotten and forgiven me! I behaved very, very badly to her! But what was I to do?”

We shall see anon whether he was as easily forgotten or forgiven as his heart prompted him to hope. Then came lighter memories of the various garrison hacks he had amused himself with, of different characters, as the climate or place varied; of garrison hacks in Athlone, who thought nothing of taking a stone wall, riding across the wild Irish country straight as the crow flies—who, when glanced at across the table by some snoopy ensign, said, with demure eyes, “Port, please!” and who succeeded, sometimes, in bringing a luckless trifler to the question, when he usually bolted to avoid being horsewhipped by her father or shot by her brother; of garrison hacks in some English depot, where dancing and a little music were the programme, where Emma at her mother’s nod sang “Ever of thee,” and glanced timidly into the soldier’s face; or Diana, sweet grunting lily of uncertain age, lisp’d that it really was naughty, but she wouldn’t mind just one more wait; and then would follow a little stroll in the conservatory, and some sweet flirtation, when Di would try her most sparkling of smiles, and mamma would smile too, deeming that she had caught her fish. Then, again, there were the garrison hacks of foreign towns (Malta and Gibraltar), where the imported ladies tried the customs of the country, and smoked cigarettes, and sometimes suffered a little foreign oath to slip out, because it sounded piquant, you know, and the men admired it so! Occupied in these various memories, the invalid had scarcely noted the moon rising, and flooding the room with a pure stream of light, bringing the figures in relief out of the shadow, and imparting to the Blue Chamber the wished-for ghostly effect. A slight noise, and the Captain is thoroughly awake now, and feeling a slight fluttering sensation about the heart—not fear, but mingled curiosity and expectation. He could have sworn that a tangible something was moving about in the room. Suppose, after all, one of those belles dames sans merci, who smiled at him from their frames, should feel inclined to try a deux-temps! Another minute, however, and he held his breath, for a pure white figure stepped softly into the white stream of moonlight, and he recognized the face of Ella Stewart looking towards him, with an anxious, pitying expression on her lovely face. Now was the Captain, in his slangy language, “up a tree!” He hadn’t the slightest idea what to do. The poor girl evidently was either walking in her sleep, or fancied that the Captain was still lying in a swoon. In either case, to stir or make the slightest noise was equally fatal. He had heard that somnambulists sometimes lost their senses when awakened suddenly: he was sure that, did he appear to Ella to recognize her, whatever her mission might have been, would have driven her well-night distracted.

His rôle was soon taken and faithfully played. He closed his eyes, just peering a little to observe the girl’s movements, and lay still as a corpse, scarce daring to breathe. Nearer and nearer came the fair vision in maiden innocence, and for the first time broke the silence by a deep sigh.

“Oh! if he should only recover now, and see me, my fame is lost for ever! I must be mad, I think; but I couldn’t rest till I had seen him. So dearly I love you, Harry, that I must have seen you or die! Oh, how pale his poor dear face is! And his arm—oh, his arm must pain him so! Oh, Harry, my love, my love, if you only knew how sorry I am for you! But no, you will never, never understand. Probably—and here a shade of arch coquetterie passed across the girl’s face—"probably some nearer and dearer than me holds your heart, Harry; but never, never one more faithful or more loving than I!”

Need we say the Captain felt flattered? This was entirely a new way of looking at things: formerly it had been his to make the advances; and sometimes he had been coyly listened to, at others he had been cruelly repulsed; but here was a faithful, true heart for him to pick up! I will not injure him in my reader’s favour by saying that he looked at the thing in a conceited way: some men would have done so, and gone and prated of it to their fellow-men, and made an excellent joke of it. Captain Granley was
A SISTERS’ TÊTE-A-TÊTE.

Now that I have passed the Rubicon—now that I have dared to introduce the readers into the arcana of “my lady’s chamber,” I must needs go on, fare I well or badly in their opinion. It was the sisters’ custom to retire to this chamber of theirs rather early in the evening, as soon as they could get away from the vacuous dawdling of the men in the drawing-room—as soon as they had sung their best, played their best, and done their best to amuse the visitors at their hospitable father’s mansion; and here, nestling among comfortable draperies, and toasting their pretty bottines at the fire, would they hold that most agreeable of all things, a sisterly tête-a-têté; for they loved one another dearly, these girls. They lived but for one another; each knew the other’s secrets as soon as formed, and they clung to one another for that support which Mrs. Stewart—a weak, irresolute woman—was barely qualified to administer. Nothing in this world equals, I believe, the intense fostering love of two sisters nearly alike in age and character. ’Tis mightily different when the household is large and divided; then there is not much common sympathy. Jane is angry because she is neglected for her plain, homely face, while pretty Alice has got a lover; and “envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness” often fill the house where a large family dwells. Redolent of a lady’s taste was this little boudoir. Everything perfectly in taste, from the dainty little bed, with its snow-white coverlet and rose-coloured hangings, tinged with their colour the happy sleeper’s dreams, to the dressing-table, strewed with all those curious knick-knacks of a lady’s taste, the names and uses of which are known only to the fair themselves; then, in one corner, there was such a dainty little collection of books—the best of fiction, the best of poesy, nothing unhealthy in its tone, no French diluted nonsense obtruding its green colour from those shelves; for others were the loves of “Vous et Elle,” and the host of palpable impurities with which the establishment of Didot frères teems; a little vase of flowers, too, on the table, at which the family doctor would have been horrified; “So unhealthy, my dears!” “And so very jolly,” would have been the response.

On the eventful night, narrated in our last, when a certain Captain, whom you know of, saw a ghost, Katie Stewart sat alone in this chamber, with an expression of the greatest perplexity on her arch face, with her dainty feet on the fender, and staring, with her bonnie brown eye, into the fire, as if she would read her fortune there. “What can have become of Ella?” she says, impatiently; “it really is too bad of her, running away after this fashion, and just when I want her to read to me, too; I am dying to finish that sweet ‘Geneviève.’ It’s very naughty of the young woman!” and she tossed her well-set head impatiently, and she stamped her foot ever such a little, being the only way allowed of expressing passion. Presently came a knock at the door, and in stole Ella, with her eyes sparkling and her flushed cheeks looking very unlike those of a ghost.

“Come at last!” cried Kate, jumping up, and holding her a prisoner within her arms. “Come now, ‘fess,” as Topsy says, where you have been wandering to. You pretended to come up with me, you deceitful young minx, and here I have been waiting and waiting for you to read. But Ella! good gracious, dear! what can be the matter? You look so awfully scared, and you are as cold as ice. Have you been taking a somnambulist’s walk in the moonlight, or have you seen the ‘White Lady’? or, what can be the matter? Come, that’s a dear, let me undo your hair and put you to-rights, and then we’ll have a jolly talk, and you will tell me all about it, won’t you, Ella? for know I will!” and Kate screwed up her mouth into a comically stern expression, which was her way of showing determination.

Then she placed Ella, still a prisoner and shivering all over, in the cosiest arm-chair, and undid her wealth of hair, which fell in soft undulating showers over her shoulders, and allmost concealed her face.
"Come, now whisper; you are surely not afraid of poor me? I am ready to hear any-
thing."

"Oh, Ella, I must not—dare not! What would you think of me?" and the poor distressed girl
hid her face in her sister's bosom, and sobbed as if her heart would have broken; then she ap-
proached closer to Kate, and whispered in her ear some strange story indeed, if the half-horrified, half-wondering expression on Kate's face were any index.

"Oh, Ella! how could you—how could you?" was the first indignant exclamation.
"Only suppose if he had awakened, what a scene there would have been! Why, I can't conceive what tempted you;" and she held her sister from her at arm's length, staring at her with pure
wonderment, and saw there only a tear-blurred, beautiful face, and the storm of conflicting pas-
tion tearing her bosom.

"Tell me, Ella darling, what could have in-
duced you?"

Kate, do forgive me! but I couldn't have helped it; if I hadn't seen him I should have
died; and I am sure, quite sure, that he was insensible. Ah! supposing some one whom
you loved, Katie, were lying, stricken and bruised, up-stairs, wouldn't you have done as I
have done? I meant no harm by it, indeed—indeed!" and her voice failed her, and she
threw herself on the bed in a complete abandon-
ment of grief, her sobs shaking her whole form,
the very ideal of womanly despair.

Tender-hearted was Kate, and could not bear
to see her idolized sister thus affected, and she
at once turned to perform that most womanly of
all offices, consolation—consolation at all times,
sweet but never so sweet as when mur-
mured by a woman's voice.

"Never mind me, Ella; don't cry so, darling," and she half raised her sister from the bed, and
placed her in the chair: "it was not so very
wicked after all, and I dare say I should have
done the same; but I am the old maid, you
know, and have given over this sort of thing.
Come now, dry those pretty eyes; crying only
spoils them; come and tell me all about it," and
she began to play with Ella's magnificent tresses.

"Leave off, now, at once, or I declare I won't
touch this hair of yours, and I am rather a
good hand at hair-dressing. So you love this
dark ogre of a militaire, do you, sister mine?
It is all very nice for him, of course; but I
must say very hard on poor Charley. Have you
never reflected on the grief that this will cause him? He did love you. Confessed as
much to me, with tears in his great brown eyes.
Poor boy! I feel half-inclined to take him
up myself. Ah! now you are going to
laugh at me, I know, you arch deceiver. I
know whom I should prefer. The Captain is
too much in the grand chevalier style for me. I
should like a man whom I could just
tyrannize over sometimes, ever so little. But
tell me, my pet, do you think Harry Grantley
cares for you? Of course he is completely in
the dark as to the state of your affections, and
might be already engaged—perhaps even mar-
rried, for aught we know. These military men
are a little wild, you must confess." Full of
the blind idolatry of love was her sister's
answer.

"No, Kate, I can think nothing bad—no-
thing base of him. He may not care for me in
the least; but that cannot alter the fact that
my heart is given to him."

"And poor Charley!" put in her sister.

"Well," continued Ella, in a musing tone,
"I am sorry for him; but I didn't know the state of my own affections when I promised
to marry him; and it is very much better for him
to know now, than when married to find that
he has taken to his bosom a loveless wife; be-
sides, he is young, Kate, and will soon forget
poor me, and wonder why he could have been
so foolish. The world will probably make a
great noise about me, and pick out its very
hardest words to treat me with; but you will
not forsake me, will you, darling?"

The language of Ella's eye was so pleading,
her tone so very piteous, that it was no wonder
that her stronger sister placed her arm round
her, as if to shield her from any fancied insult,
and covered her face with warm, loving kisses,
the while that she assured her: "I forsake you,
dear? No! a Stewart never forgets kith and
kin, and were you twice as culpable I should
dare the whole world to say a word against you;
they had better not play with me, or I might
show a little of the Stewart temper, which I try
so earnestly to keep down."

And truly she looked fully capable of ful-
filling her threat; there was a passionate glitter
in her blue eyes, and a quivering about her
mouth, which would augur ill for the peace of
any one who meddled with her or her love.

"And now, darling, let us have a little more
'Genevieve,' try and forget this all-powerful
Captain for a time, and lose yourself in Cole-
ridge; you may dream of him if you like, and I
dare say you will. I declare if it is not getting
near morning! Papa will begin to suspect
something if he sees his Ella with this haggard
look in her face at breakfast, and you know
how anxious he gets if we both do not look like
roses in the morning. I can't help fancying,
though, how fearfully Charley will be cut up
when he hears of this. Poor fellow! You
must console him as much as possible."

Ella's eyes again welled up with tears, at sight
of which her sister made a feint of boxing her
ears, which ended in another long kiss.

"There! it's more than you deserve, you
heart-breaker. And now to bed, 'with what
baste we may,' as the people say in the play."

Thus ended the eventful tête-à-tête, and soon
the sisters were sleeping the pure sleep of the
innocent; and the cold still moon brooded over
the house which sheltered so many hopes and
fears. It is a very trite thing to say, I know,
but still very true, that sleep is no respecter of
persons, and comes full willingly to the beggar
who crouches on the kerstone in the pitiless
winter's night, when the father of a family, for
whom he has to toil and strive to keep body and soul together and keep up a respectable appearance, lies tossing and thinking the whole night through, haunted with spectres of Death and Poverty, and cannot win the fickle goddess to end, for a time, his cares and anxieties.

CHAP. VI.

"AND SO I WON MY GENEVIEVE."

At last came down the joyful bulletin that the Captain was much better, and the little coterie around the breakfast-table at the hall were all assembled to welcome the unlucky rider, with vastly different feelings. The bluff, hearty old Squire was really very pleased to see the man for whom, spite of his wildness, he had a sneaking affection, able to leave that stuffy, sick chamber of his and once more take his seat at the genial board. Poor, timorous Mrs. Stewart—was actually in high spirits, and fluttered about amongst the breakfast equipage like a small jenny-wren, anxious to provide her best for her young birds; and as for Ella, hard though she strove to put a careless face upon the matter, she could not help her sparkling eyes and beaming bosom telling their own tale. She knew full well that the crisis of her own life was coming, for weal or for woe: if for weal, then, happy girl, she might revel in the first blush of requited love; if for woe, then would she settle into quiet misery, and "dree her weary dree" as best she might. The weather seemed to be doing its best in welcoming the conquering hero: the blazing sun came out, as with sound of trumpet, and woke into life the leaves and flowers, after winter's long sleep of dreariness, and made the dew-gemmed parterres in Kate's own particular garden-plot sparkle as with a tiara of jewels, much to that young lady's delight, who was out already, and gathering some snowdrops to grace the festival. Need we say that she had chaffed poor Ella almost to death, on this auspicious day, and was now making the frosty air ring with her joyous peals of laughter. Mischief-loving little dame, the first words she said, on re-entering the breakfast parlour, were:

"Pa, do look at Ella: isn't she a swell?—I beg pardon; yes, it is a very naughty word (catching sight of her mother's depreciating gesture); well, is she not sufficiently got up, then?"

"By Jove! Ella, you are a swell; what is up?" said the admiring squire; "anyone would think you were going to be married."

Ella blushed, and kept her own counsel; but between you and me, reader, she had taken the most unusual trouble this morning; and, what wonder! whenever does a woman dress half so well, or wear half such a becoming costume, as when she is sure of meeting her lover? For had she chosen that pure fresh muslin robe, with just the tiniest sprig, which flowed in such crisp folds round her; for this she had arranged those dainty blue ribbons (his favourite colour), as she had somehow divined; for this had she coroneted her hair into one black shining crown, just suiting the regal contour of her head. I may venture to say that a woman never looks so well, especially if she be young, as in a fresh muslin dress; men of the world, of course, make their faith on the more gorgeous evening-dress; others like the jaunty hat and the becoming Balmoral and striped petticcoat—*chacun à son goût*; more to my taste is the pure white morning robe, plain and simple. Not for a moment had her loved-one been absent from her thoughts as she stood at her dressing-table that morning: her priceless one, the prince of men to her, was coming down that day, and she must appear pretty in his eyes; and though vanity was a fault which did not trouble Ella very much, yet a little something told her that morning, as the glass reflected her glorious face, that she was looking radiant and happy. Pardon this lamentable digression. I will sin no more in this way, though it is mighty tempting sometimes, I warrant you.

A tap at the door, and the expected hero entered very slowly, as one who had recovered from a long and serious illness, and with that ill-fated arm in a sling, bringing vividly before the eyes of one at least of the party the day when he was brought home from the hunt in a maimed pitiful condition.

"Glad to see you, Granotley, by Jove!" cried the impetuous old squire, in his genial, hearty manner, rushing forward and clasping his hand till the Captain almost winced under the greeting; "we thought you were never going to leave that room of yours. You will be glad to hear that that Irish horse that shied you is sold; but the fact is, we could do nothing with the animal. He nearly did for his groom, and as we sold him to our neighbour Sir Alan Neville; if he does not take the stiffening out of the brute I do not know the man."

Granotley smiled not a very pleasant smile; he appeared, and naturally he was, a little annoyed at the reference to the horse; for, if there was one thing he prized himself upon, it was the being able to ride almost any horse that could put one foot before the other. Then he turned to greet the ladies—a respectful bow to Mrs. Stewart's gentle congratulations on his recovery; a warm hand clasp for the vivacious Kate; and then one long earnest gaze into Ella's beautiful eyes, as if he would read her very soul, and the secret which lay concealed there—a gaze which brought the rich, dusky blood surging to the girl's cheeks, and made her drop the long fringe of her eyelashes over the eyes which her lover looked into; not quite soon enough, for Harry Granotley had read the secret in those glowing cheeks and downcast eyes, and felt a fierce throb of joy at his heart, like as a man feels when he has striven well and conquered, and sees his beaten rival's envy and admiration, and drinks in the tumultuous roar of applause for
his victory. A happy breakfast that which followed: even frightened Mrs. Stewart came out of her shell, so to speak, to press her most delicate dainties on the convalescent soldier, and felt quite disappointed when her offers were declined with chivalrous politeness.

"Can't you make your cousin eat, Ella?" implored the hospitable lady; "it quite grieves me to see him take such a poor breakfast."

"Oh, we never eat large breakfasts in India," laughingly spoke Grantley, but feeling, at the same time, that he would eat the hind leg of an alligator if Ella only offered it to him.

"You want a little fresh air, that's what will bring back the appetite," said the squire. "The girls shall take you out with the ponies."

"Oh yes, Pal! we'll have Tiny and Pet into the basket the first thing after breakfast; they bowl along in clipping style, don't they, Mamma dear?" said the mischievous Kate to her horrified mother, who would as soon have thought of going up in a balloon as ride behind the aforesaid Tiny and Pet, with Kate to drive them.

Was there ever such a happy meal as that breakfast? Ella seemed in Paradise: everything she ate, drank, or did was for her lover's sake—he was all in all to her. "Al ogni uccello el suo nido e bello," and everything is bright, in Love's first dream. Pity it is that the fair picture should ever be sullied by the cold shade of neglect, or the dark colouring of passion and vice. I am afraid that our gallant lover turned, as soon as the genial meal was over, to his cigar-case, with a hasty, feverish delight, which none but the smoker can understand. For a weary time had he been debarred this pleasure. The doctor had said, "Not on any account, my dear fellow: plenty of time for smoking, when we are all right again," and the victim had suffered a slight anathema to escape "the barrier of his teeth," and had submitted to his fate.

By-and-by came a thundering rap at the door, and the servant brought in a card to Mrs. Stewart, whom the young girl there met, bearing a small cartelet, inscribed with "Rev. Loftus Smyly"—and following it came the reverend youth himself. The reader knows the man, I should opine. A sleek, prim young Anglican curate, who paid periodical visits to the hall, having unwittingly suffered himself to fall helplessly beneath Kate Stewart's arch blue eyes, and who bore his suffering in manly silence, save that, ever and anon, the spoony clerk called, on the very shallowness of all pretences, that of consulting his enchantress on the progress of her district-visiting. Little deemed he that Katie was drawing him for the amusement of herself and her wicked friends. He had read, in his Virgil and Horace, of a certain Dido and a certain Aeneas, and he knew that the course of true love never did run smooth.

"Mr. Toots," saucy Kate called him ( likening his love-making to that of the unhappy youth whose sole gage d'amour were the mystic words, "It's of no consequence—no consequence at all.

"There was pardon for the boy, though; for he was not the only priest who followed in the long train of Kate's triumphal car, contrasting their own grave colour with the military scarlet and the blue of her Majesty's naval forces—all crying with one accord, "Mortis te salutant!"

Captain Grantley looked up at the entrance of the cherub, and smiled grimly from behind his cravat—smiled a patronizing, half insolent smile, as an old, grim, war-scarred, feudal baron might at the clean-shaven monk, who stood by his bedside when his last weary moments were ebbing away. Kate's colours were out at once. She came to the charge with the gonfalon of "No quarter!" flaunting bravely, and the Rev. Loftus became instantly transformed into a hopeless victim:

"I—I have called," stammered he, "to tell you that old Dame Tasker is ever so much better, and thanks you very much for your kind attendance."

"Oh, don't thank me," said Kate, demurely: "all the thanks are due to you, Mr. Smyly. I should never have thought of it if you hadn't told me, I am sure."

Hopeless anguish was in the distracted curate's face, despairing entreaty in his weak blue eyes, as he made answer:

"I thought I would call and tell you, Miss Stewart, though it is not of much consequence, I assure you. Good morning!—kindest regards to the Squire." And the curate, more hopelessly in love than ever, departed to his parish work, "bearing a life-long sorrow in his heart."

No sooner had the door closed than, probo pudor, the shameless young sharp-shooter threw herself into a chair, and burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Oh, isn't he amusing, poor fellow! I declare his visits are almost the only pleasure we have here, cousin."

"Don't be too confident," said the grim sabreur, with a sly sneer; "don't be too confident, Miss Kate; men who are laughed at oftener than win, and slighted more than desired in that young man, soft though he may seem."

"Well, this is good," laughed Kate; "why I have had a bishop, apron and all in despair, before this, because I wouldn't dance with him—the old Guy. Dear Mr. Toots, he is very amusing though; almost too good for this wicked world and its wicked women. Oh, by-the-bye, we have had a parcel from Town," rattled the vivacious girl; "all the very newest music—such beautiful little French things. Do you think you and Ella could manage to amuse yourselves with them till lunch-time. You'll find her upstairs. I am going to my garden before the sun gets too hot, so au revoir!"

Donning the sauciest of gardening hats, and concealing her dainty white hand in enormous gloves, Kate swept away to the flowers, congratulating herself on having performed a delicate bit of strategy in a manner that no General need have been ashamed of. Command me to a woman when there is a plot going on. I firmly believe that if Guy Fawkes had let his
near female relation into his secret, bonnie
King Jamie and all his Lords would soon have
found themselves, on that fifth of November,
considerably higher in air than would have been
to their liking.

Left to himself, Harry Grantley began to
think seriously that the game was his now, in real
carens. Should he seize this golden oppor-
tunity, and win his bride now and for ever? or
should he allow this uncertainty to go on? He
did not take long to think. This was not the
first time that he had been placed in a crisis.
When the white tape had been bound round his
arm in soldiering days, and the hoarse whisper
"Close up in front, my lads, and trust to the
steel!" had sounded in the midnight air, he
had not hesitated, but marched coolly on to
where the iron mouths stood ready to belch
forth their hail of shot and shell. Why should he
hesitate now, when there was only one word to
say, and a loving woman to be won? Only one
word—such a little one—but harder often to
ask, and harder to answer, than the most
brilliant efforts of oratory. Many a man has
found it much more difficult to say "Will you
be mine?" than to speak before the Commons
in Parliament assembled, for hours.

I know a man, by name Berty Balfour, one of
the cheariest, bravest men who ever carried
the Queen's colours; a fellow who will drink
out the deepest wassail, and see his seniors in a
state of hopeless intoxication, and yet coolly play
a hand at whist afterwards, and play as if his
drink had been the pure stream; brave, too, as a
lion; and he said to me the other night,
stroking his great amber moustache, "Give you
my word, my dear fellow, I felt it a regular lark
riding into those infernal guns at Balacava—
felt quite happy, by George! But when I
asked little Helen Magendie to be my wife,
why I felt regularly bottled, sir—couldn't get
out a single word, and trembled all over."

Thus to me the vivacious Plunger, concerning
the difficulty of plunging into mediocres res, and I
sympathised with him. Mary, partner of my
woes, do not laugh, prithee, when thy gentle
eyes rest on this page. I was afraid, I con-
fess it; but then consider that closeting with
mamma.

Grantley was one of those men who do not
take long to make up their minds, whether for
good or evil. "Short red, good red" was
his motto, so he muttered Kismet between
his teeth, and departed to the drawing-room,
to meet his fate. Arrived there, he found
Ella at the piano; not playing, but thinking,
thinking of her impending crisis, with one
faultlessly-curved arm resting on the instrument,
the other carelessly turning over the leaves of
the last opera. She started and blushed, evi-
dently not expecting the captain's visit. Ah,
Dolores fiamme, if they would only act naturally
sometimes! Grantley felt extremely awkward
too, and remained silent; but presently broke
the oppressive stillness by that voice, to whose
rich, well-modulated tones, women's hearts had
been often fain to quiver and sway, as the fir-
trees are swayed by the northern blast.

"I have come to try and amuse myself,"
said the wretched hypocrite [Amusement, in-
deed!]. Your sister said that you had some
good songs, and I really feel as if I could chirp
a bit this morning."

He was dissembling, that was plain, and so was
Ella; for she stifled the panting of her bosom
for a time, and said, quite naturally, "Oh I
shall be happy to accompany you, Captain
Grantley; or sing, if you like a duet better.
But shall I play you this little thing of Schub-
bert's first?"

Now why had she chosen that lovely master's
most pathetic of all creations, "The Wanderer?"
Was it guile, or was it chance? Quien sabe. If
anything could have drawn the man she loved
more surely to his doom, it was that song, full
of such winning despairing melody, stirring the
chords of the heart, and bringing all the softer
emotions out strongly. As she played, the
spirit of the thing possessed her, and the rich
flush mounted to her cheeks, and her eyes
shone with that languid dangerous fire which
the Syrens made such use of when they allured
the hapless mariner to leave his bones on the
grassy Lesbian shore. Music was Grantley's
passion. You could do anything with him when
the spell of melody was called round him.

What wonder, then, that while she played, the
fierce spirit of passionate Eros should have
stolen into his soul? What wonder that he
should have leant his proud head almost
to touch bonnie Ella's locks, and that she
should have felt his breath hot on her
cheek? They were both glad when the thing
was finished, and the spell, for a moment,
dissolved. But a more dangerous trial was
waiting. He began to turn over the songs to
hide his excitement, if happily he might; and
suddenly lighting on a French song (a duet of
Rossini's) he asked Ella to try it. "They
tell me it is very charming," he said, calmly.
It was a simple chanson enough, just such a
one as Beranger might have written words to,
and Lisette sang in their humble attic, and the
refrain was "Mon âme à Dieu, mon cœur à toi."

Next to riding with a pretty woman, there is no
sterner trial than singing a duet with one. There
must be a harmony of voice. There very often
is a harmony of soul, and this is passing dan-
gerous. However, Ella bore the trial well, and
her sweet soprano rang out in unison with the
Captain's baritone, and made the song very
effective. It was soon over, however, and then
they left the piano and strolled to the window,
where the maidens must have found the face of
nature very interesting that morning, or she
would not have raised it so long and care-
estly. The silence was waxing oppressive ag-in,
till her companion said in a dreamy, musing
tone, "I shall be sorry to leave all the people
here, I have been so very, very happy; but I
have my wild 'irregulars' to look after in India,
and Beatius says that my arm will soon be all right."

Was the man a fool, or did he notice the quick panting of the girl's bosom and the beautiful eyes overwelling with tears, as she made a desperate effort to appear unconcerned? But she had strength enough to say:

"I dare say you have found it very tiresome here, Captain Grantley—nothing to please, nothing to occupy such as you."

"Tiresome!" was the reply. "Do people find things tiresome in Paradise?"

A weak answer, Harry; but people have a knack of saying the most foolish things when they are in the most desperate excitement.

The flush deepened, the proud eye became piteous, beseeching, and there was no stopping the rain of tears now. The crisis had come: there need be no acting now.

"Harry, must you go to India?"

It was all Ella said, and then looked up to meet her fate. Next moment, and she was locked close, close to his heart, and the proud panting of her bosom was stilled, and the beautiful eyes were dried with passionate kisses, and Grantley's strong right arm was round her, and she was answered:

"Go, my own Ella, and leave your own true self! You have bid me stay. No, mia cara, you are my own true girl, and nothing shall part us."

She cleared the tangled hair from her forehead, and looked up with those eyes flashing now with the pure light of passionate love, and said:

"You have won me, Harry, and you may have me. Go! of course you shall not, you foolish boy;" and again fell the storm of hot kisses on her red-ripe lips, and she was at peace.

"I have loved you so long, my Harry, so long, and fancied that you knew nothing of it; and you won't leave me now, will you, darling?"

and the lithe white fingers interlaced the happy Captain's neck, and the glorious head was laid on his shoulder; while she murmured the long story of her pure love into the delighted ears of the favoured man. There was much to tell, but I dare say the good reader is getting impatient. Billing and cooing is apt to pall upon Lothario, because he has too much of it; upon Benedict, because he has forgotten it long, long ago. Even in the midst of that pleasant story a deep, grave shade came over her lover's face, and he shook his head defiantly, as though he would have shaken off some ill-boding Eidolon—some terrible shape which would obtrude its hideous form upon the happiness which he was reveling in. There was something sternly defiant, too, in the way in which he drew his arm closer round Ella's form, as if to protect her from some impending danger, much in the same way as Virginius may have shielded his trembling daughter to his heart, and clasped his trusty dagger with a tighter hand, when he saw the lustful Appius' licitors stream up the street, and as he might have whispered, "Keep good heart, my dear daughter: better to be the bride of Pluto than the leman of Appius!"

With a woman's keen perception the girl noticed the dark eyes of her lover looking far out, as if to scan futurity, and the fortunes in wait there; and instinctively drew closer to him.

"Something ails you, Harry mine! Come, what is it? You need have no secret from me!"

The Captain was himself again, and surrendered himself to the delicious reality with a very good grace, and drank in the murmurous cooing of the beautiful girl with a sort of half-dreamy delight, as though he listened to far-off music in a trance. Full merrily, I ween, did honest old Sol shine upon many a happy couple that April morning, throughout the length and breadth of stately England, but on no happier couple than the two who basked there in Love's happy dream. The past faded away: the future was left to take care for the things of itself, and the present was before them in all its alluring brightness. And all this time not a word of the rejected Charley, till Ella whispered, "Now I am going to try your temper, Harry. Of course you have seen Mr. Dalton here, and have heard of my ill-starred engagement to him? Forgive me, Harry! I wouldn't mention him to you" (for Grantley had growled a half-distinct anathema, devoting Dalton to all the infernal gods), "and pity him, for he has suffered much, and must be put out of his pain. I must see him once more, and tell him of the way you have stolen my poor heart, you naughty boy! And then—and then—I am yours for better or worse."

"Oh, see him, of course you may: I fear nothing from him, though I am sure he would right gladly have broken my neck that day hunting, and is sorry that he has not done so. But he had better take care, mia Ella. You know what Lancaster said to poor Piers Gaveston when he had him in his grim clutches—"The black dog can bite." He will find that in me he has no common enemy!"

"There, there, my darling, you are actually fretting yourself for nothing. I daresay poor Charley will soon get himself another sweetheart. Men's hearts are not broken so easily as we poor silly women's! So you will not trouble yourself any more about him, will you, Harry mine? I want you to think of nothing else but me!"

Again the same weary dark look passed over the Captain's face. He might have told another tale had he wished; but he kept his own counsel, and hid all these things in his heart.
THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A free paraphrase from the German.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm,
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on: the end shall tell,
Our dear Lord ordereth all things well."

NEAR THE BRINK.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The country haunts are growing fair
Tranquilly, day by day;
Robin sings mid blossoms rare,
As the west lights fade away:
The young buds burst in green desire;
Bloom the violets round the elms;
And spring-scented hang on the sweet-brier
In the dell's moss-paven realms.

Odours are wafted o'er the lea
Sweet as the breath of the south;
Every bud on the apple-tree
Has opened a rosy mouth;
And at twilight the large soft moon
Sails up liquid azure deeps,
Till grown in gold, amid stars assoon,
She in young night’s purple sleeps.

Then two bright faces hastening by
Stab my heart with sharp regret;
I know to a happy home they hie
Far beyond the city’s fret.
Where the hawthorn twines a balm-y bower,
And the breeze makes wan checks bright;
Then I gaze upon my drooping flower,
Prison-pent both day and night.

They pass without a pitying look,
The twain that I envy so;
And I bend above my desk or book,
Lest my face my fears should show.

She smiles with her unconscious eyes,
When I clasp her to my breast;
But I only breathe in stifled sighs.
As she sinks to languid rest.

THE WISE MEN’S FOUNTAIN.

BY MRS. ARDY.

"Not far from the Elyas Convent is a fountain called the ‘Wise Men’s Fountain.’ The legend relates that the Wise Men from the East who were on their way to offer homage to the new-born King of Judah, were, when they arrived at this spot, so weary and so thirsty, that they had quite forgotten the object of their journey, and the star which had hitherto conducted them. But when they bowed down over the fountain to fetch up water, they saw the star brightly reflected in its depths! This recalled all to their memory, their courage was renewed, and they continued their journey to its completion."—"Travels in the Holy Land" by FREDRIKA BREMER.

The Wise Men are bound on a journey afar,
They follow their course without dread or dismay;
They turn from the East, but a kind, guiding star
Moves on in the heavens, and points forth to their way.

Oh! strange, that the zeal should grow languid and cold
Of men by so wondrous a miracle blest!
Oh! sad, that, neglecting the star to behold,
They think but of shelter, refreshment, and rest!

They look not above for a counselling guide:
Earth’s lowly entertainments more winning appear;
A fountain’s clear waters enrapture their sight,
A fountain’s soft melody steals on their ear.

They kneel on the margin—no thought they direct
To a region above, or a country afar;
Amazement! the depths of the fountain reflect
The guide of their journey—the beautiful star!

In thankfulness now on their way they depart,
Intent for the future their guide to retain—
No roving desires of the eye or the heart
Allure them to break their allegiance again.

Wherever this wonderful legend is told,
’Tis good that the mercy of God we recall;
The patience he showed to the Wise Men of old,
He daily and hourly extends to us all:

The Light of the Gospel—pure, holy, and true—
A treasure of precious and infinite worth,
He gives us. We keep it not always in view,
Our thoughts are absorbed by the things of the earth.

Yet oft from a source that we little expect
Awakening Memory’s aid is bestowed,
And, deeply deploiring our careless neglect,
We gladly return to our long-cherished road.

Reflecting, how much to the Father we owe,
Who deigns, in his kind and beneficent love,
To draw us away from temptation below,
By means of a glimpse of the light from above!
DANCING.

The love of dancing seems to be inherent to the human race; the poetry of motion exercises the same powerful influence over the sensual organs as music over the intellectual, and thus the two when combined seem to be irresistible. Even the phlegmatic Turk or Hindoo rajah, who thinks it a degradation to join in the dance, has the utmost pleasure in watching the dancing of girls, who are hired for every festival; whilst Europeans throw off their superabundant energy in the gay gallop, the long-popular quadrille, or the tenderness expressed in the mazy waltz, seen in its greatest perfection in the tea-gardens of Germany, where old and young, high and low, share in its attractions for hours, never seeming to weary of its endless gyrations.

The Romans, like the Turks, thought it much beneath their dignity to dance, and yet were passionately fond of watching its performance. Occasionally, in the practice of some religious rites, the patricians would join; but, as Cicero says: “No man who is sober dances, unless when he is out of his mind, either when alone or in any decent society; for dancing is the companion of wanton conviviality, dissoluteness, and luxury.” They had, however, crowds of professional dancers, who by their powers of mimicry could represent any play by movement alone; hence they were called pantomimi. We have on record that the story of the Judgment of Paris was told in this manner; and Appianus mentions one, of the Slaughter of Crassus and the Destruction of his Army by the Parthians, all described by gesture alone. In the Augustan age these dancers were greatly encouraged, and they then reached their highest perfection, a single actor often performing the whole scene, and, as a spectator declares, “You seem to see the thing itself and not an imitation of it, and that the man spoke with his body and hands.” Even Nero himself during a very severe illness made a vow that on his recovery he would dance the story of Turnus, in the Æneid. We may feel scandalized in these days at the prices paid to our ballet dancers; but the Romans at least could surpass us in extravagance: twenty thousand crowns of gold were at one period given to a favourite female dancer at the time of her marriage; and the fortunes that they were able to leave to their children, after living in all the luxury incident to their profession, amounted to enormous sums. They were the favourites of the populace. The ladies fell desperately in love with the male performers, and vice versa; so much so, that when the dearness of the annona induced the Emperor Constantius to send all the philosophers away from Rome, he yet retained three thousand dancers for the amusement of the people; in a time of scarcity learning might be dispensed with, but rioting would have ensued had they been deprived of shows. After these were over, those present crowded round the performers, fell on their necks, kissing them and their garments with the passionate demonstrations which belong so much to the Italian people even to the present day.

When the hordes of Scandinavia deluged Europe, they brought with them their own peculiar dances connected with war, fire, and the sword, their presiding deities; and we shall have little difficulty in tracing a likeness to the dances of the American Indians in the fire-dance which was so often practised in Norway and Sweden. At midnight a great fire was made before the King’s palace, and by beat of drum the most valiant soldiers were called to dance round it, doing it so violently and holding each other so fast that the last man must necessarily fall in. “Naturally leaping out again, as if he were breaking a strong chain,” according to the old chronicler’s similes, he was set on the highest seat, amidst the applause of the dancers, for spoiling the King’s fire, and one or two great cups of the strongest ale were handed to him. It was carried on in this manner until each man had had his turn of falling into the flames to win his cup of ale. Their object was, by these exercises to gain such strength of nerve as would fit them for the greatest endurance in war, when it should be their lot to engage in it. In some cases, when any man had committed an offence, the barbarians used this dance as a punishment, and he was burnt alive in the flames instead of being permitted to jump out.

There is a very ancient Scandinavian dance which is termed the ring-dance, and belongs to the class of war dances. One of those who were about to perform was elected king, and at his command the whole party moved round or stood still. Slowly they began, to the sound of pipes and drums, singing, in accompaniment, the warlike deeds of their great chiefs; and, to make the scene more striking, they fastened little brass bells to their knees, and wore the armour they used in battle, which rattled as they moved along. After dancing three times with their swords in their scabbards, they drew them out, lifting up the naked blades, then taking the points and pummels one of the other, they placed themselves in a hexagonal figure, plaiting the points into a hexagon; or, as they called it, rozans, which was so firmly arranged that one of them could hold the whole up without disarranging it. The sport was ended with songs and the most vehement dancing; each man having seized his own sword, moved it quickly to the side, and leaped back from his partners. Traces of this dance may still be found in the outlying districts of Yorkshire, where the writer has seen it performed by the mummers.
Dancing.

in their fantastic guise on Christmas-day morning: there is much that is very graceful in it, even with these absurd accompaniments, and it would not fail to be admired with the warlike adjuncts and well-knit frames of the old sea-kings in earlier days. It is said to be still danced at Whitby on Plough-Monday, a party of six being the required number.

We meet with another variety of the sword-dance, under very different circumstances of scenery and climate. Let us enter a Hindoo village at the time of a feast, where the men are making large purchases in grain and salt; and the graceful figures of the women standing by, dressed in a full petticoat of green or blue stamped cloth, trimmed with rows of chintz, ribbon, or silk, a quilted bodice, and a printed cotton scarf on the head; their arms are covered with ivory rings, increasing in size as they go up; earrings and ornaments in profusion scattered over their long ringlets, and giving them a picturesque and wild appearance. Suddenly the sales are stopped; business is at an end; the cry goes round, "The players are come," and all crowd round, a swept platform, where chairs and carpets are placed for the higher ranks. As the dance is attended with danger, a bargain is made for a handsome gratuity, and a fine powerful gipsy-like fellow springs into the circle. Swords are collected from the people who stand round, and arranged with the edges upturned, supported by the points and hilts, leaving a space between each sword, but in no particular figure: about twenty, with edges as sharp as razors, are set up. The gipsy goes through certain ceremonies, such as throwing dust to the four quarters, rubbing some on his arms and breast, saluting his brethren; then, going down on his hands and feet, he makes one splendid spring into the centre of the swords, alighting like a feather, and supporting himself on the tips of his fingers and toes. Then he raises himself up, makes another somersault, springs higher and higher, backwards, forwards, sideways, and around, just clearing the upturned edges of the weapons at every bound in a wonderful manner. Sometimes two or three swords are under him at once, and by a single false step he would be horribly cut; but eye, hand, and muscle are in true accord, until with one great bound he clears the arena, making a graceful salute as he rises, and the ring of spectators must acknowledge that they never saw anything cleverer; whilst his old mother, who has suffered tortures of fear lest he should be cut to pieces, wipes the perspiration from his brow, passes her hands over his body, cracks her knuckles against his temples, embraces him heartily, and appeals to the people for "rings of gold, a chain of gold for his neck."

But, happily, as European nations became more settled warlike exercises grew into disfavour, the so-called pleasant round, and, if we may judge from the writings of the middle ages, dancing had become a passion in every rank. Many were the denunciations it met with from preaching friars, and an old legend tells us the following story: "Once upon a time, several young men and maidens were dancing and singing together in a churchyard, where they disturbed a priest who was performing mass in the church. He told them to desist, but they paid no heed to him. At last, to punish them, he prayed that they might be compelled to dance a whole year. So they continued without intermission, feeling neither heat nor cold, hunger nor thirst, weariness nor decay of apparel; but the ground on which they danced, not having the same miraculous support, gradually wore away under them, till at last they were sunk in it up to the middle, still dancing on as vehemently as ever. The brother of one of the maidens attempted to pull her out, but he only pulled one arm off, without stopping her dancing. And so they continued for a whole year, when the spell ceased."

There still remains in the province of Languedoc, a dance which has descended from the middle ages, the meaning and use of which we must leave to greater antiquarians to decide. The close of the carnival is generally marked by the destruction of the effigy of a little man, bearing the name of Caromantran (carimé-entrant), which is drowned, hung, or burnt, according to local custom. At Uzes, where the burning process has force, the ceremony is accompanied by a special dance, called the dance of bouffets or blasts. The bouffetiers, who each carry a pair of bellows, form the body guard of the procession of the caromantran; they are all dressed in a similar uniform of white pantaloons, a shirt, and cotton nightcap, and early in the morning promenade the town in a long file. At the sound of the drum beating a particular tune they dance singly, and in a circle, one of the figures being especially ludicrous, when they each pursue the other with puffs of the bellows. Any peculiar character or curious old maid is pursued in the same manner by scouts sent out from the band; thus they continue at intervals during the day, and when night falls the bonfire is made, and Lent closes the merriment of the day.

During the last century something like the Bouffetiers was customary in Lombardy—no doubt a relic of the old dances of the Luperci. They called themselves Mattacini, and dressed in a tight-fitting suit, wearing the mask of a bearded old man. They passed rapidly along the streets, dancing in step, with their hands to their foreheads, and beating everyone they met with scourges. Not content with the streets, they climbed up the walls of houses and entered through the windows, imitating various trades, and performing mock-fights, one of the number falling down as if dead, when the rest took him up, and danced away with him.

A sad tragedy is connected with these Mattacini. Two young men fell in love with the same girl; at her marriage with the successful suitor, a party of masked Mattacini entered the house and asked to be allowed to dance. After a little time they persuaded the bridegroom to
Dancing.

join them: the fight began, and he dropped down, according to custom, as if dead; the others carried him away to another room, singing and dancing to a sad air. The party took the whole as a jest; but when, after the departure of the Mattacini, the bridgegroom did not return, an alarm was raised, and on searching the room where he had been carried he was found to have been strangled by his jealous rival!

Among the most favourite dances of the middle ages was the stately Polonaise. All ranks who were met together in the baronial hall joined in it, when any unusual occasion of festivity brought them together, each person scrupulously keeping their proper position. The music was of a martial character, and the figure partook of the same, being a kind of march round a large hall. The emperor, king, or nobleman, choosing the lady of highest rank for his partner, took her hand, and each holding a long lighted taper in the other, led the way: each pair followed in rank and step, bearing tapers until the bout was over; and afterwards little dwarfs closed the long procession. Thus they moved round and round the long room, until the tapers had burnt down to their fingers, when they threw the ends into the fire as they passed, and whirled off into the coranto or waltz. The dresses of the nobility, ambassadors, and office-bearers made this tapa-dance one of the finest spectacles of the kind. Who would not have wished to have been a witness of it when Queen Elizabeth and her court formed the historical personages, or when the Czar Peter led off Sophia Electress of Hanover, lively and stately at the age of eighty-three as she had been in her youth?

The superstition of the custom connected with St. John’s Eve always included dancing round a bonfire. In the wild fjords of Norway, where the legends of their ancestors are still remembered with respect, the people inhabiting each valley meet for rejoicing at midnight—but not in darkness, for the full blaze of the sun’s rays still dart from the horizon, and the scene seems to be in complete daylight. The mountains covered with everlasting ice, cracked with gigantic glaciers, and hundreds of torrents which roll down to the sea, give the scene a most picturesque aspect, as the men in dark, rough vests and jackets, with scarlet fishermen’s caps, and the women in the same homespun gowns and white handkerchiefs over their heads, come with the national sang-froid from every direction, and sit down on the bright green grass. Three old boats, covered within and without with tar, make a bonfire that would delight the hearts of every rustic Guy Fawkes; and when the musician arrives with his violin, which strongly resembles the squeaking of a pig, the ring of young men and women is formed for the dance. As for the former, their attitudes are evidently got up to show their strength and agility rather than grace and courtesy. Every sort of bound and highland fling is displayed, with the desperate feat of dashing themselves flat on the ground. Their partner’s chief care is to keep themselves safely out of the way of the kicks and blows that are dealt all around, until, as the dance proceeds, each man seizing his partner’s hand, drags her round in a circle, ever and anon twirling her violently with one arm, and catching her round the waist with the other, in order, as it seems, to save her from falling. But again the fair ones are cast aside, and the men begin revolving round them like satellites round a sun—but only for a short time, as their extraordinary contortions soon recommence, and leaping into the air, they manage to slap the soles of their feet with both hands. A quiet waltz is then tried, and some really pretty figures danced; but the unaggressive spirit re-enters: the women are sent out of the ring; the youths fling and hurl themselves about like maniacs; stand on their heads, and walk on their hands, like a company of mountebanks, but always in time to the music, until the wonder and applause of the multitude culminate in the performances of a man and woman, having made the nearest approach to suicide, walks round the circle on his hands, shattering his feet in the air.

The Scelvonic dances mostly possess, like the one described above, many peculiarities: there is one called the “Hohe Tanz,” in which the unmarried only take a part. The women begin it alone, and from time to time descend to select their partners from the crowd of men who stand around waiting in anxious expectation; and then commences a violent salutary movement, not unlike the preceding, and carried on until weariness breaks up the party.

In Italy, with its sunny skies and vine-clothed hills, where to exist seems a delight, and you may while away life in the dolce far niente, the people may well be dancers. In the exquisite nights of summer, the calm blue sky, already bespangled with the peeping stars, where the cool air bears on its wings the scent of the orange groves, and the glow-worms shine brightly on every bank; then the cheerful laugh of the young maidens, and the click of the castanets or tambourines, announce the dance to have begun. It may be the celebrated tarantella of Naples, the montferrino of Piedmont, or the saltarello of Rome: each district has its favourite national dance belonging to the people, in addition to the world-wide waltz, polka, or quadrille. Those who have visited the latter city will not have failed to see the lively saltarello—so called from the jumping step which is its peculiar style. It is a dance for two, but as many couples as choose may share in it and enter the circle formed by the onlookers. It is a pantomime describing in action the whole course of love-making, courtship, coyness, refusal, and triumph. It has its peculiar grace: the partners whirl in circles round each other, clasping their hands above their heads, throwing them forward, screaming as they clap them together, or resting them on the hips. When the circle is finished in one direction, they snap their fingers with a sudden cry,
and whirl round in the opposite; then the female kneels down, tossing her arms and sound- ing her castanettes, while her partner circles round and round, ever approaching towards the magic centre, and attempts to give her a kiss, which it is etiquette to refuse. It ends in a triumphant tableau, when the lover drops on one knee before his fair one, who does not spare his feelings, as she whirls round and round, beating her tambourine and snapping her fingers in token of victory. The tune to which it is danced is of a very merry character—enough so to make one long to join with the light, fantastic toe: it is the never-ending tarantella, and is played alike on the guitar, mandoline, accordion, or tambourine. Sometimes the dancers accompany themselves, and sing, until the exercise alike of lungs and body drives all the breath out of them. It is in itself a very fatiguing dance, and most wonderfully do the partners keep it up, the great effort being to see who shall be the last to proclaim him or herself finished. Generally the women are the last to give in, and as soon as one panting couple retire another takes its place. The scene is always picturesque, and many a painter has exercised his brush in portraying it—the girls in their silk skirts and gay bodices, their earrings of coral and gold necklaces; the men wearing velvet jackets hanging over the shoulders, white stockings, with flowers and rosettes in the high-crowned hat: a barrel of wine stands near, or a tray of water melons, the juicy slices of which are eagerly bought by the hot, panting dancers.

DARK WAYS.

(A Story of 1863.)

“Tortured with winter’s storms, and tossed with a tumultuous sea.”

When God’s curse forsok my country it fell on me. I had been young and heroic; I had fought well; what portion of the clockwork of Fate had been allotted me I had utterly performed. Twelve years ago I became a man and strove for my country’s freedom; now she has attained her heights without me, and I—what am I? A shapeless hulk, that stays in the shadow, and that hates the world, and the people of the world!

“Fight!” whispered Father Anselmo (the young priest) to me at my last shrift—and fight I did; for from Italy’s bosom I had drawn the strength of sword-arm, hip and thigh; and I vowed to lose that arm and life, and all that made life dear, toward the trampling of oppressors from the sacred place.

My sun rose in storm, it continued in storm—why not so have set? Why not have died when swords swept their lightnings about me, when the glorious thunders of battle rolled around and sulphurous blasts enveloped, when the air was full of the bray of bugle and beat of drum, of shout and shriek, exultation and agony? Why not have gone with the crowd of souls reeking with daring and desire? Why, oh, why thus left alone to wither? Why still hange that sun above me, yet wrapt and veiled and utterly obscured in thick, muck mists of sorrow and despair?

Peace! Let me tell you my story.

Since Father Anselmo—like all youth, whether under cowl, cap, or crown—was a Liberal at heart, I had not wanted counsel; but when I had told him all my yearnings and aspirations, had bared to him the throbings of my very thought, and he had replied in that one blessed word, I hastened away. There were none to whom I should say farewell; I was alone in the world. This wild blood of my veins ran in no other veins: I knew thoroughly the wide freedom of solitude: the sins and the virtues of my race, whatever they were, had culminated in me. As I looked back that morning, the castle, planted in a duple of its demesnes, old and grey and watched by purple peaks of Apeninne, seemed to hide its command only under the mask of silence. The wood through which I went, with its alluring depths, the moss verdant in everlasting spring beneath my eager feet, each bough I lifted, the blossoms that blew their gales after, the beard grasses that shook in the wind, all gave me their secret sigh; all the sweet land around, the distant hill, the distant shores said, “Redeem me from my chains!” I came across a sylvan statue, some faun nestled in the forest: the rains had stained, frosts cracked, suns blistered it; but what of those? A vine covered with thorns and stemmed with cords had wreathed about it and bound it closely in serpents-coils. I stayed and tore apart the fetters till my hands bled, cut away the twisting branches, and set the god free from his bonds.
Triumph rose to my lips, for I said, "So will I free my country!" Ah! there was my error. The shackleing vines would grow again, and enfold the marble image that had consecrated the forest-glooms; there is the flaw in all my work—I have shorn, but have never uprooted an evil. Youth is a fool: the young Titans cannot scale heaven—heaven, that, if what I live through be true, is ramparted round with tyranny lies? But is it true? Am I what I seem to myself? Did I fail in my purpose, in my will? Did Italy herself believe me? Did she, did she loved, she I worshipped, she, the woman to whom I gave all, for whom I sacrificed all, did she, too, forsake me? Ah, no! you will tell me Italy is free: but I did not free her! And at this time she waited only to put on in Venice her tiara. And for that other one, that fair Austrian woman, that devil whom I serve and adore, that yellow-haired witch who brewed her incantations in my holiest raptures—she did not then play me foul, and falsely feign love to win me to disguise. May all the woes in heaven's hands fall on her!

God! what have I said? That I should live to ban her with a word! Did I say it? Oh, but it was vain! Woe for her? No, no! all blessings shower upon her, sunshine attend her, peace and gladness dwell about her! Trystess though she were, I must love her yet: I cannot unlove her. I would take her into my heart, and fold my arms about her.—Oh, I pray you, do not look upon me with that mocking smile! Pity me, rather! pity this wretched heart that longs to curse God and die!—Nay, I want not your idle words. Can good destroy? Can love persecute? I was a worm that turned. What then? Why not have crushed me to annihilation? Oh no, not then! He took me up, and shook me before the world, clipped me, and let me fall. A derisive Deity—why, the words give each other the lie!

Stop! Your sad eyes look as if you would go away, but for this infinite pity in you. What makes you pity me? Because I am shorn of my strength? because of all my fair proportions there is nothing left unshirred? because my body—such as it is—is racked with hourly and perpetual pain? because I die? For none of these? Truly your judgments are inscrutable. For what, then? Because—yet no, that cannot be—because I bear a stubborn heart? because I will not bend my soul as He has bent my body? Partly; but you are witless! What else? Because I toss off a shield and buckler, you say. Because I will not lean upon a tower of strength. Because I will not throw myself on the tide of divine love, and trust myself to its course. It was that divine love, then, that tower of strength, that shield and buckler, that made me this thing you see. Tarpeia was enough. Away with your generosities! Go, go, you slave of the past! Yet no—you have not gone? You believe what you say—I know with those eyes you cannot deceive. Ah, but I trusted her eyes once! Yet it gives you rest; your sorrows are not like mine, there is no rest for me. I cannot go and gather that balm of Gilead: I have no legs. I have as good as none. This wheel-chair and that dog of a turnkey are not the equipage for such a journey. Ah, do not turn from me now! My railing is worse than my cursing, you feel indeed. Well, stay with me at least, and if it is twelve years since you shivered me at first, perhaps you shall shrieve me at last, for I doubt if I am ever brought out to this sunshine again, if I do not die in the prison-damp to night, and you, with all your change, are Father Anselmo, I think. Stay, I will confess to you, confess this. Man! man! this infinite pity of your soul for mine throws a light on my dark way: God's curse has fallen on me through man's curse, why not God's love through man's love? Anselmo, though you became priest, and I went to become hero, we were children together; I was dear to you then; I am so still, it seems. In your love let me find the love of that Heaven I have defied. Stay, friend, yet another word. If man's love can be so great, what is God's love be? That which I said, I said in desperation. In very truth, that peace hangs like an unattainable city in the clouds before my soul's visions, that love like a broad river flowing through the lands, an atmosphere bathing the worlds, the sublime essence and ether of space in which the farthest star pursues its course—why then, should it escape me, the mote? Oh, when the world turned from me, I sought to flee thither! I sighed for the rest there! Wretched, alone, I have wept in the dark and in the light, that I might go and fling myself at the heavenly feet. But, do you see? sin has broken down the bridge between God and me. Yet why, then, is sin in the world—that scum that rises in the creation and fermentation of good—why, but as a bridge on which to re-seek those shores from which we wander? Man, I do repent me—in loving you I find God. And you call that blasphemy! Nay, go indeed my friend! So humble, you are not the man for me. I can talk to the winds: they, at least, do not visit me too roughly. These are thy tears Anselmo? Thou a priest, yet a man? Still with me? Yet thou wilt have to bear with wayward moods—scorn now, quiet then. I am a tetchy man; I am an old man too, though but just past thirty. So I thank God for thee, dear friend!

Anselmo, look out on this scene below us here, as we sit on our lofty battlement. Not on the turrets or the loopholes, the gates and spikes, or all the fortified horror, but on the earth. It is fair earth, though not Italy; this is a mountain fortress; here are all the lights and shadows that play over grand hill countries; and yonder are fields of grain, where the winds and sunbeams play at storm, and a little hamlet's sheltered valley. Doubtless there are towers besides, half-hidden in the hills. It is Austria: slaves tread it, and tyrants drain it, it is true; but the wild, free gipsies troop now and then across it; and though no fiction of law supports...
a claim they would scorn to make, they use it
so that you could swear they own it. Do you see
how this iron reticulation of social rule and
custom and force makes a scaffolding on which
this timeless race build up their lives? I watch
them often. Each country has its compensa-
tions. Anselmo, this first made me tremble in
my petty defiance—I, an ephemera of May, de-
yying the dominations of eternity. Not so—not
too lowly; I also am, and each limitation of life
is as well, a domination of eternity. But I saw
that it was no purpose of God to have destroyed
Italy; when men in weakness and wantonness
suffered their liberties to be torn from them,
suffered themselves to become enslaved, there
was compensation in that their sons had chance
for heroic growth; they might, in efforts for
freedom, create virtues that, born to freedom,
they would never have known. I, too, had my
field; I lost it; my enemy was myself. But
when I think of her—Ay, there it is! Do
not let me think of her! I become mad, when
I think of her! At least allow me this:
God’s ways are dark. Not that—not even
that? I needed what I have? If my am-
tibions, my passions, my will, had ruled,
my soul would have remained null? Ah,
friend, and is that so much the worse? It
is the sorrows that ache, ifone is not the
man of those people—a man who acts—I was, I mean—not a
man who thinks; and all your subtleties of
word perchance entrap me. I am not busy
when you come to logic. See! I surrender
point after point. I shall be dead soon, you
know; when this morning’s sun shall have set,
when the moon shall hold the night in fee, I
shall depart—wing up and away; is it, that, my
body already dead, my mind sickens and dies
with it, bit after bit, and so I yield, and attest
that, without the agony of my life, death had
failed to burst my soul’s husk! Oh! for I was
born of an earthy race; blood ran thick in our
veins; we were sensuous and passionate, the
breath of steam and pleasure struck our brains,
and our flimsy eyes could not see heaven. Yes,
yes, I needed it all; but, friend, it is pitiful.
I like to sit here in the sun. It is only a
twelvemonth, of all my long years’ imprison-
ment, that this has been allowed me. I like to
sleep in it, like any wild creature—the lizard,
a mere reptile—the bird, a hindered soul. To lie
thus, weak as I am, but pillowed and warmed
by the searching genial rays, seems such com-
fort, when I think of the bed I once had on
the rack! This little slumber from which I wake
revives me. I feared not to find you, and did
not unclose my eyes at once. It was good in
you to come, Anselmo; it must have been at
risk of much.

You ask me to speak of my life since I went
away on that morning of your command—to
reconcile the hostile acts, to gather the scat-
tered reports. Hear it all!
You know my wealth was equal to my de-
mand. I used it; before six months were over,
I was the life and soul of those who must needs
be conspirators. They saw that I was earnest;
that my sacrifices were real; they trusted me!

Soon the movement had become general; all the
mothered elements of national life were convulsed
and throbbing under the crust of tyranny.

How proud and glad was I that morning
after our victory! I saw great Italy, beautiful
Italy, once more put on her diadem; I beheld
the future prospect of one broad, free land,
barriered by Alps and set impregnably in
summer seas, storied seas, keys of the West
and East. We embraced each other as brothers
of this glorious nation, ancient Rome risen
from trance; as we walked the streets, we sang;
Milan was turbulent with gladness; no gala-
day was ever half so bright; the very spires ap-
ppeared to spring in the white radiance of their
flames up a deeper heaven; the sun stayed at
perpetual dawn for us. Walking along, jubilant
and daring, at length we paused in a square
where a fountain dashed up its column of sun-
shine, and laved our hands. By Heaven! We
forgot independence, Italy, freedom; we were
crazed with success and hope; it seemed that
the stream was Austrian blood! Then, in the
midst of all, I looked up—and on a balcony she
stood. A fair woman, with hair like shredded
light, her great blue eyes wide and full of in-
tense dye, her nostril distended with pride, and
her lip faintly curling with that fear and hate of us—but on that full, beautiful face,
with crimson bloom, juicy and young and fresh,
on those Love lay. The others wound forward
—I with them, yet apart; and my eyes became
fixed on hers. Then I lifted my cap with its
tricolour. She did not return the courtesy, but
stood as if spell-bound, one hand threading
back the straying hair, the lips a little parted;
suddenly she turned to fly, that hand upraised

to the casement’s side, and still, as she looked
back, the beautiful eyes on mine. My com-
panions had preceded me; we were alone in the
square; she waivered as she stood, then tore a
rose from her bosom, kissed it deep into its
heart, and tossed it to me.

“Let all its petals be joys!” I said; and she
vanished.

Oh, friend, the leaves have fallen, the rose is
death! Look! I have kept through all—spear
leaf and withered spray!

That night we danced, and the Austrian girl
was there. They told me she was exiled, and
that she loved liberty—no one told me she was
a spy. I saw her swim along the dance, the
white satin of her raiment flashing perpetual
interchange of lustrous and obscure, the warm
air playing in the lace that fell like the spray of
the fountain round her golden hair and over
her pearly shoulder; grace swept in all her mo-

tions, beauty crowned her—she seemed the per-
fec
t pitch of womanhood.

Still she swims along the lazy line with in-
dolent pleasure, still floats in dreamy waltz-circles
perchance, still bends to the swaying tune as
the hazel-branch bends to the hidden treasure—
but as for me, my dancing days are over.

By-and-bye it was I with whom she danced,
whose hand she touched, on whom she leaned.
I wondered if there were any man so blest; I
listened to her breath, I watched her cheek, our
eyes met, and I loved her. The music grew
deeper, more impassioned: we stood and
listened to it—for she danced then no more—
our hearts beat time to it, the wind wandering
at the casement played in its measure. We said
no words, but now and then each sought the
other’s glance, and, convicted there, turned
in sudden shame away. When I bade her
good-night, which I might never have done but
that the revel broke, a great curl of her hair
blew across my lips. I was bold—I was heated
too, with this half-secret life of my heart, this
warm blood that went leaping so riotously
through my veins, and yet so silently—I took
my dagger from my belt and severed the curl.
See, friend! will you look at it? It is like the
little gold snakes of the Campagna, is it not?
each thread so fine and fair, a separate ray of
light. Once it was part of her! See how it
twists round my hand! Hasté! hasté! let me
put it up, lest I go mad!—Where was I?
I busied myself again in the work to be done;
beside the woman must not I stay? Once
more all went forward. I saw the Austrian
woman only from a window, or in a church, or
as she walked in the gardens, for many days.
Then the times grew hotter; I left the place,
and lived with sternalarums; and thither she
also came. I never sought what sent her. She
was with the wounded, with the dying. Then
the need of her was past, and she and all the
others took their way. At length that also came
to an end.

We were in Rome—and thither, some time
previously, she had gone.

One night—our business for the day was over
—our plans for the morrow laid, our messages
received, our messengers despatched, and those
who had been conspirators, and now bade fair to
be saviours, were sleeping. Sleep seemed to
fold the world: each bough and twig was silent in
repose: the spectral moonlight itself slept as it
bathed the air. I alone wandered and waked.
With me there were too many cares for rest;
work kept me on the alert. To court slumber
at once was not easy after the nervous tension
of duty. I was torn, too, with conflicting feel-
ings: half my soul went one way in devotion to
my country, half my soul swerved to the other
as I thought of the Austrian woman. I grew
tired of the streets and squares; something that
should be fragrant and bowery attracted me. I
mounted on the broken water-god of a dry bath
and leaped a garden-wall.

No sooner was I there than I knew why I
had come. This was her garden.

Heart of Heaven! how all things spoke of
her! How the great white roses hung their
doubly heavy heads and poured their perfume
out to her! how the sprays shivered as I spoke
the name she owned! how the nightingales
ceased for a breath their warbling as she rustled
down a fragrant path and met me! All her
hair was swept back in one great mass and held
by an ivory comb; a white cloak wrapped her
white array; she was jewelless and striped of
lustre; she was like pearl, milky as a shell,
white as the moonlight that followed in her
wake.

“You breathed my name—I came,” she
said.

“Pardon!” I replied. “I heard the fountain’s
dash and the nightingales sing, and I but came
for rest under the spell.”

“And have you found it?”

“I have found it.”

We remained silent then, while floods of
passion gathered and lay darkly still in our
hearts. No, no! I know now that it was not so;
yet I will tell it, tell it all, as I thought it
then.

She did not stir; indeed, she had such capa-
cibility of rest, that, had I not spoken, she would
never have stirred, it may be. She knew that
my glance was upon her: for herself, she looked
at the broad fliles that grew at her feet, and
listened to the melody that seemed to bubble
from a thousand throats with indifferent sound
upon the night. It was her repose that soothed
me: moulded clay is not so calm, the marble
rose of silence not half so beautifully folded to
dreamful rest, so lovely and so still no gilded
statue could have been; the cool, soft night in-
filtrated its tranquillity through all her being.

As we stood, the nightingales gave us ex-
pricuous pause. One alone, distant and clear,
fluted its faint piping like the phantom of the
finished strain. Another sound broke the air
and floated along on this too delicious accom-
paniment—music, fine and far. Some other
lover sang to her his serenade. The voice in its
golden sonority rose and crept towards her with
persuading sweetness, winding through all the
alleys and overaying over the plots of greener
with a tranquil strength, as if such song were
but the natural spirit of the night, or as if the
soul of the broad calm and silence itself had
taken voice—

“Thy beauty, like a star
Whose life is light,
Shines on me from afar,
And on the night.

“Each midnight blossom bends
With sweetest weight,
And to thy casement sends
Its fragrant freight.

“Each air that faintly curls
About thy nest
Its daring pinion furls
Within thy breast.

“‘The night is spread for thee,
The heavens are wide,
And the dark earth’s mystery
Is magnified.

“For thee the garden waits,
The hours delay,
The fountains toss their jets
Of shimmering spray.
"Then leave thy din delight
In dreams above;
Come forth, and crown the night
With her I love!"

She listened, but did not lift her head or suffer the change of a fold; then there came the tinkle of the strings that embalmed the tune, and the singer's steps grew soundless as he left the street. A new phantasm crept upon me. What right had any other man to sing to her his love-songs? Did she not live, was not her beauty created, her soul given, for me? Did not the very breath she drew belong to me? My voice, hoarse and husky, disturbed the stillness: my eyes flamed on her.

"Do you love that man who sang?" I murmured.

"Signor, I love you," she said.

Then we were silent as before, but she stood no longer alone and opposite. One passionate step, an outstretched arm, and her head on my bosom, my lips bent to hers.

All the nightingales burst forth in choral redundancy of song; all the low winds woke and fainted again through the balmy boughs; all the great stars bent out of heaven to shed their sweet influences upon us.

It seemed to me that in that old palace-garden life began again; memory went out in confused joy. I held her; she was mine! mine! mine in life and for eternity! Fool! it was I who was hers! Man, you are a priest, and must not love. I, too, was sworn a priest to my country. So we break oaths!

O moments of swift bliss, why are you torture to remember? Let me not think how the night slipped into dawn as we roamed; how pale gold filtered through the darkness and bleached the air; how bird after bird with distant cherrup and breaking tune announced the day. She left me, and day became night. I wound a strange way home. I question if it were the dream of a fevered brain. I wondered, would she remember when next she saw me? None met with me that day: I forgot all. With the night I again waited in the garden. In vain I waited: she came no more. I waxed full of love's anger; I wandered up and down the walks and cursed the thorns that tore my heart. As I went, an angle of the shrubbery allured: I turned, and lo! full radiance from open doors, and silvery sounds of sport. I leaned against the ilex, lost in shadow, and watched her as she stirred and floated there before me in the light. She seemed to carry with her an atmosphere of warmth and brilliance; all things were ordered as she moved; one thong melted before her, another followed. By-and-by she stood at the long casement to seek acquaintance with the night. Constantly I thought to meet her eye, and I would not reflect that she saw only dusk and vacancy. Then indignantly I stepped from the ilex and confronted her. A low, glad cry escapes her lips; she holds her arms towards me, and would cross the sill, when a voice constrains her from within. It is he—the accursed Neapolitan!

"Signor," she says, "a vampire flitted past the dawn!"

Dawn, indeed, was breaking. The man still stood there when she left him, and still looked out. His eyes were fixed on me, and, irate and motionless, I returned their gaze. One by one her guests departed; with a last threatening glance he, too, withdrew. I plunged into the silent places again, and waited now, assured that she would come. The constellations paled, and still I was alone. Then I wandered restlessly again, and, winding through thickets of leaf-distilled perfume, I came where, just above a balcony, and almost beyond reach from it, a light burned dimly in one narrow window. I did not ask myself why I did it, but in another moment I had clambered to the place, and standing there, I bent forward to my right, pulled away the tangle of ivy that filled half the niche, and was peering in.

"What is that?" said a voice I knew, with its silvery echo of the south—the accursed Neapolitan's.

"It is the owl, that builds in the recess, and stirs the ivy," she replied.

"Haaste!" said a third; "the day breaks."

She was sitting at a low table, writing; Pia, the old nurse, stood behind her chair, and the oil was richly-scented that she burned: the single light illumined only her, and covered with her shadow the low ceiling—a shadow that seemed to hang above her like a pall, ready to fall from ghostly fingers and smoother her in its folds. The others lounged about the room and waited on her pen, in gloom they, their faces gleaming from that dusk demonically. It was a concealed room, entered by secret ways, unknown to others than these.

When she had written she sealed.

"There is no more to await. Adieu," she said.

"It is some transfer of property, some legal paper, some sale, some gift," I said to myself, as I watched them take it and depart. Then she was alone again. I saw her start up, pace the narrow spot—saw her stand and pull down the masses, so interspersed with golden light, that crowned her head, and look at them wonderingly as they overlaid her fingers—then saw those fingers clasped across the eyes, and the lips part with a sigh that, prolonged and deepened, grew to be a groan: while all the time that shadow on the ceiling hovered and fluttered and grew still, till it seemed the cluster of Eumenides waiting to pounce on its prey. In another pause I had taken the perilous step—had hung by the crumbling rock, the rending vine—had entered, and was beside her. A cold horror iced her face; she warned me away with her trembling hands.

"What have you seen?" I said.

"You, O my love, in grief!"

"And no more?"

"I have seen you give a letter to the Nea-
politian, who departs to-morrow with the little Viennais—perhaps to your friends at home.

“And that is all!”

“That is all.”

“I have no friends at home. To whom, then, could the letter be?”

“How should I divine?”

“It was for the Austrian Government! Now love me if you dare!”

“And do you suppose I did not know it?”

“Then is your love for me but a shield and mask?”

As I gazed in reply, my steady eyes, the soul that kindled my smile, my open arms, all must have asseverated for me the truth of my devotion.

“Still?” she said. “Still! And you can keep your faith to me and to Italy?”

What was this doubt of me—this stain she would cast upon my honour? That armour’s polish was too intense to sustain it; it rolled off like a cloud from heaven. Italy’s fortunes were my fortunes; it was impossible for me to betray—this woman I would win to wed them. How long, how long my blood had felt this thing in her! How long my brain had rebelled! In a proud innocence, I stood with folded arms, and could afford to smile.

“Stay!” she said again, after our mute gaze, and laying her hand on my arm... “You shall not love me in vain, you shall not trust me for nothing. Your cause is mine to-day. That is the last message I send to Vienna.”

And then I believed her.

The light, slanting up, crept in and touched the brow of an ideal bust of Mithras which she had invested with her faintly-faded wreath of heliotropes; their fragrance falling through the place already made the atmosphere more rich than that of chest of almond-wood—this perfume that is like the soul of the earth itself exhaléd to the amorous air. Behind an alabaster shrine she lighted a holy-taper, slowly to waste and pale in the spreading day. We went to the window, where, among the ivy-nooks, day’s life was just aflutter with gaudy wings.

“All will be seeking you, and yet you cannot go?” she said.

“Why can I not go?”

“It is broad morning.”

“And what of that?”

“One thing: you shall not compromise yourself, going from the house of an Austrian woman, and worse!”

She was too winningly imperious to fail. I delayed, and together we looked out on the rosy sky.

“Come down,” she said at last. “And on an arbour—mosse the sun shall drowse you, the flower-scents be your opiate, the birds your lullaby, and your guard!”

We went, and wandering again through the garden-paths, she brushed the dew with her trailing festal garments, and plucked the great blue convolvuli to crown her forehead. Soon, on a plot of Roman violets, screened by tall trees and trellises, we breakfasted. One might have said that the cloth was laid above giant mushroom-stems, the service acorn-cups and chalices of milky blooms: golden was the honeycomb we broke, manna was our bread; she caught the water in her hand from the fountain, and pledged me; and swift as sunshine I bent forward, and prevented the thirsty lips. Then she laid my head on her shoulder: with her cool finger-tips she stroked the temples and soothed the lids; they fell, and closed on the vision bending above me—loveliness like painting, pallor that was waxen, yellow tresses wreathed with azure stars, eyes that caught the hue again and absorbed all Tyrian dyes. The flash and bubble of waters swooned dreamily about my ears, and far-off it seemed I heard the wild, sad songs of her native land, that now in tinkling tune, and now in long, slow rise and fall of mellow sound, swathed me with sweet satiety to dreamless rest.

The sun stole round and rose above the screen of trees at last, and waked me. I was alone; the silent statues looked on me; the breath of the dark violets, crushed by my weight, rose in shrudding incense. I lifted myself and searched for her, and asked why I must needs believe each hour of joy a dream; then went and cooled my brow in the Icent basin at hand, and waited till she came, in changed raiment, and gliding towards me the Spirit of Noon might have come. She led me in. Well refreshed, and in the cool north rooms of the palace, the warm hours of the day slipped like hounds from a leash. It scarcely seemed her fingers that touched the harp to tune; but as if some herald of sirocco, some faint, hot breeze had brushed between the strings. It scarcely seemed her voice that talked to me, but something distant as the tone in a sad sea-shell. What I said I knew not: I was in a maze, bewildered with bliss. I only knew I loved her; I only felt my joy.

She told me many things: stories of her mountain-home, in distant view of the old fortress of Hellberg—this is the fortress of Hellberg, Anselmo—of her youth, her maidenhood, her life in Vienna, her lovers in Venice, her health, that had sent her finally there where we sat together.

“I thought it sad,” she said at length, “when they exiled me, so to say, from Vienna and all my gay career there, because Venice, with its water-breaths, might heal my attained health—and sadder when the winter bade me leave night-tides and gondolas, and repair to Rome. Now spring has come, and all the hills are blue with these deep violets; the very air is balm; the year is at flood, and life, at what seems its height, is perfected with you.”

“But you love that land you left?” I replied, after a while, and lifting her face to meet my gaze.

“Love it? Oh yes! You love your land as you love a person in whose veins and yours kindred blood runs, because it is hardly possible to do otherwise. The land gave me life—that is
all. I never knew till lately that it was anything to be thankful for. It is not sufficiently a country to kindle enthusiasm; it has no national life, you know—is an automaton put through its motions by paid and cunning mechanists. I thought it right to obey orders and serve it. But now you are my country—I serve only you!"

It was easy so to pass to my own hopes, to my own life, to my land, the land to which I had vowed the last drop of blood in my gift. Her eyes beamed upon me, smiles rippled over her face; she clasped me now and then, and sealed my brow with kisses. Soon I left her side, and strode from end to end of the long salon, speaking eagerly of the future that opened to Italy. I told her how the beautiful corpse lay waiting its resurrection, and how the Angel of Eternal Life hovered with spreading wings above, ready to sound his general trump. My pulses beat like trip-hammers, and as I passed a mirror I saw myself white with the excitement that fired me.

"You are wild with your joyous emotions," she said, coming forward and clinging round me. "Your eyes flame from depths of darkness. What, after all, is Italy to you, that your blood should boil in thinking of her wrongs? These people, for whom in your terrible magnanimity I feel that you would sacrifice even me, to-morrow would turn and rend you!"

"No, no!" I answered; "all things but you! You, you are before my country!"

The tears filled her large serious eyes; her lips quivered in melancholy smile, as sunshine plays with shower over autumn woodlands. Was I not right? Right—though the universe declares me wrong! I would do it all again. If she loved me, she had authority to be first of all in my care—in love lie the highest duties of existence.

I had forgotten the subject on which we spoke: I was thinking only of her, her beauty, her tenderness, and the debt of deathless devotion that I owed her. It was otherwise in her thought; she had not dropped the old thread, but, looking up, resumed,

"It is, then, an idea that you serve?"

Brought back from my reverie, "Could I serve a more worthy master?" I asked.

"You do not particularly love your countrymen, nine-tenths of whom you have never seen? You do not particularly hate the hostile race, nine-tenths of whom you have never seen?"

"Abstractly I hate them: kindliness of heart prevents individual hatred, and without kindliness of heart in the first place there can be no pure patriotism."

"And for the other part: what do you care for these men who herid in the old tombs, raise a pittance of vetch, and live the life of brutes? What for the lazzaroni of Naples, for the brigands of Romagna, the murderers of the Apennine? Nay, nothing, indeed. It is, then, for the land that you care, the mere face of the country, because it entombs myriad ancestors—because it is familiar in its every aspect—because it overflows with abundant beauty. But is the land less fair when foreign sway domineers it? Do the blossoms cease to crowd the gorge, the mists to fill it with rolling colour? Is the sea less purple around you, the sky less blue above, the hills, the fields, the forests less lavishly lovely?"

"Yes, the land is less fair," I said. "It is a fair slave. It loses beauty in the proportion of difference that exists between any two creatures—the one a slave of supple symmetry and perfect passivity, the other a daring woman who stands nearer heaven by all the height of her freedom. And for these people of whom you speak, first I care for them because they are my countrymen; and next, because the idea which I serve is a purpose to raise them into free and responsible agents."

"Each man does that for himself; no one can do it for another."

"But anyone may remove the obstacles from another's way, scatter the scales from the eyes of the blind, strip the dead coral from the reef."

She took yellow honeysuckles from a vase of massed amethyst, and began to weave them in her yellow hair, humming a tune the while that was full of the subtlest curves of sound. Soon she had finished, and finished the fresh thought as well.

"Do you know, my own," she said, "the men who begin as hierophants of an idea are apt to lose sight of the pure purpose, and to become the dogged, bigoted, inflexible, unreasonable adherents of a party? All leaders of liberal-movements should beware how far they commit themselves to party organisations. Only that man is free. It is easier to be a partisan than a patriot."

I laughed.

"Lady, you are like all women who talk politics, however capable they may be of acting them. You immediately beg the question. We are speaking of patriotism, not of partisanship."

"You it was who forsook the subject. You know nothing about it; you confess that it is with you merely a blind instinct. You cannot tell me even what patriotism is!"

"Stay!" I replied. "All love is instinct in the germ. Can you define the yearnings that the mother feels towards her child, the tie that binds son to father? Then you can define the sentiment that attaches me to the land from whose breast I have drawn life. The love of country is inseparable, more imponderable, more inappreciable than the electricity that fills the air and flows with perpetual variation from pole to pole of the earth. It is as deep, as unsearchable, as ineffable as the power which sways me to you. It is the sublimation of all other affection. A portion of you has always gone out into the material spot where you have been; a portion of that has entered you; your past life is entwined with river and shore. You become the country, and the country becomes a part of God. Those who love their country, love the vast..."
abstraction. She is a benediction, a shield, something for which to do and die, something for worship, ideal, grand; and though the sky is their only roof, the earth their only bed, affluent are they who have a land! Passion rooted deeply as the foundations of the hills; a man may adore one woman, but in adoring his land the aggrandizement of all man's hope, all other women overwhelmed him and accentuates to a fuller emotion. It is unselfish, impersonal, serene sentiment clarified at its white heat from all interest and deceit; the noblest joy, the noblest sorrow. Bold should they be, and pure as the priests that bore the ark, who dare to call themselves patriots. And those, Leonore, who live to see their country’s hopeless ruin, plunge into a sadness of heart that no other loss can equal, no remaining blessing mitigate—neither the devotion of a wife nor the perfection of a child. You have seen exiles from a lost land! Pride is dead in them, hope is dead, ambition is dead, joy is dead. Tell me, woman, you who choose in life the personal loss of love and you, a loss. I could hide in my aching soul, or to bear those black marks of gall and melancholy which for ever overshadow them in widest grief and gloom?"

She had sunk upon a seat, and was looking up at me with a pained unwavering glance, as if in my words she foresaw my fate. "You are too intense!" she cried. "Your tones, your eyes, your gestures, make it an individual thing with you."

"And so it is!" I exclaimed. "I cannot sleep in peace, nor walk upon the ways, while these Austrian bayonets take my sunshine, these threatening, approaching French banners hide the light of heaven!"

"Come," she said, rising. "Speak no more. I am tired of the burden of the ditty, dear; and it may do you such injury yet that I already hate it. Come out again into our garden with me. Dismiss these cares, these burning pains and ranking wounds. Be soothed by the cool evening air, taste the gorgeous quiet of sunset, gather peace with the dew."

So we went. I trusted her the more that she suffered from me, that then she promised to love Italy only because I loved it. I told her my secret schemes, I took her advice on points of my own responsibility: I learned the joy of help and confidence in one whom you deem devotedly true. Finally we remained without speech, stood long heart to heart while the night fell around us like a curtain; her eyes deepened from their azure noon splendour, and took the violet glooms of the hour, and a great planet rose and painted itself within them; again and again I printed my soul on her lips ere I left her.

At first, when I was sure that I was once more alone in the streets, I could not shake from myself the sense of her presence. I could not escape from my happiness, I was able to bring my thought to no other consideration. I reached home mechanically, slept an hour, performed the routine of bath and refreshment, and sought my former duties. But how changed seemed all the world to me! what air I breathed! in what light I worked! Still I felt the thrilling pressure of those kisses on my lips, still those dear embraces!

So days passed on. I worked faithfully for the purpose to which I was so utterly committed, that, let that be lost and I was lost. We were victorious; after the banner fell in Lombardy to soar again in Venice and to sink, the Republic struggled to life; Rome rose once more on her seven hills, free and grand, child and mother of an idea, the idea of national unity, of independence and liberty from Tyrol to Sicily. My God! think of those dear people who for the first time said, "We have a country!"

Yet how could we have hoped then to continue? Such brief success dazzled us to the past. Piedmont had long since struck the key-note of Italy’s fortunes. As Charles Albert forsook Milan and suffered Austria once more to mouth the betrayed land and drip its blood from her heavy jaw, the baptism of red wine and dye he absolved himself from the sin—so woe heaped on woe, all came to crisis, ruin, and loss—the Republic fell, Rome fell, the French entered.

Our names had become too famous, our heroic defence too familiar, for us to escape unknown; the Vascello had not been the only place where youth fought as the banners of the handsome night for her whelps. Many of us died. Some fled. Others, and I among them, remained impenetrably concealed in the midst of our enemies, Weeks then dragged away, and months. New schemes chipped their shell. Again the central glory of the land might rise revealed to the nations. "We never lost courage; after each downfall we rose like Anthis with redoubled strength from contact with the beloved soil, for each fall plunged us further into the masses of the people, into closer knowledge of them and kinder depths of their affection, and so, learning their capabilities and the warmth of their hearts and the strength of their endurance, we became convinced that freedom was yet to be theirs. Meanwhile, you know, our operations were shrouded in inscrutable secrecy; the French held Rome in frowning terror and subjection; the Pope trembled on his chair, and clutched it more frantically with his weak fingers: it was not even known that we, the leaders, were now in the city; all supposed us to be waiting quietly the turn of events, in some other land. As if we ourselves were not events, and Italy did not hang on our motions! But, as I said, all this time we were at work; our emissaries gave us enough to do: we knew what spoil the robbers in the March had made, the decree issued in Vienna, the order of the day in Paris, the last word exchanged between the Cardinals, what whispers were sibilant in the Vatican; we mined deeper every day, and longed for the electric stroke which should kindle the spark and send princes and principalities shivered widely into atoms. But, friend, this was not to be. We knew one thing more, too: we knew at
last that we also were watched—when men sang our songs in the echoing streets at night, and when each of us, and I, chief of all, renewed our ancient fame, and became the word in every one's mouth, so that old men blessed us in the way as we passed, wrap, we had thought in safe disguise, and crowds applauded. Thus again we changed our habits, our rendezvous, our quarters, and again we eluded suspicion.

There came breathing-space. I went to her to enjoy it, as I would have gone with some intoxicating blossom to share with her its perfume—with any band of wandering harpers, that together our ears might be delighted. I went as when, utterly weary, I had always gone and rested awhile with her I loved in the sweet old palace-garden: I had my ways, undreamed of by army or police or populace. There had I lingered, soothed at noon by the hum of the bee, at night by that spirit that scatters the dew, by the tranquillity and charm of the place, everrested by her presence, the repose of her manner, the curve of her drooping eyelid, so that looking on her face alone gave me pleasant dreams.

Now, as I entered she threw down her work—some handkerchief for her shoulders, perhaps, or yet a banner for those unrisen men of Rome, I said—a white silk square on which she had wrought a hand with a gleaming sickle, reversed by tall wheat whose barbed grains bent full and ripe to the reaper, and round the margin, half-painted, wound the wild hedge-robes of Petestum. She threw it down, and came toward me in haste, and drew me through an inner apartment.

"He has returned, they say," she said presently—mentioning the Neapolitan—"and it would be unfortunate, if you met." "Unfortunate for him, if we met here!" "How fearless! Yet he is subtler than the snake in Eden. I fear him as I detest him." "Why fear him?" "That I cannot tell. Some secret sign, some unspeakable intuition, assures me of injury through him." "Dearest, put it by. The strength of all these surrounding leagues with their swarms does not flow through his wrist, as it does through mine. He is more powerless than the mote in the air." "You are so confident!" she said. "How can I be anything else than confident? The very signs in the sky speak for us, and half the priests are ours, and the land is an oath. Look out, Leonore! Look down on these purple fields that so sweetly are taking nightfall; look on these rills that braid the landscape and sing toward the sea; see yonder the row of columns that have watched above the ruins of their temple for centuries, to wait this hour; behold the heaven, that, lucid as one done of amethyst, darkens over us and blooms in star on star; was ever such beauty? Ah, take this wandering wind, was ever such sweetness? And since every inch of earth is historic—since here rose glory to fill the world with wide renown—since here the heroes walked, the gods came down—since Oreads haunt the hill, and Nereids seek the shore"—

"Whereabout do Nereids seek the shore?" she archly asked.

"Why, if you must have data," I answered, laughing, "let us say Naples." "What is that you have to say of Naples?" demanded a voice in the doorway, and turning, I confronted the Neapolitan.

She had started back at the abrupt apparition, and before she could recover, stung by rage and surprise I had replied—

"What have I to say of Naples? That its tyrant walks in blood to his knees!"

A man, I, with my hot furies, to be intrusted with the commonwealth!

"I will trouble you to repeat that sentence at some day," he said.

"Here and now, if you will!" I uttered, my hand on my hilt.

"Thanks. Not here and now. It will answer, if you remember it then. I hope I see Her Highness well. Pardon this little brusquerie, I pray. The southern air is kind to loveliness: I regret to bring with me Her Highness's recall." She replied in the same courteous air, inquired concerning her acquaintance, and ordered lights—tore the letter he brought, and held it, still sealed, in the taper's flame till it fell in ashes.

"Signor," she said, lifting the white atoms of dust and siftimg them through her fingers, "you may carry back these as my reply."

"Nay, I do not return," he answered. "And, Signorina, many things are pardoned to one in your condition. Recover your senses, and you will find this so, among others."

Then, as coolly as if nothing had happened, he spoke of the affairs of the day, the tendency of measures, the feeling of the people, and finally rose, kissed her hand, and departed. He was joined without by the little Viennois, and the accurseed couple sauntered down the street together. I should have gone then—the place was no longer safe for me—but something, the old spell, yet detained me. Leonore did not speak, but threw open the windows and doors that were closed.

"Let us be purified of his presence, at least!" she cried, when this was done.

"And you have ceased to fear this man whom you have dared so offend?" I asked.

"He is not offended," said Leonore. "Austria is not Naples. He will not transmit my reply till he is utterly past hope."

"Hope of what?"

"Of my hand."

"Leonore! Then put him beyond hope now! Become my wife!"

"Ah! if it were less unwise"—

"If you loved me, Leonore, you would not think of that."

"And you doubt it? Why should I, then, say again that I love you?—I love you." Ah, friend, how can I repeat those words? Never have I given her endearments again to the air: sacred were they then, sacred now, however false. Ah, passionate words! On,
sweet! I tender intonations! how deeply, how deeply ye lie in my soul! Let me repeat but one sentence: it was the key to my destiny.

"Yes, yes," she said, rising from my arms, "already I do you injury. You think oftener of me than of Italy."

It was true. I sprang to my feet and began pacing the floor, as I sought to recall any instance in which I had done less than I might for my country. The cool evening-breeze, and the bell-notes sinking through the air from distant old campaniles, soothed my tumult, and turning, I said:

"My devotion to you sanctifies my devotion to her. And not only for her own sake do I work, but that you, you, Lenore, may have a land where no one is your master, and where your soul may develop and become perfect."

"And those who have not such object, why do they work?"

Then first I felt that I had fallen from the heights where my companions stood. This ardent patriotism of mine was sullied, a stain of selfishness rose and blottered out my glory; others should wear the conquering crowns of this grand civic game. Oh, friend! that was sad enough, but it was inevitable. Here is where the crime came in—that, knowing this, I still continued as their leader, suffered them to call me Master, and walked upon the palms they spread.

Lenore mistook my silence.

"You cannot tell me why they work?" she said. "From habit, from fear, because committed? It cannot be, then, that they are in earnest, that they are sincere, that they care a rush for this cause so holy to you. They have entered into it, as all this common people do, for the love of a new excitement, for the pleasurable mystery of conspiracy, for the self-importance and grandiloquence. They will scatter at the signal of danger, like mischievous boys when a gardener comes round the corner. They will betray you at the lifting of an Austrian finger. Leave them!"

This was too much to bear in silence—to hear of these faithful comrades, who had endured everything, and were yet to overcome because they possessed their souls in patience, each of whom stood higher than I in unspotted public purity, and whose praise and love led me constantly to larger effort. At least I would make them the reparation of vindication.

"You mistrust them?" I exclaimed. "They whose souls have been tried in the furnace, who have the temper of fine steel, plant as gold, but incorruptible as adamant—heroes and saints, they stand so low in your favour? Come, then, come with me now—for the bells have struck the hour and shadows clothe the earth—come to their conclave where discovery is death, and judge if they be idle prattlers, or men who carry their lives in their hands!"

Fool! Fool! Fool! Every sound in the air cries out that word to me: the bee that wings across the tower hums it in my ear; the booming alarm-bell rings it forth; my heart, my failing heart, beats it while I speak. I would have carried a snake to the sacred ibis-nest and thenceforth hope was hollow as an egg-shell!

She ran from the room, but, pausing in the doorway, exclaimed:

"Remember, if you take me there, that I am no Roman patriot!—I, who am of the House of Austria, that House that wears the crown of the Ceasars, those Ceasars who swayed the very imperial sceptre, who trailed the very imperial purple of old Rome! I endure the curse because it is yours. I beseech you to be faithful to it; because I should despise you, if for any woman you swerved from an object that had previously been with you holier than heaven!"

I stood there leaning from the lofty window, and looking down over the wide, solitary fields. Recollections crowded upon me; hopes rose before me. One day, that yet lives in my heart, Anselmo, sprang up afresh, a day forever doomed in memory. Fair rose the sun that day, and I walked on the nation's errands through the streets of a distant town—a hoar and antique place, that sheltered me safely, so slight guard was it thought to need by our oppressors. It pleased that reverend arch-hypocrite to take at this hour his airing. Late events had given the people courage. It was a market-day; peasants from the country obstructed the ancient streets, the citizens were all abroad. Not few were the maledictions muttered over a column of French infantry that wound along as it returned to Rome from some movement of subjection; not low the curses showered on an officer who escorted ladies upon their drive. As I went, I considered what a day it would have been for émēnte, and what mortal injury émēnte would have done our cause. Italy, we said, like fools, but honest fools, must not be redeemed with blood. As if there were ever any sacred pact, any new order of things, that was not first sealed by blood! Therefore, when I, alone perhaps of all the throng, saw one man—a man in whose soul I knew the iron rankled—stealing behind the crowd, behind the monuments, and, as the coach of His Excellency rolled luxuriously along, levelling a glittering barrel—it was but an instant's work to seize the advancing creatures, to hold them rearing—and then a deadly flash—while the ball whistled past me, grazed my hand, and pierced the leader's heart. In a twinkling the dead horse was cut away, and His Excellency, cowering in the bottom of the coach, galloped home more swiftly than the wind, without a word. But the populace appreciated the action, took it up with cries long and loud, that rang after me when I had slipped away, and before nightfall had echoed in all ears through leagues of country round. I went that night to the theatre. The house was filled, and, as we entered, a murmur went about, and then cries broke forth—the multitude rose, with cheers and bravos, calling my name, intoxicated with enthusiasm, and dazzled, not by a daring feat, but by the spirit that prompted it. Women tore off
their jewels to twist them into a sling for my injured hand; men rose and made me a conqueror’s ovation; the orchestra played the old Étrurian hymns of freedom; I was attended home with a more than Roman triumph of torch and song, stately men and beautiful women. But chameleons change their tint in the sunshine, and why should men always march under one colour? Friend, not six months later there came another day, when triumph was shame; plaudits, curses; joyous tumult, scorching silence. Oh! But I shall come to that in time. Now let me hasten; the hours are less tardy than I, and they bring with them my last thought of this day—sole pageant defiling through memory. I was startled again by the far, sweet sound of a bell, some bell ringing twilight out and evening in across the wide Campagna. I wondered what delayed Leonore. Did it take so long to toss off the cloudy back-falling veil, to wrap in any long cloak her gown of white damask and all the sheen of her milky pearl-clusters and fiery rubies? I thought with exultation then of what she was so soon to see—of the route through sunken ruins, down wells forsaken of their pristine sources and hidden by masses of moss, winding with the faint light in our hands through the awful ways and avenues of the catacombs. The scene grew real to me, as I mused. Alone, what should I fear? These silent hosts encamped around would but have cheered their child. But with her, every murmur becomes a portent of danger, every current of air gives me fresh tremors; as we pass casual openings into the sky, the vault of air, the glisten of stars, shall seem a malignant face; I fancy to hear impossible footsteps behind us; some bone that trembling falls from its shelf makes my heart beat high, her dear hand trembles in my hold, and, full of a new and superstitious awe, I half fear this ancient population of the graves will rise and surround us with phantom array. Now and then, a cold, lonely wind, blowing from no one knows where, rises and careers past us, piercing to the marrow. I think, too, of that underground space, half choked with rubbish, into which we are to emerge at last, once the ball of some old Roman revel. I see the troubled flashes fling from the flaming torch over our assembly. Alert and startled, I see Lenore listen to the names as if they summoned the wraths and not the bodies of men whom she had supposed to be lost in the pampas of Paraguay, dead in the Papal prisons, sheltered in English homes, or tossing far away on the long voyages of the Pacific seas. I see myself at length taking the torch from its niche and restoring it, as a hundred times before, to Pietro da Valumbo, while it glitters on some strange object looking in at the vine-clad opening above, with its breaths of air, serpent or hare, or the large face and slow eyes of a browsing buffalo. And as I think, lo! an echo in the house, a dull tramp in the hall, a stately tread in the room, a heavy hand upon my shoulder—I was arrested for high treason.

Do not think I surrendered then. Without a struggle I would be the prize of Pope nor King nor Kaiser! I shook the minions’ grasp from my shoulder, I flashed my sword in their eyes; and not till the crescent of weapons encircled me in one blinding gleam, vain grew defence, vain honour, vain bravery. Of what use was my soul to me thenceforth? I became but carrion prey. I fell, and the world fell from me.

Sensation, emotion, awoke from their swooning lapse only in the light of day, the next or another, I knew not which. I was lifted from some conveyance, I saw blue reaches of curving bay and the great purifying priest of flame, and knew I was in the city guarded by its pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night. I had reason to know it, when, yet unfed, unrested, faint, smirched and smeared with blood and travel, loaded with chains, I was brought to a tribunal where sat the sleek and subtle tyrant of Naples. “Signor,” said a bland voice from the king’s side—and looking in its direction, I encountered the Neapolitan—“Signor, I lately said that at some day I would trouble you to repeat a brilliant sentence addressed to me. The day has arrived. I scarcely dared dream it would be so soon. Shall we listen?”

I was silent: not that I feared to say it; they could but finish their play.

Then I saw the beautifully cut lips of my judge part, that the voice might slide forth, and, taking a comfit, he uttered, with unchanging tint and sweetest tone, the three words, “Apply the question.”

Why should I endure that for a whim? Who courts torment? Already they drew near with the cunning instruments. Let me say it, and what then? Nothing worse than torture. Let me not say it, and certainly torture. Oh, I was weaker than a child! my body ruled my spirit with its exhaustion and pain. Yet there was a certain satisfaction in flinging the words in their faces. I waved back with my remaining arm the slaves who approached.

“You should allow a weary man the time to collect his thoughts,” I said, and then turned to my persecutors. “I have spoken with you many times, Signor,” I replied to the Neapolitan, “yet of all our words I can remember none but these, that you could care to hear with this auditory. I said—that the tyrant of Naples walks in blood to his knees!”

The Neapolitan smiled. The king rose.

“Well said!” he murmured, in his silvery tones. “One that knows so much must know more. Exhust his knowledge, I pray. Do not spare your courtseys; remember he is my guest. I leave him in your hands.”

He fixed me with his eye—that darkly-glazed eye, devoid of life, of love, of joy, as if he were the thing of another element—then bowed and passed away.

“The urbanity of His Majesty is too well known to suppose it possible that he should prove you a liar,” said the Neapolitan.

Truly, I was left in their hands! Shall I tell
you of the charities I found there? Not I, friend! it would wring your heart as dry of tears as mine was wrung of groans. At last I was alone, it seemed—on a wet stone floor, sweat pouring from every muscle, each fibre quivering; I was distorted and unjointed, I only hoped I was dying. But no, that was too good for me. Anselmo, how can I but be full of scoffs, when I remember those hours, those ages? The cold dampness of the place crept into my bones; I became swollen and teeming with intimate pain. But that was light: my body might have ached till the throbs stiffened into death spasms, and yet the suffering had nought, compared with that loathing and disgust in my soul. It had seemed that I was alone, I said—alone as the corpse in an unshrouded grave! I was in a cell of a dungeon. Men who were smilers as you hung dead upon the wall, hung dying there. Darkness covered all things at a distance; sighs crept up from far corners, chains clanked, or imprecations or prayers uttered themselves—bodyless voices in the night. I did not know what untold horror there might yet be hid. I heard the drip of water from the black vaults; I heard the short, fierce pants and death groans. Oh, worst in- fiction of Hell's armory it is to see another suffer! Why was it allowed, Anselmo? Did it come in the long train of a broken law? was it one of the dark places of Providence or was it indeed the vile compost to mature some beautiful germ? Ah, then, is it possible that Heaven looks on us so in the mass?

But for me, after a while I lay torpid, and then perchance I slept, for finally I opened my eyes and found the white strong light; I lay on a bed, and a surgeon handled me. Too elastic was I to be long crushed, once the weight re- moved. Soon I breathed fresh air; and save that my frame had become in its distortion higher, I was the same as before.

Then, indeed, began my torture—torture to which this had been idle jest. I was taken once more to the room of tribunal. Beside the Neapolitan a woman sat veiled and shrouded in masses of sable drapery. "A queen?" I thought, "or a slave?" But I had no further room for fancy; the same interrogatories as before were given me to answer, and then I felt why I had been nursed back to life. In the months that had elapsed, I could not know if Italy were saved or lost, if Naples tottered or remained impregnable. I stood only on my personal basis of right or wrong. I refused to open my lips. They wheeled forward a low bed that I knew well. Oh, the slow starting of the socket! Oh, the long wrench of tendon and nerve! A bed of steel and cords, rollers and levers, bound me there, and bent to their cracking toil. I was strong to endure; I had set my teeth and sworn myself to silence; no woman should hear me moan. Even in this misery I saw that she who was shaking, shaking, fell.

The tyrant was lily-livered; seldom he wit- nessed what others died under; he intended nothing further then; many men who faint at sight of blood can probe a soul to its utmost grasp. Now he motioned, and they paused. Then others lifted the woman and held her be- side him, yet a little in advance.

"Keep your silence," said he, in a voice un- recognizable, and as if a wild beast, half-gliuted, should speak, "and I keep her! She is in my power, Mine, and you know what that means. Mine," and he bent toward me, "body—and—soul; to use, to blast, to destroy, to tear piece- meal—as I will do, unless you meet my con- dition." And extending his hand, he drew aside the black veil, and my eye lay on the face of Leonore, thin and white as the familiar face of a corps, and utterly insensible in swoon.

Ah, that mortal horror stops my pulse! Was I wrong? Why not have borne that too? Had she loved me, she had chosen it, chosen it rather. And death would have made all right! Why not have seized some poignard lying there? Why not have sprung upon her, and slain her? Then silence had been simply secure. Then I could have smiled in their frustrated faces, one keen, deep smile, and died. I was dissolved in pain, writhed with prolonged strokes that thrilled me from head to foot, pierced as with acute stabs: my heart seemed to forge thunderbolts to break upon my brain; but this agony had been spared me. They un- bound me, fed me with some stimulating cordial, gave me cold air, and I rose on my elbow a little.

"Sweat!" I said, hoarsely. "But you do not keep oaths. God help you? Never! Improvise this, then, on yourself. May you in your smooth white body know the torture I have known, be racked till each bone in your skin changes place, hang festering in chains from the wall of a living grave, make fellowship with putridity, and lie in the pitiless dark to see all the dead who died under your hand rise, rise and accuse you before God! And may your little son know the deeds you have done, live the life those deeds merit, and die the death that I shall die— if you do not keep your word!"

"What word?" he said.

"Promise, if I reveal all, and my revelations shall be true and thorough therefore—promise that you will leave her in safe security and freed- dom to-day, untouched, unscathed, unharmed, and that so ever shall she remain. And false to this oath, may no priest shrive you, no land own you, but Heaven blight you and curse you, and wither you from the face of the earth!"

And taking a crucifix, he swore the oath.

Then they busied themselves about Leonore, revived her, soothed her, gave her of the same cordial to drink, and placed her once more on her dais-seat. Her veil was thrown back, her wide blue eyes fixed on me in intense strain, her face and lips still blanched more bitterly be-neath their hue, her features sharp as chisel- graven death. Ah, must I endure that too? Was she to hear me—she, not knowing why, never knowing why—she, in whom that look of aching passion and pity was to die out and freeze and fade in one of utter scorn?
They brought me some strange draught, as if one swallowed fire. The blood coursed richly through my shrunken veins; I felt filled with a different life. I arose and left that bed of torture, but came back to it as to my rest.

And lying there, I betrayed Italy.

Root and branch, and spray and leaf, I up-rooted all my memories; I forgot no name, I lost no fact; I was eagerer than they; I modified nothing, I abbreviated nothing; the past, the future, what had been, was to be, plan and scheme and supreme purpose—I never faltered, I told the whole!

I did not look at her, I kept my eyes on the tyrant; I wished I might have the evil eye—but that gift was for him, the Neapolitan. Yet at length I heard a low moan trailing toward me; I turned, and saw her face, as I saw it last, Anselmo—stilly quiet, frozen from indignant pain to icy apathy, and the words she would have said had hissed inarticulately through her ashen lips. Then they brought me the confession, and, as I could, I signed it.

"Madame," said the tyrant, "your knowledge is co-extensive with his. Does all this agree?" "Ah, it does agree," she answered, and they led her out.

"I have no authority over you," said the tyrant then to me. "You might go freely now, but that, precious as Homer, seven cities claim you, Signor! My prisons also will now be full of rarer game. But as a crime of your confession places you within Austrian jurisdiction, I shall take pleasure in presenting you to my cousin and surrendering you to his mercy," and he withdrew.

"You may not be aware," said the courteous Neapolitan, "that on the night of your arrest your frantic sword-slashings had serious result. My friend the little Viennois fell at your hands."

"God be praised," I answered, "that I do not die without one good work!"

"Well said! And worthy of a traitor both to his ancient blood and to his cause—the betrayer of comrade and friend!"

I do not know what look was in my eye, or whether, with the savage ferocity taught me but now, I was about to leap and throttle him, and suck the life-blood from his veins. But suddenly he laughed (a feigned Merriment), twirled his moustache, opened a door, looked back, uttering this one sentence: "You have simply corroborated her statement: you are not even the first in at the death: Lenore told all this more swiftly, with a better grace, and a something less sardonic mute-comment." Closed the door and was gone. The breath of the bottomless pit had blown in my face.

They gave themselves time to swoop down and pounce on every man whose name I had given, and others; they prevented future trouble, they made terrible examples, they sated themselves with vengeance. But their feet were shod with velvet—history will never record it to the world; I and those nameless ones pass as mere idle agitators, bubbles that blew out to sea—but at my mention kings in their closet remember how their thrones trembled! Then they looked about them for one last morzel, and I was led to Rome.

O stormy days that I have to remember! O wild mornings of the connoisse, and of the sally! One noon blest ye all out in sullen darkness!

It was a gala-day, the day when I passed through; all the populace were out, my signed confession placarded the corners, Pasquin harvested my sins, Church and State made holiday. Cries of derision awaited me, ribald laughter, taunting jests, hisses and groans, gleaming stiletto's, shining barrels, eyes of rage. But when I reached them, all was silence; silence closed up the ranks behind me. The shouting crowds grew noiseless, breathless. They each received the terrible impress of him who passed—his brow was branded as by doom; he went out Cain, and carried with him the curse of a ruined people. I gazed right and left—on these men who had once hailed me, followed me, worshipped me; their hate melted as they met my eye; slowly a cloud of terror and pity gathered and hung above the city. I did not repent; I would have done it again: not for a universe of Italies would I have resigned her to that fate. But, O friend, this forgiveness of theirs was unmerciful! For hate they had cause; for this none: they knew nothing of my reason, they only knew that I had betrayed them. Each man despised me; he thought that to save my limbs like a young god's, to keep my face that had been splendid in youth's beauty, to spare that shape of antique symmetry and grace, to win ease and rest and wealth and happiness, perhaps, I had done this. Each man, as I met his gaze, shrunken, dismembered, deformed, dishonoured, held his breath, shook with indefinable fear, felt the neighbourhood of agony and despair, and forgave, forgave: oh! to live to be forgived! But the women—the women, Anselmo, were not so cruel. There were torrents of streamers, but all were black, pouring from window and roof; there were sunny heads, and dark, fair faces, rosy cheeks, snowy shoulders, clustered in door and archlike bunches of poison-flowers; and of all shrill sounds of hate, Anselmo, that can pierce and part red lips, the fiercest, shrillest, fell on me; and at last, from one lofty balcony, where erst I had seen her leaning forth in sunset to catch the evening winds, the evening bells, crowned too by the evening star, one woman, now centred in merciless mid-moon, leaned, leaned and gazed down as into her grave: it was Leonore. It had been late spring, and when last I passed that way; all the hot, pestilential summer I had lain in the dungeons of Naples; now it was autumn, and the town was full. Full, but I saw no one; blank became the spaces on which I gazed; my gyves vanished, my guards; my brain swam through dazzling rings of light, and I fell forward in the cart and hung by my chains among the hoofs of the trampling horses who dragged me. On that day I had taken my last step; I never set foot on the round earth again. But, with all, I
smiled through my groans; for the shining, solid hoofs that did their work on me did their work as well on the man who walked by my side—dashed dead the accursed Neapolitan.

They were not the surgeons of Naples who essayed to galvanize volition through my paralyzed limbs, but those who knew the utmost resources of their art. And so I lived—lived, too, by reason of my inextinguishable vitality, by reason of this spark that will not quench—and so I came to Hellberg. It would have been mockery to give this shapeless hulk to sentence, and then to headman or hangman; perhaps, too, her haughty name had been involved; and so I was never brought to trial, and so I am at Hellberg.

And I have never set foot on the ground again. But, oh, to touch it for a moment! to sit anywhere on the summer mould; to pull down the sun-quivering, sun-steeped branches about me, to scent the fresh grass as it springs to the light! Oh, but to touch the sweet, kind earth, the warm earth, silent with ineffable tenderness and soothing, to feel it under my hand, to lay my cheek there for a moment, while it drew away pain and weariness with its absorbing, purifying power! Oh, but to lie once more where the blossoms grow! Soon, soon, they will grow above me! Soon the kind mother will cover me!

What had happened in the outer world I knew not till you came. I fancied Lenore returned, breathing Austrian air, and living under the same horizon that girls me in. Sometimes I have seen a distant cavalcade skimming over the vale, as once we cared for over the Campagna, when she handled her steed as another woman handles her needle, and the sweet wind fanned peach-tints to her cheeks, and drew out unravelled braids of gold in lingering caress. She should have come to me, had she pleased, then: this old chief who rules the place was her father's friend and hers.—But look! but see! Who is it comes now—sweeps round the donjon flank? Lean over the embasure, and learn! Ah, man, are my eyes so old, my memories so treacherous, that I do not know day from night? They have gone on—or did they enter, think you? Or yet, there is to be carousal, perhaps, in the halls beyond and below, and she comes to join the gay feast; she will drink healths in red wine, will listen to flattering dalliance with pleased eyes, will utter light laughs through the lips that once glowed to my kisses, and will forget that the same roof which shelters the revelers shelters also her lover dying in moans! Careless—Beast so! best so! What cavalier whispered in her ear as she passed? Have years tarnished her beauty? Ah, this wind, that maddens me now, a moment since touched her!

Anselmo, I will go in. This vault of heaven with its spotless blue, this wide land that laughs in festive summer, these winds that lift my hair and come heavy with odours—these do not fit with me, I burlesque the fair face of creation.

O invisible airs, that softly sport round the castle-towers, why do you not woo my soul forth, and bear it and lose it in the flawless rope of sky?

Nay, why, any more than Ajax, should I die in the dark? Never again will I enter the cell, never again! The wide universe shall receive my breath. Lower the back of my chair, pull away the cushions, wrap my cloak round me, Anselmo! There! I will lie, and wait, and look up. Give me ghostly counsel, my friend, console me. You are not too weary with this long tale? Tell me I needed all the tears I have shed to quench the fiery defiance, the independence of heaven and tumult of earth in my being. If you could tell me that she had not been false, that she never feigned her passion to decoy; that, Austrian though she were—Ah! but I had evidence! I had evidence—his words, that ate out my life like gangrene and rust. Speak slower, Anselmo—slower. Can't be that I sinned most, when I held his word before him—his black, damming falsehoods! Mother Virgin! do you know what you say!

Tell me, then, that I am a fool—that not through other loss than the loss of faith did the curse fall on me! Tell me, then, that these dark ways lead me out on a height! Needful the shadow and the groping. He anointed my eyes with the clay beneath his feet—I was blind, but now I see!

Repeat, Anselmo, repeat that she was true though the knowledge blast me with self-consuming pangs. But, true or false, one thing she promised me—though other spheres, though other lives had come between us, she would be with me in my dying hour! Soon the bell will toll that hour, and toll my knell!

What is this, Anselmo—this face that hangs between me and heaven—this pitying, sorrowing countenance? Ave Maria! Never! never! Still of the earth, this melting mouth, these violet eyes, this brow of snow, this fragrant bosom pillowing my head! Mirage of fading fancy, out, beautiful thing—away! Do not torment me with such a despairing lie! do not cheat me into death! Let me at least look on the unobstructed sky, as I sink lower and lower to my rest!

Still there? Still there? Still bending above me, smiling and weeping, sweet April face? Oh, were they truly thy lips that lay on mine, then, that stamped them with life's impress, that woke me? Are they truly thy fingers that pressed my throbbless temples? These arms that are wound about me, are thine? Thy heart beats for me, thy tears flow, thy perfect womanhood does not recoil in horror? Lenore! Lenore! is it thou?

Nay, nay, sweet, ask me no question. I have wronged thee: he shall tell thee how. Yet best thou shouldst never hear it. Sin to thee greater
A FEW WORDS ABOUT FRENCH CATHEDRALS.

BY M. C.

CHAP. I.

Before the Revolution, each of the eighteen ecclesiastical provinces of France possessed a cathedral church. During that fearful Reign of Terror, every religious edifice was mutilated and desecrated, many utterly destroyed; such, for instance, as the ancient Cathedral of Boulogne, of which not a stone remains.

Before the tenth century, cathedrals were erected in the form of the ancient basilica; since the commencement of the eleventh, the usual plan of all cathedrals, whether of France or England, is, in one particular, exactly the same, viz., in the form of the Latin cross. There is this peculiarity in French cathedrals—that the transepts are much shorter than those of the English. In the latter, the stately tower (sometimes with and sometimes without a spire upon it) is often found wanting: in the former a spiral sort of lantern occasionally supplies its place, which, however beautiful it may be in detail, seems to be so oddly placed, and so much out of proportion with the other part of the building, that one frequently overlooks its graceful form.

In richness of ornament, the church of Notre Dame at Amiens stands unsurpassed. It was founded in 1211 by the forty-fifth bishop, who wished to find a safe depository for a valuable relic, bequeathed to the city of Amiens in the head of John the Baptist, and also for the body of St. Firmin, its first bishop, who established Christianity, and suffered martyrdom A. D. 303. The only real head of the apostle is in this cathedral, although many churches in France lay claim to its possession; it is exposed annually for the veneration of the devout on the festival of the saint. The relic consists now only of the frontal bone and upper jaw, placed in a splendid reliquary richly ornamented with precious stones. Historians say that a gentleman of Picardy, who was present at the siege of Constantinople, found amongst the ruins of the place two large silver dishes, one of which contained the head of St. John the Baptist, which he at once sent off to Amiens in 1206.

The northern doorway has a statue of St. Firmin bearing a pastoral staff, which seems to be resting on a man’s body under his feet, typical of the bishop’s triumph over Paganism, when Christianity was introduced into Picardy. The bas-reliefs all have reference to different events in his life. The last on the base of the pedestal represents the procession bearing St. Firmin’s shrine and relics to Amiens. The different compartments outside the choir depict the principal acts in the lives of the Baptist and the bishop, with explanatory Lombardic characters beneath. The porch on the western side has a colossal figure of St. Christopher, bearing the infant Jesus on his shoulders; and it may be here remarked that this is a decoration common to the entrances of churches built in the middle-ages. Of this saint it is recorded that before his martyrdom he asked God that wherever his body might happen to be, that place should be free from pestilence and infection; this is why his portrait is generally found at the entrance to towns and churches. On the exterior of one of the chapels is a figure of St. Nicholas, bearing three little children in a basket; because one of
the miracles that he performed was to bring to life three young scholars who had been put to death by an innkeeper to supply meat for his guests. Hence St. Nicholas is called the patron saint of scholars. The legend goes on to say that the number of miracles he performed on the sea caused him to be constantly invoked by mariners; for the same reason many churches on the coast were dedicated to him. The figures on the shields of the bas-reliefs in the western front resemble those on the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. On one side are curiously represented the signs of the zodiac, with the agricultural labours of the months placed in illustration, according to an early Egyptian custom. The visitor will remark the curious high roof of this cathedral, which is partly of oak and partly of chestnut. Formerly the country around had large forests of these trees, which were destroyed in the severe winter of 1709. Within the roof are four large cisterns kept full of water, in case of accident by fire. The dilapidations after the Revolution of 1789 were repaired by Bruno Vasseur, an architect of the city. It is no marvel that the enormous height of this cathedral fills the mind with wonder and admiration, when we remember that the vaulting is half as high again as the roof of Westminster Abbey. In "L'Histoire de la Ville d'Amiens," we are told that the six chapels of the nave owe their origin to the following circumstance (it is a remarkable instance of the power exercised by the bishops in the thirteenth century): In 1244 the chief-bailiff of Amiens hung five scholars, without any legal process, who had been accused of an outrageous assault on his daughter. The bishop, highly indignant at this abuse of authority, commanded the bailiff to take a journey to the Holy Land, and never to return to Amiens without the consent of the bishop and chapter. He further issued a decree against the mayor and aldermen of the city, for having allowed the bailiff to proceed to such extremities against the five clerks, condemning them, under a penalty of a thousand marks of silver, to found six chapels, appointing a rent to each. Moreover the bailiff was to provide five silver basins, in which were to be placed five wax candles, to be kept constantly burning in the church of Amiens, and funds to maintain these lights for ever.*

Few cities have been the scene of such memorable events, or few churches so frequently received visits from royal personages, as Amiens. Here it was that St. Louis delivered his sentence in favour of Henry III. against the barons of England. Edward III. did homage to Philip of Valois, King of France, in the cathedral, for the duchy of Guene and two earldoms. A treaty of peace was signed at Amiens between Edward VI. of England and Henry II. of France. James II. after his abdication, the Emperor Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Charles X., all visited the cathedral on different occasions on their way through Amiens.

**CHAP. II.**

No point presents more difficulties in the history of France than the origin of the church of Notre Dame, scarcely two writers holding the same opinion as to its name and early position. It was called after St. Denys, the tutelar saint of France, who suffered martyrdom at Montmartre. The present celebrated cathedral was erected towards the close of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Geoffrey Plantagenet, Duke of Bretagne (son of Henry II.), who was killed at Paris in a tournament, was buried here, as was also the first wife of Philip Augustus.

Maurice de Sully, bishop of Paris, who commenced the erection of this edifice, did not live to see it completed; but the work was carried on with great zeal by his successor until 1268. The general plan of Notre Dame is that of the Latin cross; the imposing appearance it presents on entering the church seems to arise from the double range of aisles in the nave.

There is a good deal of historical interest attached to some of the ceremonies that have been celebrated here. Although Henry VIII. before his death had separated from the Church of Rome, Francis I. had a funeral service performed at Notre Dame for the repose of his soul. The marriage of Mary, Queen of Scots, was solemnized in this cathedral in 1558. The marriage of Henrietta of France, daughter of Henry III., with the Duke of Chevreuse, as proxy for King Charles I., was celebrated in the parvis of Notre Dame, by Cardinal Rouchebour, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Montgomery were sent to Paris to conduct the English Queen home. Her Majesty was conveyed from Boulogne by thirty ships of the Royal navy. The King met her at Dover, and the marriage was solemnized at Canterbury, at St. Augustine's Abbey. They then proceeded to Gravesend, and passed up the river to the palace at Whitehall. The coronation of Napoleon and the Empress Josephine was performed here with great pomp, by Pope Pius VII. in December, 1804, on which occasion the whole of the interior of the choir was hung with crimson silk, ornamented with bees of gold. On the opening of the tomb of King Childebert, in a church at Tournay, the King's body was identified by an inscription bearing his name. Together with a number of regal ornaments, were found several gilded bees, which were thought to have adorned the robe with which the body was clothed; from this it was inferred that bees, instead of fleur-de-lys, were the ancient charge in the arms of France. The Emperor, it would seem, adopted the idea, as his coronation robe was covered with bees, and they were also used in the decoration of his throne. In 1811, the King of Rome, son of

* An account of this transaction will be found in "Reminiscences of a Visit to the Cathedral of Amiens," by Mrs. White, in the 4th vol. of the "Ladies' Companion," p. 66.
A few Words about French Cathedrals.

The Empress Marie Louisa, consort of Napoleon, was baptized in the cathedral of Notre Dame. A strange course of events having restored the Bourbons to the throne, the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., came to the cathedral on his entry into Paris, in April, 1814; and on the 3rd of May following Louis XVIII. returned thanks for the restoration. The baptism of the Duke de Bordeaux, son of the Duke de Berry, took place here in 1821. From the earliest times this cathedral was loaded with costly presents, and was rich in pictures, sculptures, and relics of every kind. Before the Revolution, divine service was nowhere in France celebrated with such solemnity and pomp. At that terrible epoch the church was stripped of its most valuable ornaments, and the next year the name of the "Temple of Reason" was sculptured on the porch of this venerable edifice. The year 1801 happily witnessed a better order of things, and Cardinal Bellay was then appointed Archbishop of Paris. Vast sums were often bestowed on this cathedral: one of great antiquity was on the Festival of the Rogation, when the clergy carried a large dragon made of osier, to represent the furious dragon, from whose violence St. Marcel (the first bishop) is said to have been delivered. The porch of the Virgin on the north side seems to bear date of the fourteenth century: the five figures of the year, giving one sign of the zodiac, represent the signs of the zodiac, and the agricultural labours of the year. They are curious specimens of the infancy of Art, and are supposed to be of Indian origin. On the sides of the pillar which separates the two doors of the church may be seen six bas-reliefs, representing the six ages of man and the six different temperatures of the year, giving one some idea of the astronomical science of that early period. There were anciently forty-five chapels surrounding the nave and choir of this cathedral; the number is now reduced to twenty-nine: some of them contain singularly fine compositions by old masters. Of these, of the sculptures, of the histories depicted on glass, it is not possible to speak in this limited space. There is a remarkable painting of the "Crucifixion," by Guido, in the chapel of St. Nicholas, and in the chapel of the Annunciation one of Louis XII. kneeling before the Virgin, and offering his crown.

CHAP. III.

After all that has been said or written of the Cathedral of Rouen, one's impression on actually beholding it is that the half has not been told. The writer of these pages has no idea of attempting to enter into architectural details, but merely to say a few words—simple outlines, to be filled in by the reader's personal observation.

It is tolerably evident that in the present edifice very little of the work was anterior to the twelfth century, whilst it may also be inferred from many of its most prominent features that it was not finished until the sixteenth. By a misinterpretation of the 20th chapter of Revelation, many Christians, towards the close of the tenth century, thought the world would come to an end at the expiration of the year 1000; this opinion caused them not only to neglect their old churches, but to build no new ones if the period once passed over, devotional zeal was rekindled, and the desire to give substantial proof of their earnestness was soon manifested by the devout in the mania for building which seized them. It was then that the Archbishop of Rouen enlarged the cathedral. To describe the gorgeousness of the porch of the west front would be utterly impossible: there are niches and statues innumerable, with open tracery of the most elegant description. Surprise and admiration at once seize the mind of the beholder, and the next feeling is also one of wonder at the marvellous talent of the architect who designed, and the enormous expense at which such work must have been wrought. The ravages made by the Revolution are less apparent in the interior of this cathedral than in that of most others. Its full beauty and magnificence burst upon one on entering, when the view of the whole length is uninterrupted. There are one hundred and thirty windows. In the middle of one of those in the transept is an attempt to represent the Almighty surrounded saint at the moment of her death, surrounded by her companions. There is also a very graceful figure on the altar-step of this patron saint of musicians. The pavement of the choir is in squares of black and white marble: the tomb of Charles V. (afterwards removed to the Lady Chapel) formerly stood here. It represents the recumbent figure of the king in white marble on a black marble tomb, holding his heart in his hands to show that he had offered it to God. The heart of Richard Coeur de Lion was buried here, and also the remains of William, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, and his wife Matilda, Henry le Jeune, and John Duke of Bedford.

The chapel of the Virgin may almost be called another church. It has nine windows of beautifully-painted glass, chiefly portraits of the Archbishops of Rouen. St. Victoire (one of them), who is supposed to have died in 404, was called "the living martyr," from the number of his miraculous escapes. At last he was put to death with much difficulty, having been first beaten until all his bones were broken, and then sentenced to be beheaded; but the moment the executioner put his hand on the saint he was struck with blindness. The picture over the great altar is by Philip de Champagne; the subject the Adoration of the Shepherds. There
are also a great number of curious and highly-interesting monuments of illustrious persons. Very little is left of the dignity and revenue of the Archbishops of Rouen. Once the income of the establishment was upwards of £100,000 a-year; now the archbishop has £600, and the canons very inconsiderable sums from Government.

CHAP. IV.

It is said that Chartres was the principal residence of the Druids in Gaul. They celebrated the commencement of the new year by cutting the sacred mistletoe with a golden knife, and distributing its branches amongst the people. The cathedral was three times destroyed by fire; but Bishop Fulbert's great reputation at the French court, and the zeal of the people, caused it to be rebuilt. One of the famous relics of this cathedral is the shift of the Virgin Mary, said to have been stolen by some pious patrician of Constantinople from the widow of a Jew. An emperor of undoubted piety took it from the nobleman and gave it to Charlemagne, who brought it from Aix-la-Chapelle; from thence it was removed by Charles the Bald, and given by that king in 877 to the cathedral of Chartres. The history of this valuable deposit is illustrated in one of the painted windows. After a battle gained over the Flemings by Philip the Fair in 1304, the king did homage to the Virgin Mary by offering at the altar the armour that he wore on the field, in gratitude for his victory. A similar fact is related of King Philip de Valois, who, mounted on his charger, rode into the church, and offered his horse and armour for the success he obtained at Cassel. He afterwards redeemed his offerings at the cost of 1,000 livres. The cathedral of Chartres is especially interesting from its peculiar architecture and great magnificence. As a specimen of the pointed style, it is one of the largest and most beautiful now remaining in France. It was dedicated to Notre Dame in 1260. It is said that the painted glass in the windows is half-an-inch thick. It is a singular circumstance, that in this cathedral there are no monuments, inscriptions, or cenotaphs; sculpture never having been allowed either in the church or crypt. The chief historical events in the life of Jesus Christ and the Virgin are described in the screen enclosure, by a succession of the most exquisite shrines-work. In different compartments there are also historical passages in large groups. Amongst the ornaments are medallions in bas-reliefs of busts of Roman Emperors, and other remarkable persons in the history of the church. The fact of the wonderful preservation of this cathedral after the lapse of so many centuries would make it well worth a visit; but the sight of the elegant screen alone would well repay one for a long journey. The exquisite delicacy of the workmanship almost belies the fact that one can be looking at stone, so beautifully is it wrought as to have the appearance of the finest lace.

T A L E N T S.

GENIUS, TALENT, COMMON SENSE, AND TACT.

Genius produces, talent deduces; common sense acts from experience, tact from observation. Genius is characterized by imagination and invention, talent by memory and deduction, common sense by judgment and decision, tact by discernment and dexterity. Genius is original in design, talent is correct in conclusions, common sense is right in judgment, tact is successful in accomplishment.

Genius lives in the future, talent in the past, common sense and tact in the present. Projectors and reformers are characterized by genius, statesmen and historians by talent, diplomatists and politicians by tact. Genius is originality. Talent is originality reduced to practice: it is a second edition of genius, revised and enlarged, with copious practical notes. Common sense is originality, after it has been handled by talent and confirmed by experience.

Tact is the practical utilized. At one time, to say that the world revolved on its axis around the sun was original, and genius first said it. Then this and other discoveries were handled by talent, and practical astronomy was the result. Now, to say that the world revolves on its axis, that the sun rises and sets, is common sense; and to be up at one's work when it rises and through with it when it sets, is tact. The man who invented the rude plough was a genius; the person who perfected the plough was a man of talent; and he who by the exercise of judgment uses the plough to advantage in cultivation is the man of common sense, and the one who by discernment best husbandcs and improves the proceeds of its use is the man of tact.

Common sense may be compared to a building in which all the parts are well fitted together, without any ornament or architectural beauty; rather old-fashioned in its style, and
one that cannot be added to or enlarged, but serviceable and durable. Genius may be compared to an edifice adorned with the most original and beautiful designs of architecture, yet badly constructed and of little utility. Talent, in erecting its building, copies the beautiful and original architecture from genius, and places it upon the strong and serviceable framework of common sense. Add to this building of common sense and talent a cistern at the kitchen door, a well-cultivated garden, and the comforts and conveniences of life at hand with the least trouble, and you have tact. We did not assign these additions to genius, for convenience and comfort seldom accompany genius. Genius generally has a sovereign contempt for tact; and tact regards genius with a mingled feeling of admiration, pity, and disgust.

While speaking collectively of these qualities, we shall say something concerning the personal of those who possess them. It is a matter of regret, in the biographies and recollections of great men, that we are so little recorded of their personal appearance. A minute description, from the colour of their hair and eyes down to the size of their hands and feet, would, to say the least, be a satisfaction. Then we could have the persons of the writers before us when reading their works. Not only this, but such minute description would better enable us in judging of a larger and more commanding person, and are well balanced in their temperament and disposition. Their walk is regular and firm, person erect, and eyes parallel with the ground. Men of common sense are coarse and angular in form, with prominent and strongly-marked features, of a well-balanced organization, and deliberate in speech and slow in carriage. Men of tact are wiry in their forms, sharp in their features, restless in their dispositions, cool in temperament, and quick and acute in observation.

We shall first speak of common sense and tact, then of genius and talent. At an early period there was a complex theory about the senses, and there was a sense that was the common bond of them all, and this was called common sense.

Then at a later period the term was used to denote the native qualities of all sound minds. Fleming says that it is that degree of intelligence, sagacity, and prudence which is common to all men. These words have gradually become restricted and elevated in their signification, and they now denote more than the degree of intelligence common to all men.

It is that high order of sense that is characterized by judgment, discretion, and prudence, and is not rendered uncommon by originality and imagination, and the powers of memory and analysis. It is, in a word, a well-balanced organization.

I said that tact is the practical utilized. A man may possess common sense, but have very little tact. He may be practical, yet shiftless. Two farmers may, by the exercise of common sense, judge that certain fields should be in wheat, and others in corn, and be cultivated in a certain way; yet, in securing labour, in getting the produce to market and selling it, one will realize thirty per cent. more than the other. The one possesses tact, the other does not. The one is a good farmer, the other a successful one.

Often tact is confounded with energy—a moving power, not a quality of the mind. A man is said to possess great energy because he is known to accomplish a great deal in a very short time, when, indeed, it is the work of tact combined with energy. One may have great energy and accomplish nothing. This may be noticed in the lowest as well as the highest walks of life. One of two cooks will fly from the kitchen to the dining-room, and from the pantry to the cellar, and move the cooking utensils and table ware with almost fearful velocity, and her every movement indicate energy and industry, and you flatter yourself that you will have your dinner immediately. The other cook moves about with a slowness and leisureliness that is alarming to a hungry man, yet the latter will have dinner over and the cloth removed before the former commences dishing it. The one has moderate energy with tact; the latter great energy without it. This is that kind of tact that exercises itself in the economy of time. We now consider that other kind that adapts itself to circumstances. Tact, says Macaulay, is Adaptedness in adapting one's words and actions to circumstances. Diplomats, politicians, speculators, and traders are characterized by tact. It possesses more deceit and dissimulation than all the other qualities put together, and hence is more successful in worldly affairs, for, more or less, deceit and dissimulation are generally essential to great worldly success. Tact is found in trade and commerce, but seldom in the walks of learning. Men of tact appear to the world to be better men than they really are; while men of genius are generally purer and better men than their lives represent; for often the noble and pure sentiments in the writings of men of genius are in strange contrast with the history of their lives.

I may define the man of tact to be he who best knows how to conceal his desires and necessities, and who acts on the principle that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. Now, Goldsmith and Talleyrand both said this; and this remarkable speech from these two great men shows at once a distinction between genius and tact. Goldsmith said it, and had no more tact than a goose. Talleyrand said it, and lived up to it. Genius possesses a theoretical, tact a practical knowledge of human nature. The one possesses
its knowledge by intuition and the study of nature, and the other from observation and actual contact with the world. They both study human nature, but from different stand-points. They both observe closely; but the observation of genius leads by intuition, that of tact to the mastery of circumstances. Brown, by observing closely the spider's web across his path, got the idea of the suspension-bridge. Brunel learned the form of the tunnel under the Thames from the working of the ship-worm. Watts got the pattern of the water-pipes under the Clyde by observing closely the shell of an oyster. On the other hand, men of tact by observing closely have ridden upon and controlled the tempests of revolution—have been able to direct and govern the finance and commerce of the world. This, then, is the distinction—genius possesses foresight, tact forethought. The former has a sight into the future, the latter forethought concerning the present.

Genius is derived from the word genius: talent originated from the metaphor in the New Testament. Talents, in the plural, denotes the intellectual powers. Qualities represents only the moral properties, but often we find qualities used to designate either or both. Coleridge and other writers condemned the use of the word talented; and talents, to represent the intellectual powers, was reluctantly brought into general use.

Genius, we have before said, is original, possessing imagination and invention; and talent analytical, characterized by the facility of memory and the power of deduction. Genius produces without the aid of experience; talent, by the aid of experience, does not produce, but deduces. It has been said that there is but a slight width between an extended process of thought producing an image, partly based on experience, and the creations which flow from genius, almost unaided by the experience of the world; and we admit that there is difficulty sometimes in distinguishing the works produced by imagination from those resulting from the analysis of experience.

Genius, we said, was inventive. Men of talent may discover, but they never invent; invention and discovery are often confounded. Every invention is a discovery, but every discovery is not an invention. Discovery owes its origin to chance, invention to reason, reflection, and experiment. It is true that discovery often leads to invention. Archimedes, when his body overflowed the bath-tub, discovered: when he determined specific gravity by the application of the hydrostatic law, he invented.

Talent follows genius as the reaper follows the sower, as the developing emigrant follows the explorer. Genius is the bold and venturesome pioneer, talent the man of civilization. Genius penetrates wild and untrdden forests, and "blazes" the way for talent to follow: it endures the hardships and perils of new and unexplored countries, and talent follows after and reaps the fruit of its daring.

Genius is innate, talent is inherited. Coleridge says talent, lying in the understanding, is generally inherited; genius, being the action of reason and imagination, rarely or never. Genius is a gift; talent descends from father to son. A great genius will spring from the lowest condition. It is a rare instance to find the children of men of genius possessing the genius of their fathers; while families for generations inherit talent. Genius, being originality, is not inherited; for, were it inherited, then it would not be original, since the father possessed such a mind. D'Israele thinks that genius is often inherited, but is unfortunate, we think, in the instances he gives in proof of his assertion. He cites the Swingers, the three Villini, the Malaspini, the Portas, the Stephens, the Wharton, the Burneys, and the Miltons. The Villani were all historians of Florence, and historians are men of talent. Only one of them—Filippo, the literary historian—can be called a genius. The five Stephens, one of whom produced the celebrated edition of the Bible, and the other the Thesaurus of the Greek language, were classical scholars and men of talent. The Whartons, father and two sons, were statesmen. The Burneys possessed genius, but was it inherited? The father composed "Alfred" and "Queen Mab." The son wrote for the Monthly Review; and the daughter, Francesca D'Arlby, wrote "Camilla." Milton was a great genius, and his two nephews wrote good poetry, but all poets are not men of genius. Their verses did not outlive their generation, and this fact is sufficient evidence that they did not possess eminent genius.

Is genius innate, or can it be acquired? Is there an innate difference in the organs or faculties to receive impressions? Is particular genius the result of generation or acquisition?

We would not propound these questions, had not Locke compared the mind to white paper, void of all characters. And the earlier Scotch metaphysicians concluded that genius was the result of circumstances and education, and Dr. Johnson defined it to be a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined by some peculiar direction. And Reynolds, after admitting that genius may be the gift of Heaven, concludes that it may be acquired. These great men believed in the similar constitution of all minds. That some were by nature great and some small, but that peculiar greatness—eminence in any department, is the result of circumstances, education, and accident. The result of their teaching is, that genius is general and not particular, which conclusion is contrary to the history of the mind. According to their theory, Michael Angelo, under different circumstances and education, might have been a Bonaparte, and rice perved. Dr. Johnson further says: "People are not born with a particular genius for particular employments or studies; for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west." "It is good sense," he continues, "applied with diligence to what was at first but a mere accident, and which by great
application grew to be called by the generality of mankind a particular genius."

The idea conveyed is, that both genius and talent can, by great application, be turned into any channel and made eminent in any department. Now, could Wellington, by great application, have made himself Shakespeare?

That genius is particular, is established by the predilections of youth. Boyle says: "As the sun is seen best at his rising and his setting, so men's native dispositions are clearest perceived when they are children and when they are dying." In childhood the mind is ingenuous—in death it is honest. In early youth the mind unguardedly reaches forth from inherent prompting—in death it opens itself in confusion. In childhood, the native qualities of the mind are seen in their pure, embryotic state; in death the vestures of deceit and selfishness are thrown off, and we see them moulded and matured—not always developed; for we often behold only the stunted embryo of native qualities.

Cicero beautifully says, "Youth is the vernal season of life, and the blossom it then puts forth are indications of the future fruits, which are to be gathered in the succeeding periods." Now, if genius is general and not particular, why is the artist, when a child, drawing faces on his stick, while the future general is careening on a stick horse, with a feather in his hat? You may take the boy from the stick horse and give him the slate, and instruct him in drawing and painting, until he is three-score, and never make an artist of him.

It is said that first studies influence the formation of the character of genius; that men of genius generally study that in their youth for which they become distinguished in their manhood. This is generally true, but these first studies were from choice, not accident. In proof that first studies influence the development of genius, we are told that Marlborough read a military book when a boy, and that Franklin read De Bois. Very probable; but we assert that innate predilection, and not accident, led these boys to read these books. The military book and the essay on projects might both have been on Marlborough's table, and the leaves of the essay would never have been turned. If opportunity and study can thus influence, why was it that Petrarch did not become a distinguished lawyer instead of a poet, when his father burnt his poetical library and threw every obstacle in the way of his studying poetry, and gave him every opportunity and facility for becoming an excellent jurist? Pascal was forbidden to study Euclid, yet he got a knowledge without much studying.

Genius, then, is innate and particular. It is often varied, but universal never. Circumstances and education may develop it in one department, while different education might have brought it forth in another, but not in any or all departments. There are three castes of genius: the ruling caste, embracing politics, jurisprudence, and the military; the philosophical caste, embracing philosophy and mathematics; the artistic caste, embracing the arts, poetry, music, statuary, architecture, and painting. Now, circumstances and education may develop genius in any of the different branches of each caste, but cannot change the caste itself.

For example, Michael Angelo was both a great statuary, architect, and painter. Washington was a political projector and great general. Education made these men distinguished in these several branches. But education would never have made Angelo a military genius, nor Washington a painter. It is generally the case that the castes are moulded with but one perfect branch. And as there are exceptions to all rules, we find a few cases where these castes are mingled, sometimes strangely, sometimes grandly. Liebnitz was a great philosopher, mathematician, and jurist. When the castes are mingled, we either behold a giant—one approaching universal genius—or a man of mediocrity. Generally where the castes are blended, genius is lost in the mingling, and a mind of mediocrity is the result, verifying the adage—"Know a little about all trades, good at none."

Just here we will briefly notice these qualities in the female mind. The average of woman's mind is equal to, if not better than that of man. It is quicker, more active, and more retentive. Woman attains proficiency in any art or science to a greater degree than man, but seldom obtains the mastery in any department. Woman possesses as great fancy and imagination as man, but lacks the inventive powers of genius. They possess memory superior to that of man, but have not the powers of deduction and analysis necessary to eminent talent. They are more gentle, tender, and artful than men, and hence surpass them in tact. This is shown in their management and control of their household, and not only the household, but the head of the house also. Bishop Whately, in discussing the mental differences of the sexes, says: "Though readily attaining proficiency in the various departments, women seldom reach the very highest in any. And this cannot be attributed to any difference in education; for it is found where the difference is on the other side: that is, more females than males learn painting and music, and many of them succeed well; but the tip-top painters and composers are almost all males. And the same with cooking. It does seem also that women have little inventive power. They learn readily, but they rarely originate anything of importance. I have long sought for some instance of invention or discovery by a woman, and the best I have been able to find is Thwait's soda-water. A Miss Thwait, of Dublin, an amateur chemist, hit on an improvement in soda-water, which enabled her to drive all others out of the market; but besides this, some musical compositions, and some pretty poems and novels, are all the female inventions I can find. Mrs. Somerville is said to be one of the five or six mathematicians in the world, who understood the works of La Place; but she dis-
Talents.

covered nothing. And we cannot refer this deficiency in invention in any department to their not having been trained in that particular department; for it is remarkable that inventions have seldom come from those so trained. The stocking-frame was discovered by an Oxford student, the spinning-jenny by a barber, and the power-loom by a clergyman.

Genius, being original, is necessarily progressive. Genius is the motive power of all progress, and everything that is progressive bears the impress of genius. The hand of genius is seen and felt in everything material and immaterial, from religion down to the lowest avocations of life. It moves in church, in state, the bar, the army, in agriculture, in commerce, in everything. A writer* of some ability, says: "The Government diplomatic posts, the army, the fleet, the bench, the bar, and the church, are very honourable and useful institutions, but they were instituted for the sole purpose of maintaining things as they are. Education, trade, agriculture, commerce, arts, and sciences have for their object to render the world better than it is." Now this is as cold and senseless a piece of materialism as is often met with. The church an honourable and useful institution! Instituted to maintain things as they are! We scour this thing at religion, for it is nothing more nor less.

The writer makes the astounding assertion, in the face of history, that trade and commerce are continually making the world better; for history tells us that trade and commerce are corrupting and not improving in their influence. As nations have grown in commerce, they have increased in corruption. "Things" is a very general term, and above the idea of the writer there is a profane and absurd association of the church, with the words "useful," "institutions" and "things."

The church is not only progressive, but it is the source and fountain from which all progress. Its influence is not and never has been "to maintain things as they are," but it is ever moving mankind onward, through all the paths of progress, material and immaterial, to a higher and better state.

The church is the highest and noblest field for the display of this great quality of the mind. Spurgeon says: "Genius is always marvellous; when sanctified it is matchless." Are we not indebted to the early church that the world is better than it was? Did not the early fathers purge the world of corruptions engendered by commercial wealth? And did not the reformers place the world upon its present high road of progress and development?

The Bible is the text-book—the church the school—for all sound education. The Book is the first authority of the law, and a rule unto all armies and navies, a protector of commerce, and a model for art.

Religion has ever been the inspiration of art; being perfect itself, it has lifted art to perfection.

* Westminster Review,

"The truth that came from God and led to God, which served as a guide upon earth, and spake of a glory in heaven, quickened the soul of the artist to lofty conceptions. And thus, if the highest forms of art have risen round all religions, so far as in them dwelt the universal light, we can easily understand how much more glorious were those manifestations which sprang from a revelation, perfect in truth, pure in beauty, and untainted in goodness."

"The Divine in the human, which the Greek sculptors have striven, and not in vain, to inscribe in lines of grandeur and beauty, was no longer the mere guess of a philosopher, or the dream of a poet; it stood forth as an actual verity, known in the experience of each believer; and manifest in the humanity yet divinity of Christ himself. And this revelation which transcended in its brightness all the scattered rays of light, whence genius had before caught lustre, was henceforth to shine in the face of that Christian art, which, like its great Master, became both human and divine." Those who have read the history of our Lord as represented in art, will more readily feel the truth of what we have here said and quoted.

Genius does not belong to those only who make some great discovery, or set up some great theory, but is possessed to a greater or less extent by every mind that arrives at a knowledge of anything without instruction. And just here we may notice the distinction between genius and ingenuity. Ingenuity possesses skill and contrivance, but is destitute of invention. Now a mechanic, who takes up a trade and becomes a good workman, has genius, but one who only becomes a skilful workman through apprenticeship, possesses only ingenuity.

It is often the case that a writer will advance the idea of an author who wrote a century before, whom he never read, and perhaps never heard of; but the one is no less a genius than the other, for both are original; and it is sometimes the case that writers will advance the idea of those they read, believing them to be their own. Goldsmith said that he was constantly puzzled to know whether his ideas and thoughts were original, or whether he had derived them from somebody else. But men of genius possess an individuality that always stamp even old theories and thoughts with originality; hence it is easy to distinguish original thought upon a trite subject from plagiarism and literary parasitism.

We will incidentally notice the difference between the plagiarist and the literary parasite. The plagiarist steals, the parasite lives upon the bounty of others; the former extracts from the writings of others without giving credit, the latter makes use of matter that the labours of others have brought forth, leaving the reader to infer that it is the result of his own extensive reading and research. The parasite, in the language of Watts, never reaches further than the table of contents. Give a man a library, and let him pilfer from the thoughts and ideas of others, and you have the plagiarist. Let a man..."
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have only a dictionary, an encyclopaedia, a book of Latin and Greek quotations, a miscellany, a few old reviews and magazines, and if he writes learned essays, will have the literary parasite; for you will find him quoting from books he never saw, and using quotations from foreign languages that he can’t translate.

The plagiarist, parasite, and scoiatus are certain contemptible characters, yet there are many writers and speakers who go into the opposite extreme. The word plagiarist continually haunts them; it paralyses every effort. The dread of saying something common-place destroys their usefulness. Such men’s writings are learned, but not instructive, because they leave out much of the basis of their own thoughts. They take it for granted that the reader knows that which it is essential to know, in order to understand what they say. Hence the learned are edified, while the general reader is only mystified by their writings. The object of such writers seems to be to convince the reader, that the writer has read a great deal, and that the reader is beneath it all.

Genius is of two kinds, positive and negative. Negative most nearly approaches talent. It exerts itself to break down existing convictions, the result of which it generally does not clearly see. It uses its power not in proclaiming new, but in doing away with existing ideas. Positive genius boldly proclaims new ideas, feeling confidence in its power to convince, and that conviction of the new will do away with the old. Sometimes negative genius has the new light, but lacks the boldness, independence, and force of character to hold it up in the face of public sentiment. Hence it is constantly apologizing. Generally, negative genius has the conviction of the falsity of existing ideas and theories, but has merely a faint glimmering of the new light. For example, Serenus and Vesalius were men of negative, Harvey a man of positive genius. The former denied and demonstrated the errors of the old theories concerning the blood; the one merely hinting at, the other having an imperfect idea of its circulation; while Harvey boldly proclaimed his theory, and used his powers in advocating and demonstrating its truth. Men of negative generally precede those of positive genius. The former are stepping stones for the latter.

Luther possessed negative, Melancthon positive genius. As has been said, no man was more capable of infusing energy into the cause in which he had embarked, than Luther, but was of all men worse adapted to conduct it with moderation. In other words, Luther’s bold genius scaled and demolished the bulwarks of Papacy—fearlessly rejected the doctrines, and exposed the errors of the old faith—convinced the people that the old system was wrong; but was incompetent to erect a new and perfect system in its stead. He extinguished the old light, but erred when he came to select materials wherein to kindle the new.

“Melancthon possessed every requisite to render truth alluring and reformation successful.” He was not the man to crush with a blow effete institutions. He could not have broken, as Luther did, the power of Papacy, but that once broken, his genius stood forth to vindicate the work of Luther, by showing its results and benefits, and by trimming, developing, and systematizing the new faith. Hence upon him fell the office of writing the confession of faith.

That the above may not appear inconsistent with what has been said of talent, I will simply add that negative genius makes chaos of old ideas; positive genius builds a new system from this chaos, and talent improves, adapts, and utilizes this system. The two former are philosophical, the latter empirical.

Men of genius have been accused of vanity, conceit, and love of praise. ’Tis true that the expressions of such men have led those of their day to thus accuse them. But future generations only regard their expressions as a true estimate of their own power. The verdict of posterity is, in the language of Bacon, “proscript, qui, posse midentur.”

Men of talent love the praise and applause of the world. We have said that talent lives in the past, genius in the future. The former, governed by the experience of the past, governs the present, and receives its meed of praise from its own generation, while genius, looking into the future, is regardless of public praise; seeking to establish truth, it rests its fame on the verdict of posterity.

Goldsmith says: “The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid, those attending excellence paid in reversion. In a word, the little mind that loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road from universal benevolence.” The word eccentric as used here means individuality. But it is true that men of genius are eccentric in the ordinary acceptance of this word. This eccentricity is in some cases the fungous growth of individuality; in other cases it results from a want of common sense. That which results from individuality is discovered in the the style of writing and speaking and in the manner. That which results from a want of common sense is discovered in the practical affairs of life. For instance, the learned man was eccentric for a want of common sense, who, when one rushed into his library, exclaimed, “Your house is on fire!” with a vexed countenance, replied, “Go to my wife, these matters all belong to her.” And that other great man, who, it is said, cut a large semi-circle under his door for his old cat to pass in and out, and cut another small one by it for the kittens. The peculiar and odd manners and style of men of genius result from excessive individuality.

Eccentricity is a blemish, not a bright spot, as some suppose, in the character of genius; for those who are most truly great are most natural. ’Tis true that great minds possess individuality, but genuine individuality is always natural.

Men of the greatest genius deplore their
eccentricities, as they in a great measure destroy their usefulness. Some young people delight to be called eccentric, and give way to such tendencies instead of struggling against them. Then there are others who affect eccentricity. The latter are positively insufferable; they make themselves ridiculous on all occasions, and are constantly mortifying their friends—if indeed they have any. This affectation of eccentricity, in trying to be unnatural, has to some extent brought a reproach upon learning; for a young woman hesitates to marry a scholar, for fear she may come to want; and a young man dreads a highly-educated woman, for fear that he may get a blue-stocking for a wife.

Men of genius are generally precocious, men of talent slow in youth. For the former deals with theories—is moved by imagination; and theories originate in early life, and imagination is most vivid in youth. Talent deals with the accumulated result of theories, and must have experience to judge, and experience only comes with years.

Men of talent possess equality of temperament, while genius, possessing great fancy and imagination, is irritable and capricious. Hence the former are much more reliable than the latter. Genius is often great one moment and ridiculous the next. This would seem natural; for where there is a peak piercing the clouds, there is a corresponding deep, dark valley at its base. Goldsmith notes this and turns it to the advantage of genius, and draws an excellent parallel between these two qualities. He says: "Men are now content with being prudently in the right. Though not the way to make new acquisitions, it must be owned that it is the best method of securing what we have; yet this is certain, that the writer who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought, or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him on his sagacity, though criticism lifts its feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire lasting esteem, is not by the freeness of a writer's faults, but the greatness of his beauties, and our noblest works are generally most replete with both. An author who would be sublime often runs his thoughts into burlesque, yet I can readily pardon his mistake ten times for once succeeding. True genius walks along a line; and perhaps our greatest pleasure is in seeing it so near falling, without being actually down."

The conversation of genius is brilliant and engaging, that of talent entertaining and instructive. The memory of talent, with its power of analysis of the past and present, is more entertaining than the uncertain brilliancy of originality. Pemberton says: "Inventors seem to treasure up in their own minds what they have found out, after another manner than those do the same things that have not this inventive faculty. The former, when they have occasion to produce their knowledge, are in some way obliged immediately to investigate part of what they want. For this they are not equally fit at all times, and thus it has often happened that such as retain things by reason of a strong memory have appeared off-hand more expert than the discoverers themselves." Genius loves solitude, and solitude gives the mind a melancholy cast. It reflects and meditates much, which produces absent-mindedness. It has strong fancy, which renders it extravagant and unreliable. Hence it is in turn gloomy, melancholic, vivacious, and fanciful, capricious and extravagant. These triflins humour give to men of talent, and sometimes of mediocrity, the advantage in conversation. We are told that Dante in conversation was taciturn or satirical, Butler sullen and sardonic—Grey and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled—Descartes and Franklin were silent—Rousseau was trite—Addison and Moliere only observers—Dryden, slow and droll—Hogarth and Swift gross and asper—Smollett, warm to repulsiveness—Dr. Johnson, uncouth—Buffon, coarse and careless—Cowley, embarrassed—Barry, profane—Newton, without memory or readiness—Chausier and De Fontaine, unentertaining—Tasso, thoughtful and melancholic—Burns, indiscreet—Curran, Pitt, Burke, Hume, Montebello, Killigrew, and Madame De Staël are reckoned among the finest if not the best conversationalists the world has produced.

The man who speaks and converses well seldom writes well. "It is remarkable," says D’Israeli, "that the conversationalist has rarely proved to be the able writer. He whose fancy is susceptible of excitement in the presence of his auditors, making the minds of men run with his own, seizing on the first impressions, and touching the shadows and outlines of things, with a memory where all lies at hand, quickened by habitual association, and varying with all those extemporary changes and fugitive colours, which melt away in the rainbow of conversation; with that wit which is only wit in one place, and for a time; with that vivacity of animal spirits which often exists separately from the more retired intellectual powers—this man can strike out wit by habit, and pour forth a stream of phrases, which has sometimes been imagined to require to be written down to be read with the same delight with which it was heard; but he can’t print his tone, nor his air and manner, nor the contagion of his hardihood. All the time we were not sensible of the flutter of his ideas, the incoherence of his transitions, his vague notions, his doubtful assertions, and his meagre knowledge. A pen is the extinguisher of this luminary."

Our space will not permit us to compare the genius of antiquity with the genius of the present, nor to speak comparatively of the talents of the different nations of modern times. We will only say that the genius of antiquity is generally under-estimated. Ours is truly the age of invention, but many boast extravagantly, seeming to be forgetful that we are indebted to antiquity for the screw, the rudder, the wheel, double pulley, and many of our most useful inventions. Of modern nations, we will only add, that England is characterized by talent, the Continent and America by genius.
The remarkable woman—whose words, uttered with the fingers of the executioner in her flowing hair, the red skirt of the murderess by her side, and the guillotine threatening in the distance, were but the climax of her calm heroism—was one of those self-devoted martyrs born in great ages for great deeds. To fully understand and appreciate the sacrifice she made, it is necessary to contemplate the times in which she lived, and the character of the hideous and loathsome tyrant of whom she pit her world.

Jean Paul Marat, whose name has come through the pages of history execrated and despised, was a power in France when power meant authorized murder, unchained passions, and a tyranny only understood in the word Revolution. Rising from a low estate, this man of vigorous intellect, venomous hatred, and un conquering will, came first as a journalist, and, espousing the cause of the mob, published his famous “Friend of the People.” Joining the club of the “Cordeliers” in 1789, and led by Desmoulins and Danton, he became at once noted for the ferocity of his proposals, his crimes, and his bitter, insatiable thirst for blood. His proposal to hang the eight hundred deputies on eight hundred trees of the Tuileries—Mirabeau on the first of them—caused him to be denounced by Malouet; and from that period he was hunted by the Paris commune, besieged in his house by Lafayette, shielded by Danton and Legendre, hidden by Fleury the actress, and sheltered by Bassel the priest. Pursued from one miserable refuge to another, homeless and proscribed, he still issued his journal, until, upon the imprisonment of the royal family, a new municipality was formed, and by the name he had coined, Paris called the “Friend of the People” from his hiding-places, and day after day he came to the Convention to denounce, pursue, and murder his suspects. With his hideous face, filthy dress, rancorous hatred, and voice of thunder, he was floating France in blood, when forth from her obscure country home came the avenger.

Marie Anne Charlotte de Corday D’Armont was the daughter of Jacques de Corday D’Armont, the younger son of a noble line. Poor, and wedded to a lady also poor, though of birth equal to his own, Jacques François de Corday, Esquire, sieur D’Armont, crippled further by an unsuccessful lawsuit, lived in obscurity at Argentan, where Marie, the fourth of five children, was born. In early life Marie was sent to the care of an uncle at Vieuxques (the Abbé de Corday), who took charge of her education. He taught her to read, and from history she drew that love of republican sentiments that later became the ideal of her life.

After the death of her mother, Marie, then fourteen years of age, was invited to the Abbaye des Dames by the abbess (Madame de Belzunce), and here, in her seclusion, she grew up with her fine mind feeding upon books, religious exercises, and the politics of the day, absorbed, introverted, and enthusiastic. The echoes of the Ca-ira reached her from afar, fanning into a strong, ardent flame that love of liberty imbibed from Corneille, Plutarch, Raynal, and Rousseau.

It was during her residence in the convent that the young enthusiast became attached to the nephew of the abbess, the Vicomte Henri de Belzunce, an officer in the Bourbon army, an accomplished, handsome, young, and enthusiastic man of about twenty. Like most of the officers of noble blood, he was an avowed and open royalist, and his death was caused by his political opinions. He was murdered in a skirmish between his own and a revolutionary company: his heart was torn from his breast by a furious woman, and grilled upon live coals, while his head was borne on a pike through the streets of Caen. Such an ending to her love was well calculated to increase the maiden’s horror of the wretches who were daily murdering Liberty in the name of the Republic.

A year later Madame de Belzunce died, and soon after, the convents being suppressed, the young girl was forced to seek another asylum. After a short visit to her father she went to her cousin, Madame de Bretteville, and was there received hospitably, although a stranger to that lady. There, in a gloomy house in Caen, Marie studied and watched the progress of the revolution. Grave and reserved, her enthusiasm was seldom openly expressed, but, fostered in prayerful solitude, became deep and sincere, the ruling passion of her life. Just twenty at the time of her arrival at Madame de Bretteville, Mademoiselle de Corday became at once noted for her wondrous beauty. Her figure was tall, but exquisitely proportioned, graceful, yet dignified, with hands, arms, and shoulders of statuesque beauty. Her face—a pure oval, with regular features—was singularly
gentle and peaceful in expression. A broad, open forehead, eyes of deep bluish grey, straight nose, and exquisite mouth, were enhanced by a complexion of transparent purity, and rich brown hair falling in curling masses on her shoulders. Her dress was always severely simple, and the modest dignity of her demeanour with her settled gravity caused her to appear older than she was.

An anecdote related by her friend, Madame Loyer de Maromme, will show how, at this period, her political enthusiasm, though silent, governed her life.

Some of Madame de Brettetville's friends were assembled at a farewell dinner, prior to a departure from Caen, when the king's health was proposed. Mademoiselle de Corday's glass stood untouched. A lady-friend, touching her, said:

"What! you will not drink the king's health—the king, so good and virtuous?"

"I believe him virtuous," was the reply (in her singularly musical voice); "but a weak king cannot be a good one; he cannot check the misfortunes of his people."

A dead silence followed; the health was drunk, but the company were evidently struck by the reply. During this silence the new bishop, Fauchet, entered Caen in triumph, followed by cries of "Long live the Nation! Long live the Bishop of the Constitution!" Mons. de Tournelis, one of Marie's most ardent admirers, and her brother, Mons. de Corday, started from the table, crying, "Long live the King!"

Mons. de Corday silenced his son, and Marie drew Mons. de Tournelis from the window, saying:

"How is it that you are not afraid of risking the lives of those about you, by your intemperate manifestations? If you would serve your country so, you had far better go away."

"And why, mademoiselle," he answered, impatiently, "why did you not just now fear to wound the feelings of your friends by refusing to join your voice to a toast so French, so dear to all of us?"

"My refusal can only injure me," was the smiling reply. "But you, without any useful end, would risk the lives of all about you. On whose side, tell me, is the most generous sentiment?"

The fall of the Girondists was the blow that, falling upon the generous enthusiasm of Marie de Corday, first suggested to her the possibility of action on her own part. Caen became a refuge for many of the proscribed, who tried there to raise a force to march to Paris; seventeen men answered the call. Marie found a pretence to call upon Barbaroux, and came twice with an old servant to see the handsome Girondist, Pétion, meeting her on one of these occasions, said:

"So, the beautiful aristocrat calls upon republicans?"

"Citizen Pétion," was the reply, "you now judge me without knowing me. A time will come when you will learn who I am."

While with Barbaroux, Marie inquired about the Girondists imprisoned in Paris, and learned much of Marat. To this monster she had long ascribed the assassination of the Girondists and the miseries of her country, and upon him she now concentrated her thoughts. Little did she dream that Danton and Robespierre were mightier powers, controlling even Marat.

"Ah!" said Barbaroux, later, "had I foreseen her design, and could such actions be counselled, it was not Marat I would have advised her to strike."

Once resolved upon the death of Marat, Marie de Corday silently began her preparations for her journey to Paris; she procured her passport, bade farewell to her friends, telling her father she was going to England; distributed her little property amongst her friends, and on the 9th of July, 1793, she left Caen, hoping to accomplish her end, and be herself the prey of an infuriated populace.

For two days after her arrival at Paris she remained quietly at her hotel, before seeking an interview with the tyrant, of whose death she thought when she said: "A woman's hand shall check this civil war—a woman's hand prepare the peace."

She attended the Convention, and there incurred for Marat, learning that he was ill, and unable to leave his house. She then resolved to call upon him, and sent a note requesting an interview. This was refused, and she sent a second, pleading pressing business, and representing herself as persecuted for the cause of freedom. This second note she followed in person, without waiting for an answer.

On the 13th of July, at about half-past seven in the evening, the citizen Marat was sitting in his bath, writing: The citizen certainly affected, perhaps actually enjoyed, the luxury of poverty. A rough board, laid across the bath, served him for a desk; an unburnt block supported his inksand. The floor was littered with numbers of his journal, but the room was bare of furniture. A map of France hung upon the wall, together with a brace of pistols, under which was screwed, in large bold letters, "La Mort."

By-and-byes comes in a young man named Pillet, bringing paper for printing the "L'Ami du Peuple," which was done in the author's house. Marat asked him to open the window, approved his account, and sent him away. As he came out there was a kind of altercation between the porteress, who was folding the sheets, and a handsome young lady, wearing a striped grey dress and a black hat trimmed with green ribbons. She held a fan in her hand, and was complaining, in a singularly clear and musical voice, that she had come a long journey—all the way from Caen—to see the People's Friend. It appeared from the conversation that she had already called twice that day. "Had he received her note, asking for an interview?" The porteress scarcely knew—he
Charlotte Corday.

had so many. At this moment appeared another woman (Simonne Evrard), who, listening to the importunities of the stranger, consented at last to see if Marat would receive her. Marat, who had read her note some twenty minutes previously, answered in the affirmative, and the woman showed her in.

It is not exactly known what took place between Marat and his visitor in their ten minutes’ interview. According to her after-account, he listened eagerly to the news from Casen, taking notes "for the scaffold" the while. He asked for the names of the Girondist Deputies, then refused at that place. She gave them—Guadet, Gorsas, Busot, Barbaroux, and the rest. "It is well; in a few days they shall all be guillotined at Paris!"

His hour had come. Plucked suddenly from her bosom, a bright blade flashed up, down, and struck him once in the chest—a terrible blow for a delicate hand!—under the clavicle, sheer through the lung, cutting the carotid. "A moi, ma chère amie, à moi!" he shrieked. The next moment the room was full. The young lady, coming out, was struck down with a chair, and trampled on by the furious women; the guard came pouring in, and down the street the news flew like wildfire that they were killing the People’s Friend!

They lifted out the livid People’s Friend, and laid him on his bed; but he had spoken his last. For an instant his glassy eyes turned upon the weeping woman at his side, then closed for ever. Medical advice arriving post-haste was yet too late. His death had been anticipated by some eight days.

All Paris rose to denounce the murderess, to pay honour to the dead. It was with difficulty that the authorities saved Mademoiselle de Corday (known from this time by her name of Charlotte) from the fury of the mob, and conveyed her to the Abbaye—the nearest prison. There she was questioned till midnight by members of the Convention, but gave no signs of regret or fear. "I have done my task," she said; "let others do theirs!"

Her trial was fixed for the 17th, and on the evening before she wrote to Barbaroux and to her father. To the latter she thus expressed herself:

"Pardon me, my dear father, for having disposed of my life without your permission. I have avenged many innocent lives; I have prevented many other misfortunes. The people, one day enlightened, will rejoice in being delivered from a tyrant. If I sought to deceive you by a pretended journey to England, it was because I hoped to remain unknown; but this has become impossible. I trust that you will not be persecuted; but, in any case, you have protectors at Caen. I have selected for my counsel Gustave Doulcet; but such an act as mine admits of no denunciation. Adieu, my dear papa! I implore you to forget me, or rather to rejoice that I perish in a good cause. I embrace my sister, whom I love with all my heart, as well as all my relatives. Do not forget the line of Cornelle: ‘It is the crime that is shameful, and not the scaffold.’ At eight o’clock to-morrow I go to my trial.—MARIE DE CORDAY."

"Corde et ore" was the motto of the Armont family. Corde et ore before the dark bench of the Salle de l’Egalité, she sustained the deed that she had done. Impossible for the legal threats of President Montané to surprise any avowal of complicity. Answer after answer comes from her, prompt, to the point, clear-stamped with the image of truth, concise as a couplet of Corneille. Like Judith of old, "all marvelled at the beauty of her countenance." The musical voice seemed to dominate the assembly—the criminal to sit in judgment on her judges. She had killed Marat for his crimes—the miseries that he had caused. The thought was hers alone; her hatred was enough; she best could execute her project. She had killed one man to save a thousand—a villain to save innocents—a savage wild beast to give her country Peace. "Do you think, then, to have killed all the Marats?" This one deed, the rest will fear—perhaps. "You should be skilful at the work," says crafty Fouquier Tinville, remarking on the sureness of the stroke. "The monster! he takes me for an assassin!" Her answer closed the debates like a sudden clap of thunder. The reading of her letters followed. "Have you anything to add?" says Montané, as the one to Barbaroux was finished. "Set down this," she returned: "the head of anarchy is dead; now you will be at peace!"

Nothing was left but to demand her death, which the public accused did at once. The form of a defence was gone through. She had called upon a friend; her request had never reached him. Montané named the famous Chavel de la Garde. But she had confessed everything; there was nothing to say. How could he please her best? When he rose a murmur filled the room. During the reading of the accusation the judge had bid him plead madness, the jury to hold his tongue. Either plan was contrived to humiliate her. La Garde read in her anxious eyes that she would not be excused. Like a gallant gentleman as he was, he took his perilous cue. "The accused," he says, "avows her crime, acknowledges its long premeditation, confesses to all its terrible details! This immovable calm, this entire self-abnegation—in some respects sublime—are not in nature. They are only to be explained by that exaltation of political fanaticism which has placed a dagger in her hand. * * * Gentlemen of the jury, I leave your decision to the care of your prudence."

The face of the prisoner filled with pleasure. All fear of that dreadful plea, insanity, was at an end. She heard the sentence unmoved,
after which she begged the gendarmes to lead her to La Garde. "Monsieur," she said, "I thank you for the bravery with which you defended me in a manner worthy of yourself and of me. These gentlemen" (turning to the judges) "confiscate my goods; but I will give you a surer proof of my gratitude—I ask you to pay my prison-debts, and I count upon your generosity." It need hardly be said that the duty was religiously performed.

During the trial she had noticed a person sketching her, and had courteously turned her face towards him. This was Jacques Hauer, an officer of the National Guard. As soon as she returned to the prison she expressed to the concierge a desire to see him. The painter risked his head, and came. She offered, in the few minutes that remained to her, to give him a sitting, begging him, at the same time, to copy the portrait for her friends, calmly talking of indifferent matters, and now and then of the deed that she had done. One hour, then half-an-hour, passed away; the door opened, and Sanson appeared with the scissors and the red shirt. "What! already?" she asked. She cut off a long lock of her beautiful hair, and offered it to Hauer, saying that she had nothing else to give him, and resigned the rest to the executioner. Her brilliant complexion had not faded; her lips were red as ever. She still "enjoyed a delicious peace." The crimson shirt hid a face strangely beautiful to her weird beauty that the artist put it in the picture; but it was afterwards painted out. She asked Sanson if she might wear her gloves, showing her wrist bruised by the brutal way in which they had tied her hands. He told her that he could arrange it without giving her pain. "True," said she, gaily, "they have not all your practice."

The cart was waiting outside. When she came out, the furies of the guillotine greeted her with a howl of execration. But even on these, says Klauss, a look of the wonderful eyes often imposed a sudden silence. Calmly she mounted the tumbrick, and the horse set out along the road it knew so well. Upright, unmoved, and smiling, she made the whole of the journey. The cart got on but slowly through the dense-packed crowd, and Sanson thought he heard her sigh. "You are tired?" he asked. "Bah!" said she, still smiling, with the old, musical voice unshaken, "we are sure to get there at last." Sanson stepped in front of her, as they neared the scaffold, to hide the guillotine; but she bent before him, saying, I have the right to be curious, for I have never seen it!"

The red sun dipped down behind the Champs Elysées trees as she went up the steps. The blood rushed to her cheek as the executioner roughly tore off the covering on her neck, and for an instant she stood in the ruddy light as if transfigured. Then, in a solemn silence, the axe fell. A hound named Legros (a temporary aid of Sanson's) lifted up the pale, beautiful head, with all its frozen sweetness, and struck it on the cheek. Report says that it reddened to the blow; but whether it really blushed, whether the wretch's hands were wet with blood, or whether it was an effect of the sunlight, will be never known. The crowd, by an almost universal murmur, testified its disapprobation.

So died Marie de Corday, aged twenty-four years eleven months and twenty days. She was buried in the Madeleine, afterwards removed to the cemetery Montparnasse.

There are two reliable portraits of Charlotte Corday. One by Siccardi, preserved at Caen, represents a magnificent young woman of three-and-twenty in all the exuberance of youth and beauty; strong, yet graceful, elegant, natural, and modest, yet of a commanding presence. Her hair, of a beautiful chestnut tinge, escapes from a Norman cap, and falls in torrents on the close-drawn kerchief about her shoulders. Her eyes, of greyish blue, and somewhat sad, are shaded by deep, dark lashes. Her brows were finely arched, her face "a perfect oval," and her complexion "marvellously brilliant." "She blushed very readily, and became then, in reality, charming." Add to these a strangely musical voice, singularly silvery and childlike, and an expression of ineffable sweetness," and you may conceive something of that Marie de Corday whom men loved at Caen. The other, painted by Hauer in her cell, and wearing originally the red skirt of the murderer, is that Charlotte Corday of the Conciergerie whom death is nearing quickly, strike on strike. White-robed, white-capped, the figure is peaceful, statuesque, and calm. Something, perhaps, of severity sits upon the features—something, perhaps, of sorrow, in the eyes: not sorrow for the deed—rather the shadow of her long-nursed purpose—the shadow of those long, lonely hours in the Grand Manoir—the shadow of that loveless, hopeless, endless woman's life she values at so little. For herself she is perfectly at ease. Her duty done, the rest the rest may do. She has prepared the peace. She had done a "thing which should go throughout all generations to the children of the nation."
SEASONABLE MEMS. — 1866.

A wet morning at —.

DEAR MADAM,—Although the accompanying dog-grel may not come up to the Editor's "Standard" of poetry, it should appear as "The Morning Herald" of "Your Bohemian's" absence from his "Post," he being only too glad at such "Times" to escape from the "Daily News" and "London Society" to become an "Observer" of "Land and Water," as well as an "Examiner" of each "Evening Star" that shines so brightly from his retreat at——

Y. B.

All hail to our annual excursion! Proof-sheets, pro tem, avanti! and Bradshaw bring.
To study which requires much exertion
Before we take a seasonable fling.
Fetch "A B C". It really is too bad—phew! We look in vain for our destination:
To understand the labyrinth of Bradshaw
We ought to have a college education!

Which is our train? We think it is 10.20
(At where we wish to change it does not call)
We try the next—of branch-lines there seem plenty.
(Alas! we find that does not stop at all)
We wildly seize our trunk and railway-plaid—phew!
Why should we not first on our road advance,
And independent be of Mr. Bradshaw?
Madness lies that way! Let us trust to chance.

Bradshaw succeeds in muddling our poor brains,
Unused in general to complication:
Confusion, then, to those confounded trains!
Is "Your Bohemian's" mild excalation.
That we shall not arrive where we desire
Is altogether an unpleasant notion—
A train of thought we do not much admire!
Conscious of one thing, though—swift locomotion.

Leaving the terminus at Enston Square,
Whilst we are on the main-line all is well;
But soon a junction goes—we know not where,
And "A B C" does not pretend to tell.
To Bradshaw we return, and there we see
Our train, which started at precisely 5,
Seems to get mixed with one that left at 3,
And which we were not certain would arrive!

En route, however, that there's no denying—
Our duty to our readers being left undone—
Through tunnels the express is swiftly flying,
That takes us free from dreary, dirty London.

Away from town has "Your Bohemian" flown
To idly bask in some romantic quarter,
Where smoke and noise appear alike unknown—
Hedgerows and fields instead of bricks and mortar.

Away from Lombard-street and Leadenhall,
Now we are really off and in the train,
The markets do not trouble us at all:
The only question is if it will rain?
Our whole "get-up" not strictly à la mode—
Hat à la slouch, clothes negligent and pleasant—
As the old song says, "Let us take the Road,"
And bid adieu to London for the present.

We leave Hyde Park and famous Rotten Row,
Where "mounted snobs" their furious paces measure—
Where fashion, when in town, feels bound to "show,"
And take its few hours' customary leisure—
Where youth and beauty in the season throng,
And think it well a few short hours to squander—
Where coronets at snails'-pace creep along,
And where the "unwashed," unmolested, wander.

This year, since tourists will remain near home—
From well-known lakes and grand hotels defend us—
Let us to some secluded station roam,
And do what guide-books never recommend us.
Let us walk, sit, or lounge upon the beach;
At— the exact spot we decline to mention;
But it is altogether out of reach,
Unworthy quite the visitor's attention.

Welcome again, "fresh fields and pastures new,"
In lieu of dingy chambers: please remember.
Our holidays are "far between and few":
We have not been away since last September!
Then do not grudge us now a change of scene;
O'er hill and plain is pleasant recreation;
And in our absence may this magazine
Keep up as well a healthy circulation.

The present writer no more lies a-bed,
But gives his mind to wild pedestrian feats:
In purer atmosphere he roams, instead
Of being obliged to tramp through dirty streets.
Soothed by the washing of the "Sad Sea Waves,"
That break amongst the rocks in manner frantic,
As though lamenting thus the numerous graves
Under the cover of the wide Atlantic.

In shady lane, with time on hand to spare,
Your Cockney lachadaciously gazes
On mossy banks, or at a meadow where
Are buttercups; and see! no lack o' daisies.
Sometimes he enters on a pleasant field
Where there are millions of molesting midges,
And where he starts a pheasant there concealed,
Which rises with a "whirr" from some partridges!

Farewell Cheapside! for dearer river-side,
With its unlimited associations,
Where we observe the ever-flowing tide,
And can indulge in "fishy" speculations!
Farewell Cornhill! for other hills of corn,
Where traffic ceases and where quiet reigns;
Where we feel almost country-bred, and born
Under the influence of birchen lanes!

Far from the lane yclept Bartholomew's!
Of health our capital we fairly double;
Nor mind our "pockets" whilst the hops we view,
Country and credit versus banks and bubble.
We do not fear an unexpected "call,"
Free from the bugbear which is termed "society,"
And of the weather-glass "the rise and fall"
Is all the change which causes us anxiety.

We here encounter not a soul we know,
And with ourselves we can afford to quarrel;
'Tis an ill wind that is not found to blow
Some benefit to others, runs the moral
Of news here all is barren as the coast—
Of "monthly mems" an utter destitution;
But of our trip we try to make the most,
And from the country send this country-bution.

Here no one seems to speculate in shares;
'Tis true the stocks are on the village-green;
Sometimes "lame ducks" and "bulls," but
never "bears,"
And only plough-shares in the fields are seen.
Rich in wild flowers, here the banks are wealthy
—A "run on them" suits your Bohemian best;
And if the herds should but continue healthy,
All panic ceases with the rinderpest.

"So early in the morning" sees us now
Rise with those "Larks" we never have in town,
To drink the genuine undiluted cow,
Vice Chalk-farm of dwelling renown;
We rest a fortnight at some country farm
Until our time is up, when, more's the pity,
That horrid railway quickly breaks the charm,
And we return to "grub on" in the City.

On the morning of the 1st September, as we passed Charing Cross Station, a display of flags outside that building reminded us of the opening of its neighbour in Cannon-street, which will doubtless have the effect of decreasing the traffic over London Bridge; though what the thoroughfares of Fleet-street and Ludgate Hill will become we shudder to think, judging from their present state.

On the 2nd of the month, on a Sunday morning, two hundred years ago, the Great Fire of London broke out, at a baker's shop in Pudding-lane: this anniversary, if associated with the event which took place on the 1st of the present month, may furnish matter for the reflective mind.

We attended the exhibition of prizes of the Art Union of London, and the pictures appeared to be selected with more than usual judgment. As an instance of the almost fabulous prices that Mr. Birkenhead's drawings fetch, a small, and not a particularly characteristic specimen by that artist was chosen as the highest prize, and valued at two hundred guineas.

It must not be supposed that a shilling volume entitled "The Brown Papers" contains all that worthy lady's sentiments which have appeared in "Fun," since we miss, in this collected form, very many of the choicest of the weekly contributions by Mr. Sketchley, and which we were disappointed at not finding amongst the limited number which have been selected for publication in the present volume.

Mr. J. E. Carpenter's series of shilling volumes of penny readings, which were so successful last year, will, we understand, be continued on the 1st of October. Mr. William Sawyer's new poetical work, "Ten Miles from Town," is just published.

The death is announced of Charles Maclaren, who established the Scotsman newspaper.

Mr. Toole's annual benefit at the Adelphi was, as usual, "a bumper;" and his Paul Pry proved a decided hit. Mrs. Alfred Mellon was as full of vivacity as ever as Pheobe, and the song of "Cherry Ripe" elicited a furious encore. Mrs. Billington's Mrs. Subtle was an effective performance; and Mr. C. J. Smith proved a worthy successor to his great namesake in the character of Grasp. In other respects, remembering a performance in the old theatre some fifteen years ago, "the least said," &c. Of the farce which followed we may say that it created roars of laughter, and that its success was entirely owing to the exertions of the benefactor and the admirable acting of Mrs. Billington.

Before leaving town we visited the Princess's, and must confess that we were disappointed in the "Huguenot Captain," which, as a play, is weak; however the ballet of Bohemians and the "bits of old Paris" sufficiently repaid us. Mr. George Honey was more like a drunken tailor than an inebrated soldier. Mr. Shore, in a small part, played with his usual quiet effect. Although all the world was supposed to be out of town the house was well filled. And now these few lines, in addition to our "Seasonable Mem's," will suffice as the present monthly contribution of

Your Bohemian.
OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

My Dear C——,
The events of the month are not inspiring: the cold gloomy weather has long ago sent the aristocratic baigneurs and baigneuses from the sea-baths of Trouville or Dieppe to their chateaux for the shooting season, and the retired shopkeepers, from the little villages on the coast of Normandy, to their quiet halls at Passy or Bagnoles, all glowing with the satisfaction of having been to the seaside, and having opened the shooting season by the massacre of a few sea-gulls or a stray partridge, predestined to be a source of conversation for all winter. The Empress and the Prince Imperial, however, have braved the cold at Biarritz, the Prince taking frequent baths in the sea with his tutor, Monsieur Mornier, and he seems to take great delight in gamboiling about the rolling waves in his short black trousers and red jacket. He and his tutor cross the streets of Biarritz on foot to the bathing place, where several of his little friends are generally waiting for him. Here Miss Shaw puts his bathing costume on, and delivers him to a bathing man appointed to teach him to swim, and other nautical evolutions. His Imperial Highness appears to enjoy a swim, but as for floating or plunging, the little gentleman does not relish it in the least. The Empress generally arrives during the bath, takes the chair reserved for her, and watches with a smile young hopeful’s feats in the water. After the bath the Prince remains some time on the beach, with his young friends, and enjoys a good game, like the rest of children-mortals: he builds sand fortresses, digs ponds, &c., &c., with the greatest glee.

The news spread abroad that the Queen of Spain intended to visit Biarritz, but, as the Emperor remained at St. Cloud, the project was abandoned.

The Empress went to Bayonne the other day, on the steamer "Le Chamois," accompanied by a long suit of Spanish as well as French notables. Her Majesty looked extremely elegant standing at the helm, which she directed herself.

There is great commotion in the town of Havre: a rich young merchant was publicly insulted the other Sunday by a young nobleman because the former refused to fight a duel with him. The young merchant, very rightly in my opinion, had the insolter arrested. If every young man had the same courage in this duelling country, how many less of this kind of assassinations we should have to deplore! The good people of Havre are very much divided in their sentiments on the occasion: some admire the insolter, others the insulted; and so warm is the discussion on the subject that I should not wonder if other provocations should result from it. Oh, silly mortals that we are!

A writer of renown—Léon Goulan—died the other day, sincerely regretted by the whole press, if lamentations are a sure sign of grief—"que Dieu me pardonne!" but when I see journalists pounce on the death of a man in a time of deahth, and repeat, in every tone, in every corner of their papers, clay after day, all they know of him, I feel inclined to doubt. However, some natures are expansive. An odd thing occurred at his funeral, which had been prepared according to Jewish rites. The friends and followers had arrived, two rabbins were ready to accompany the corpse to its last home, when a copy of the register of his baptism in a Roman church was found, and the burial was obliged to be postponed until other preparations were made for it in holy ground. A strange thing that his wife even should not have known of what religion her husband was!

Another odd thing. The death of a man has just cleared a mystery of twenty years. Twenty years ago a man was found beheaded in his room. The guillotine with which the deed was done was there, as well as the body, but the head had disappeared. A letter, in the deceased's handwriting, declared that he had beheaded himself by the aid of the fatal instrument, and that it was useless to search for his head, as he had disposed of it. Appearances seemed to confirm this statement; and although his partner in business was for a moment suspected of murder, and arrested, nothing was proved against him, and he was released. The affair had long since sunk in oblivion when last week the partner died; and when his son had taken possession of his father's effects, fancy his surprise in finding a human head preserved in a large glass bottle of spirits of wine, with a letter explaining the mystery. He had promised his partner (for whom he had great affection) to preserve his head thus, should he put his fatal resolution into execution, and having, one morning on entering his friend's room, found the head severed from the body, he had fulfilled his promise, and willed the head to his son, and his son's son for ever—a very agreeable heirloom for a family, if true!

What is true, and what still makes us poor Parisians tremble when we think of what might have been the consequence, is the shock of an earthquake, on the 14th ult. It was felt in several parts of Paris and in the north of France. Five or six oscillations made us start up in our beds, at five in the morning, wondering what could be the matter. My concierge thought (and it was the belief of all her friends) that the world was at an end. Her little dog ran about as if he were mad. "He is such an intelligent animal, madam;" and thereon, and apropos of the earthquake, I should have had a long conversation on the achievements of a wonderful
dog, had I not put a full stop by walking off.

We already begin to sigh after winter, and all the joy we find in our gay capital when the long nights begin, and, with them, the song and dance. They say that another marvellous Patti is to enchant us this season; that Carlotta Patti will outdo her sister Adelina. How that is possible I cannot say.

Alexandre Dumas is writing the words of an opera, and Monsieur de Flotow the music. It is to be called, "Mlle. de la Vallière;" in which the defect that has prevented until now the début of Carlotta Patti on a Parisian stage will be an advantage, Mlle. de la Vallière having been lame, as well as the coming nightingale. Verdi is now in Paris, directing the rehearsals of his new opera, "Don Carlos"—a marvel (on dit). Apropos of this strange historical personage, Don Carlos, the papers repeat a legend which can explain many a miracle, I imagine. The prince, when a child, one day was seized with a burning fever, and he refused the aid of doctors. "Send me Saint Didacus," said he. To please the obstinate prince the body of the saint was brought, in processional pomp, to his bedside. "Put him in bed with me, cover the sheet over us, and be gone!" were the next orders; which were executed, and the dead and the living left together. The icy coldness of the one, cooled, no doubt, the heat of the other; for the young prince awoke, after a refreshing sleep, almost well, and, after a few days' convalescence, was up, and all fever had disappeared. "A miracle!" cried the whole Court. "A miracle!" re-echoed the people. And the King sent an ambassador to the Pontifical Court, to beg the Pope to canonize Didacus (for the saint had not then been admitted into the Roman calendar); so Didacus was canonized, and has since wrought many a cure more marvellous than the cooling of Don Carlos' fever.

A new comedy—"Le maître de la maison," at the Odcor, continues to excite our critics. It seems that there is some good in the piece, but the bad predominates. Fancy a husband enduring a rival in his house for twelve years, with the intention of avenging his honour as soon as his daughter is married! He certainly deserved a reward for patience.

Monsieur Strauss, of Paris, they say has hired, for all the time of the coming Exposition, the Palace de l'Industrie, in the Champs Elysées, where he intends giving monster concerts. I am very much afraid that we shall get an indigestion of music during that epoch, if all the projects to charm our ears be put into execution. However, Mr. Strauss desires to do the thing grandly. He intends to have his orchestra conducted by Gounod, David, Pauzol, Berlioz, &c., and has offered 100,000 francs (£4,000) to Verdi, to conduct it once. Verdi has refused. Strauss then doubled the sum, and offered £8,000 to Rossini. Rossini has also declined the honour. "Pas de chanson!" murmured Strauss, "at least let me have, at any price, the first of the famous mass you are composing. O inflexible maestro!*" "Non, non," replied Rossini; and the friends of Monsieur Strauss are not pleased. One even finds that the immortal author of the "Barbier de Seville" pose en vieille coquette.

We drove the Brothers Davenport last year away from Paris, to prove to the Americans and the English that we were more cunning that they, and were not to be so easily caught—the wit and wisdom of the earth. This year we believe in Monsieur Ledos, rue Malbou. Monsieur Ledos has only to examine your face to tell you your past, present, and future—and is now à la mode, three journalists having consulted him, and having been astounded at the detail of all their perfections and imperfections. Such is humanity! Everyone must now consult Monsieur Ledos, or be condemned not to know themselves!

Adieu, chère amie, mille amitiés et au revoir.

S. A.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MAMMA.

BY M. C.

"Mamma, when shall we be allowed to read novels?" asked Ethel.

"You are reading one now, my dear. The history of that noble 'Margaret Heston' will do you good, if you will only allow yourself to think, instead of skipping over it as you generally do. When I was young, there were no such nice books for girls as you have now, such as 'Laneron Parsonage', 'Daisy Chain', and 'The Papers', as you call them."

"Yes, I don't like the title, 'For Thoughtful Girls'; it sounds prosy."

"Too quiet and thoughtful, in fact, for my butterfly-child," as Uncle Edward says.

"I never shall be a piece of wisdom like Ada. Shall I, Emmie?"

"What is a piece of wisdom?" asked the child.

"That's a poser, Ethel," said Tom; "come here, Pem. Now, do you see that young lady, looking as grave as your grandmother? Just ask her to bring out that queer little book again. That's the piece of wisdom—the book I mean." Emmie did not seem fully able to comprehend..."
her brother's logic, although she did his bidding to her sister.

"You'll only ridicule it," said Ida, quietly.

"I do wish you wouldn't always be making fun of people."

"I won't speak another word about anybody, if you'll only tell us what you heard at Warwick Castle, about old Guy."

"There is at the entrance a Porter's Lodge, in which lives an old woman, who meets the visitors at the gates, and takes them into a tiny room opposite, filled with all sorts of curiosities. First, there is Guy's armour, consisting of his sword, shield, breastplate, helmet, tilting-pole, and walking-staff. There is also an enormous porridge-pot, made of bell-metal, round which the old woman walks, and strikes it with the flesh-fork which she holds in her hand. The noise is tremendous, and makes everybody start."

"About how large is the staff?"

"Nearly as high as this room I should think. Is it not, Mamma?"

"Very nearly, my dear. There is also a Toledo sword, a tomahawk, two daggers, and a few other things that have been dug up in the courts; but I know it is only of Guy (Earl of Warwick as he is called) that Tom is most anxious to hear, so perhaps Papa will tell us his history."

"There are various accounts of him. The Welsh claim him as one of their heroes of British extraction; he is also reputed to be the son of Siward, baron of Wallingford. He was nine feet in height, and his prowess was extraordinary. There was a dispute between the Danes and the English; and Athelstan, the Saxon monarch, wished that it should be decided by combat. The Danes chose Colbran, the Saracen giant, as their champion. Guy, who had been absent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land happening to arrive in England in his pilgrim's dress just about this time, was said to have been pointed out in a dream to the king as the hero of England. He was entreated to accept the challenge, and the champions met on a field near Winchester. Colbran's horse almost broke down with the weight of his master's armour; but Guy cut off the animal's head at the onset; then the giant, having dropped his sword, stooped to pick it up, when Guy, at one blow, struck off his right hand. He was, however, very brave, and continued to fight until, from loss of blood, he could hold out no longer, when the victory was said to have been won by Guy. There are old ballads about him, which tell you that he killed a dun cow of enormous size; but I have heard this originated in a misunderstood tradition of Guy's conquest of the Dena-gaw, a Danish settlement in the neighbourhood."

"The name is something like," said Ida; "but you believe, don't you, Papa, that he was a very big man?"

"Unquestionably, my dear, and also a famous warrior, of extraordinary strength; that he was Earl of Warwick is not perhaps equally certain. One of Guy's descendants was a nobleman of great power and vast possessions in and near Warwick; and he it was who commenced to repair and fortify the castle and tower."

"Did the giant die after the battle?" asked Emmie.

"No, he begged the king to keep the secret, and not say who he was; and then, tired of the world, he went away to a quiet spot on the cliff, where he found an old hermit living in a cavity of the rocks, and here the two spent their time in praying to God."

"Then there was no Mrs. Guy, Papa?"

"As may be supposed, the elder ones enjoyed a good laugh at Emmie's expense."

"Yes, that is the strangest part of the story, that the lady who lived at the castle was quite ignorant that her husband was living; and although he went every day to get bread from her hands, he was so completely disguised that she never recognized him. The hermit died, and, two years after, Guy became dangerously ill; when he sent for his wife as the legend tells us:"

"'Til at the last I fell sore sick.
You, sick so sore that I must die:
I sent to her a ring of golde,
By which she knew me presently."

"'Then she, repairing to the cave
Before that I gave up the ghost,
Herself closed up my dying eyes,
My Phillis fair whom I loved most.'"

"Mrs. Guy," as Emmie calls her, only survived her husband fourteen days, and they were both buried within the castle.

"Thank you, Papa!" exclaimed all the children.

"And now," said Mr. Walpole, "I must ask if you saw nothing else to interest you in the castle?"

"Oh! yes, Papa; there are so many pictures of the Stuarts, four of Charles I. (in two of them the king is on horseback), three of Henrietta-Maria, and full-length portraits of their family by Vandyck."

"Can you tell me the names of their children, Ethel?"

"No, Papa, I don't remember; perhaps Tom knows."

"Were they Charles II., James II., and Mary, Princess of Orange?"

"Quite right; and their mother was the daughter of—?"

"Henry IV. of France."

"There were also pictures of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice."

"And they were the sons of—?"

"Frederic V., the Elector Palatine, and Elizabeth, daughter of James I.," said Tom."

"Then what relation were they to Charles I.?"

"Nephews. Prince Maurice is sometimes called 'Robert of Bavaria,' my new history tells me," said Ida.

"Yes, they both entered into the service of
their Uncle when he raised his standard at Nottingham, and signalized themselves very much in the contest that followed. Prince Maurice was brave; but he was also very rash and impetuous, which made him lose an advantage after he had gained it. You will remember how precipitately he surrendered Bristol into the hands of Fairfax.

"Yes, Papa, it was a pity," said Ida. "What became of him after this?"

"He withdrew in disgrace to the continent; but he was received again into favour in the court of Charles II., when the command of the British fleet was given him."

"Then there was the Marquis of Montrose. Such a splendid-looking man! with just the expression of noble-hearted goodness that he always showed towards the Stuarts, to whom he so faithfully adhered in all their misfortunes."

"Why do you speak in that miserable tone?" asked Ethel.

"Because he was at last most treacherously betrayed, taken to Edinburgh, and executed. The wretched executioner, thinking this was not sufficient punishment, added insult to cruelty by tying round his neck a book in the margin of which he had written an account of his own life."

"Was there no portrait of Strafford?" asked Mr. Walpole.

"Yes, Papa, he is a very distinguished-looking man."

"He was one of the most remarkable men of the age in which he lived. It is sad to think of his having suffered so unjustly."

"How was it, Papa, that Charles I. turned against him?"

"He was at first a leader of the popular party, which he afterwards deserted, and became one of the king’s firmest friends; but there is little doubt that he was instrumental in promoting those arbitrary measures which in the end led to his monarch’s and his own ruin. But that the people should have demanded, and that the king should have sanctioned, his execution, is disgraceful to the character both of those who asked, and of him who suffered it."

"What an ugly man Oliver Cromwell was, Papa! Before I had seen the name, I said to Mamma it looked like the face of a murderer."

"And that’s what he was," said Ethel. "I think it very clever of Ida to have made the remark. Uncle Edward said he deserved a halter rather than a crown."

"And what did Aunt Mary say to that?"

"That he was the greatest man the nation had ever seen."

"To be sure he was," said Tom; "why—"

"My dear children, you are getting excited. It is late; let us resume the subject to-morrow. Poor little Emmie is asleep."

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**HOW A LITTLE CHILD DIED LONG AGO.**

(A Romance.)

BY LOUISE B. VICKROY.

Far, far away in the past, as the red sun went down the western sky, an Indian mother drew the bear-skin couch, on which lay her wild-eyed, black-haired, sick little girl, to the wigwam entrance, that she might gaze out upon the fast-fading loveliness of the autumn woods. It was the corn-month, and jay birds were feeding on the beech trees, happy squirrels leaped from bough to bough, chattering of the abundance spread before them, and by night in the midst of his feasting in the corn-rows, the raccoon fell an easy prey to the hunter boy; pheasants and partridges called to each other, and drummed far in the grape-vine thickets, where the rich clusters were purpling, and in the hazel copse the eyes of the wood-chuck gleamed bright in their gladness.

The Indian mother looked out contentedly on the beautiful scene, then gazed on the face of her child, and fancied she saw upon her cheek the soft glow that the summer time had placed there, returning; but the little one, half-rising, exclaimed:

"Mother, mother, see! see! — the canoe of braidedsunlight that the good Manitou has sent for me. Place me in it, give me milk and corn for my journey; then floating away, away, over the blue misty waters, I shall reach the bright shore where the great wigwam stands with its door open for my coming."

But the mother answered:

"No, no, child! the air is blue and misty on the hill-side, and only the shining sunflowers growing there seem like a canoe of light."

Smiling, the child lapsed away into a deep sleep, but in a little while awoke to say:

"Listen, mother! Listen! The sons of the good Manitou call me. Hark what they say:

"Fair is the spirit plain—launch away!"

"Tis the good Manitou calls:
Come, like a bird, to a long waiting summer
Where never the snow-shadow falls!
Follow us, follow us—we may not linger—
Seek the good Manitou’s plain!
On to the South-west, so softly, so softly:
Shall the Manitou call thee in vain?"

"You are dreaming," said the mother. "It is not the voices of the sons of the Manitou you hear. It is but the laughter of the little stream, as it hurries on its way from the small cold spring on the mountain, to the river of big waters."

Then the child grew silent for a time, and with her mother watched the great sun go beyond the hills, and then again she slept; but
Leaves for the Little Ones.

only to awake and spring to her mother’s arms, saying:

“There, there are the good Manitou’s daughters. See how they beckon me away! Look at their long hair floating out on the still evening air, and see their fair arms reached forth to embrace me! Clasp me no longer—I must go.”

But the mother folded her close to her heart, and said:

“The Manitou’s daughters have not come, my child; it is but the green willow-boughs lightly waving; leave not your mother, or the world would be cold, and dark, and empty!”

And again the child, with her head on her mother’s breast, fell asleep. The mother watched anxiously till the moonlight made all the inside of the wigwam beautiful in its silvery light—watched and noted every breath of her darling, who slept till a rising wind moaned among the trees.

Again the child started:

“Though! there! that is the good Manitou’s own voice. He calls me by my name. I cannot stay!”

“No, no,” the mother answered; “it is but the night-wind among the oak boughs, and soon with that sound will be bient thy father’s footsteps, as he returns in triumph from the war-path; he will bring with him the scalps of his enemies, and come and sit, grand, and proud, and silent, before us, and we shall be happy!”

“Hush!” said the child; “let me go where the good Manitou calls; where there are no foes, but the warriors dwell for ever at peace; where no loving squaw is widowed, and no little child left fatherless! He calls me again. I cannot stay.”

The mother clasped her more closely; but the young head fell backward, the eyes closed, and she was indeed gone to the good Manitou.

The poor mother sat there alone, in a stupor of grief, with the dead child in her arms, till the father’s step was heard. Then, very gently, she laid the dear, cold form down on its couch, and met the chief at the door-way, and told of the messengers, and the call to the little daughter from the spirit-land—the land that was so fair and fadeless, and how the little one’s journey was begun. That long, sad night the bereaved parents sat alone in the wigwam together.

When another dawn dawned the father went forth; and Indian women came, and they robed that body, whence the spirit had fled, in gayest apparel, and bore it tenderly away and laid it at rest under a pallid-leaved, shivering aspen-tree, while dark-haired maidens and youthful warriors chanted the death-dirge, and it seemed to the mother the while that in that very hour all the leaves in the forest faded and the flowers died. All nature did wear an aspect changed from the day before: the wind blew cold, the yellow leaves of the sunflower strewed the way, and the purple asters were faded to a sickly white, and, where the thistle-down floated, the mother’s sorrowing glance followed, and she sighed, sadly: “Whither? O whither?” while the willows waved mournfully by the sadly murmuring waters, and the breezes swept across the leaden sky, like the very voice of desolation.

She knew that in the far-off love-land of spirits there could come no sorrow nor shadow, yet she would not be comforted, for her child was not. The snows of the winter fell, and the little mound was white under the leafless aspen tree, upon whose naked boughs the snow-birds sang. Again the spring-time came, with its buds and blossoms; summer, with its berries ripening in the sunshine; and the autumn, with its nuts, and grapes, and corn—and still the mother was sadly, silently, waiting and longing for the Manitou’s summons to come to her. The father tracked the deer, or, chanting wild war-songs, met his foes in the fierce battle, and only now and then sighed to the memory of the little one; but the mother’s heart lingered ever around the old days when her child’s eyes made the light, and her child’s voice the music, of the forest home.

She walked in the old autumn woods with many beautiful deep thoughts folded away in her heart—thoughts that she never expressed, but that never died. They clung to the fading leaves, and lingered amid the perishing flowers year after year, and year after year, long after the mother’s grave was made by the side of her lost darling; but at last a true-hearted, sweet-voiced poet walked in that autumn wood—and into his heart so well fitted to receive them they nestled, and he welcomed them and gave them expression in a graceful poem, beginning:

“The melancholy days have come—
The saddest of the year,”

and their gentle sweetness fell pleasantly upon sorrowing hearts, and for them the poet was beloved of many. And the reunited mother and child heard them also, away in the beautiful spirit-land, where, in the smile of the good Manitou, they are blessed for ever, and where, on the dreamy tide, rocks the canoe of braided sunlight; where the daughters of the Manitou stand in their graceful beauty; where the sons sing of endless joy, and where the good Manitou sits in the doorway of his great wigwam, and makes glad those he calls by name into his presence.
AN EVENING AT MELLON’S CONCERTS.

BY E. H. MALCOLM.

Professional critics are fated to find the public in general, and their own acquaintances in particular, somewhat hard task-masters. The luckless wight once detected as a professed critic is pounced upon every day of his weary, though amusement-seeking, existence, by some one or more of his friends, who desire always in a positive and most demonstrative manner to ascertain his opinions upon all theatres, concert-halls, and popular entertainments. The professional informant on such matters is, as we say, at all times appealed to, but at all times denied; and the theatrically well-informed amateur ever persists in confounding the names and characters of the places of amusement and the performers, about which and whom he manifests so much concern.

The Promenade Concerts have this season been our greatest difficulty when asked what is going on there. Whether or no we supply the accurate information, our friends persist in being obturate and incredulous; they pertinaciously and flatly contradict whatever we say in answer to their gratuitous inquiries: "It wasn’t Paredi, it was Patti, who sang the other night. It could not be Levy, it must have been Reynolds, who performed that particular solo that particular night on the cornet-à-pistons! Mdlle. Liebhart, who is singing at Mellon’s this year, comes from the Royal Italian Opera, not Her Majesty’s Theatre. Mdlle. Krebs is a one-handed player on the pianoforte, and never uses the other hand!" "She hasn’t only got one hand," Mrs. Brown says, as interpreted by Arthur Sketchley. The "Der Freischütz" music is given to Gounod, and confused with "Faust." The overture to "Masaniello" is mistaken for that of "Fra Diavolo," and so on. The poor wight of a critic is first claimed as an authority on all these matters, and the next moment scouted as an ignoramus. If, being asked, he assures the inquirer that the morceau à l’unisson, from the "Africaine," cannot be played on the drawing-room Erard, he is laughed at for his error by some young dandy, who has just begun to touch the keys of the instrument. It is, indeed, only unpleasant to be contradicted when you are right, because you see the ignorance of your querist; but it is humiliating to be corrected by such an individual when you are wrong, and on musical subjects one may often be unexpectedly out. We once had the ill-luck to be overheard talking about some orchestral selections we had just heard from the opera of "La Sonnambula," at Covent Garden. "La Sonnambula!" triumphantly screeched our hearer; "it was ‘I Puritani’ that was played!" And so it was! The fact is, the music of Bellini bears a strong family likeness in most of his operas, and we had actually mistaken the strains of the lovely "Puritani" for those of the delicious "Sonnambula!" We ought to have been more careful, particularly before drawing-room amateur musicians, who are implacable, and incapable of forgiving opponents who seem to know better than themselves.

Mellon’s Concerts are a soirée musicale on a colossal scale. Dress, however, appears to be an indispensable adjunct of the musical promenade in the brilliant hall of the new Covent Garden Theatre. People have come to look and be looked at—to lounge, to loiter, to assume the characters of fashionable idlers, or faneurs. It is a sort of Vanity Fair that is going on under the patronage of Apollo. It is certain that the grand spell which binds the vast audience together is music; only the Mellonites choose to indulge their tastes in association with personal display—that is all.

Our own amusement at Mellon’s has been to seek some quiet box, just above the dress circle, and from thence contemplate the actualities of the scene below.

Beyond a something overmuch self-asserting and ultra demonstrative, we cannot say that the promenaders offer very repellant elements to quiet habits and a becoming demeanour. The ladies are certainly so gloriously arrayed that we fancy they belong to a higher status of society than that which supports a shilling concert. The general aspect of the crowd impresses us that the promenaders are ill at ease with themselves: pretending an insouciant air, the gentlemen look stolid and stiff, are deficient in what the French call élégance, and exhibit a considerable amount of gauderies. They manifest, too, extremely odd characteristics—yelling an accompaniment to the "Pauly-touloyna" quadrilles; they groan a diapason to the morceau d’unisson; they lie down, like lambs, at the feet of Mdlle. Krebs and her piano; but they become fast and furious with the Faust overture! Wieniawski’s violin fantasias exalt them to a seventh heaven; from which they come down to applaud the platform rivalry between Levy and Reynolds, on the cornet-à-pistons. They like to hear such dances played as are designated by the strangest and oddest names; they fancy a "mousetrap waltz," whatever that may mean; and, coute qui coute, the music of the dance must always form a large proportion of the second concert.

If you desire to be fashionable when visiting Mellon’s, it is necessary that you should regard the nuances of the place, and observe its laws of taste. For instance, it would be thought vulgar to go and stay out a whole performance
on any particular, or not particular night. You must, as an habitué, drop in on a classical night, and stay, therefore, only during the first part; or you lounge on during the second part, to hear the new waltz by Col. Baillie, with the cornet obligato by Reynolds; or Liebhart in the "Rataplan."

But these are merely the fantastical whims of the musical public. Those who wish to hear good music, and to become au fait with the latest productions of the opera, will, on any evening, find a programme to their taste at the prosperous and Prospering Concerts of Mr. Alfred Mellon.

A few words in regard to the musicians, who form the phalanx of the orchestra—whose commander-in-chief, baton in hand, is Alfred Mellon:—if they did not carry with them the implement of their craft or mystery, we should take them for the House of Commons in full assembly, rather than members of a band of instrumental musicians. These gentlemen are always well-dressed, and are artists to be respected. We are glad to see individual players singled out from their midst to electrify the public by exceptionally excellent playing; which proves that there are violinists in the ranks as well as Wimowehs in the drum, and that cornets as good as Levy may linger behind too long, but are destined to display their gonfalon at some time or another. The flutes and flageolets are not to be supposed of inferior calibre, because their mouthpieces are individuals of exceedingly retiring dispositions. Even the drum is a significance at Mellon's, and destined (or Distin-ed) to become sometimes conspicuously great, big with the fate of some daring effort of the Maestro Gounod. The performer in the monster orchestra who always amuses us, is the elderly gentleman who holds the command of the colossal drum of M. Distin. His necromantic ways while delivering his attacks upon the unwieldy instrument are curious to observe and watch. It seems to be performing divination, and his magic drumstick is wielded with the mystic suggestiveness of an enchanter's wand!

How politely the orchestra receive the vocal stars when they step forward on the platform! How delicate their attention to Mlle. Liebhart, Patti, or Patey, during the glorifications of an encore! With what a distinguished air does Mr. Alfred Mellon recognize the presence of a favourite artist! how appreciative he is of the qualifications of those of his own band when they step forward—as Reynolds or Francis does with the cornet-in-pistons when Levy is not present. If Bottesini be great on the contra-basso, there is one behind him not far off the standard of his excellence, whose name is at present perhaps unknown. Herr Welhelof, the new violinist, was, we believe, in the orchestra not very long ago—then one of the rank and file, and working in the team. So much for the professional elements in Mellon’s Concerts. We hope we have not taken any undue liberty with the gentlemen and ladies: if we have, we will make the amende honorable by apologizing in our best manner.

THE MAGIC OF THE SEA.

(Holiday Rhymes.)

BY W. READE, JUN.

"Ah che tranquillo mar ah! che chiere onde!"

Vittoria Colonna.

I stand upon the pebbled shore—
A respite blest and brief—
And, idle for a month, once more
Mind has its calm relief;
From press of work, and hurried thought,
And toil incessant, free,
It seeks—as rain the earth o'erwrought—
The Magic of the Sea!

A magic, centuries in age,
And felt alike by all—
By prince and warrior and sage—
A charm that cannot pall;
For in the hidden depths of man
Dumb yearnings, never free,
Arise, as for a hidden plait,
The Magic of the Sea!

And I stand here, with little bloom
Of romance on my soul,
More used is that to waves of gloom,
That o'er it darkly roll;
Yet heart and soul and fretting mind,
Though short the space, are free
From trouble, and an opiate find
The Magic of the Sea!

From when the last retiring star
Shrinks from the break of day,
To when the long, shell-strewn bar
Is wrapped in evening spray,
I live in tranquil scenes of old,
From all reverses free,
Owing the moments writ in gold
To Magic of the Sea!

I see, thro’ all the mist of time,
A face most brightingly fair,
With eyes that oped in southern cline,
And braids of glossy hair;
I see the lips, enwreathed in smiles
So innocently free,
They take their pure and pretty wiles
From Magic of the Sea!
FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—We clip the following from a newspaper contemporary: "A motion has been recently made and agreed to, in the House of Commons, for a return of the number of freeholders, householders, and others in England and Wales, who, fulfilling the conditions of property or rental prescribed by law as the qualification of the electoral franchise, are excluded from the franchise by reason of their sex. Whether this return is destined to lead to any practical legislative result we cannot say; but it is certain that the figures will represent a community quite large and respectable enough to deserve a share of grave and thoughtful Parliamentary consideration for its demands. If the body of female freeholders and householders in England and Wales are desirous of being admitted to the exercise of that privilege of citizenship from which they are excluded on the ground of sex, they are entitled to be heard without being laughed at, and to have their claims recognised, unless good proof can be given that those claims are untenable. Where a special and exceptional legal disability is concerned, the onus probandi must always lie with the side which seeks to perpetuate it, rather than with the side which seeks to be relieved from it; and we cannot see what there is in the present case to make this rule inapplicable. The female freeholders and householders of the country do ask to be relieved from electoral disability—a sufficient proportion of them at least, to constitute a pretty strong representative expression of opinion. A petition was presented to the House of Commons a few weeks ago by Mr. Stuart Mill, which—originated and prepared entirely among the ladies themselves—had received, in a very short space of time, upwards of 1,500 signatures, not a few of them names celebrated in literature, art, science, and even politics. Of these, we will only instance the names of Mary Somerville and Harriet Martineau; but surely these are in themselves sufficient to suggest that a strong reason is necessary to justify the exclusion of women, as such, from the franchise. And that reason, if it exists at all, certainly does not appear to us to lie on the surface. Whatever latent flaw there may be in the argument of the petitioners, 'that the participation of women in the government is consistent with the principles of the British constitution, inasmuch as women in these islands have always been held capable of sovereignty,' it certainly seems sound enough on the first view. If a woman is judged capable of filling the highest office of the State, it is a glaring anomaly that a woman should, merely as a woman, be debarred from giving her voice in the election of a member of Parliament. The anomaly is increased by the fact—not mentioned by the petitioners—that where local self-government is concerned, female householders actually are disfranchised under the existing constitution. They may, and do, vote in parish elections, and are eligible as members of vestries—the principle being that those who pay the rates, be they male or female, shall have a voice in the expenditure. Now, if it be just and expedient that female ratepayers shall have anything to do with deciding who shall, and who shall not, administer the affairs of their parish, on what conceivable ground can it be just or expedient to deny female taxpayers a like voice in the national government, to whose support they contribute? For our own part, we should be puzzled to discover one. In the meantime, the subject is surrounded with a good deal of misunderstanding, which it is difficult to believe that discussion will not have the effect of dispelling. Either intentionally, or by sheer carelessness and stupidity, the opponents of the petition almost uniformly treat the claim of the female householders as if it were a claim of the whole female sex for dividing political power with the husbands and fathers, by whom it has hitherto been wielded. A great deal of fun is made out of the notion of Mr. Brown's vote being swamped by those of Mrs. Brown and the
Our Library Table.

six Misses Brown, with perhaps those of the
cook and housemaid into the bargain; and then
a word or two are added in a severer tone, re-
buking the mischievous, though fortunately
impotent, fanaticism which would seek to sow
political discord in the hitherto happy and
peaceful British household. After what we
have already said, perhaps it is scarcely neces-
sary to remind our readers that all this kind of
talk is utterly inapplicable to the question at
issue. It is not universal suffrage for women
that is demanded, but simply the enfranchise-
ment of those women who, "fulfilling the con-
ditions of property or rental prescribed by law
as the qualification for the electoral franchise,"
are debarred from voting on the mere ground of
their sex. The votes of such women would no
more injuriously affect the balance of power in
politics than they do in parish affairs; while as
for the peace of families, it would only be where
a woman is already a householder, and the head
of a family, that she would possess the vote.
which, according to the hypothesis, would be so
fatal, a bone of contention. The expediency
of providing for the representation of all house-
holders, without distinction of sex, who possess
such property or rental qualification as your
honourable house may determine—this, and
nothing else, is what the petitioners urge upon
the consideration of Parliament. We cannot
but think that the funny gentlemen who, shut-
ting their eyes to the meaning of words, choose
to cut small jokes about the endangered su-
premacy of Mr. Brown, the peace of the Brown
family, and the rest of it, show an amount of
unfairness or middle-headedness, or both,
which discredits their own political qualifica-
tions a great deal more than those of the ladies.
While the case of the petitioners seems invi-
cibly strong, as considered from the point of
view of abstract justice, many will probably
agree with us in thinking that there is a good
deal to be said for it also under the head of
expediency. When we remember the kind of ele-
ments of which the general body of female
householders is composed, it is difficult to avoid
the conclusion that their political influence, so
far as it would be felt at all, would be decidedly
beneficial. At one end of the class we find
jointured widows, and single ladies living on
their property—persons generally of education
and refinement, open neither to bribery nor in-
timidation, and with plenty of leisure to study
any subject, political or other, in which they
take an interest. At the other end, we find in-
dustrious, hard-working women—often widows
with large families to support—who, by dint of
perseverance and energy, have opened, or kept
open, some little shop or humble lodging-house;
women of brains, if not of education. We must
say we do not see how the introduction of a body
thus composed into a borough constituency could
be fraught with any terrible danger, or how, in
fact, it could do anything but improve the electoral
mass. The next time that the amendment of
the representation comes to be seriously dis-
cussed in Parliament, we hope that, in spite of
stale jests and dreary moral platitudes, some of
the attention it deserves will be bestowed on this
subject of the enfranchisement of female free-
holders and householders."

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OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Life.*—The lovers of good books (and their
number in our country is large and constantly
increasing) will thank us for bringing this
charming work to their notice. We have rarely
seen a book that we could recommend more
cordially than we can this. It is most healthful
and invigorating, intellectually and morally. One
feels, after reading a few chapters of it, as if he
had been upon some lofty hill-top, breathing an
atmosphere richly laden with the perfume of
fields and forests, listening to the hum of insects,
the song of birds, the music of running waters,
and gazing upon a landscape of surpassing love-
liness. It is a book to elevate, refresh, and
strengthen all the best faculties of the soul. It
deserves a place in every library, and should be
read and studied by all earnest, thoughtful, and
aspiring minds. The author embraces within
the range of his inquiry "the most interesting
and instructive subjects alike of physiology and
psychology; the constitutions and perfections
of the bodies in which we dwell; the delights
which attend the exercise of the intellect and
the affections; the glory and loneliness of the
works of God." He points out, with the wis-
dom of a philosopher and the instinct of a poet,
"the practical value and interest of life; the
unity and fine symmetry of the True, the Beau-
tiful, and the Good; the poetry of common
things; and the intimate dependence of the
whole upon Him in whom 'we live, and move,
and have our being.'" He also shows, in a
most fascinating way, "how intimate and

* Life; its Nature, Varieties, and Pheno-
mena. By Leo H. Grindon, Lecturer on Botany at
the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester. Author
of "Emblems," "Figurative Language," &c. (First
and Co.)
striking is the relation of human knowledge, and how grand is the harmony of things natural and divine," and makes you see, as in broad daylight, that "science without religion is empty and unvital," and that "the physical and the spiritual worlds are in such close connection, that, to attempt to treat philosophically of either of them apart from the other, is to divorce what God has joined together." The Illustrated Times, in speaking of this book, has said: "This volume, called 'Life,' has all the usual characteristics of Mr. Grindon's writing; and we can heartily say it is worth buying. It may, however, be recommended on the far higher ground of being pure, lofty, and beautiful in spirit, from the first page to the last. Mr. Grindon is a most lovely and beautiful writer. We are particularly charmed with what he says (and how he says it) about love between men and women." The work probably will not have so wide a circulation as it deserves. Its very wealth of thought and elevation of tone and purpose are likely to restrict somewhat its sale. But there is sure is will be warmly welcomed by a large class of thoughtful, progressive minds, and that none can read it without delight and profit. Should the time ever come—and we believe it will—when the million will seek such instructive and delightful reading as these most inviting pages furnish, that will be a glorious epoch indeed. The great merit of the book is, that while it delights by its novel and attractive way of introducing us to the phenomena of nature, it aims all the while to lift the mind into the love of what is useful and good as the highest development of life." The following extracts will show at once the poetry and philosophy of the work.

"ACTIVITY AND ENJOYMENT.

"Genius is known by its activity; dumb and unproductive genius are but appellations of the want of it. Let none, then, stand still in the supposition that because the soul works, and works diligently, of its own accord, a lofty spiritual life will necessarily be present; nothing is vital and substantial until it be united into body or performance. So completely is action identified with life, that it is the natural metaphor for its lapse and progress. 'Age' is derived from agere, 'to do'; the very word agere is used by Tacitus for 'to live; 'he is thirty years of age' is literally, 'he has acted for thirty years.' That which is the truest sign of a thing is always its chief ornament and blessedness. Life, accordingly, is a delight just in the degree that it is consecrated to Action, or the conscious volitional exercises of our noblest capabilities. Action and enjoyment are contingent upon each other; when we are unfit for work we are always incapable of pleasure: work is the wooing by which happiness is won. The exercise even of our most ordinary bodily functions is a source of pleasure—breathing, for example. If not directly recognized as such, it is simply because of its uninterruptedness, beautifully illustrating that in order to the complete sense of happiness in the soul, there must be consciousness of being employed. All physical pleasures depend for the maximum of their delightfulness, on continual cessation and recurrence, often on slight movements and undulations, just sufficient to give keener edge to their renewal in the next instant; similarly, but in a far higher degree, all our spiritual, or mental and emotional pleasures, come of constant action, unceasingly recapitulated. So inseparably connected are the ideas of action and enjoyment, that whenever in nature we behold free movement, it awakens agreeable emotions; when, for example, in the calm air of a summer's evening we watch the insects weaving their mazy dances, we exclaim instinctively, 'How happy they are!'

"WANT, THE SPUR TO ACTIVITY.

"It is Want that spurs us on to activity, in order that we may satisfy the want. Were it possible for us to appease all wants as fast as they arise, we should be the most miserable and forlorn of beings. This is why we find such keener pleasure in the chase of an object than in the capture of it; why possession satisfies only in the degree that it is not. 'It is not,' says Helvetius, 'in the having acquired a fortune, but in the acquiring it—not in having no wants, but in satisfying them—not in having been prosperous, but in prosperity—that happiness essentially consists.

"IDLENESS AND INFELICITY.

"In order that good and honourable wants shall always require a certain amount of exertion to appease them, and thus that our zeal shall be kept burning, all those things which humanity most needs are by a wise and benevolent Providence made the most difficult to procure. The silver is hidden and the gold is buried; every gift of the field requires man's cooperation before he can enjoy it; every truth, even of the most universal interest and the most practical tendency, has to be patiently and perseveringly inquired for. Nothing in the world that is worth having is gratis; everything has to be met half-way between God and ourselves; and the more our experience of Divine Providence enlarges, the more deeply do we feel how beneficial is the ordinance that it should be so; how inglorious and negative would be our destiny were there nothing left for us to affect as of ourselves. 'Ask, and ye shall have,' is equally true in its reverse—Neglect to ask, and ye shall not have. Whatever God's awaiting privileges, everywhere the law is that they must be sought. Directly a tree neglects to assert its arboricty, it ceases to be a tree, and lapses into mould. Directly that a man falls into idleness and inactivity of soul, ceasing thereby from the true exercise of his human nature, he sinks into infelicity and animalism. A very simple formula comprises the whole matter: The reaction of man in response to the primary action of God, constitutes the vast blessedness it is to Live. 'Did the Almighty,' says Lessing, 'holding in his right hand Truth, and in his left Search after Truth, deign to proffer me the one I should prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should
request Search after Truth." The most blessed
of men is he who, working with his own hands
for his daily bread, reaps delight from the exer-
cise of his intelligence upon his toils, and feels
a holy harmony between the munificence of God
and the duties which pertain to himself. The
dream of an existence perennially fruitful, and
yet sweet, free, and poetic, such as has visited
men in every age, is not so visionary as they
have fancied, but it rests with the dreamer to
clothe it in reality.

"ACTION AND CHEERFULNESS.

"Without action there can be no cheerfulness—the prime need as well as token of a true
and happy life. Doubtless there is a native,
spontaneous cheerfulness of spirit; but that
which keeps cheerfulness alive is nothing else
than activity, sedulously addressed to some
worthy end. This is a secret worth knowing,
since without cheerfulness neither the intellect
nor the affections can expand to their full
growth, which is for life never to reach its pro-
per altitude; while nothing is more surely fatal
to it than gloom, moroseness, and discontent.
unless it be the petty envyings, jealousies, and
suspicions, the toadstools of the human heart,
which sprout from the same foul soil, or in-
dolent inactivity. Who are the people most
generally given to talking scandal? Those who
for want of some enlivening occupation become
everish and impatient, and know little or nothing
about cheerfulness. Having nothing to agree-
ably engage the mind, the temptation to assume
the office of censor over their neighbours is too
strong to resist; the whole heart becomes
tainted and purulent, and the very occupations
that make others lively become an eyesore.
Everyone has noticed the cheerfulness which
comes of a little bustle in which all parties are
concerned; how ill-tempers subside, and crosset
faces become bland. A result as much more
solid and graceful as the instrumentality is
nobler, inaffably follows regular and solid de-
voion of the soul to aims that demand its best
imaginations. The beginning of idleness is an
ignoble ruling love. The wants which come of
such a love are few and soon satisfied, since
that which is lowest is always easiest to
reach, and hence it is incessantly left destitute.
Nothing so effectually prevents idleness as a
noble sympathy. The indolent rich, who fancy
themselves weak and invalided when they are
simply stagnant for want of a great purpose,
would become sprightly and well directly, did
they but enter on some genial and generous
love, which would impel them into varied occu-
pations. The very restlessness which frets them
shows that action is the soul of life. Do some-
thing they must; this is a necessity they cannot
evade, for absolute inactivity is impossible. It
is Nature's law that employment shall go on
with every one in some sort; but in the degree
that the inevitable something is mean and inde-
terminate, the end of the pursuit is mortifying
and vain. God knows the means to make
us work soberly and usefully. Do you
see anyone at a loss how to spend his
time; undecided where to go; walking through
dry places, seeking rest, and finding none? Be
assured that individual finds existence a
burden, and is a total stranger to its bloom and
true emoluments. Many sights are melancholy,
but none are worse than the listless, jaded
countenances of those who have nothing worthy
to devote their energies to. Yet these faces could
beam with intelligence. Every man is happy by
birthright. It is his power to be happy that
makes him able to be miserable; the capacity
for ennui being, in fact, one of the signatures of
his immortality. Why brutes never suffer ennui
is simply because they are incapable of noble
delights. How inexcusable it is, if not shame-
ful and disgraceful, to have nothing but what is
low and transitory to think about, and thus to
fall into such a state of dulness, scarcely needs
an observation. Were the world empty, were it
silent, barren waste, without a tree or a blade
of grass, there might possibly be an excuse; but
overflowing as it does with the most beautiful
curiosities, nothing is so utterly indefensible as
not to have a plan to let a single waking hour die
blank. Thanks be to God, as soon as a man desires to seek, he
is always enabled to find; directly he feels his
heart and mind swell with a great desire, he
finds the world ready and waiting to supply him.
Even though busily engaged throughout the
day in commercial or domestic avocations, the
dolce far niente which our poor weariness is so
apt to plead in the evening, and which no wise
man ever refuses to listen to altogether, is a
principle only to be admitted under the protest
that the proper rest for man is change of occupa-
tion. There are few kinds of business which
fatigue both body and mind at once; while one
toils the other almost necessarily reposes; when
the one ceases work, nature rules that the other
shall be fittest to begin; and that is a reason
indeed where either body or mind is debarrerd all
opportunity of healthful and useful occupation
when its turn to work comes on. Man is not
so imperfectly constituted nor is the world so
defectively framed as for him to be constrained
to look for pastime and relaxation anywhere but
in change from one improving employment to an-
other; it may be questioned whether the sweet-
ness of home can ever be truly enjoyed where
the leading recreation does not take the shape of
some intelligent and pretty pursuit, such as the
formation of an herbarium, or the use of the
microscope, or pencil. Boys would not inces-
tantly be in mischief and trouble, were they en-
couraged to study natural history; girls would
be far livelier and companionable, and also enjoy
better health, were they trained to fixed habits of
mental employment. The delight of a single hour
of recreation in art or science outweighs a whole
lifetime of mere frivolities; before the picture
of this delight, could it be brought home to him,
the mere trifler would sink in dismay. Finding
our pastime in such pursuits, we render our-
selves independent of the casualties of time and
place, and secure an abode of our own, where
none can molest. Accustoming ourselves to live in ideas, sorrow and misfortune lose their sting. We discover that, though disappointed of our greatest and most cherished hopes, that is no reason why we should be impatient, or unhappy, or no longer given to pleasant wishes and desires. We get to live rather in that same kind of well-tempered hope and contentedness both in one, which leads men to plant trees for the future. ‘To have always,’ says Disraeli, ‘some secret, darling idea to which we can have recourse amid the noise and nonsense of the world, and which never fails to touch us in the most exquisite manner, is an art of happiness which misfortune cannot deprive us of.’ Many things may furnish such an idea; we have shown where they may be found. Nepenthe still grows plentiful and green; the world is full of sweet places where we may rest ourselves and eat of the lotus. We have no need to court guilt in order to be happy; nor yet a large circle of acquaintance. Few would longer trouble themselves about mere ‘diversions’ were they once to feel what it is to possess the art of self-recreation among the untaxed gifts of nature.

“ACTION THE SOURCE OF POWER.

“In the degree that we employ ourselves, we acquire power. As nature, ever shifting and transforming, is most beautiful and delicious when it is not strictly either spring, or summer, or autumn—morning, noon, evening, or night; so, all the potency we ever possess is referable to our moments of action, or when we are experiencing or effecting changes; the period of transition is that in which power is developed; to acquire and to wield it, we must be for ever seeking to quit the state we are in, and to rise into a higher one. Power, accordingly, which is only life under another name, is resolvable, essentially, into constant progression. It never consists in the having been, but always in the becoming; we flourish in proportion to our desire to emerge out of To-day. It is often asked concerning a stranger, Where does he come from? The better question would be, Where is he going to?” Never mind the antecedents, if he be now in some shining pathway. Other people are continually heard wishing to be ‘settled.’ It may be useful to be settled as to our physical resources; but to be settled in any other way is the heaviest misfortune that can befall a man; for when settled, he ceases to improve, and is like a ship stranded high and dry up on the sand. Who is the man from whose society and conversation we derive soundest pleasure and instruction? Not he who, as it is factiously said, has ‘completed his education,’ but he who, like a bee, is daily wandering over the fields of thought. The privilege of living and associating with a person who knows how to think, and is not afraid to think, is inestimable; and nowhere is it felt more profoundly than in the intimate companionship of wedded life. Rousseau finds in this need a beautiful argument for inspiring one’s beloved, during the sweet, plastic days of betrothal, with a taste for the amenities of nature, such as shall provide a source, in after-years, of lasting and mutual delight. How pleasing, when many summers of married love have thrown those hallowed days far into the rear, to note again the uncurling ferns of spring, wrapped so comfortably in their curious brown scales; the pretty scarlet hedge-strawberries gathered for her hand, the delicate mosses, and the hundred other objects then first noticed, objects which set both mind and lips in action, invoking currents of sweet converse, kindling looks from which we turned to the sunshine for relief, and opening the way to long trains of agreeable and profitable contemplation, enlarged with every new impulse to mutual tenderness!

“WORK AND HEALTH.

“Bodily health, as well as spiritual, depends on work. Very many of the complaints so frequently heard from the delicate young woman of our day, as want of vigour, inability to bear exposure, deficiency of strength to walk far, may be traced to other and earlier causes than supposed, settling at last into absence of well-trained mental power, such as would seek an outlet in useful and agreeable occupation. But mental power, let them understand, is not to be gained from senseless fiction, which leading, as it is almost sure to do in the end, to discontented dreams of what might have been, or should be, keeps the heart away from thankful perception and enjoyment of what is; it is to be got from no such miserable waste of time as this; but from steady and well-directed reading of stories fictitious, and from steady and systematic contemplation of the works of nature. Seeking to improve themselves as intelligent beings, our young ladies would not half so often want the doctor. Rational work they would find, moreover, less fatiguing than the very pastimes which they fancy true enjoyment. Under proper management, work never becomes irksome. When prematurely fatigued, it is not the action that has tired us, but want of ingenious and orderly methods. Work never killed or hurt any man who knew how to go about it.”
ROUND COUVRETTE, OR CUSHION COVER.

MATERIALS.—Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 10, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby.

Tie a round of cotton in the same way as for D'Oyleys.
1st round. Work a long-stitch and chain-stitch alternately, till 15 are done.
2nd. Work a long-stitch over the long stitch in last round, make 2 chain stitches, and repeat.
3rd. Work a long-stitch over the long stitch in last round, make 3 chain stitches, and repeat.
4th. Work a stitch of double crochet into every loop.
5th. Work a stitch of double crochet, make 6 chain stitches, miss 3 loops, and repeat.
6th. Work 5 long stitches into the chain stitches of last round, make 2 chain stitches, and repeat.
7th. Work 2 long stitches into the first and last of the 5 long stitches in last round, and 1 long stitch into each of the other 3, making 7 long stitches in all, make 3 chain stitches, and repeat.
8th. Work 2 long stitches into the first and last of the 7 long stitches in last round, and 1 long stitch into each of the other 5, making 9 long stitches in all, make 3 chain stitches, and repeat.
9th. Work 2 long stitches into the first and last of the 9 long stitches in last round, and 1 long stitch into each of the other 7, making 11 long stitches in all, make 3 chain stitches, and repeat.
10th. Work 11 long stitches over the 11 in last round, make 4 chain stitches, and repeat.
11th. Work 9 long stitches over the 11 in last round, beginning on the second, make 5 chain stitches, and repeat.
12th. Work 7 long stitches over the 9 in last round, beginning on the second, make 8 chain stitches, and repeat.
13th. Work 5 long stitches over the 7 in last round, beginning on the second, make 10 chain stitches, and repeat.
14th. Work 3 long stitches over the 5 in last round, beginning on the second, make 7 chain stitches, work 1 long stitch into the sixth of the 10 chain stitches in last round, make 6 chain stitches, and repeat.
15th. Work a long-stitch into the centre one of the 3 long stitches in last round, make 7 chain stitches, miss 6 loops, work 5 long stitches, make 7 chain stitches, and repeat.
16th. Work 1 long stitch into every loop.
17th. Work a stitch of double crochet, make 7 chain stitches, miss 4 loops, and repeat.
18th. Work into the 7 chain stitches of last round 6 long stitches, and make 5 chain stitches between each of them, make 5 chain stitches after the sixth long stitch, miss the next chain stitches, and repeat.
19th. Work 1 stitch of double crochet into the chain stitches between each long stitch in last round, make 4 chain stitches after each, work a stitch of double crochet into the second of the 5 chain stitches after the 6 chain stitches in last round, make 5 chain stitches, and repeat.
20th. Work 2 long stitches into the chain stitches after the second stitch of double crochet in last round, 2 long stitches into the next chain stitches, and 2 into the next, making 6 long stitches in all, make 9 stitches, and repeat.
21st. Work 7 long stitches into successive loops, beginning on the second of the 6 long stitches in last round, make 8 chain stitches, and repeat.
22nd. Work 7 long stitches into successive loops, beginning on the third of the 7 long stitches in last round, make 8 chain stitches, and repeat.
23rd and 24th. The same as twenty-second.
25th. The same as twenty-second, but 9 chain stitches instead of 8.
26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th. The same, but 10 chain stitches between the long stitches instead of 8.
30th and 31st. The same as twenty-second, but 11 chain stitches instead of 8.
32nd. Work 8 long stitches into successive loops, beginning on the third of the 7 long stitches in last round, make 10 chain stitches, and repeat.
33rd. Work 9 long stitches into successive loops, beginning on the third of the 8 long stitches in last round, make 11 chain stitches, and repeat.
34th. Work 10 long stitches into successive loops, beginning on the third of the 9 long stitches in last round, make 10 chain stitches, and repeat.
35th. Work a long-stitch into every loop; for the fringe, cut a skein of Trafalgar cotton into lengths of 7 inches, take 4 pieces of the cotton, double them in half, and, with your crochet, draw them through a loop, then draw the ends, through again, and pull them tight; do this in every loop.
THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

First Figure.—Dress of striped pou de soie, with white sleeves, close-fitting. Lauzun paletot, made of velvet, sprinkled all over with beads. Lamballe bonnet, made of Chantilly lace, attached behind by small velvet ribbons, and bordered by a wreath of foliage with red berries.

Second Figure: Little girl of six years, in a costume.—Skirt of ponceau foulard, or Scotch cashmere, as preferred. The second skirt is made of grey silk, or foulard, piped up the gores with ponceau silk. The corslet is cut in round points at top, and also piped with ponceau: it is of one piece with the skirt. Collar, and under-sleeves, with linen wristbands. Russian-leather boots.

Third Figure.—Pou de soie dress, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with a tress formed of a bias piece of a darker shade of silk, plentifully sprinkled with crystal beads. Sleeves ornamented, at top and bottom, with silk bias pieces, also trimmed with sequins, or beads. Guipure collar. Under-sleeves bordered with guipure at the bottom.

Summer toilets are nearly or all cast aside for dresses of warmer materials than the light gauzy fabrics lately in vogue. The shapes of mantles are by no means settled: sacks are still in vogue, and rotundets yet in fashion; together with an endless variety of talmas and paletots. The most recent style in Paris is for the paletot to match the dress in colour, the novelty consisting in this: that if the dress be of solid colour, the paletot is striped; but if the dress is striped, the paletot is invariably plain. The peplum gains in favour, and is worn, in a modified form, in the street, as well as indoors. For bridal toilets, peplum skirts and basques are particularly admired. The most desirable material is a heavy white silk, or Irish poplin, edged all round the skirt, or peplum, with a rubhe of feathers, or pearl, or crystal bead-trimming, or one of silk, or crepe lisse.

The points of the peplum should be finished with large pendants of pearl or crystal, or full tassels of white silk. A very elegant reception dress for a bride is composed of silver-grey silk, made with a peplum basque, trimmed with pearl or silver pendants, with tassels of the same at each point of the peplum. The corsage is buttoned with large buttons to match.

Chains of all sorts predominate in trimmings. All kinds of bright and glittering things are worn in evening dress—gold, silver, crystal, steel, and among other fancies (rather curious than elegant) is an arrangement of cameos in the form of cuffs and epaulettes. In point of fact, fancy seems to have run wild in search of bizarre and extraordinary ornaments. I have recently seen a bird’s-nest, with a bird poised above it, as an adornment for a young lady’s hat.

Aprons are again in vogue; some for morning wear are dainty little things, composed of white muslin, cut with a bib, and edged with a fluted frill. Some, of silk, have the skirt full out to the band or bib; and others are gored and have the bib formed of the centre piece another—the Pompadour, and this is very pretty in black silk—is set on to a pointed waistband, finished with long ends, trimmed with Cluny lace.

A handsome dinner-dress has just been shown me. It is composed of striped silk, cut rather short, and a longer skirt of a richly contrasting colour. Three bands of ribbon or velvet descend from either side of the waist, and appear to festoon the second skirt at the lower edge.

I am sorry to say that corsages for evening wear are more decolletée than ever. Sleeves exist but in name: it is by no means either an elegant or picturesque style: we would suggest either a fichu or tulle chemisette as necessary adjunct.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Poetry received, with thanks.—"Lost Agnes;"
""Song;" "The Sale of Children;"
"Prose accepted, with thanks.—"Paddle your own canoe;" "From Paris," &c.; "Siélian Vespers;"
Under consideration.—"Waifs and Strays;"
"Moonshine!" "Grave Fancies;"
Declined, with thanks.—"Antipathy;" "Sir John Mandeville, Traveller;" &c.; "Types;" "In Davis’s and other Straits;"
Received, but not read.—"The Colonel’s Ward;"—so voluminous, that it will require some time.

The Gipsy.—Will the author of this little poem be good enough to send another copy? an accident at the Office having rendered it illegible; or perhaps she will kindly oblige us with some other in its stead.

Alderney.—Our correspondent’s note has been received: we are obliged for it.

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

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BORN TO SORROW.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH THE READER MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE.

The evening of a rainy, dismal day—such a day as dear old England knows full well how to present, in all its misery, to the shuddering, disgruntled foreigner—such a day as suggests thoughts of imminent suicide to the mercurial Gaul, and even induces a fit of the "blues" in the more phlegmatic native—was closing round the cathedral town of Turminster, when a post-chaise, drawn by two tired horses, dashed up the principal street—the High-street—and drew up at the principal inn (the Red Lion), waking with its echoes the quiet cathedral close hard by, and even brightening up the solitary policeman for a moment, who had been indulging in a solitary pipe, in a furtive manner, varying his occupation with ever and anon a sulky grumble at the weather, and a devout wish that he were enjoying the cold mutton, and the festive half-and-half, in the kitchen of the canon's house, where dwelt the faithful Mary Jane. Cheerily amidst the gloom twinkled the red curtains of the comfortable inn, giving goodly promise of warm drinks and snug suppers and downy beds to the belated traveller. As we shall have more to do with Turminster anon, I must perforce keep my readers "on the tenter hooks of expectation" for a second, whilst I endeavour to describe the place. A word almost will suffice, and then I will resume the thread of the story; for readers, however forbearing, are, as a class, inclined to get restive if kept long at a description; and the time is gone by when the tale-teller was "suffered to expend chapters in the minute painting of places and persons. In this lightning age, what Willis calls a "hurry-graph" is quite sufficient. Turminster, then, at the present time of writing, was the very type of a quiet, exclusive cathedral town, about half-a-dozen miles from Oakland Hall—which you have heard of before. I will not insult you by supposing that you are ignorant of the place. Open the crimson-covered Murray, and you will find the requisite information as to who built the stately cathedral, and what dignitaries have held court in the episcopal palace. All I shall tell you is, that the present bishop was and is a very stout, portly, somewhat useless dignitary—some hinted very much afraid of his wife; all agreed very genial and pleasant to all classes of people; as ready to joke with the college-boys as he was to hold solemn conclave with the clergyman of his diocese. By a happy change of ministry he had been elevated from the headship of a college to his present post; and there was a rumour that he had edited some crusty old father, and had appended notes of his own, which had made the text still more curious and doubtful; but whether the work was largely circulated or much read history telleth not. In a word, he was a very genial, honest, unpretending churchman, and famed in the neighbourhood for the very excellent dinners which he gave, and at which his stern helpmeet figured in the conventional character of Saladin's skull. As to the clergy, the dean, the canons, greater and minor, and the smaller fry beneath them, their society partook of that well-marked character which distinguishes a cathedral town. As in a military garrison it is the military element that flourishes with the upper hand, so in a cathedral town the clerical element rides dominant over the lay to the intense abasement and insignificance of the latter. They associated mostly among themselves these clergy, of all shades of church politics though they were, rather than mingle with the townspeople; and at many a stately dinner-party and intellectual conversazione mingled high churchman and low churchman, broad churchman and philosophical churchman, forgetting for awhile their shades of difference in the mutual opposition to the laymen. Very lazy, easy lives these worthy churchmen held, lives of utter monotony and listlessness; satisfied if they could manage a daily service or so, and indite one weekly sermon for the edification of Turminster. The Reverend Boanerges, of the Baptist connexion, hinted somewhat strenuously in his sermons that these canons and chaplains lived an utterly useless life, and heeded not the welfare of their folklords, and "cared too much for the things of this world"—that when their curtains were closed and the outer world excluded they forgot the sin and want and misery which flaunted or prowled without. It might have been so for aught I know. It would have been inconvenient, you see, for our friends the canons, when a nice little
Born to Sorrow.

dinner sparkled on their tables in their snug dining-rooms, and the crusty old port was in readiness to wash that dinner down, it would have been very inconvenient to have bestowed a thought on the daughters of sin and folly, who paraded their tawdry finery and painted wretchedness beneath the gas outside. So they let the sinful world wag on, these divines, and contented themselves with their neat-polished little homilies on Sunday.

Intensely respectable was Turminster. The very roots in the close seemed to be high-church rooks, and to proclaim "Church and State" in hoarse sawings, when disturbed in their meditations by the noisy college boys. The shops partook largely of the ecclesiastical element, and had a solemn respectable aspect, as if their trade was confined to the bishop alone. Intensely quiet were the streets of Turminster, echoing only to the patterning footsteps of the choristers (who seemed to be always late for service), and an occasional canon, who pattered down in the shade of the cathedral, thinking, perhaps, of the service, perhaps of his dinner, perhaps—like the "Jolly Young Waterman"—"of nothing at all!"

And all this time: have been keeping the people at the "Red Lion" in the rain, which still poured down steadily, and made the street, where the broad red stream of light from the inviting inn-door flared across it, shine like molten lava. To a full-stop came the chaise, and the doors were flung open with a flourish, at the command of honest John Dawkins the landlord, who stood on the doorstep in all the glory of white waistcoat and white necktie, surmounted by a broad florid face, and eyes that seemed to be always staring at some new wonder. A ridiculously exact type of the bluff old English host was John Dawkins, one of a family rapidly becoming extinct in these days of monster hotels. His motto really was, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," and the hostel to which he invited the traveller might have been the very one which Charles Lamb prays so enthusiastically.

The postilion assisted a lady to alight, who stared in quite a bewildered manner at the sudden blaze of light, and then said, in a low, sweet voice, with unmistakably foreign aspect, "Is this Turminster?"

Up bustled the smiling landlord: "Yes, madam, this is Turminster, and this is the Red Lion, kept by me, John Dawkins. Good entertainment for man and beast, though it's I that say it as shouldn't. We'll make you comfortable, after your wet ride, in no time, my lady" (graduating in crescendo style as he noted the lady's superior bearing). "John, bring in those boxes: and what room shall I show your ladyship—private, of course?"

The stranger cut the good man short in the midst of his garrulous tide of words, with a fierce, impatient gesture.

"Is Oaklands Hall anywhere near here?"

Too glad to be allowed to resume, the landlord proceeded: "Oaklands Hall—why, yes, t
woman's indomitable character. Add to this a rich brown, gipsy complexion, through which the blood, as stirred by varying emotion, mantled, and masses of wavy black hair, of the deepest raven tint—a perfect wealth of hair seemingly, for it escaped from beneath her plain bonnet, and you have some idea of the woman who stands in the passage of the Red Lion waiting to follow the landlady upstairs.

"Send up something to eat, if you please—what you will, so that it be not long: I do so want rest. Ah, Dios, that I may be able to sleep!" this strange woman soliloquised, more than said, to the landlady, who departed, and shortly after brought up a tray stored with delicacies of the old English fashion—the well-browned fowl, the tempting ham, and fragrant tea, all were there—and then left the guest to her reflections, which were certainly those of the most bitter character, for, with a glance of almost loathing at the supper-tray, she threw herself, with all the utter abandon of grief, on a couch, and sobbed as though her heart were breaking. Deep, passionate wails of grief, such as only women can give utterance to, seemed choking her, and ever and anon broken ejaculations came from her lips.

"Ah, Harry! and is it thus that I find you? Ah, my God! if that prattling fool's tale should be true, and he is really going to marry some pale-faced English girl, who will not, cannot love him as I have loved him! Beside—and here she started from the couch, dashed back the dishevelled hair from her brow, and, Pythonesly like, shot forth from the depths of those wondrous eyes glances ill to see—"“beside, it cannot be that he will commit this sin, even though he has forgotten a confiding fool like me! Am I not his wife in the sight of God? Did he not promise to love and cherish me? Oh, Harry! Harry! how could you?" And again the storm of furious grief convulsed her form, and she sobbed for some time uninteruptedly. Then she grew calmer, and began in a musing tone to narrate some history to herself, which, if we listen to, may lead us into a view of this strange woman's story.

"Dios! how well I remember the evening I first saw him! It was after the festa, and we girls of the village were going home as happy as birds, no care on our minds, with only our sweethearts to think of. He was sitting, amidst a group of officers, at the inn-balcony; and ah! I hear his voice now, as he loudly praised my beauty; and I see the lighting up of his handsome face as his eyes met mine. Of course he threw himself in my way—curses on the day when first I spoke to him!—of course he flattered me, and swore that he loved me, that I was the light of his eyes—of course he swore that our marriage was legal in the sight of heaven! Poor fool that I was, I believed, for did not I love him with all my soul—he was so noble, so handsome, so different from the others! I could have worshipped him! And now to find that he has probably been captured by the smiles of some passionless doll, some schoolgirl, whose only aim is to secure an establishment and a husband!"

Here she rocked herself to and fro, as if in great bodily pain—that motion so often seen in the daughters of the sunny south, who are more quick to love and more deadly in their hate than the colder, more prudent children of the north. She might have stood for Ariadne at that moment, and the scene might have changed from the prim room in the old English inn to the grape-clad shores of Nasos, lapped by the caressing waves of the dark Agean—Ariadne, sitting in all the beautiful abandonment of grief, with her violet eyes dimmed with a mist of tears, and her bosom heaving like the waves of the stormy sea, as she sat and strained a long last look upon the fast receding sail which held her faithless Theseus, "first of men to her," and, bereft of whose love, she was destined to go down to the halls of Hades the sunless god. A wretched effort was made to eat, but it was in vain that she tried to force the thankless food down. We all know how great is the loathing with which we regard food in circumstances of sorrow. Everyone remembers, even from childhood, how horrible was that hastily-snatched meal while the hope of the family lay sobbing out his life in the darkened chamber above. She threw down the knife and fork:

"I cannot eat," she moaned, "till I see my Harry! Kind heaven grant that these terrible forebodings of mine will not prove true. Ah, mio caro! if nothing of mine can move him perhaps this may!" And she pulled out a little miniature of a pretty boy, which lay next her heart, and covered it with passionate kisses.

"My poor dead child! And he, too, how proud he was of poor little Harry! He cannot, dare not look on the likeness of the child of our love and feel cold towards me! Here are his eyes, his beautiful mouth! It almost drives me distracted to look at you! The only token left me to remember him by in that dreary exile amongst those hard-hearted officers' wives—how I hated them!—taken away from me, my father dead—he cursed me at first, but forgave me with his latest breath; and now I have not a friend to turn to but thee, Harry. It cannot be that you have forsaken me too! If so, there is but one other resource!" And replacing the miniature she took out from a cabinet a little bottle of some colourless mixture. "That hideous old Obrah woman told me that it was swift and deadly, and it will prove my greatest friend. But let him take care—" with a sudden access of fury she reared herself to her full height, and glared like a lioness in the toils, with all the bad, savage passion of her race flashing out from her dilated eyes—"let him beware! my race never forgive! Should my love, fond and trusting as it is, be turned to hate, I will be revenged in a way he little dreams of!"

Judging by the expression of her face at that moment, our friend the Captain stood a very good chance of finding a rough awakening to his dream of blissful happiness with Ella! We
shall see, in course of time, whether this prophecy was fulfilled.

CHAP. VIII.

"AFTER LONG YEARS."

At the hall at this time, Grantley had been taking things very easily and enjoying his new acquisition. He was one of those impetuous natures which are excessively ardent in the pursuit of a new passion; but having once attained the desired object, possession soon cloys—in the words of the proverb: "The bloom is soon off the peach," and then they begin to sigh for something new. "Born for innovation" was the epitaph written on one of the greatest conquerors the world has ever wondered at; yet this same conqueror grew pettish and sulkish when he found that their remained no fresh world to conquer, and revenged himself by slaying his true friend, in a drunken brawl. It might have been foolish, thought the Captain, to have been captured so easily by the glance of a dark eye and the tremulous charm of a sweet voice; to have been compelled to abandon all the sweets of liberty, and settle down into the hum-drum, strictly proper life of a country gentleman; but with the regret came a wild throb of exultation in having beaten his rival—a man who had never done him the remotest harm, yet whom he hated with all the inconsistency of human nature. These reflections formed part of the soldier's morning occupations as he emerged from his bath, fresh and vigorous, and applied himself to the leisurely process of dressing, preparatory to beginning another day of idle happiness in the company of the girl who idolized him, and who made his comforts and amusement her only aim. Dreadfully pampered had Grantley been in his stay at Oaklands Hall, and it was amusing to watch the calm insouciance with which he bore it all—reminding one, forcibly, of the lavish and idiotic endearments bestowed on a baby, who, wiser in its little generation than its admirers, takes no notice of the kissing and cuddling, but philosophically sucks its thumb. Did the Captain look bored, then was the pony-carriage brought out at once, and Tiny and Pet driven in the sweet country lanes, by Ella or Kate, quite irresistible in their bewitching velvet hats, with the grebe-feather nodding in the breeze; whilst the heart of the hapless curate, as he bowed in abasement, grew sick with envy and hope deferred; and he often asked himself what right had this grim soldier to be revelling in the smiles of two delightful creatures, whilst he was condemned to administer to the wants of bedridden paupers and thankless old women.

If the favoured man took a musical turn, then would Ella and her sister play duets—the most sparkling gems from Boosey's repertoire—whilst he smoked his cheroot and enjoyed himself to the utmost. And then there were festive little suppers, at which old Stewart became young again, and absolutely sparkling, as he detailed the wild adventures of his youth, "when young men were young men, and thought nothing of drinking their two bottles, and finishing the night at 10," and Mrs. Stewart entirely forgot her burden, and beamed delightfully on the happy company like a mother-hen watching her chicks at play.

"All went merry as a marriage bell;"

whilst, in the future, dark clouds were lowering, and the tempest beginning to gather. These happy mariners on the voyage of life sailed carelessly on, and crowned the masts of the good ship with garlands, and sang the festal hymn, as those sailors of old welcomed the smiling shores of Greece, after the wrath of the treacherous Egean, and the dread Acroceranion rocks.

Thus has it always been, and so will it ever be for all time, when the wine cups sparkle its brightest, and the cheek of beauty blushes its rosiest, comes the dreaded writing on the wall, and we must go hence. Never shone the earth with fairer verdure; never sparkled the heavens with a purer blue; when "the flood came and swallowed" all the guilty revellers! And it very often is to the sound of neighbouring marriage-bells that a man's last poor remains are borne to the old heritage—seven feet of ground!

Ella, in the first blush of requited love, was perfectly, intensely happy: she seemed to live in a completely new world. It will be trite in me to enlarge on this subject, so well known—I shall be describing "nothing new." Every one of my readers remembers the happy wooing time, when all nature seemed to participate in the happy secret, when a roseate hue seemed to pervade everything, and life seemed to be one sweet long dream, and no lurking fear existed of the bitter awakening into the cold, hard reality of everyday life; you have read the beautiful old German legend—one of the creations of the writers of the "Nibelunger Lied," in which the heroine, happy in her Fritz's love, walked through a fairy region, peopled with mystic beings, who shared in the secret of her young love, and formed a shining band to conduct her, in maiden purity, through the enchanted valley—that valley in which the birds' plumage was all of burnished gold, and their song something unearthly in its wild sweet tone; in which the flowers lifted their smiling petals to greet the happy pilgrim, and all evil creatures were hushed to stillness, and rendered harmless by the innocence which hung over everything, like a white veil. Such was Ella's happiness now. It was almost ridiculous, and ancient spinsters who had never enjoyed the chance of such fortune would perhaps have called it indelicate to watch the way in which her eyes,

"On his every action,
With a mute observance hung."
She certainly would have furnished the Laureate with a fine model to sneer at, of absolute devotion in the woman to her lord and master, perfectly content that he should play the master—may the tyrants—if she were only allowed the privilege of being allowed to share in his love.

It matters not what the idol be made of; believe me, when once a woman's passionate sense of devotion is touched (a pure natural-hearted woman of course be it understood, not a cold calculating worshipper who weighs the chances with scrupulous accuracy), be the idol fine gold, or the coarser clay, it is all the same in love—the faults are glossed over, the virtues magnified tenfold, and not till, in cruel verity, the object of adoration is proved to be worthless and mean, that the spell is broken—and once broken, can never, never be woven again. Once let a man show his worshipper that he is capable of meanness, and, charm he never so sweetly, be the words of his love-song never so bonied, he may never win back the captive again; the fine gilding is all off then; the enchantment rudely destroyed, and the unhappy idolater is left to croon over the old burden:

"To one thing constant never."

Blind in her love, though, Ella had wilfully closed her eyes to the possible faults and dubious character of her adorer:

"Or love me all in all, or not at all!"

was her motto, and she met her mother's advice and her father's rather stern but perfectly helpless admonition. His words were brief enough. *Affaires du cœur* were not very much in the way of the bluff old squires; womankind, he always averred, were a skittish kind of cattle to deal with. He simply bid Ella reflect wisely, ere she took an irrevocable step, and linked herself to a man whom she knew not much of.

"Oh we shall be happy enough, you dear old goose!" had Ella responded, and thrown herself upon him, and almost smothered him with affectionate kisses (which was her way of settling the argument).

With her mother she had held a lengthened controversy, in which, with all the dear casuistry of love, she had combated every argument, and, wherever the simple Mrs. Stewart left a point unguarded, in went the pretty Jesuit's rapier, straight, and lithe, and deadly, till, beaten at all points, the worthy woman was fain to give her consent, with many a shake of the head, though, and dismal foreboding; just like the ill-boding Chorus in a Greek play, who mean: "'Atá, 'Atá," even when the chaplet-crowned boys are singing: "'Io Hymenae." So, "for better, for worse," the marriage-bells were to ring for Ella's wedding, and she spent the short interval before it in a sweet unbroken dream of happiness.

On the day which followed the night described in our last chapter, a game of billiards was in progress in the dining-room, and the Captain was in high good-humour; for he had been more than usually petted that morning, and he had sharpened his wits in a smart battle with the vivacious Kate, flattering her charmingly anent her flirtation with that luckless curate, the Rev. Loftus Smily, offering to bet her five to one that the end of the year would see her married to her clerical admirer.

"And not a bad idea either, Katie. Aw, 'pon my soul, quite envy the fellow!—as that man, Macheath, sings, you know:

'How happy could I be with either!'

—and all that sort of thing." Upon which the injured young lady had made a furious onslaught on him with a billiard-cue, and a fencing match ensued, to Ella's intense amusement.

An artist would have given much to have drawn that picture. The Captain, with his fine eyes sparkling with fun and excitement, and his well cut features in full play, and every trace of the usual sneer vanished from his lips. Katie, with a resolute glitter in her blue eyes, and her figure drawn up like some lithe animal ready for the spring, and her cheeks flooded with rich rose-colour; and, as a pendant to all, Ella leaning in a most graceful attitude. She was one of those women who, like the *contadine* at Rome, fall naturally into pictures, her beautiful black hair flowing, in coquetish ringlets—not tortured into a hideous *chignon* (woe worth the day that ugly deformity was invented!), but suffered to hang down her back, and her dark eyes resting, full of love and tenderness, on the officer.

"Ah, it's too bad of you, Harry," gasped the victim, fairly out of breath; "I'm sure the poor young fellow never thinks of me, and he speaks to me as he speaks to everybody else."

"Yes, but then you see, 'C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots," just observe how that de luxe young man's voice trembles next time he comes to tell you about Mrs. Jones's tic-doloreux. Let us have another shot at that duet of Chopin's, shall we, ladies? I am determined to manage the high note this morning."

Just that moment while Kate had gone to fetch the music came a knock at the door, and James, the well-meaning but weak young giant brought up a card for the Captain.

"Lady, sir, called to see you—dressed in mourning. I've showed her into the drawing-room."

"All right, Jeames," said Grantley, and glanced at the card.

Had that card carried a message of death, like the letters of *Bellerophon*, in the "Blad" (who slighted fair *Antea's* passion), Grantley could not have changed colour more suddenly. His face became ghastly pale, and a look of utter horror came into his eyes, while his lips twitched painfully. He had evidently gotten a death-blow in that dainty little square of pasteboard, with this name thereon inscribed:

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Madame Nathalie
Duprez.
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Only for a moment, though. The stern soldier's life had taught him to command his features—nay, he had saved his life this way once. He was not going to disclose his secret before the woman who loved him, so he laughed lightly in answer to Ella's wondering look.

"What a bore. Some stranger wants to see me. I shan't be away more than a minute, carissima. Don't break your heart till then; and when I come back we can have the song."

Then he departed to meet his visitor, and, as soon as the door closed on him, back came the old expression; but his face was set, stern and pitiless, now, and there was a gleam of determination in his eyes, as he muttered:

"Of all the cursed ill-luck! She has tracked me even here. Well, I have gone too far to repent, and must fight it out to the death."

Once before had that pitiless look shone from Captain Grantley's eyes, and a dozen fiendish Sepoyas had been bound, shrieking, to the guns, whilst the "grim Captain" stood by, and smiled as he saw them shot into fragments. He reached the drawing-room, and in a moment he was face to face once more with the woman he had loved and betrayed, and cruelly deserted.

"You wanted to see me," he said, in the coldest and most conventional tone he could assume, while the storm of conflicting passions was tearing him.

It actually seemed to cow the woman, this stern face set in steel. She had been accustomed to see it light up at the mere sound of her voice. All the blood rushed back from her heart, and left her pale as Death and trembling, as, with a wild, imploring gesture, she cried:

"Harry, Harry, is it thus we meet, after all these weary years?"

She would have gone on outpouring her sorrow, but Grantley interrupted her, with sardonic politeness:

"Pardon me, but I must impress upon you the necessity of making no scene. Some of the guests might overhear."

"Then you shall listen to me, you bad, heartless man. I daresay the story will not please you much; but I determined that I would find you, and claim my rights. Harry Grantley, am I not your wife in the sight of Heaven? and is the story that the landlord, at Turlminster, told me, a true one—that you are engaged to a lady in this very house? If so, I will save both her and yourself from infamy at once." And she made a hurried movement towards the bell. "I loved you once, Harry, as much as my God—as much as I hate you now; but I will never allow another to usurp my privilege."

"Hold, Nathalie; for Heaven's sake, try and calm yourself! Here, let me give you some water!" For the woman was moaning and writhing now in an agony of passion. And let us talk rationally. You remember the morning of our marriage, how you shrieked, with repugnance, from the clergyman who performed the service. Nathalie, that man was not a clergyman! That marriage was not a legal one, and I behaved like a detestable villain and betrayed you. My poor girl! I would give worlds never to have seen you! That one fatal morning has blasted the whole of my life. And I have often prayed—ah! how earnestly!—that you would never learn the secret, but die in the fond belief that you were my wife."

The stern face was softening now, and a tear was glistening in the proud eye. The Captain was not all bad—few of us are.

"The tale you heard at Turlminster is true, and one of the daughters of the man whose house you are now in has consented to be my wife. It would kill her to learn the story. Nathalie, you will not be so cruel!"

She started up like a fury. The chord of jealousy was touched at last, and the measure of her agony overflowed.

"What do I care? Why should other people be happy? You have cursed my life, broken my dear old father's heart (perestro he could see through your wiles), and you now come whining to me for mercy on some wretched girl whom you have imposed on. A thousand times No! My disgrace no amount of tears of blood can wash out. But I am determined that she shall weep too, and weep bitter tears, when she finds what her hero has and has been. It will be ill news to this girl to hear that hers is not the first ear into which you have poured your poisoned love-tale—(Heaven's curse on the day when I first heard it)—hers is not the first heart that you have first won and then broken. I hope that she will live to curse you yet, Harry Grantley, and then I shall be satisfied!"

The tide of her natural eloquence ceased here, and the reaction left her covering and panting at his feet, where she had fallen a piteous thing to see.

Some transient feeling of remorse seemed to touch the bold bad man before her, for he raised her tenderly in his arms, and parted her tangled hair, and whispered, in that soft voice which few women could resist:

"Nathalie, forgive me! You loved me once, in the happy days gone by!"

The words acted like a charm upon the impetuous woman's nature, so easily fired, so easily softened; and there was a light, as of her early love, in her eyes, as she opened them, and met his tender glance.

"Tell me," she murmured, "tell me that it is not true about this marriage! Tell me that all these cruel tales are unfounded! You know that I love you, mio caro, through ill report and good report. Did I not brave the sneers and coldness of all those horrible women at the garrison all for thee? Did I not leave my father to break his heart, all for thee? Did I not leave home, and fame, and pass through a thousand dangers, all to reach thee? Oh, it cannot be that you are cold to me, Harry; it must be some terrible dream, and you are my own dear love once more, as you were when you swore that I was the idol of your heart, on that summer's evening, in the myrtle-grove. You remember it, do you not, querida mia? and the oath you
swore then? You have surely not broken it! Never woman will love you as I have loved, and suffer disgrace and shame for you. I am willing to do so now, Harry, my own darling, all for the love that you once bare me. I will forgive you everything, and be your slave for ever—only say that you do not hate me, and only leave this horrible country, and forget this girl, and spare her misery!"

Dangerous words, especially when breathed by a woman whom he once loved to madness, and whom he had cruelly wronged—dangerous to find those lithe, beautiful fingers clinging in desperate entreaty, fastened within his own—dangerous to feel the splendour of those warm tropical eyes fixed in melting tenderness upon him! There was a better angel then speaking in his ear, and bidding him deal honourably with the woman he had so foully disdained, even though it should be at the expense of a broken heart. But alas! when did justice prevail over passion in contests like this? That moment, while good and bad angels were battling for his soul, the evil conquered, and the day of repentance slipped by, and the "tender grace of a day that was dead might never come back to him!"

It certainly is an oft-echoed remark, that a certain William Shakespeare, than whom a xarier spirit ne'er did steer humanity," knew human nature; it is none the less true that he did, when he imagined that wonderful dialogue, "Budge not, says my conscience: "Budge," says the fiend. Too often does the weak and erring sinner find that conscience reasons well, and that the fiend reasons well too, and, by final disregard of both, come much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

"It cannot be, Nathalie!" he said, gently disengaging himself from her embrace, and speaking in low, heartfelt tones—"it cannot be! I have gone too far now to repent. Heaven knows how deeply I feel your sorrow, and the force of the temptation; but you would not have me drag another down to misery and guilt too! There has been enough sorrow and woe on both sides already, and I will make you any reparation in my poor power; but as to what you suggest, it cannot be, indeed!"

Again the hated rival dragged in—again her happiness made the chief reason for resisting the temptation! It was more than the woman he had wronged could bear; and a change, sudden and terrible, passed over her face. As often in sultry climes the pure blue of the heavens becomes shadowed over with dark thunderous clouds, and the mighty storm-wind arises in all its felt force, and the whirlwind rages over the sea, which a moment before had smiled placidly at our feet, so changed this woman. A moment before and she had been Dido, with streaming eyes and heaving bosom, praying the faithless Æneas but to stay and be her love, and share the broad lands of Tyre with her, and rest his weary limbs in the soft lap of Eros—she had been Circe, singing that wondrous low love-song to the tempest-tossed Ulysses, and conjuring him, by all the magic of the charmed lyre, to forget the home of his childhood, and Penelope the wife of his youth. Now a change came o'er the spirit of her dream, and as she started from her feet and stood erect before the Captain, with bitter scorner in her glittering eyes, and her outstretched arms denouncing him, she might have been Marie Antoinette led forth to die, a queen to the last, smiling her quiet, superb contempt on the surging crowd of sansculottes and worthless women who howled for her blood.

"Be it so, then," she hissed, in a low, impressive voice—"be it so! You have rejected all my advances; you have steel'd forever the heart that was fast melting towards you; you have turned my love once more to bitter, relentless hate! So have a care, Harry Grantley; for, as sure as there is a God in that heaven which your preachers talk about, I will seek my revenge, swift and deadly! Do you know that my race never forget and never forgive? As well turn the sleath hound from the track of blood as a Creole from her revenge? In a moment when you little reck, Grantley, my revenge will strike you and yours, and you will acknowledge that there is such a thing as retribution after all, even in this world—nay, do not stop," she cried fiercely, as Grantley, covering under the woman's fierce anger, made a step forward and gesture of entreaty—"you shall hear me to the last now! I will not detain you long, and then you may go back to the girl of your choice, and tell her all I have told you, and I hope she will sleep none the less sound for it!"

Sybil-like, she extended her hands to heaven, and fixed her stern eyes—pitiless now as those of some Roman matron giving the death-signal to the fallen gladiator in the circus—"Harry Grantley, may the curse, the bitter curse of an injured woman cling to you through all your life! may nothing you put your hand to prosper! and may phantoms of sin and despair torture you to the day of your death! may the beauty which now fascination your eye fade into ghastliness in a day, and become a bitter loathing to you! After the manner of my people I curse you, Harry Grantley, in this life and that to come! Endless, bitter woe to you and yours! Amen."

As the last notes of this fearful chant died away in his ears, Harry Grantley, with a shuddering sense of fear at his heart, looked up and found that his visitor had departed. It was in vain that he made a violent effort to shake off with a laugh the effect of the woman's prediction; in vain the presentiment of future evil would cling to him, as clung in times of old the poisoned garment of Nessus to the maddened Hercules.

"What if this horrible prophecy should prove true!" was the unbidden thought that would rush to his mind, and it required all the
sang froid he was capable of to reassure Ella, on his reappearance in the drawing-room, that nothing out of the way had happened. "A lady that he had known in India—that was all." And then he went on with the song, and remarked that his voice had gone husky, and that he should like a little sherry. It was the old story of the Spartan boy over again, smiling amid the pangs of death rather than divulge his crime.

There is one class of people, though, whom nothing of this kind ever escapes—the servants. Not unobservant had been the eye of Jeames of the Captain’s sudden pallor, and he had communicated the same to Spigott the butler, and Matilda Jane the cook, with an air of infinite relish at supper that night.

"Mark my words," said the gigantic young man, drawing a long breath, and removing the tankard from his lips, where it had affectionately tarried, "this ere'11 be an orchard business. The Captain, as I says, gets as pale as death, and trembles all over, like—a worry uncommon thing for 'im to do, eh, Spigott?"

"Jeames, you are a foolish fellow," said that functionary, sententiously: "wot business is it of you'n? Mrs. 'Arris, I'll trouble you for another slice of beef." But he of the shoulder-knot was not convinced, only silenced.

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CHAP. IX.

"A SORROW’S CROWN OF SORROW."

Once more must the patient reader of these pages come with me to those chambers in the Temple, in which I, the well-meaning—but I will confess somewhat useless—actor of the chorus-part in this "drama of real life" first introduced myself. If the patient reader bears me in memory, and sometime, "mid the silent session of sweet thought," bestows but one thought upon me, I shall feel flattered to the full, as much as some third-rate actor who is astonished by a roar of applause from unwashed gallery and polished boxes, as in the well-known costume of the poor retainer, he makes the well-known speech in praise of the glories of his house. I am in a most miserable temper this morning, and the weather aids and abets me in my misery to the best of its ability. It is spring weather, and spring in London is very different from the spring of the poets, with chilly, dusty days, instead of bright vernal showers, and dark lowering clouds instead of pure blue sky. Insult and contumely has been my portion during this ill-fated day. It snowed last night severely, and because I have neglected to have the accumulation of snow-drift swept away, Policeman 92 X has paid me a visit, and threatened me with the condign terrors of the law, eyeing me all the while with looks of the loftiest contempt. When I venture to ask a small boy what he will do for him coolly hints at a shilling, and expresses his amusement at the mention of a smaller sum, by a gesture not known in polite circles; but, as Thomas Ingoldsby says, "He put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out." Of course, too, the tax-collector called about "that little bill of his;" and, as I have a charming ignorance and carelessness peculiar to me in money matters, which Harold Skimpole would have envied, it of course fell out that the fellow called when I was out of change, and had to leave with a downcast countenance; and, to complete all, my landlord had looked in and informed me that three of my irreproachable shirts had been stolen by my elegant washerwoman; so you may guess it was with no very lively expression of tone that I bade someone who knocked at the door come in fully prepared for a tick. I had screwed my face into the most sternly martyred expression I could assume and prepare to do defiance to the foe. But the face which showed at the open door was not that of a foe at all, none other than my old friend Charley Dalton, of whom I had heard nothing since our festive stay at the Hall.

"Come in, my dear old boy! you are welcome as the flowers in May!" I sang out, quite delighted to forget my troubles in a little genial talk. But my friend’s face—how fearfully changed! I scarcely knew the man, Gone, the old cheery, boyish look, which made his face such an eminently happy one; and in its place I saw a haggard, prematurely aged face—such a face as only wild dissipation or bitter harrowing grief alone can produce; deep lines were furrowed into the brow, before so smooth and unrinkled: great dark marks under the lack-lustre eyes, out of which all the fire seemed faded, and in its place there was a hollow light, such as one sees in a tamed animal, which is slowly wearing out its life in captivity; and with all this a generally reckless bearing, as though fate were being defied to do its worst—an expression which Lucifer may have worn amid the fallen angels as on that burning sea he stood and called his army.

"Why, Charley, my dear old fellow, what is all this?"

A bitter sigh was the only response, as he sank into the chair I offered him, and buried his face in his hands, if possible, to hide the storm of agony which was distracting it. A tear dropped through his fingers, and told its own story; whilst it increased my wonderment at this strange story tenfold. I went up to him and laid my hand soothingly on his shoulder. An old familiar gesture in the happy school-days, when we had to fight each other’s battles and share one another’s sorrows.

"What has come over you, old boy—anything in the money way? Young men will be young men, I know; and if its my loss at play, or anything of that sort, why, I am your man; though God knows my purse is none of the fullest."

He lifted his head wearily.

"Nothing of that, Jack, nothing of that,
only the old story over again—a trusting, foolish man and a deceitful woman.”

“Why, you don’t mean to say, Charley——”

“It isn’t a very long story, and you shall have it all, Jack,” he said; “but, first of all, give me a drop of brandy, or I shall not be able to hold out. Oh, no, you need not look so horrified (and here he endeavoured to smile—such a ghastly weak smile, which, though it lit up his face for an instant left it in deeper gloom than before); no, I have not come to that sort of thing yet. I don’t think you ever found me a drunkard, Jack, with all my faults; but I have eaten nothing to-day, and my strength is failing me. With all this sorrow eating at my heart—but there you can’t sympathize unless you know all, so bear with me whilst I tell you all my misery, and then say if I am not the most miserable wretch on the earth. You remember the day when we visited the Hall, Jack, and you saw Ella. Mine then, as I fondly told you—you mine no longer. Oh! it is not such a new thing that you need start in that horrified manner; men will make fools of themselves and women will be false, as long as the world lasts. I suppose that villain Grantley has stolen her, Jack, the pride of my heart; the only woman I ever have loved, and the only one that I ever shall, till the day of my death. I felt a sentiment, when I saw his false face and heard his false voice on our first visit to the Hall, that he would use them both to steal my love from me. Was it not the whole world open for him where to choose? There are always lots of girls, as you know, Jack, for whom the mere sight of a fellow who has worn a red coat is quite enough to make them no end spongious; but he might have left me my own little girl. And the man is a coward, too, that I am certain of; for, in the first heat of my rage, I wrote to him, telling him that he must meet me, and that, though the old duelling letters were gone by, that he could not refuse me this pitiful satisfaction for the wrong he had done me, and I threatened, moreover, that if he refused to fight me I would post his name, as coward and poltroon, in every club in London. What do you suppose was his answer? Read that!”

He tossed me a letter, the contents of which rather surprised me, so utterly did they belie my estimate of the writer’s character:

“My dear Jack—

“Sir,

“You seem to think, by the tone of your very fiery letter, that I owe you what is commonly called among gentlemen ‘satisfaction’ for the wrong (if wrong it be) that I have done you. You will be surprised to hear that I certainly shall not meet you; and when you have considered the matter in a cooler moment you will agree that I am very right. Now I beseech my mother on her deathbed that I would not fight a duel, and the trials I have endured through that promise never tempted me to break it. Coward I have been often called by those perhaps who have a better right than you; but the sacred promise has never been broken. As to what you threaten, do it by all means. Men have read in the papers of a certain band of Irregular Horse and their Captain, and I dare say will have formed some slightly different opinion from yours. As regards Ella, you had the same chance—nay, a better one than I; and if she preferred me, it certainly was no fault of mine. I have wooed her and shall certainly keep her; and though, as a beaten rival, you seemed to have formed the very worst opinion of me, I must still beg to reiterate the determination I expressed in the commencement of my note, and remain

“Yours, very obediently,

“Harry Grantley.”

“Now, what do you think of that effusion?” said Dalton, with a bitter laugh. “How very convenient he must have found that promise of his through life. It is all very fine, no doubt, this Quixotic nonsense, when a man wants to ride rough-shod through the world; and people, I suppose, call this filial affection in him, when other fellows would be scouted and taunted about showing the white feather.”

“Now look you here, Charley,” said I, “what I am going to say will, I dare say, rile you very much; but still you must bear with me, my dear boy, for auld-lang-syne’s sake. I must say that you are very wrong in calling the man a coward; that he most certainly is not, and so you will agree, when you listen more to reason. The papers were all full of this man’s reckless bravery, there was not a man in the Indian army who fought so well and so determinedly, there was nothing he would not undertake, and once a thing was taken in hand—the most desperate forlorn hope—he put his back into it, Charley, as we used to say in college, ‘like a knife,’ and fought till he could fight no longer. Do you know, man, that scarcely a third of that body of horse came out of the battle of Killiekeeg, and that Grantley himself cut the sepoys down till his arm was benumbed? No; he may be a villain, he may be a gambler, wild he may be, like most of his kindred, but a braver man does not exist. As to his promise to his mother, Charley, I knew the time when you would be the last man to sneer at that kind of thing, before this trouble warped your temper. Come, old man, try and forget this trouble. I won’t preach and say with the preacher, that it is all for the best; but I will give you the best advice an experienced man who has seen a little of the world can give; look at the matter calmly, and dispassionately:

‘Two men are suitors to the same girl; she prefers the one who, seemingly had the worst field to fight in, and certainly had not the fairest chance; and although it does seem hard to give up the being towards whom all the currents of our lives set, still these things are happening every day. Aye, and happy the man who does not find the knock-down too much to bear. As for you, Charley, you have everything on your side—health and wealth; there are a hundred different amusements open to you, and a hundred girls equally as pretty as Ella, and perhaps more faithful in the end, very willing to change their names. Why not travel abroad? I am
ready to start with you at a moment’s notice; we
would have a jolly twelvemonth’s tour of it—

fishing in Norway, or mountain-climbing in
Switzerland, or sailing in the Mediterranean, or
whatever you like, and I’ll venture to say, little
as I know of humanity, that at the end of that
time you will have forgotten all about the faith-
less one, and laughed over your present grief
and folly. What shall it be? I have done my
sermon, and after putting the case in that pecu-
larly luminous way, which ought to have got
me heaps of briefs, I await the opposite coun-

sil’s reply.”

“Aye, aye! it is all very well to joke, Jack,
old fellow; you don’t know what it is. You
were always too shy or too nice, or something,

threw yourself in the way of women; but
once let me see you in my position, and it will
be all ‘U P,’ as they say on the turf, with you:
and I shall hear your sighs and complaints, and
all that sort of thing. But I shall get over it,
do not doubt, and we will go abroad, and as
soon as possible; for if I do but hear anything
more of this happy couple and their doings I
shall be as bad as ever. Jealousy grows from
delay, like most other ugly passions, and if I
and the Captain come across each others’ paths
just now, God knows what may happen.”

“Ah! I shall make a note of that, mind my
words; and if there does happen to be a case
for a jury, won’t I come out strong with the
evidence against you—used threatening lan-
guage,’ swore he would have the blood of de-
ceased,’ and things to that effect; and now
about Miss Stewart, have you heard anything
from her about this business?”

“Ah! I did not intend telling you that,
Jack, it makes me look such a spoony fool;
but I suppose, in love, all men are fools, and,
contrary to the adage, young fools the greatest
of all. Of course I wrote to her in the heat of
passion, and I reproached her with all that
she had done to me—a wretched, foolish letter,
as you may guess, and one that most girls,
having first had a good laugh over it with their
new victim, would have tossed into the flames.
She did nothing of the sort, but answered it in
the jolliest, most sensible way, which made me
ten times more in love than ever. I had asked
her for one last interview, when the wretched
parting might be made, and all that stuff

enacted which the poets call ‘the funeral
of
dead love.’ She granted it at once upon my
promising to behave calmly. Calmly, foresho
when my heart was breaking. I saw her, and
though my mouth was full of the most passion-
ate reproaches I could not utter one of them,

she looked so innocent and pilying. She took
my hand tenderly—Jack, I can feel the soft
clap now—and talked to me gently and sadly,
in a way that disarmed me at once, and reduced
me to a condition of utter shame for my rage
and unhinking passion.”

“I thought I did love you, believe me
Charley, and I am not going to defend my con-

duct. Everybody, I dare say, in the world will
call me heartless—cruel; whereas I only found
out my mistake, when not too late. My poor
Charley (and here her eyes filled with tears, and
her poor little hand trembled in mine), you
would not have liked to have taken to your
bosom a wife who did not care for you,
who might have cared for another. All
my life would have been an acted lie, and I
should have been deceiving you, till deceit
could be kept up no longer, and the usual
weariness and disgust would follow, with per-
haps a separation. Indeed, Charley, what I am
now saying is all for your good, if you could
only see it. Why should we have enrolled our-

selves in that forlorn band of unloving wives

and faithless husbands, who tear and struggle
with the chain that binds them, cursing each
other in their hearts and filling the papers with
their disgrace? or, at best, dragging on their
hopeless lives without one atom of mutual love,
only bare respect for the sentiments of society.
No one can be sorrier than I that things have

turned out thus, but dictate to his own heart no
one can, and I have simply followed the im-

pulses of mine in choosing Grantley in prefe-

rence to you. You will soon forget me, Charley.
There are many things to attract your attention,

a brilliant name for you to make, and no one
will be more delighted than I if it does but

alone for the misery that I have caused you.
May I ask your forgiveness? I scarcely dare,
but I know you will forgive me and forget me.”

“And all this time I suffered the tortures of

the damned, and I must have shown the agony
of my mind in my face; for she laid her hand
soothingly on my shoulder, and said:

“We must part, indeed we must; it only

kills both of us, thus protracting the interview.
Farewell! and, if I may dare say it, God bless
you, Charley, and make you happy for forget-

ting poor me.”

“The next moment she was gone, and I was
left to battle with my own guilt. Spectres of
misery and woe, without a soul to share them
with me. I should be ashamed to say how I
spent the time between that interview and the
commencement of this day. I tried every

remedy popularly supposed to drown sorrow: I
haunted the theatres and the opera; but my

gaunt, weary face was strangely out of place
there, and I sickened at the sympathizing way
in which people talked to me, and I fancied all
London knew my shame and sorrow. ‘Post

equum sedet atra Cura,’ as our Delectus used
to teach us, and neither study nor dissipation,
nor even gambling would drive away care. I

was too brain-wearyed to study, and too reckless
to win at play, and it was in God’s own mercy
provided that I should soon weary of going on
at that killing pace. And thus you have found
me here to-day.”

“So wearied as we are, so wan with care,”
spouted I, “let me be your doctor, and I will
cure you in a trice. It is devilishly hard to bear,
Charley; but we did not use to think all
chances of a bump lost because we broke an
our in the Trinity eight: no, it was ‘take a suck
at the lemon, and at it again.’ If this day
month sees us in town, 'call me horse, spit in my face,' as Falstaff says. We shall have emigrated to foreign climes by that time, much to my own satisfaction I will freely allow; for all my creditors are becoming most ungentlemanly in their behaviour, and hint at instant payment or a general 'smash up.' Now it does not suit me at all that my fine Cuyp, and that stunning Salvator Rosa should find their way to the Children of Israel. I shall try a change of air, and leave the 'Ebrow Jew' to tear his hair until he become of a better mind, and less impatient for a settlement. I tell you what, I vote we try that chalet at the bottom of Mount Cenis again. I shall never forget the happy time we had there—when we became the idols of all the people, by the free and easy way in which we adopted their customs. I shall never forget, too, your trying the Rans des Vaches, what fun it was to be sure! Or, better still, there's some fun to be got out of Hombourg and Baden as long as one does not gamble, and I might try a go at the waters. I am getting fat and old, they might prove a regular 'Fountain of Jouvence' to me. We might manage, I think, to spend a jolly time about there, taking the Rhine on the road. Sport is not much in my way. I am too short-winded to stand a day's grinding in that style, and prefer reading the 'full, true, and particular accounts.' We will settle all this if you will 'take a walk in the Strand,' and dine with me afterwards. I was really glad to see a brighter look beam over Charley's altered face, and, by the time that dinner was over, and I had placed him in my old arm-chair, with a large regalia in his lips, I could have ventured to remark, with Mrs. Jobling in 'Bleak House,' that he was 'coming of age fast.'”

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**SONG.**

**By Anne A. Fremont.**

Do thoughts of me e'er steal
Upon thee when alone?
Dost thou fear to reveal
Them e'en unto thine own?

Pure heart?

Does the blush steal to thy brow,
And burn upon thy cheek,
Telling far more than thou
With thy sweet lips could speak?
Oh, how beautiful thou art!

How it did my soul entrance
That sweet night, when I caught
Thy dark eye, in the dance!
Kindly on me I thought.

It seemed to shine,
I will not pull the hope to rest:
But was it real so? Thou'rest the sunshine of this breast:
Oh, that I could but know
I was of thine!

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**LOST AGNES.**

**By Ada Trevanian.**

She moved about the silent house
Ere yet the dawn had gathered prime,
The while I lay deep sunk in drows,
Listening for the matin chime.
She took the watch down from the wall
Just as she always used to do;
And fondled Boatswain in the hall
Standing a moment full in view.

She held the sprig of jessamine
He call'd her from their fav'r'ite nook.
In the wax light her face seemed thin,
And had a strange and wistful look:
I heeded not the warning then,
But let her pass from home away.
She was seen last by fishermen
Taking yen path, the seaward way.

Sometimes, when 'neath a crimson sky
Repose the valley and the lake,
I seek the window suddenly
And think I see her near the brake:
But later, sitting 'mid the gloom,
When stars come out above the sea,
Our Father's ghost glides through the room,
And whispers, frowning, 'Where is she?'

Often, when I draw from my breast
The golden heart which holds her hair,
Memory bears back all the rest—
Her arms and shoulders smooth and fair,
The treasus which I loved to braid,
The lips I used to press of yore:
With hands together lightly laid,
She lingers, smiling, at the door.

Sometimes in sleep I follow her—
It seems to me the livelong night:
My palpitating limbs can scarcely stir,
She leads up such a giddy height;
And something keeps us still apart
When most we're near I fondly deem;
Till waken'd by my throbbing heart,
I start, and find the whole a dream.

Dear friend, you know that graceful form
Was never laid 'mid buried dead;
And so I deem some night of storm
May wash it from its hidden bed,
To lie at last in hallowed ground
Beneath the green earth's daised breast;
Oh! should I know her were she found?
And would my heart be then at rest?
WAIFS AND STRAYS FROM ALDERNEY.

"Something new!" has been the universal cry ever since things have had time to grow old; and perhaps it was never more loudly raised than at the present day. There are not wanting adventurous spirits who are quite ready and willing to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," or to do anything new and original; but everything grows flat and hackneyed so soon with us that an Atlantic cable, or a needle-gun, or a thousand miles voyage in a canoe, hardly serve for a nine-days' wonder. This is more especially true with regard to travelling. Our fathers can scarcely understand how they got through life in coaches; our sons grumble at the slowness of railways, the overcrowded character of every available place under the sun, the bore of conventional tours in general. As soon as the hot weather, the long vacation, and the prorogation of Parliament become facts, the old cry is raised: "Where shall we go?" And unless people are satisfied with the dolce far niente of some recognized watering-place, the conventional Pebblesea, or Shrimpton of the magazine-writers, or will risk the discomfort of doing a hacked foreign tour, they may as well stay at home; for of a certainty they will find very little novelty in the world. Talk of the ruins of Egyptian Thebes—talk of the Pyramids—of the Andes—of Fernando Po, one is as likely to meet one's tailor at the Pyramids as in Regent-street; and one is pretty sure to come across an intimate friend meditating a lecture, or a sermon, at Jerusalem, with as much sang froid as though he were in his rectory at Muddiford.

It was not so much a desire to see an unfrequented place, as certain calls of duty which took me this summer to the isle of Alderney. I was delighted to find, on mentioning my intention, that people didn't even know much about it. I fully expected that my friends would declare their perfect acquittance with Alderney, its character, climate, and history from the earliest times down to the present. But not so; they were all very communicative about Guernsey and Jersey, and even had vague notions about Sark; but of Alderney they evidently knew nothing. On one point they were all agreed, viz., that it was a barren, desolate island. One old lady told me it was "only a fort," and that if I went there I must never expect to get away again. Nothing deterred by these remarks I consulted the faithful, though bewildering Bradshaw, and discovered that, though the journey to Guernsey was a mere bagatelle, yet Alderney was quite another matter. Bradshaw informed me, in an obscure note, that a small steamer plied, during the summer months, between Guernsey and Alderney twice a week, or oftener, wind and weather permitting.

I thought little of the words then; their full significance came upon me later. The die was cast, however. Jacta est alea muttered I, with a fond recollection of the classics and the Isa; and one night (very near midnight, too), I found myself on board the mail-packet at Southampton, and the receding lights already flashing astern of us.

I shall not give the details of my voyage; perhaps after those of Captain Cook and Anson it might appear wanting in incident. Suffice it to say that the ordinary characters of a short sea-passage were all represented. There is the conventional bluff man, who "never knew what it was to be ill, sir—never!" walking the deck, defiantly, with a cigar and a great coat; for the July night is chilly. There is the conventional fat man, with a large straw hat, who begins to drink bottled porter as soon as he comes on board, and who disappears from general observation when we have passed the Needles, and is finally discovered in a very limp and uncomfortable state, and with a strong glancing towards the outside of the vessel. There, too, is the never-failing young gentleman with the chom cane and the general air of shabby smartness inseparable from his class; he affects a great air of insouciance, and pretends to enjoy "the moment" immensely; but anon he, too, vanishes; and when next seen, in the misty light of a summer morning, his face wears that look of unmistakable agony which is the certain sign of that sickness which seizes those who, forgetting Skylock's declaration, that "Ships are but planks—sailors but men," still commit themselves to the waters. I was awakened from a hurried nap on deck by the shrieking of the engine-whistle and the dismal clanging of the bell; and having convinced myself that I am not still between London and Southampton, awoke to the fact that we were enveloped in a regular Channel fog; and that the captain, having a lively recollection of the fate of the "Amazon" and the "Osprey," had determined to drop his anchor. Dropped the anchor was, and we rolled very uncomfortably for several hours, till the fog at length cleared, to my no small delight, as the steward (a veritable Job's comforter) had told me that we might stay there all night—two or three nights for aught he knew.

When we reached Guernsey I beheld the passengers and luggage seized upon by a band of shrieking porters, all to a man insane to all appearance. Escaping from these maniacs I was borne, after endless trouble and much shouting on my part (in the style of the illustrious Jack Bunsby), on board the Alderney steamer, "The
Queen of the Isles," which actually lay at Guernsey, all ready to start with the mail and any passengers who chanced to turn up. The people on board, who were either Alderney folks or excursionists from Guernsey, looked upon us with a sort of subdued wonder, as one who had actually crossed the seas on purpose to visit Alderney. In course of time the island appeared, looking very rocky and barren from the sea, very much like Hen or Jethou which I had already found; so barren did it appear that I involuntarily asked myself the question: Can the old lady be right after all; is it only a fort? However, as we rounded the island things wore another aspect. We steamed along a fine break-water nearly a mile long, within the shelter of which the water lay smooth as glass, basking in the July sun. This same breakwater was once the glory of Alderney, just as at present it is likely to be its shame, or that of its builders; for the wise men of the island say that Government built it in the wrong place, and that it is useless as it is. Certain it is that the works connected with the break-water, which were once of the most extensive kind, and brought hundreds of workpeople to the island, are now getting "small by degrees and beautifully less," and that during the winter the sea undone a good deal of the work in a very summary and violent manner. I have wandered to the break-water, however, before I have left "The Queen." The landing-place was crowded, for the advent of the steamer is the great event of the week. If I had come with any vague idea of "astonishing the natives"—which notion I utterly disclaim—I should have been disappointed; for, instead, the natives undoubtedly astonished me. Such a noise, such a mixture of language was surely never heard since the original confusion of tongues. Then came men in blouses, having very much the appearance of London butchers, shouting in a jingo which would really have puzzled a professor of French with a Parisian accent, and still more a humble Englishman like myself. Then there came women, in sod-coloured garments, talking volubly in French, and seizing the luggage of "monsieur" with a determination to carry it off, solens soles, in one or two or three carts, which had come down for the purpose. Escaping from these people, through the help of a friend who met me on my landing, I turned my steps towards the town. I noticed, en route, several dogs, who seemed very much at home, as if conscious that their masters did not pay a tax for them, and several soldiers, who looked supremely to-day, and I have every reason to believe that their looks did not belie them. The chief, principal, and only town of Alderney, or Ayvigny, as the French call it, or Rideau, as the Romans used to call it once upon a time, is named after Saint Anne. I reached it by something more than a gentle ascent, and then began to realize the fact, since more completely developed, that one is always, in turn, going up hill or down in Alderney, with a few trifling exceptions. To one coming direct from London, or Brighton, or Folkestone, or Dover, determined to find all barren from Dan to Beersheba, Saint Anne's may be disappointing; but as I had had quite enough of London, and had not come direct from Brighton or Folkestone, the queer, roughly-paved streets and quaint old houses were very agreeable to me. More men in blouses, women with white caps and carrying baskets, and dogs at every turn: such were a few of the living sights which I encountered. To speak the truth, however, the place seemed rather deserted; there was a kind of decayed appearance about it, speaking of past glories: every now and then, two or three closed shops, which must have once had some pretensions to grandeur, seemed to have realized the prayer—"O Mihi pro teritis re ferat si Jupiter amos!" There was a large linen-dramer's, silent and shrouded in dusty shutters: where the costly silks, the dainty ribbons, thought I? where the little gloves, tried upon little hands by smirking shopmen? ay, and where be the smirking shopmen themselves? An echo answers—where? Whilst I am still pondering the regular tread of soldiers is heard, and I behold a number of men belonging to a line regiment approaching. Alderney is certainly military in its general features, that is, you see a good many men both of the line and artillery about the streets; but it is fortunately free, comparatively speaking, from the annoyances, which seem inseparable from a garrison town. The men are not quartered in St. Anne's, but in forts round the island, of which I may have more to say hereafter. Whatever people may say about Alderney, and it is the fashion to say very hard things about it, one thing is admitted on all hands, that it possesses one of the most beautiful churches, not only in the Channel Islands, but in England. It is not very imposing externally, nor on entering do you find much decoration; but everything is in the best taste, and when I hear that Scott is the architect I am not surprised. The church and its furniture, down to the smallest ornament or necessary, were given by the Rev. John de Mesurier, son of the last governor of Alderney, for it then boasted a governor of its own. A more princely gift has seldom been made, and never more needed, as the old church was an almost unapproachable ruin, of which the solitary gaunt clock-tower still remains, in the midst of an old grass-grown churchyard. I turn to the adjacent parsonage, and partake of the ready hospitality of the incumbent. Here I learn more of Alderney and its people. I find that the natives do not like to be considered French, but are very tenacious of their descent from that William the Norman, who, on the field of Senlac, changed the fortunes of England on St. Michael's eve, 1066, and whose character the Saxon Chronicle sums up by saying that he was "very stark." These descendants of William the Norman are very quiet, good sort of people; they are out in the fields all day, and though they can all speak English, infinitely prefer to be addressed in French. Their fields lie almost exclusively upon a part of the island.
called the Blaye, a corruption, I expect, of the French ble: here wheat, barley, potatoes, and lucerne grow luxuriantly in little patches, each belonging to a different proprietor. Everything is done in a small way in Alderney, which, considering the island is only three-quarters of a mile broad and three-and-a-half miles long, is not surprising. On the Blaye I encountered numbers of Alderney cows, an animal very familiar to most people, who may not have a very clear notion where Alderney is. They are pretty creatures; these cows, light dun colour, spotted with white, with large, lustrous, prominent eyes. They are generally tethered by a chain—a very necessary precaution, as they often feed upon most precipitous cliffs; I heard of an unfortunate cow falling over one of these rocks lately, and, not being killed, a speculative islander gave a pig in exchange for her, on the chance of her recovering. The cows are all very friendly, and will stick their wet noses into your hand if you choose to caress them. These “milky mothers” are most liberal in their supply of milk, and occasionally yield twenty-five quarts in one day.

From the high land on the Blaye I can see the French coast very clearly; indeed, my companion can distinguish the houses, but I confess my inability to do so. Jersey is faintly distinguishable, whilst Sark and Guernsey show their rocky coasts very plainly. The rock scenery from this part of Alderney is very fine, and has its romance too. If you are tolerably sure-footed, and not liable to giddiness or nervousness, you can reach a rocky grot overhanging the sea, and known as the “The Lover’s Chair.”

Here, in “auld-lang-syne,” the fair Jacqueline, a daughter of the Governor’s family, was accustomed to meet her lover, some lowly retainer of the household, such as we often meet with in melodramas, and who is always addressed as “slave,” or “base ingrate,” by the heavy father of the piece. To the lover’s Chair this couple used to repair, and there they “told their love,” much to the disgust of Jacqueline’s father, no doubt. What the end of this episode was history records not; but doubtless they fell down the rock, or were hanged over to the tormentors. Such clandestine affairs ought to be punished, of course, or where is the use of moralists? There is a glorious view from the Lover’s Chair, and many a generation of lovers have “sighed like furnace” here, and many a Jenny Jessamy has vowed to be faithful to Jenny beneath the topping rock which shelters the Chair. What matters it if Jenny Jessamy’s clothes be of humble fashion what if Jenny drops her “l’s;” let them bill and coo to their heart’s content: they might do worse, believe me.

From the Lover’s Chair to the harbour and breakwater is a long walk—at least a long walk in Alderney, where all things are small. Yet I must hasten thither, as the great event of the week is about to happen. The steamer is signalled from Fort Towrquis and from Fort Albert, and she is already rounding the breakwater; and the “gentlemen of England who live at home in ease;” and who hear the postman’s knock come six times a-day in Babylon the bricky, have no notion of the mail service in Alderney. We are supposed, by a pleasant fiction, to have letters three times a-week in summer and twice a-week in winter: but I can only say, that those who see their letters thrice a-week see them “in their mind’s eye,” like Hamlet. Twice a-week, in calm weather, we may count upon a mail, if the captain of the steamer is in a good humour, and does not want to go to Cherbourg; but he is not often in that enviable state, and always wants to go to Cherbourg.

You may imagine, gentle reader mine, thou who art able to receive letters with aserring regularity, what the feelings of those must be who are sometimes weeks without letters, and never know for certain what day they will arrive. There is that letter from my tailor, threatening me with legal penalties, too horrible to mention, if I don’t settle his (so-called “little bill.” Shall I get an answer bidding me live in hope of respite, or some painful communication from a solicitor? Will there be an answer from the magazine which I favour with my lucubrations, accepting my article, or mentioning casually, that it is “declined, with thanks”? And, above all, will there be a little pink note from Angelina, much crossed, nearly illegible, but precious above rubies?

But the steamer is in. An old, old man, of anything but active habits, has slowly borne of the mail-bag to the post-office, whither I follow him, and where I find several soldiers waiting for the military letters. I know very well that I shan’t get my letters for nearly an hour, and yet I patiently wait, who was erst forward, and used strong language if I did not get three letters a-day! “How are the mighty fallen!” Indeed!

But I must finish, leaving untold the story of Fort Essex, and the manners and customs of the natives, and of the wild beauties of the by Rock and of Chateau-le-toc, all of which I hope to write of anon, if these “Waifs and Strays” prove interesting to my readers.

W. B.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillsides,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.
The Sale of Children.

BY MRS. ADDY.

“In the year 1015 children were forbidden, by the law, to be sold by their parents in England.”

You tremble, fair lady! you shudder, you grieve
O'er the dark evil deeds of a far-distant time:
One comfort remains to you still—you believe
That Woman had never a share in the crime.
“A father,” you say, “through the base love of gold
His natural feelings might possibly smooth
But none can assert that a child has been sold
By that dearest of friends and of guardians—a
Mother!”

Yet, lady, methinks such an instance I know,
And well to the case you may sympathy spare:
It is not a record of “long, long ago,”
But a tale of the season—a tale of May Fair.
A gentle and beautiful maid I recall,
Who scarcely could number the lovers that sought her.
But the Mother was cold and repellant to all,
For she placed a high price on the hand of her daughter.

A Peer, old and feeble, addressed her—in sooth
He seemed little fitted her love to engage:
He had passed from a reckless and dissolute youth
To a peevish, uncompromising, and indolent age.
He was selfish, despotic, and heartless, yet none
Could venture his land and his gold to disparage:
His suit was preferred, and the Mother was won.
And the poor helpless daughter was bartered in marriage.

Proud lady, my words have pierced home to you now:
That dark, evil deed by yourself has been wrought!
The daughter you urged to a cold, loveless vow,
In tears and in trembling your mercy besought;
Now Sorrow has withered and wasted her bloom,
She patiently waits for Death’s merciful sentence:
Ere long you will weep, as you stand by her tomb,
And suffer a few pangs of repentance.

Your grief will be transient; your friends will suggest
That “you must not indulge unavailing regret—
You acted with prudence, you meant for the best!”
Thus prompted, you soon will your daughter forget;
And he, the weak detested, who bought her with gold,
He soon shall replace his lost love by another;
A fair English girl may be legally sold
By that “dearest of friends and of guardians”—her
Mother!

UNJUST REPRAECHES.—I never met with a con-
sideration that is more finely spun, and what has
better pleased me, than one in Epictetus, which
places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of
him altogether different from that in which we are
used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows:—
Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-
natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting?
consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true,
if they are not, consider that thou art not the person
whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary
being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though
he hasts what thou appearst to be. If his reproaches
are true, if thou art the envious, ill-natured man he
takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild,
affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee natu-
urally cease: his reproaches may, indeed, continue, but
thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.—
ADDISON.
THE CONVULSIONISTS OF ST. MÉDARD.

Of all the mental epidemics that have visited Europe, beyond question the most remarkable, and in some of its features the most inexplicable, is that which prevailed in Paris some hundred and thirty years ago, among what were called the Convulsionists of St. Médard.

The celebrated Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, during his life the opponent and enemy of the Jesuits, whom he caused to be excluded from the theological schools of Louvain, left behind him, at his death, a treatise, posthumously published in 1640, entitled, "Augustinus," in which he professed to set forth the true opinions of St. Augustine on those century-long disputed questions of Grace, Free-will, and Predestination. Taking ground against the Molinists, he contended for the doctrine of Predestination antecedent and absolute, a gift purely gratuitous, of God's free grace, independent of any virtue or merit in the recipient soul. This doctrine, set forth in five propositions, was condemned, in the middle of the seventeenth century, by Popes Innocent X. and Alexander VII.; and against it, when revived by Father Quesnel in the beginning of the eighteenth century, there was fulminated, in 1713, by Pope Clement XI., the famous Bull Unigenitus.

From this Bull, accepted in France after long opposition, the Jansenist party appealed to a future Papal Council, thence deriving their name of Appellants. Among these, one of the most noted and zealous was the Diacre Paris, who refused a curacy, to avoid signing his adhesion to what he regarded as heresy, consumed his fortune in works of charity, and his health in austerities of a character so excessive that they abridged his life. Dying, as his partisans have it, in the odour of sanctity, and protesting with his last breath against the doctrines of the obnoxious Bull, his remains were deposited, on the 2nd of May, 1727, in the small church-yard of St. Médard, situated in the twelfth arrondissement of Paris, on the Rue Monfetard, not far from the Jardin des Plantes.

To the tomb of one whom they regarded as a martyr to their cause the Jansenist Appellants habitually resorted, in all the fervour of religious zeal, heated to enthusiasm by the persecution of the dominant party. And there, after a time, phenomena presented themselves, which caused for years, throughout the French capital and among the theologians of that age, a fever of excitement; and which, though they have been noticed by medical and other writers of our own century, have not yet, in my judgment, attracted, either from the medical profession or from the pneumatological inquirer, the attention they deserve.

Of these phenomena a portion were physical, and a portion were mental or psychological. The former, first appearing in the early part of the year 1731, consisted (as alleged) partly of extraordinary cures, the apparent result of violent convulsive movements which overtook the patients soon after their bodies touched the marble of the tomb, sometimes even without approaching it, by swallowing, in wine or water, a small portion of the earth gathered from around it, the effect being heightened by strict fasting and prayer—partly of what were called "Grands Secours," literally "Great Succours," consisting of the most desperate—one might say murderous—remedies, applied, at their urgent request, to relieve the sufferings of the Convulsionists. These measures, called "of relief," and carried to an incredible excess, were of such a character, that, during any normal state of the human system, they would have destroyed, not one, but a hundred lives, if the patient, or victim, had been endowed with so many. Those who regarded this marvellous immunity from what seemed certain imolation as a miraculous interposition of God were called Succouristes; their opponents, ascribing such effects to the interference of the Devil in protection of his own, or (a somewhat rare opinion in those days) to naturalagency, were by the name of Anti-Succouristes, (Secouristes and Anti-Secouristes.)

Some of these alleged cures, but more especially some of these so-called succours, were of a nature so far passing belief, that one would be tempted to cast them aside as sheer impostures, were not the main facts vouch'd for by evidence, not from the Jansenists alone, but from their bitterest opponents, so direct, so overwhelmingly multiplied, so minutely circumstantial, that to reject it would amount to a virtual declaration, that, in proof of the extraordinary and the improbable, we will accept no testimony whatever, let its weight or character be what it may. Accordingly, we find dispassionate modern writers, medical and others, while reminding us, as well they may, that enlightened observers of these strange phenomena were lacking,* and while properly suggesting that we ought to make allowance for exaggeration in some of the details, yet admitting as incontestable realities the substantial facts related by the historians of St. Médard.

Among these historians the chief is Carre de Montgrecor, a magistrat de rank and high character, Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris. An enthusiast and a weak logician (as hot enthusiasts generally are), Montgrecor's honesty is admitted to be beyond question. Converted to

* "Les observateurs éclairés manquaient en 1737 pour suivre la transformation des phénomènes miraculeux."—Calmeil, De la Foiere, Tom. II. p. 317.
The Consvulsionists of St. Médard. 241

Jansenism on the seventh of September, 1731, in the church-yard of St. Médard, by the strange scenes there passing, he expended his fortune, sacrificed his liberty, and devoted years of his life, in the preparation and publication of one of the most extraordinary works that ever issued from the press.* It consists of three quarto volumes, of some one hundred closely-printed pages each. Crowded with repetitions, and teeming with false reasoning, these volumes nevertheless contain, backed by certificates without number, such an elaborate aggregation of concurrent testimony as I think human industry never before brought together to prove any contested class of phenomena.

Not less zealous, if less voluminous, were the writers opposed to what was called "the work of the convulsions." Of these one of the chief was Dom La Tasté, Bishop of Bethléem, author of the "Lettres Théologiques," and of the "Mémoire Théologique," in both of which the extravagances of the Consvulsionists are severely handled; a second was the Abbé d'Asfeld, who, in 1738, published his "Vains Efforts des Discerners," in the same strain; and another, M. Poncet, who put forth an elaborate reply to the Sucorists, entitled "Réponse des Anti-Secouristes à la Réclamation."

The convulsions, commencing in the year 1731, almost immediately assumed an epidemic character, spreading so rapidly that in a few months the affected reached the number of eight hundred. These were to be found not only on the tomb and in the cemetery itself, but in the streets, lanes, and houses adjoining. Many, after returning from the exciting scenes of St. Médard, were seized with convulsions in their own dwellings.

The numbers and the excitement went on increasing, and conversions to Jansenism were counted by thousands; the scenes became daily more extravagant, and the phenomena more extraordinary, until the King, moved either by the representations of physicians or by the monstresses of Jesuit theologians, caused the cemetery to be closed on the twenty-ninth of January, 1732.†

Not for such interdiction, however, did the phenomena, once in progress, intermit. For fifteen years, or longer,‡ the symptoms continued, with more or less violence. Indeed, the number of Consvulsionists greatly increased after the cemetery was closed, extending to those who had no ailment or bodily infirmity.§

The symptoms, though varying in different individuals, were of one general character, taking, especially as to the muscular phenomena, of the nature of hysteria, or hystero-cataplectic. The patient, soon after being placed on the revered tomb, or on the ground near it, was commonly attacked by a tumultuous movement of all his members. Contractions exhibited themselves in the neck, shoulders, and principal muscles all over the body. The nervous system became dreadfully excited. The heart beat violently, and the patient, sometimes retaining partial consciousness and suffering extreme pain, could not restrain violent cries. He usually experienced, also, a tingling or pricking sensation in any diseased member. Those who from birth had been afflicted with paralysis, or partial paralysis, of a limb, or one side of the body, felt the convulsions chiefly in that limb or side. The convulsions were often so violent that numerous assistants could scarcely restrain the patient from seriously injuring himself by dashing his body or limbs against the marble.||

The Demoiselle Fourcroy, alleged to have been suddenly cured, on the fourteenth of April, 1732, by means of these convulsions, of a confirmed ankylosis, which had deformed her left foot, and which the physicians had pronounced

* La Vérité des Merveilles opérés par l'intercession de M. de Paris et autres Appelians démontrée; avec des Observations sur le Phénomène des Consvulsion, par Carré de Montgérón, Conseiller au Parlement de Paris. 3 vols. 4to. 2nd ed. Cologne, 1745. The first edition, consisting, however, of a single volume only, appeared in 1737, and was presented to the King in person at Versailles, by M. de Montgérón, on the twenty-ninth of July of that year. The work was translated into German and Flemish, and besides several editions which appeared in France, one was published in Germany and two in Holland. It is illustrated with costly engravings. Though the King (Louis XV.) received M. de Montgérón in an apparently gracious manner, yet the very night after his reception, as he had himself foreseen, he was arrested and cast into the Bastille. Thence he was transferred from one place of confinement to another; and at the time he was preparing the second edition of his work, he was still (in 1744) a prisoner in the citadel of Valence. (See advertisement to that edition, note to page 77.) He died in exile at Valence, in 1754.

† Voltaire, with his usual wit and irreverence, proposed that the notice, proclaiming the royal command, to be affixed to the gate of the church-yard should read as follows: "De part le Roi, défense à Dieu De faire miracle en ce lieu."

‡ Hecker alleges that "the insanity of the Consvulsionists lasted, without interruption, until the year 1790," that is, for fifty-nine years, and was only interrupted by the excitement of the French Revolution; also, that, in the year 1762, the "Grands Secours" were forbidden by act of the Parliament of Paris.—"Epidemics of the Middle Ages," from the German of I. F. C. Hecker, M.D., translated by B. G. Babington, M.D., F.R.S., London, 1846, p. 149. There were published by Renault, parish priest at Vaux, near Ancerre, two pamphlets against the Secourists; one entitled "Le Secourisme détruit dans ses Fondemens," in 1759, and the other, "Le Mystère d'Iniquité," as late as 1788—an evidence that the controversy was kept up for at least half a century.

§ "À peine l'entrée du tombbe couëtte été fermée, qu'on vit le nombre des Consvulsionnaires s'accroître extraordinairement. Les convulsions commencèrent à s'étendre jusqu'à des personnes qui n'avaient ni maladie ni infirmité corporelle."—Œuvres de Colbert, Tom. II. p. 203. (This is Colbert, Bishop of Montpellier, and nephew of Louis XIV.'s minister.)

incurable,* thus describes, in her depositions, her sensations: "They caused me to take wine in which was some earth from the tomb of M. de Pâris, and I immediately engaged in prayer, as the commencement of a neuvaine [a nine-days' act of devotion]. Almost at the same moment I was seized with a great shuddering, and soon after with a violent agitation of the members, which caused my whole body to jerk into the air, and gave me a force I had never before possessed, so that the united strength of several persons present could scarcely restrain me. After a time, in the course of these violent convulsive movements, I lost all consciousness. As soon as they passed off, I recovered my senses, and felt a sensation of tranquillity and internal peace, such as I had never experienced before."†

It was usually at the moment of recovery from these convulsions, as Montgérón alleges and the certificates published by him declare, that the cures deemed by him miraculous were effected. Sometimes, however, these cures were gradual only, extending through several days or weeks.

In Montgérón's work fourteen distinct cures are minutely reported, all of persons declared by the attendant physicians to be incurable. Each of these cures, with the documentary evidence in support of it, occupies from fifty to one hundred pages of his book. The greater number are cases of paralysis, usually of one entire side of the body, in some instances complicated with general dropsy; in others with cancer; in others again with attacks of apoplexy. There are four cases where the eyesight was restored—one of them of a lachrymal fistula; one of a young Spanish nobleman, who suddenly recovered the use of his right eye; the left, however, remained uncur ed; and there is a case in which a young woman, deaf and dumb from birth, is reported to have been suddenly and completely cured on the tomb of M. de Pâris, at the moment the convulsions ceased, immediately repeating, though not understanding, any word that was spoken to her by the bystanders.

My limits do not permit me to follow Montgérón through the details and the documentary proof of these cures. That the patient, in each case, previously examined by some physician of reputation, was pronounced incurable, does not prove that he was so. Yet, unless Montgérón lies, some of the cures are inexplicable, upon any received principles of medical science. One man (Philippe Sergent), whose right knee had shrunk to such a degree that the right leg was, and had been for more than a year, three finger-breaths shorter than the left, was, according to the certificates, cured on the spot, threw away his crutches, and walked home, unaided, followed by a wondering crowd. Another patient (Marguerite Thibault), affected by general dropsy, and whose feet and legs were swollen to three times their natural size, is reported to have been cured so suddenly that before she left the tomb her servant could put on her feet the same slippers she had worn previously to her malady. This woman had also been afflicted, for three years, with paralysis of the left side, so complete as to deprive it of all power of motion. Yet she is stated to have raised herself unaided on the tomb, to have walked from the spot, and even to have ascended the stairs of her house on her return. The symptom immediately preceding her cure is said to have been "a benecient heat, which diffused itself over the entire left side, so long deadly cold." This was followed by a consciousness of power to move it, and her first effort was to stretch out her paralytic arm.*

But these cures, wonderful as they appear, are far less marvellous than another class of phenomena already referred to.

The convulsions were often accompanied by an urgent instinctive desire for certain extreme remedies, sometimes of a frightful character—as stretching the limbs with a violence similar to that of the rack—administering on the breast, stomach, or other parts of the body, hundreds of terrible blows with heavy weapons of wood, iron, or stone—pressing with main force against various parts of the body with sharp-pointed swords—pressure under enormous weight—exposure to excessive heat, etc. Montgérón, viewing the whole as miraculous, says: "God frequently causes the convulsionists the most acute pains, and at the same time intimates to them, by a supernatural instinct, that the formidable succours which He desires that they should demand will cause all their sufferings to cease; and these sufferings usually have a sort of relation to the succours which are to prove a remedy for them. For instance, an oppression on the breast indicates the necessity for blows of extreme violence on that part; an excessive cold, or a devouring heat, when it suddenly seizes a convulsionist, requires that he should be pushed into the midst of flames; a sharp pang, similar to that caused by an iron point piercing the flesh, demands a thrust of a rapier,* given in the spot where the pain is felt, be it in the throat, in the mouth, or in the eyes, of which there are numerous examples; and let the rapier be pushed as it may, the point, no matter how sharp, cannot pierce the most tender flesh, not even the eye of the patient: of this, in my third proposition, I shall adduce proof the most incontestable."‡

† "Un coup d'épée" is the expression employed by Montgérond; but the facts elsewhere reported by himself do not seem to bear out, in most cases, its accuracy. It was not usually a thrust o a sword's point, but only a pressure with the point of a sharp sword, often so strong, however, that the weapon was bent by its force.
‡ Montgérond, Tom. III. p. 10.
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To some extent, it would seem, the symptoms themselves, attending the convulsions, appeared, to the observant physician, to warrant the propriety of the remedy desired. Montgérion copies a report of a case made to him, and attested by a gentleman of his acquaintance, a Jansenist, who had persuaded his cousin, Dr. M——, at that time a distinguished physician of Paris, and much prejudiced against the Jansenist movement, to accompany him to a house where there was a young girl subject to the reigning epidemic. They found her in a room, with twenty or thirty persons, and at the moment in convulsions. The assistants agreed to place the case in the hands of the physician, and he carefully noted the movements of the patient.

"After a time," proceeds the reporter, "he was greatly astonished to observe a sudden convulsive retraction of all the members. Examining the patient closely, touching her breast and limbs, he became aware of a contraction of the nerves, which gradually reached such a degree of violence that the whole body was disfigured in a frightful manner. His surprise was extreme, and it was soon changed to alarm, which induced him to forget his prejudices, and to resort to the very means he had previously condemned as useless or dangerous. He caused us to place ourselves, one at the head and one at each hand and foot, and bade us pull moderately. We did so.

"Not enough," he said, with his hand on the patient’s breast; ‘stronger!’

"We obeyed.

"‘Stronger yet!’ he exclaimed,

"‘We told him we were exerting our entire strength."

"‘Two, then, to each limb,’ he said.

"It was done (by the aid of long and very strong pieces of cloth-listing), but proved insufficient.

"‘Three to each!’ he cried; ‘the child will die; pull with all your force! Stronger still!’

"‘We cannot.’

"‘Then four to each!’

"‘He was obeyed.

"‘Ah, that relieves,’ he said; ‘the nerves resume their tone; the symptoms improve. But do not relax the tension.’

"‘Then, again, after a pause——

"‘Strong! stronger! The contractions increase. Pull all your strength to it.’"

Ultimately five persons were assigned to each band; and the nearest aided themselves by placing their feet against the bed. They continued their efforts during half-an-hour, sometimes pulling with all their strength, sometimes less strongly, as the physician observed the contraction of the nerves to increase or relax. Finally he ordered the tension to be gradually diminished, in proportion as the convulsion passed off.

After a time this convulsion was succeeded by another, causing a sudden and alarming swelling of the chest. ‘The girl stood leaning against a wall; and in that position he caused her, as had been our wont, to press with force on her chest. ‘This we did, interfering a small cushion composed of listing. At first, I alone assisted.’ Then Dr. M—— ordered three, four, five, ultimately even a greater number of persons, to aid them. ‘The convulsion ceased gradually, and in the same proportion he caused us to diminish the pressure.’

"Afterwards the physician, having retired to another room, said to us, before going away, ‘You would be homicides, gentlemen, if you did not render these succours; for the symptoms require them; and the girl would die, if you refused them. There is nothing but what is natural between her state and these succours.’"

Another example, occurring in 1740, and still more striking, because the case was that of a girl only three years of age, is given by Montgérion on the authority (amongst other witnesses) of Count de Novion, a near relative of the Duke de Gesvres, Governor of Paris. The Count, having been present throughout this case, testifies from personal observation.

The child’s limbs, as in the previous example, were drawn up by violent convulsive movements, and the muscles became as it were knotted, causing extreme pain. The little creature urgently begged that they would draw her legs and arms. Moderate tension caused no diminution of the pain; violent tension, administered with fear and trembling, relieved her immediately. She complained also of acute pain in the breast, which swelled to an alarming extent. To remove this, nothing proved effectual but excessive pressure with the knee on the part affected.

After a time, however, some of the Anti-Succourist theologians persuaded the mother that the succours ought not to be administered, and even raised doubts in her mind and in that of the count, as to whether the Devil had not some agency in the affair. ‘Who knows,’ said the latter, ‘if the Arch-Enemy has not a part in this?’ So they intermitted the succours for some weeks. During this time the infant gradually sank, would scarcely eat or drink, seldom slept, and death seemed imminent.

The physician, being called in, declared that the only hope was in resuming the succours, terrible as they appeared, and that, too, promptly. To the father he said:

‘If you delay it, it will be too late. While you are trying all your fine experiments with her, your child will die.’ They resumed the same violent remedies as before, and the child was gradually restored to perfect health.

But these examples, whatever we may think of them, are but some of the most moderate, which Montgérion himself admits to be explicable on natural principles. He says: ‘During the first months that the succours commenced,

* See, for the entire relation, from which I have here given extracts only, Montgérion’s work, Tom. III, pp. 24-26. Montgérion, though he vouches for the narrator as a gentleman worthy of all credit, does not give his name, nor that of the physician, except as Dr. M——. The occurrence took place in 1732.

† Montgérion, Tom. III, pp. 107-111.

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the power of resistance offered by the convulsionists did not appear so surprising, and seemed, indeed, to be the effect of an excessive swelling, which was observed in the muscles upon which the convulsionists requested the blows to be given, and of the violent agitation of the animal spirits; so that the succours demanded by the sufferers appeared, in a measure, the natural remedy for the state in which God had placed them. But when, every day, the violence of the blows increased, it became evident that the natural force of the muscles could not equal that of the tremendous strokes which the convulsionists demanded, in obedience, as they said, to the will of God. And here was manifested the miracle."

I proceed to give, as an example of one of the more violent succours here spoken of, a narrative, not only vouched for by Montgéron himself as a witness present, but put forth, in the first instance, by one of the most violent anti-succourists, the Abbé d'Asfeld, in his work already referred to, and put forth by him in order to be condemned as a wicked tempting of Providence, or, worse, an accepting of aid from the Prince of Darkness himself. It occurred in 1734.

"Here," says the Abbé, "is an example, all the more worthy of attention, inasmuch as persons of every station and condition, ecclesiastics, magistrates, ladies of rank, were among the spectators. Jeanne Moler, a young girl of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, standing up, with her back resting against a stone wall, an extremely robust man took an andiron, weighing, as was said, from twenty-five to thirty pounds, and therewith gave her, with his whole force, numerous blows on the stomach. They counted upwards of a hundred at a time. One day a certain friar, after having given her sixty such blows, tried the same weapon against a wall; and it is said that at the twenty-fifth blow he broke an opening through it."

Dom La Taste, the great opponent of Jansenism, alluding to the same circumstance, says: "I do not dispute the fact, that the andiron sunk so deeply that it appeared to penetrate to the very backbone."*

Montgéron, after quoting the above, adds his own testimony, as to this same occurrence, in these words:—

"As I am not ashamed to confess that I am one of those who have followed up most closely the work of the convulsions, I freely admit that I am the person to whom the author alludes. But when he speaks of a certain friar who tried against a wall the effect of blows similar to those he had given the convulsionist. As this is an occurrence personal to myself, I trust the reader will see the propriety of my presenting to him the narrative in a more exact and detailed form than that in which it is given by the author of the 'Vains Efforts.'"

"I had begun, as I usually do, by giving the convulsionist very moderate blows. But after a time, excited by her constant complaints, which left me no room to doubt that the oppression in the pit of the stomach, of which she complained, could be relieved only by violent blows, I gradually increased the force of mine, employing at last my whole strength; but in vain. The convulsionist continued to complain that the blows I gave her were so feeble that they procured her no relief, and she caused me to put the andiron into the hands of a large and stout man who happened to be one of the spectators. He kept within no bounds. Instructed by the trial he had seen me make that nothing could be too severe, he discharged such terrible blows, always on the pit of the stomach, as to shake the wall against which the convulsionist was leaning.

"She caused him to give her one hundred such blows, not reckoning as anything the sixty I had just administered. She warmly thanked the man who had procured her such relief, and reproached me for my weakness and lack of faith."

"When the hundred blows were completed, I saw the andiron, desirous of trying against the wall itself whether my blows, which she thought so feeble and complained of so bitterly, really did produce no effect. At the twenty-fifth stroke the stone against which I struck, and which had been shaken by the previous blows, was shattered, and the pieces fell out on the opposite side, leaving an opening of more than six inches square.

"Now let us observe what were the portions of the body of the convolutionist on which these fearful blows were dealt. It is true that they first came in contact with the skin, but they sank immediately to the back of the patient; their force was not arrested at the surface."

"I insist unnecessarily, perhaps, upon this fact, since all, even our greatest enemies, admit its truth. But, however incontestable it is, I conceive that I cannot too strongly prove it to those who have not themselves witnessed what

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† "As murderous blows must either wound or kill, but for a miracle, there ought to be a promise or a revelation to warrant their infliction. But God has given no such promise, no such revelation, to justify the demanding or the granting of succours. It is therefore a tempting of God to do so."—Vains Efforts des Discernmans, p. 133.
‡ Chezef is the French expression, an andiron, or doréron, as it is sometimes called. Montgéron thus describes it: "The andiron in question was a thick, roughly-shaped bar of iron, bent at both ends, but the front end divided in two, to serve for feet, and furnished with a thick, short knob. This andiron weighed between twenty-nine and thirty-pounds."—Montgéron, Tom. III. p. 695.

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* Mémoire Théologique, p. 41. This is admitted also by the Abbé (see Vains Efforts, p. 127), and by M. Prouet (Réponse, etc., p. 12).
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happened; inasmuch as the principal objection
made by the author of the "Mémoire Théolo-
rique" consists in supposing that the violence of the
most tremendous blows given to convulsion-
ists is suspended by the Devil, who thus nullifies
the effect they would naturally produce."* Montgérond further says, that "the greatest
energy exerted by these convulsionists allowed
them to admit the fact that such terrible blows, far from
producing the slightest wound or causing the con-
vulsionist the least suffering, actually cured the
pains of which she complained."†

The convulsionist sometimes demanded enor-
mous pressure instead of violent blows. To this,
also, the Abbé d’Astepfeld testifies. I trans-
late from his "Vains Efforts."

"Next came the exercise of the plat-
form. It consisted in placing on the convul-
sionist, who was stretched on the ground, a
board of sufficient size to cover her entirely;
and as many men as could stand upon it
mounted on the board. The convulsionist sus-
tained them all." Montgérond adds: "This relation is tolerably
exact, and it only remains for me to observe,
that, as they gave each other the hand, for
reciprocal support, most of those who were on
the board rested the whole weight of the body
on a single foot. Thus, twenty men at a time
often stood upon the board, and were supported
on the body of a young convulsionist. Now,
as most men weigh a hundred and fifty pounds
—and many weigh more—the body of the girl
must have sustained a weight of three thousand
pounds, if not sometimes nearly four thousand
—a load sufficient to crush an ox. Yet, not
only was the convulsionist not oppressed by it,
but she often found the pressure insufficient to
correct the swelling which distended her mus-
cles. With what force must not God have en-
dowed the body of this girl! Since the days of
Samson was ever seen such a prodigy?"**

If these incidents, attested as they are by
friend and foe, seem to us incredible, what shall
we say of another, not less strongly attested?
Let us first, as before, take the statement of
an adversary. I translate from the "Mémoire
Théologique."

"A convulsionist laid herself on the floor,
flat on her back; and a man, kneeling beside
her, and raising a flint-stone, weighing upwards
of twenty pounds, as high as he could, after
several preliminary trials, dashed it, with all his
force, against the breast of the convulsionist,
giving her one hundred such blows in succes-
sion."††

To this Montgérond subjoins—"But the au-
thor ought to have added, that, at each blow,
the whole room shook, the floor trembled, and
the spectators could not repress a shudder at
the frightful noise which was heard, as each
blow fell on the convulsionist's breast." We
need not be surprised that he adds: "Not only
ought such strokes naturally to rupture the
minute vessels, the delicate glands, the veins
and the arteries of which the breast is composed
—not only ought they, in the course of Nature,
to have crushed and reduced the whole to a
bloody mass, but they ought to have shattered
to pieces the bones and cartilages by which the
breast is enclosed."‡‡

This was the view of the case taken by a cele-
brated physician of the day. Montgérond tells
us: "This philosopher maintained that the facts
alleged could not be true, because they were
physically impossible. He raised, among other
objections, this—that the flexible, delicate nature
of the skin, of the flesh, and of the viscera, is
incompatible with a force and a consistency so
extraordinary as the alleged facts presuppose;
and, consequently, that it was impossible, with-
out ceasing to be what they are, without a ra-
dical change in their qualities, that they should
acquire a force superior to that of the hardest
and most solid bodies. They let him quietly
complete his anatomical argument, and set forth
all his proofs, and merely answered, "Come and
see; test the truth of the facts for yourself." He
went. At first sight he is seized with as-
tonishment; he doubts the evidence of his eyes:
he asks to be allowed himself to administer the
succours. They immediately place in his hands
iron bars of a crushing weight. He does not

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* Montgérond, Tom. III. p. 693.
† Montgérond, Tom. III. p. 694.
‡ Montgérond, Tom. III. p. 697.
†† Montgérond, Tom. III. p. 695.
‡‡ Montgérond, Tom. III. p. 696.
spare his blows; he exerts his utmost strength. The weapon sinks into the flesh, seems to penetrate to the entrails; but the convulsionist only laughs at his idle efforts. His blows but procure her relief, without leaving the least impression, the slightest trace even on the epidermis.”

Space fails me to furnish more than a very few additional specimens of the endless incidents of which the details are scattered by Montgérón over hundreds of pages—incidents occurring in various parts of Paris daily for many years. Three or four more of these may suffice for my present purpose.

A certain Marie Sonnet had made herself so remarkable by the incredible succours she demanded, that a physician of Paris, Dr. A——, published, in regard to her case, a satirical letter addressed to M. de Montgérón, in which, after attacking the girl’s moral character, he assumed this strange position: “It is a sentiment universally established, that it is in the power of the Devil, when God permits, to communicate to man forces above those of Nature. Nor must it be said that God never permits this; the case of the girl Sonnet is unanswerable proof to the contrary.”

Among the incidents which appear to have led to this opinion one is thus stated by him: “They fell upon her stomach, from the height of the ceiling, a stone weighing fifty pounds, while her body, bent back like a bow, was supported on the point of a sharpened stake, placed just under the spine; yet, far from being crushed by the stone, or pierced by the stake, it was a relief to her.”

Montgérón supplies further particulars of this case. He says: “It was not once, it was a hundred times in succession, and that daily repeated, that this flint-stone was raised by main force, by the aid of a pulley, to the ceiling of the room, and thence suddenly fell on the stomach of the patient. This stone weighed, it is true, fifty pounds only, but, descending from a great height, its effect was immensely increased by the momentum it acquired in falling, as soon as the cord was detached by which it was suspended in the air; and, in truth, the ribs of the convulsionist bent under the terrible shock, sinking under the weight till her stomach and bowels were so completely flattened that the stone seemed wholly to displace them. Yet she received no injury whatever, but was relieved, as Dr. A—— himself admits. He confesses, also, that the body of the convulsionist was bent back, so that the head and feet touched the floor, and was supported only on the sharp point of a stake right under her reins, and placed perpendicularly beneath the spot where the stone was to fall: the weight of the stone in falling was, therefore, arrested only by the point of this stake, the body of the convulsionist being between them, so that the entire force of the blow was concentrated opposite that point. . . . The stake appeared to penetrate to a certain depth into the body, yet neither the skin nor the flesh received the slightest injury, nor did the convulsionist experience any pain whatever.”

This same Marie Sonnet exposed herself to terrible tests by fire. A certificate in regard to this matter, signed by eleven persons, of whom one was an English lord, one a Doctor of Theology in the Sorbonne, and another the brother of Voltaire, Armand Arnot, Treasurer of the Chamber of Accounts, is given by Montgérón, and I here translate it:

“We, the undersigned, certify that this day, between eight and ten o’clock, p.m., Marie Sonnet, being in convulsions, was placed, her head resting on one stool and her feet on another, these stools being entirely within a large chimney and under the opening of the same, so that her body was suspended in the air above the fire, which was of extreme violence, and that she remained in that position for the space of thirty-six minutes, at four different times; yet the cloth [drap] in which she was wrapped (she having no other dress) was not burned, though the flames sometimes passed above it; all which appears to us entirely supernatural. In testimony whereof we have signed our names, this twelfth of May, 1736.”

To this certificate, which was afterwards legally recorded, a postscript is appended, stating that, while they were writing out the certificate, Marie placed herself a fifth time over the fire, as before, remaining there nine minutes—that she appeared to sleep, though the fire was excessively hot, fifteen logs of wood, besides faggots, having been consumed in the two hours and a quarter during which the witnesses remained.

Montgérón adds that this exhibition has been witnessed at least a hundred times, and by a multitude of persons. And he expressly states, that the stools, which consisted of iron frames, with a board upon each, were placed entirely within the fireplace, and one on each side of the fire; so that, as Marie Sonnet rested her head on one stool and her feet on the other, her body remained suspended immediately above the fire; and further, that, “no matter how intense the heat, not only did she suffer no inconvenience, but the cloth in which she was wrapped was never injured, nor even singed.”

— Montgérón, Tom. II., Idées de l’État des Convulsionnaires, pp. 45, 46. Montgérón does not allege, however, that any other part of the body than that where the warming pains were felt became insensible or invulnerable. He cites (Tom. III. p. 629) the case of a convulsionist who, “at the moment when they were striking her on the breast with all possible force with a stone weighing twenty-five pounds, she did not suspend the succours for a moment, till she adjusted, in another part of her dress, a pin that was pricking her.”
though it was sometimes actually in the flames.

He declares, also, that Marie, on other occasions, remained over the fire much longer than is above certified. The author of the "Vains Efforts" admits that "she remained exposed to the fire long enough to roast a piece of mutton or veal."

Montgérion informs us, in addition, that Marie Somer sometimes varied the form of this experiment, with a somewhat varying result. He says: "I have seen her five or six times, and in the presence of a multitude of persons, thrust both her feet, with shoes and stockings on, into the midst of a burning brazier; but in this case the fire did not respect the shoes as, in the other, it had respected the cloth that enveloped her. The shoes caught fire, and the soles were reduced to ashes, but without the convulsionist experiencing pain in her feet, which she continued to keep for a considerable time in the fire. Once I had the curiosity to examine the soles of her stockings, in order to ascertain if they, too, were burnt. As soon as I touched them they crumbled to powder, so that the sole of the foot remained bare."

Dr. A——, in the letter already alluded to, which he published against this girl, admits that "while in the midst of flames, or stretched over a burning brazier, she received no injury whatever."

M. Poncet, whom I have elsewhere mentioned as one of the chief writers against the Succourists, admits the following:

"This convulsionist (Gabrielle Moler) placed herself on her knees before a large fire full of burning coals all in flame. Then, a person being seated behind her, and holding her by a band, she plunged her head into the flames, which closed over it; then, being drawn back, she repeated the same, continuing it with a regular alternate movement. She has been seen thus to throw herself on the fire six hundred times in succession. Usually she wore a bonnet, but sometimes not; and when she did wear one the top of the bonnet was occasionally burned." Montgérion adds, "but her hair never."

Gabrielle was the first who (in 1736) demanded what was called the succour of the swords. Montgérion says: "She was prompted by the supernatural instinct which guided her to select the strongest and sharpest sword she could find among those worn by the spectators. Then setting herself with her back against a wall, she placed the point of the sword just above her stomach, and called upon him who seemed the strongest man to push it with all his force; and though the sword bent into the form of a bow from the violence with which it was pushed, so that they had to press against the middle of the blade to keep it straight still, the convulsionist cried out 'Stronger! stronger! After a time she applied the point of the sword to her throat, and required it to be pushed with the same violence as before. The point caused the skin to sink into the throat to the depth of four finger-breadths, but it never pierced the flesh, let them push as violently as they would. Nevertheless, the point of the sword seemed to attach itself to the skin; for, when drawn back, it drew the skin with it, and left a trifling redness, such as would be caused by the prick of a pin. For the rest, the convulsionist suffered no pain whatever."

Similar is the testimony of an Advocate of the Parliament of Paris, extracts from whose certificate in regard to the succours rendered to the Sister Madeleine are given by Montgérion. Here is one of these:

"One day, extended on the ground, she caused a spurt to be placed upright, with the point on her bare throat. Then a stout man mounted on a chair, and suspended his whole body from the head of the spurt, pressing with all his force, as if to transfuse the throat and pierce the floor beneath. But the flesh merely sank in with the point of the spurt, without being in the least injured.

"Another day she placed the point of a very sharp sword against the hollow of the throat, just below the epiglottis, and, standing with her back against the wall, called on them to push the sword. A vigorous man did so, till the blade bent, though not so much as to form a complete arc. The point sank into the flesh about an inch. I was curious to measure the exact depth, and found that the flesh rose so far around the sword-point that I could sink a finger in beyond the first joint. She received this succour twice. The sword was one of the sharpest I have ever seen. We tried it against a portfolio, containing the paper intended for the minutes which on such occasions I always make out. It perforated the pasteboard and a considerable part of the papers within."

The Sister Madeleine carried her temerity in this matter still farther. Here is a portion of the certificate of an ecclesiastic, for whose uprightness and truthfulness Montgérion vouches in strong terms, and who relates what he alleges he saw on the thirty-first of May, 1774.

"Madeleine caused them to hold two swords in the air horizontally. She herself placed the point of one in the inner corner of the right eye, and of the other in the inner corner of the left, and then called out to those who held the swords, "In the name of the Father, push!" They did so with all their force, and I confess that I shuddered from head to foot. . . . A second time Madeleine caused them to set two swords against the pupils of her eyes, and to

* Montgérion, Tom. II. Idée de l'État des Convulsionnaires, pp. 31, 32.
† Ibid. p. 33.
‡ Lettre du Dr. A—— à M. de Montgérion, p. 7.
§ Réponse des Anti-Secouristes à la Réclamation, par M. Poncet, p. 4.
|| Montgérion, Tom. III. p. 706.
press them strongly, as before. This time I
took especial notice of the part of the sword that
was on a level with the surface of the eye when
the pressure was the strongest, and I perceived
that the point had penetrated a good inch into
the pupil.\*\

The Chaplain in Ordinary of the King, under
date of the fourth of October, 1744, testifies to
confirmatory facts. He says: "I have seen
them push sword-points against the eyes of
Sisters Madeleine and Félicité, sometimes on
the pupil, sometimes in the corner of the eye,
sometimes on the eyelid, with such force as to
cause the eyeball to project, till the spectators
shuddered." †

Another officer of the royal household gives
a certificate of succours administered to this
same Madeleine, of a character scarcely less
wonderful, with pointed spits, of which two were
broken against her body. This officer certifies,
also, that, on one occasion, when pushing a sharp
sword against Madeleine, not being able to push
strongly enough to satisfy her, he placed a book
bound in parchment on his own breast, placed
the hilt of his sword against it, and pressed with
so much force that the top of the book was
quite spoiled by the deep indentation made by
the sword-hilt. He adds: "The instinct of her
convulsion caused her sometimes to demand as
many as twenty-two swords at a time. These
were placed, some in front, some against her
back, some against her sides in every direction.
I myself never saw such a sight so many employed;
but I was present, and was myself assisting,
when eighteen swords were pushed at once
against various parts of her body. Although
the force with which this prodigious succour
was administered caused deep indentations in
the flesh, she never received the slightest
wound. It often happened that the convulsions
caused the flesh to react under the pressure of
the sword-points, so as forcibly to push back
the assistant."
†

The Advocate of the Parliament of Paris,
already mentioned, certifies to the same phe-
omenon. His words are: "One can feel
under the sword-point a movement of the flesh,
which, from time to time, thrusts back the
sword. This occurs most strongly when the
succour is nearly at an end. The convulsionist
calls out "Enough!" as soon as the pains are
relieved." §

The same Advocate states, that sometimes
the convulsionist threw the weight of her body
on the swords, the hilts resting on the floor,
and being secured from slipping. He speaks
of one case in which, "whilst she was balancing
herself on the points of several swords upon
which she had thrown herself with all her
weight, one of them broke." ¶

The officer of the king's household already
spoken of testifies to a similar fact. A certain
Sister Dinah, he says, caused six swords thus to
break against her body. He adds, that he him-
self broke the blade of a sword while thrusting
against her; and he saw two others broken in
the same way.\*

In regard to what Montgéméron considers the
exacting instinct, the same officer says: "I had
the curiosity to ask Sister Madeleine, in her
natural state, what was the sort of suffering
which caused her to have recourse to such
astonishing succours. She replied, that the
pain she suffered was the same as if swords were
actually piercing her; that she felt relieved of
this pain as soon as the sword points penetrated
to her skin, and quite cured when the assistants
put their whole force to it. She laughed when
the swords pierced her dress, saying: 'I feel
the points on my skin. That relieves me.
That does me good.' ††

Both the Advocate of Parliament and the ec-
clesiastic from whose certificates I have quoted
testify that the convulsionists were repeatedly
undressed and examined by a committee of their
own sex, consisting in part of incredulous ladies
of fashion, to ascertain that they had nothing
concealed under their clothes to resist the sword-
points. But in every case it was ascertained
that they wore but the ordinary articles of under-
lining. The Sister Dinah was examined in
this way, and it was ascertained that she had
nothing under her gown except a chemise and
a simple linen stomacher. Her clothing was
found pierced in many places, but the flesh
wholly uninjured. ‡

Although throughout the writings of the
Anti-Succourists there are constant denuncia-
tions of these succours as flagrant and wicked
temptings of Providence, yet I do not find
therein any allegation that serious injury was ever
sustained by any of the patients. Montgéméron
himself, however, admits that, on one occasion,
a wound was received. He tells us that a certain
convulsionist long resisted the instinct which
bade her demand the succour of a triangular
bladed sword against the left breast, fearing the
result. At last, however, the pain became so
intense that she was fain to consent. For the
first seven or eight minutes the sword-point
only indented the flesh, as usual. But then,
says Montgéméron, "her faith suddenly failing
her, she cried out: "Ah! you will kill me!"
No sooner had she pronounced the words than
the sword pierced the flesh, making a wound
two inches in depth." He alleges, further, that
the instincts of the convulsionist informed her
that the wound would have no bad consequences,
and could be cured by severe blows of a club on
the same spot, which he declared happened ac-
ccordingly.‖

Besides the incidents above related, and a
hundred others of similar character, which, if

\* Montgéméron, Tom. III. pp. 713, 714.
† Ibid. p. 719.
‡ Ibid. p. 721.
¶ Ibid. p. 716.
§ Ibid. p. 709.
\* Montgéméron, Tom. III. p. 708.
†† Ibid. p. 718.
‡‡ Ibid. p. 709.
ime and the reader's patience permitted, I might pull from Montgiron's pages, the restless enthusiasm of the convulsionists ultimately betrayed them into extravagances, in which it is often hard to decide whether the grotesque or the horrible more predominated. One convulsionist descended the long stairs of an infirmary head foremost, lying on her back; another caused herself to be attached, by a rope round her neck, to a hook in the wall. A third repeated her prayers while turning somersaults. A fourth, suspended by the feet, with the head hanging down, remained in that position three-quarters of an hour. A fifth, lying down on a tomb, caused herself to be covered to the neck with baked earth mixed with sand and saturated with vinegar. A sixth made her bed in winter on billets of wood; a seventh on bars of iron. The Sister Félicité was in the habit of causing herself to be nailed to the cross, and of remaining there half-an-hour at a time, gaily conversing with the pious who surrounded her. Another sister, named Scholastique, after long hesitation between different modes of mortification, having one day remarked the manner in which they constructed the pavement of the streets, had her dress tightly fastened below the knee, and then ordered one of the assistants to take her by the legs, and, with her head downward, to dash it repeatedly against the tiled floor, after the fashion of paviers when using a rammer.

"If," says Calmet, "the idea had chance to suggest itself to one of these theomaniacs, that disembowelling alive would be a sacrifice pleasing to the Supreme Being, she would undoubtedly have insisted upon being subjected to such a martyrdom."

The mental and physiological phenomena connected with this epidemic remain to be noticed, together with the theories and suggestions put forth by medical and other contemporary writers, in explanation of what has here been sketched, the substance of which is usually admitted by these commentators, however incredible when related at this distance of time it may appear.

**KENTISH WANDERINGS.**

**BY JOHN CHURCHILL BRENAN.**

After a certain fashion I am a wanderer. I am not a tinker, nor a tramp, nor a knife and scissors grinder, nor a country postman, nor a wandering minstrel, nor a hoop-picker, nor a gipsy, nor a travelling showman, nor anything in the least disreputable—not that I mean to say any of the former are; and yet I am a wanderer. Do not think for a moment that I am a wanderer on an extensive scale, like poor Oliver Goldsmith, who travelled "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow" half-over, the then seldom English-haunted Continent, or the more modern Owen Meredith, whose wanderings produced one of the most charming volumes of verse the present generation has had the pleasure to read. I cannot even say that I have been from "John O'Groat's to the Land's End," or even taken a "Tour through Norway with a Knapsack;" but as it seems to be the custom for every one to write about their wanderings now-a-days, I see no earthly reason why I should not try to make an article out of mine.

Being an Englishman, of course I have no hesitation in saying that England is the most beautiful country in the world; and, loving Kent as I do, I am equally prepared to argue that it is the most picturesque county in England, and therefore the pleasantest place in

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* The details are given by M. Morand, a surgeon of Paris of high reputation, member of the Academy of Sciences, who had been employed by the Lieutenant of Police to make him a report on the subject, and who reproduces the result of his observations in his "Opuscules de Chirurgie." He found four girls, the centres of whose hands and feet were indurated by the frequent perforations of the nails. He witnessed the operation of crucifying one of them, the Sister Félicité. A certain M. La Barre was the operator. The nails were of the sort called demi-pieceron, very sharp, flat, four-sided, and with a large head. They were driven, at a single blow of the hammer, nearly through the centre of the palm between the third and fourth fingers; and in like manner through each foot a little above the toes, and between the third and fourth; the same stroke causing the nail to enter also the wood of the cross. Félicité gave no signs of sensibility during the operation. When attached to the cross she was gay, and conversed with whoever addressed her, remaining crucified nearly half-an-hour. Morand remarked that her wounds were not at all bloody, and that very little blood flowed, even when the nails were withdrawn. See his "Opuscules de Chirurgie," Partie II. chap. 6.

* De la Folie, Tom. II.; the page I omitted to note.
the universe. I can say, with a certainty, that
I know something about almost every part of
Kent, from the unpicturesque, unshapely Old
Kent Road to the dear white cliffs of Dover.
And between those two places what miles of
truly English scenery still remains, notwith-
standing that bricks and mortar have done all
and everything in their power to Londonize the
country in every available building-space!
What woods there are, where the tall trees meet
overhead, almost shutting out the golden sun-
light, and making us fancy we are in one of
those fairy forests (where Beauty’s father found
the Beast’s palace, and the Children in the
Wood were covered over with leaves by the
robin-redbreast) which we read of in childhood,
whilst we wander over the flower-decked ground
under their leafy branches! What hills there are,
from tops of which we can look down on
miles of wild rose or blackberry-hedged lanes,
on each side of which are cornfields which rival
the sun in their golden splendour, or acres of
clover, the scent of which puts the most deli-
cately-prepared “extracts” of Rimmel, or Pesse
and Lubin entirely into the shade! What old-
fashioned-looking highroads still remain, dotted
with thatched cottages, woodbine or rose-
covered gentlemen’s houses, and cheerful-looking
“Blue Lions,” with maybe a little streamlet
ripping along on one side of the way, in some
parts of which grow watercresses! What wild,
weird commons are still unbuilt upon in Kent,
looking no doubt the same as they did when
Tony Lumpkin drove Mrs. Hardcastle, on her
wild-goose journey, and finally upset carriage,
horses, mother and all, in a ditch! What grand
old manor-houses still remain! What arcadian
meadows, sweet-smelling hayfields, fine-look-
ing cherry and apple orchards, picturesque
farmhouses, fairy-like dells, miniature fish-
inhabited lakes, with weeping-willows dropp-
ing into their clear waters, flourishing hop-
gardens, and bright-coloured bean and poppy
fields are still to be seen, when wandering in
Kent!

Unlike that of some counties, the Kentish
scenery is awy interesting. It is cheerful
and exhilarating in early spring-time, when the
lately-ploughed earth shows many shades and
colours, and the budding trees give life a feeling
of freshness, which makes us almost seem as if
we were again in childhood; it is grand and
gorgeous in summer, with its richly-stored
trees and fields, its long grass-covered ground,
and its millions of wild-flowers which cover the
sweet-smelling hedges; it is dreamy and some-
what solemn in autumn, when the corn and
fruit have been gathered in, and the russet-
tinted leaves are falling, reminding us that the
autumn of our life will some day come, when
we too will decay and die; and it has an ex-
tremely friendly appearance in winter, with its
hard, snow-covered ground and frozen-over
ponds, its warm-looking country houses and
cottages, and its bright evergreens, which come
to cheer us when the fair summer-flowers are
sleeping their long sleep.

Oftentimes my excuse for wandering has been
fishing. Great preparations have I made the
night before, and laden with rods, bait, and
hooks of every size and description, I have wan-
dered to some quiet stream or tiny lake, to idle
away the pleasant hours of the glaring hot
summer’s day. Not having the genius of Isak
Walton, or of poor Arthur Smith, the “Thames
Angler,” I have seldom caught many; but
dreams and strange fancies have come over me
when I have have stood alone for hours in some
solitary spot, waiting for the fish to bite,
which I should never have had otherwise;
so I like fishing. Only think how pleasant it is,
and you will turn piscator at once. Fancy the
large bird-haunted trees under which I have
stood; the lowing of the cattle in the distance;
the swans, with their tribe of newly-hatched
cygnetts gliding along gracefully in the water;
the long reeds which wave musically in the sum-
mer’s breeze; the faint hum of the thousands
of joyous insects, and the fainter hum of human
life which I hear every now and then in the far-
off distance; and tell me if fishing, under such
circumstances, is not truly delightful, even if
you only catch one or two small trout or perch,
which of course you would throw back into the
water. And then how fairy-like it all seems
when evening comes on, and the twilight shadows
make strange, fantastic shapes all around, and
cause the branches of the trees to be reflected
grotesquely in the darkening water! Many a time
when I have stood there in the twilight, mem-
ories of old friends—some gone I know not where,
others long since dead, whom I had almost for-
gotten in the busy routine of every-day life—
come over me, making me wonder what I have
done, that I should have been spared to outlive
them and enjoy the peaceful summer evening,
when they, who were of more use in the world
than I shall ever be, have left the earth forever.
Sweet are such memories! and sweeter still are
the recollections of dear faces, whom we madly
loved, when our hearts were pure and hated the
temptations to which we have somehow since
become the victims—whom we loved and wor-
shipped when the earth seemed a fairy garden,
made only for innocent love, and the lovely
flowers and dreamy stars of night gave us
thoughts that made us swear that we would al-
ways be true to somebody, and that nothing
should ever part us but death. Of course it
was all nonsense, and we have not done so; but
the memory of such times is doubly sweet when
we know that we can never have such pure and
happy feelings again. And then the night comes
on. The pale, sad moon casts its beams on the
water, making it a lake of silver, and the little
stars are reflected, twinkling in its seemingly
bottomless depths. Whoever saw Sir Edwin
Landsaeer’s picture of the stag dying by a lake,
in the Royal Academy of 1859, will have some
idea of the scene I have attempted to describe.
And soon after the sun has gone down I hear
the flutterings of the daybirds as they settle to
roost amongst the branches of the high trees—
can see the cattle hurrying to take up their
nightly shelter against the dew-covered hedges—and can see the owls, bats, and other night-birds, as they leave their dark retreats and give a weird-like effect to the scene by their wild, unearthly cries.

Many ideas, which I have afterwards worked out, have come to me when I have been fishing. I have composed more poems than will ever be published; thought out long three-volumed novels; mentally written and composed songs; invented grand operas, overtures, choruses, solos, recitative, finale and all; and imagined the openings of many pantomimes, some of which I hoped to see at least at one of the London theatres. I have fancied the pantomime overture, singing over the popular airs which some illustrious musical conductor will have "arranged," and which will be sung in chorus by the gallery on boxing-night, and the mysterious music which precedes the rising of the curtain on the "Demon's Haunt" in the Sunless Valley.

I sing to myself the opening chorus of demons, who drink destruction to everybody, but are interrupted by the sudden appearance of some good fairy, from the mezzanine, who tells them, in a popular melody, that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, and that she is, in fact, hard up for a subject for the pantomime. Demons behave like demons; some well-known mythical character—say Mother Goose—is called in from somewhere; and lastly, one of the often-used nursery stories, with a Jack, of course, for the hero, is fixed upon for the opening. The fairy promises to aid Jack; the demons swear to do the reverse; it is not very clear what Mother Goose does; and then, after singing a trio, to the music of which attendant demons \\

mercifully beaten by their cruel master, to amuse the pretty dears in the boxes. Yes, I go on imagining the pantomime until the good fairy makes all somehow end happily, and the gallery applaud the transformation scene. And then I am lost in the mysteries of the Harlequinade, and find myself suddenly thinking of something else.

Gathering my rods and lines together, I wade through the long, damp grass, and begin to wander homewards. Quiet-looking cows, disturbed from their sleep, stare wonderingly at me as I pass; unseen dogs bark savagely at the sound of my footsteps; and every other countryman I meet, "homeward wending his weary way," asks me "if I have caught any fish?" and is full of piscatory advice for my benefit on future occasions. There is a certain charm about Kentish scenery on a moonlight summer's night that gives me a sort of feeling as if I was wandering in dreamland.

I have a partiality for haunting the old churchyards I pass on my way home, wondering what the people were who lie beneath the half-effaced inscriptions on the tombstones. Reading the quaintly-written epitaphs which sorrowing friends (numbered with the dead themselves now) have inscribed to the memory of their lost dear ones, gives me strange feelings, and makes me wonder whether my last resting-place will be as quiet and peaceful as theirs. I hope it may. Surely the thought of lying in a far-off English country churchyard, where no greedy citizens will want, in years to come, to build their shops and houses over our remains, must be a great consolation to those who know that their last hour is fast approaching.

Thinking of Hamlet and the well-known portrait of John Keble, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, R.A., as I always do when I see a churchyard by moonlight, I again begin to wander home. Lights gleam from the windows of the large country houses as I pass, and within some I can hear the sound of the piano and sweet girlish voices warbling memory-haunting old songs. I light my pipe, and maybe pay a passing visit to "The Marquis of Somewhere," or the "Earl of Somewhere-else" (what innocent places compared with their gin-palace companions in the large towns!), and at last reach home somewhat tired, but thoroughly refreshed, both in mind and body, by my wanderings.

Recollections come across me of all kinds of strange journeys I have taken in Kent, at different times and for various reasons. Once it was a fair. As a rule I keep away from fairs now that I am getting older, especially when they are near London, and are consequently frequented by the roughs of Whitechapel and the New Cut, out for a night's spree; but in the country it is a different thing altogether. The rustic (if I may call him so in this enlightened time, when the sons of peasants often receive a better education at the parish-school than do the children of the middle-classes) goes to the fair to keep his eyes wide open, and be
astonished at the, to him, wonderful things about the place. The cockney, who has seen all the shows and theatres in London, thinks the performances in the booths fit only as a subject on which to show off his powers of ridicule: consequently a country fair is a much better place for quiet people, who go there merely for harmless amusement. I saw advertisements stating that a fair would be held some miles down in Kent, on a heath, where it had been held regularly every year since the days of King John, some four miles distant from a country station of the S.E.R.

Being certain that no itinerant vendor of green spectacles could take me in, I resolved to go. I was surprised to see no crowd waiting at London Bridge, and still more so, when the train stopped, to find myself the only one going to the fair. It was then past seven o'clock, and an autumn evening, and they told me that I should have to walk nearly five miles before I reached the fair—pleasant to begin with, especially with a wild heath forming part of the route! But I rather liked that; it was romantic, at all events; and the idea of robbers never came into my mind. At first the walk was not so lonely, but everyone seemed to be coming from the fair; no one going my way except an old beggar-man—whom I do not believe had any business to be a beggar more than myself—with a large stick, who would walk just behind me, and keep on asking, in a whining voice, for a "bit of bread"—as if I was in the habit of carrying remnants of the staff of life about with me in my wanderings! But I soon left him far behind. How thankful I felt that I could walk at least three times faster than he! For it is very annoying to be followed by a blasphemous old man, with a stick, in a lonely country walk! And after wandering up a steep and narrow lane, I found myself on the borders of the heath in the fast-gathering twilight.

Coming towards me from the common I saw a man and his wife, with their children, all laden with parcels, and hurrying homewards to the village, in which was the railway station. They told me that I still had a long way to go, and they stared wonderfully at one who was alone going to cross the dark heath which they were glad to leave behind them; and when they had all disappeared down the lane, and there was not a human being in sight, a feeling of loneliness came over me such as I seldom feel; and when I had safely crossed the heath, and had called for a few minutes at a roadside inn—where I was surprised to see gas, though it was at least two miles distant from any house larger than a labourer's cottage—I found that I had still three miles further to go—pleasanter still! though the country through which I had to wander well repaid me for my trouble; and I was soon passing neat little cottages, from which came groups of three or four people, all going in the same direction as myself. It seemed so strange, coming from the solitary heath into the midst of the provincial merry-makers! Fancy a wood, with very tall trees, thickly bound together with bushes and brambles, and embracing grotesquely high up in the air—a narrow pathway through these trees, going rapidly down-hill until it was a hundred feet below the level of the high-road—fancy a running stream crossed by a crazy old bridge at the bottom of the hill—fancy another hill, which had to be ascended after crossing the stream, and you will have some idea of the picturesque scenery through which I had to wander when going to the fair.

Once out of the wood, my journey was nearly at an end. Here I saw a middle-aged woman, standing on a patch of grass by the wayside, and surrounded with baskets and bundles. I was just going to ask her if I was going in the right direction (how many people I had asked that question of already!), when she asked me if there would be a coach, or anything of the sort, pass by that way. All I could answer was: "I am quite a stranger in these parts; but as it must be eight o'clock, I don't think there's much chance of seeing a coach go by to-night."

It seems that she was a servant, from London, who, after travelling all day, had been set down by the railway omnibus outside the gates of the large country house before which we then stood, thinking it was the "place" for which she had been engaged in London. However, on ringing the bell, she found herself mistaken, and no one could tell her in what direction her "place" was to be found. Left alone, with all her worldly goods, in a lonely country lane, in the now moonless night, with seemingly no prospect of getting back to London, or even of moving from the spot until late the next morning, her position was not to be envied; but as I could be of no use, I wished her and her boxes a speedy release from the patch of grass, and continued my journey.

The lanes were now becoming crowded with somewhat noisy people; horses and chaises passed by in quick succession; a smell of naphtha mingled with the dreamy odour of the autumn leaves—and at last, the trees suddenly opening on the left, I found myself in a blaze of light, and knew that I was in the fair.

The place looked immensely cheerful—not that I am going to say much about the fair itself, which, except that it was cleaner, brighter-looking, more respectably attended, and less crowded, was in no way different from the fairs which have been so often described. The swings, roundabouts, gingerbreadnut-stalls, dancing-booth, and the canvas-walled theatre for the performance of the Richardsonian drama, were there in all their glory. But, somehow, I have long ceased to care for such things, though there was a time when a fair seemed to me like a dream of the Arabian Nights. And the wonderful shows, which so interested me when a boy (and I seldom went to the regular theatres), seem very dreary now. And how can I sit any longer on that backless form, crowded like an
excursion-train, and somehow reminding me of the time when we used, at school, to learn Euclid all of a row on a form, every Wednesday morning. So, while the boy is singing a comic song (which I knew would be a music-hall song, and one long ceased to be popular in London) between the pieces, I wander up the tottering steps and out of the show, and then into the dancing-booth further up the field.

Here they are playing dance-music which I have played myself, and it seems almost like meeting with an old friend to hear it in this out-of-the-way country fair. And over at the other end of the field they are letting off fireworks, which was one of the principal attractions mentioned in the London advertisements. But, after all, the best part of the fair is when I have again reached the lane, and, looking back for a few minutes, see the flags flying from the swing tops, and the many-coloured lights in front of the shows, and, hearing the braying of the brass bands softened down into something like melody by the distance, think that, after all, an English country fair is one of the most picturesque sights in the world.

It is now ten o'clock. And ten o'clock was the time when the last train was to leave for London at the country station nearly five miles off; so as there seemed to be no conveyance from the place, I came to the conclusion that I must either walk home or stay at the fair all night. Though I started from London, I did not live there. My home was some seven or eight miles away from the great city, and, as far as I could calculate, I should have to walk some nine or ten miles (I found the distance much longer) before I had a chance of going to bed. And then I had not the least idea at the time which way to turn, and was obliged to ask about every five minutes. All I knew was that I must somehow or other, reach the little village of W--. And when once there, I knew that I could easily find my way home. They told me that W-- was not more than three miles distant, which was cheerful news; and to get there I had to go down a long lane (high brick walls on one side, and a ditch, behind which was a hedge, behind which were dwarfed trees, on the other) which for a time seemed to be a contradiction to the proverb; for it seemed as if there was never going to be any turning. And in that long lane I passed but three people—a loutish-looking chap, with a country girl on each arm; all three singing those eternal melodies of the music-halls. But I soon outdistanced them, and, when at last out of the lane, found myself in a maze of cross-roads and turnings.

I could see an old-fashioned sort of farmhouse not far off, and I thought I would there inquire my way; but as soon as I rung the bell, the silence of the night was broken by the barking of many dogs from within the house. The door was soon opened, by a "horse-y"-looking man, around whom dogs were jumping and climbing, like village boys round a greased pole, at a country fête. When I grew accustomed to the light of the one candle which the man had in his hand, I found that the street door opened right into a large kitchen, with a blazing fire at one end, and dogs asleep before the fire—dogs all over the tiled floor, dogs on the chairs and tables: in fact, dogs everywhere. And at the sight of myself they set up a tremendous howling, which their master was scarcely able to stop. It seems that a hunt was coming off next day, and that these were the hounds collected from various country houses, to be in readiness to make a start together. And, somehow, that interior reminded me of the wild Yorkshire home in poor Emily Bronte’s "Wuthering Heights."

The man told me which of the many turnings to take, and I reached W-- just as the public-houses were closing for the night, though not too late to pay one of them a farewell-visit. It was now getting on for twelve o'clock, and I was beginning to feel rather tired, which it was useless to think about. The first milestone I passed told me that I was still eight miles from home; but the road was one along which I had often wandered before, and the familiar objects on each side of the way made me for a time forget my weariness. The road was very lonely. Lights, in the upper windows of the cottages, gradually disappearing, tantalized me with thoughts of sleep and rest, which I knew could not be mine for some time to come. To pass away the time, I began counting hundreds, looking back at the end of every hundred to see how far I had got; and then, after passing a black farm, which I remember used to half-frighten me many years ago, but which seems a harmless sort of a place now, I found myself at the foot of one of the steepest hills in Kent; so, lighting my twelfth or thirteenth pipe, I began to ascend.

It was hard work. Several times I felt inclined to sit down on the bank and rest; being so tired, I was afraid of falling asleep; and once I had almost made up my mind to wake-up the landlord of the next inn I passed, and seek a night’s lodging. But it is always the best to get home when you can; so I walked on. When I tried to think, I found that my mind was too weary for thinking, and that I had just sense enough left to know I was gradually getting nearer home; and when I reached the top of the hill, I began to think whether it would not be wiser to lie down under the hedge than exhaust my strength altogether by proceeding any further. I had still five miles to go; but either the easy descent of the hill (it was down hill nearly all the way home now), or the consciousness that I was nearing home (with familiar houses in which were sleeping people I meet everyday, on each side of the way), renewed my strength; and just as I had finished, I think, my twentieth pipe, I reached home, at about half-past two or three A.M., more knocked-up and weary than I have ever been before or hope to be again. So ended my wanderings after a fair
Dear old spots, unknown to fame and the
guide-books, are there in Kent, which come
across my memory as I sit writing, this cold
winter's night, though it is years since now to visit
them was the cause of my wanderings.
"I know a bank"—in fact, I know a great
many banks—"whereon" not only "the wild
thyme," but every imaginable kind of "wood-
land flower," "grows" in luxurious abun-
dance.

One of these banks is some feet above the high-
way, and on the top there is a sort of natural
fairy-bower, where you can lie perfectly concealed
from the passers-by, though able to lascily
watch all who come along the highroad, and
often overhear fragments of strange conversa-
tion.

It is delightful to lie and smoke in a bower like
this, on a hot summer's afternoon, dreaming of
Oberon, Titania, and Puck, or of some real
earthly fairy more dear to you than any fictitious
ones ever imagined by Shakespeare, only the
little insects will settle on you in thousands, and,
getting suffocated by the smoke from your pipe,
choose your eyes and ears for a burial-
place.

I know a ditch, in a country tree-covered lane
where, in school-days, with other boys, I used to
eat my dinner (brought with me in a bag), after
a long morning's wanderings. Strange it seems
now that we always preferred dining with our
feet in that ditch! perhaps it was more comfort-
able than sitting on the level ground! maybe we
did it for a "lark"! most likely we did it for no
reason at all! It may have been the customary
manner of taking al fresco banquets in those
parts; for I had often noticed a stray pedlar,
or basket-maker, dining in a similar position.
What fun we used to have after those din-
ers!

I recollect a boy falling asleep, and the
rest of us robbing him of his coat,
waistcoat, and boots, tying his hands and feet
together, and then hiding behind a tree, and how
we enjoyed seeing that boy wake, and his dis-
comfiture at finding himself in such an un-
evenly position. Of course such practical
jokes were very foolish, and, if we tried to play
such tricks on the same people now, they would
most likely cut our acquaintance at the earliest
opportunity. Particularly I recollect a large
spreading tree, under which I have sat for hours,
on summer mornings, sketching and painting
the country-house of a late M.P. A stray light-
green creeper ran up one side of the house, and
when I lately passed the house, many years after
I had sat and sketched under the tree, that light
green creeper was still there, and did not seem
to have climbed an inch higher than it was when
I put it in my picture. But I fear I am wander-
ing myself now.

I suppose that almost every Londoner has, at
some time or the other, wandered about Green-
wich Park.

In olden times, when cheap excursions to
sea-side and far-off country places were
unknown things, the Cockneys came down there
in shoals; but now they only come to Greenwich
on Good Fridays, Easter and Whitsuntide Mon-
days and Tuesdays, and the fine Sundays in the
summer.

At other times Greenwich Park (in which
Dr. Johnson and Boswell wandered one
evening after being rowed down the river) is
about the quietest place of its kind near London;
and in the winter months it might be taken for
the private grounds of some rich country gentle-
man.

But even now the crowd, on a fine Good
Friday, is so numerous that it seems a wonder
where they can all have comefrom. But they are a
much more respectable set of people than those
who came to Greenwich in the old fair days.
Many of them think themselves above such
things as running down the hills scratching
everyone they pass with the "fun of the fair," and
playing at "kiss in the ring." In fact, the
Cockney holiday-maker, so often described by
poor Albert Smith and his contemporaries, is
gradually becoming a thing of the past, as far as
Greenwich is concerned.

Most of my recollections of other days are
connected with Kentish towns and villages.
There is scarcely a town or hamlet in Kent
through which I have not wandered, and I love
them all. Palace-famed Elisham, with its old
church and houses, and its aged tree, nearly
bent double with old age; Bromley, with its old-
fashioned street and winter races; Woolwich,
with its dirty streets, arsenal, dock-yard, and
soldier-haunted common; Erith, famous for its
yachts, and, lately, for the terrible explosion
which took place in the neighbourhood; Bexley,
with its old fair and wild heath, on which, even
now, some modern Claude Duval might carry
on his lawless trade without much fear of
detection; Abbey Wood, lonely and isolated,
though many Town-like villas are already be-
ginning to appear amongst its wild scenery;
castle-boasting Rochester, which reminds me of
what London might have been at the time of
the Plague, before the Fire destroyed the greatest
number of its wooden houses; Gravesend has
seen its best days, and is only popular amongst
a certain class of Londoners on account of its
shrimps, its Windmill Hill, and its Rosberville
Gardens; Deptford, with its Broadway and
tumble-down theatre, in which (so says trad-
tion) the great Edmund Kean once delighted
Kentish audiences, when a journey to Drury-
lane and back was scarcely to be thought of on
the same night; hop-covered Maidstone, with
its pleasant walks on the banks of the Medway;
Chatham, all barracks, dust, and fortifications;
Canterbury, with its Arches, where once stood
the gates of the town, its Dane John, and its ca-
esthedral; Chislehurst, with its ancient church
and wild furze-grown common; Herne Bay, with
its long pier (now, alas! broken down, and, I fear,
never to be again repaired!), clock-tower, and
undulating downs, which is one of the few really
Kentish Wanderings.

quiet watering-places left in England; Sandwich, full of historical recollections, which mourns the loss of the sea, which once came close up to the still-called cinque-port, but has now retired altogether and left the ground dry for miles around; Ramsgate, with its famous sands, its harbour, its buff-coloured shoes, and its Pegwell Bay; Cockney-haunted Margate, Whitechapel-super-Mare (which, after all, is not such a very vulgar place, except in the very height of the season), with its new pier, and the remains of the old jetty, on which our grandparents, in beaver bonnets, who went down in "hoys," no doubt wandered, "by moonlight alone," "by the sad sea-waves," and grew sentimental whilst gazing at the "mighty monster"—and by the ruins of that old jetty their descendants of the present day, in "deer-stalkers"" and sailors' hats, doubtless "go on" in a similar manner—its Cobb's ale, and its Tivoli Gardens; decorous Broadstairs, where Mrs. Beau Monde and her family can stay, as little interfered with, by the "horrible low people," as if they were amongst their own exclusive circle at Kensington or Belgravia; Faversham, with its old market-place and straggling tile-paved streets; Wapping-resembling Deal, with its houses rudely turning their backs to the sea—known chiefly to Londoners as the home of Douglas Jerrold's Blaek-eyed Susen; Walmer, where, even at the present day, the natives can talk of little else but that great "Iron Duke" who once lived in their castle; Whitstable, with its fishing-boats and its oysters; Welling, a little hamlet at the foot of the "other side" of Shooter's Hill, which is one of the prettiest little villages I have met with in all my wanderings; Charlton, with its Elizabethan-looking manor-house and its Horn Fair; Folkstone, with its breezy walk for miles along the cliffs, its hilly old towns—so cleverly built together that I think it would be impossible to add another house—and its sickly reminiscences of landing foreigners after a rough voyage across the Channel; and—but, if I were to write about all the Kentish towns through which I have wandered, I fear this article would never come to an end. Still there is one Kentish town of which I must write. I have left it until the last because I love it most, and would not dismiss it in a few words. It is connected with the earliest period of English history, and has been famous all through the many centuries which have elapsed since Julius Caesar first saw its old white cliffs, and astonished the ancient Britons by landing there with the intention of beginning a "Conquest." I mean Dover. I have seen it under many different aspects; and the old town looked grave and beautiful under them all. I remember once staying some miles from Dover, thinking, one August morning, that I would go over and renew the many half-forgotten recollections which were connected with the dreamy old town. It was scarcely a wandering, for I went by coach, and going a long distance on the top of a coach made it all seem as if I had fallen asleep, and, when waking, had found myself living in the last century, when railways were things undreamt of even by the most imaginative people. It was a broiling-hot autumn morning; the harvest was just about being gathered in, the bean-fields were in the height of their glory, and the clover smelt deliciously. What a sight it was, as we slowly ascended the last hill, and thy town, O dear Dover, became gradually before our view! How bright and noble looked thy ancient castle, with the sun streaming down on its turrets and battlements—the castle itself looking like a good old general who had faithfully done his duty towards his country, and was now lazily reposing upon his hard-earned laurels! How grand thy town looked, with a cloud of blue smoke hovering over the tops of its houses, and the golden sunbeam-covered waves dancing against its shores and esplanades, making sweet music, which we could hear as the coach slowly descended the castle down, and we entered (to me) the familiar streets! As I sit writing now, I almost fancy that I can still hear the echo of those waves—imagination is so strong when we think of anything we love. Strange to say, that, out of the many people who say they know Dover, few really know anything of the town itself, their experiences seldom going far from the "Lord Warden"—where they slept, and had to rise so early to be in time for the steamer to foreign parts. But Dover has other attractions besides its hotel and pier, and I have some doubts whether there is a more picturesquely-built town on the Kentish coast.

The memory of Shakespeare hovers over Dover; for, is there not his cliff (though somewhat altered since Shakespeare's time, now partially covered with barracks), on which poor mad old King Lear stood and watched the men gathering sapphire, while the Fool seemed to revel in the strange situation; and the wind, "not so unkind as man's ingratitude," blew and cracked its cheeks as if to mock the poor deserted king in his trouble?

History connects old Dover with the memories of many great men and many great events belonging to the misty Past; and it is easy to imagine that, when the town is quiet, and the lights have disappeared from the green-blinded bow-windows, that spectres of olden times hover over the old town and the shadowy castle downs, which at such a time have even a dim, ghostlike appearance themselves. But to me, when I wander along the esplanade long after the town is supposed to be asleep, there is no need of imagination; for many ghosts come unbidden, and keep me company in the starlight—the ghosts of those whom I knew when I wandered there many years ago, and whose wanderings through this world have long been in different directions from my own—the ghosts of my thoughts at that time, which seem to teach me the foolishness of caring too much for any earthly thing, when, in a few years, everything
connected with it will have passed away for
ever—the pleasant ghosts of the few good deeds
I have done since then, and the terrible
phantoms of many cruel thoughts and actions
by which I have done my share in making this
beautiful world a world of sin and wickedness—and
the ghost of myself as I was then, which
seems a very different sort of person from the
I who am now writing—whether better or worse
I dare not think.

So for the present end my "Kentish Wan-
derings." Maybe they will tempt someone to
become better acquainted with the south-
eastern "garden of England;" if so, they will
be well rewarded for their pains, and I shall not
have written in vain. Looking over what I have
written, I fear that, whatever my wanderings in
Kent may have been, the way I have wandered
in writing this, my account of them, has been
greater still.

SUPPER, BUT NO SONG.

(A Traveller's Story.)

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

I was terribly tired when, after sixteen hours' ride, alone, and without even the solace of a cigar to beguile the tedium of the road, I arrived, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, in the old town of Meiselburg.

Meiselburg is probably unfamiliar to many of my readers, even to my travelled readers. It is out of the ordinary route of tourists. Clustered in a small triangular valley, in one of the windings of the river Maine, it is known chiefly, if not only, for two peculiarities, viz., its wonderful wood-carvings and its mania for music.

The Meiselburgers are absolutely insane on the subject of music. They have no less than two opera-houses and five concert-halls for a town of less than seven thousand inhabitants. Every man, woman, and—I was almost going to add—child, is a connoisseur and amateur: frequently both.

It is not often, indeed, that Meiselburg is favoured with a visit from any great artistes. But when it is! Why, it was at Meiselburg that Jenny Lind—but I must not digress. Suffice it to say, that the Meiselburgers are ever on the qui-vive for the passage through their town of some fugitive primo-ténor or donna assoluta; and that, if they get wind of such an advent, all the terrors of the Kaiser's vengeance would not prevent their laying such gentle violence upon the stranger as should compel her or him to give them at least one night's rapture, by singing some favourite chef-d'œuvre before them. Meanwhile they are obliged to content themselves with an indigenous company, who, partly amateur and partly professional, alternate between their two opera-houses, with an occasional variation in the way of an oratorio or symphony, or similar musical diversion at one or the other of their concert-halls.

So, on the memorable 17th of October, 185—,

I, Frank Burrell, a literary and semi-artistic Bohemian, on my way to Vienna, for—no matter what—arrived, tired, dirty, and disgusted, at the town of Meiselburg. My luggage, marked "F. B. " being deposited on the long counter of the inspecting-room at the depot, I was, in my turn, asked for my passport. Now, it chanced that I had lost my original passport (which was written in French), and had obtained one, in English, from our consul at Genoa. I handed it up.

The official, a burly man with blue spectacles, looked at it gravely for a moment, then, suddenly, his face broadened into a smile, and he took off his cap to me with a short speech, which was no doubt intensely complimentary, but which, being in German, was wholly incomprehensible. There was, however, quite a rush of passengers that afternoon, and I did not think any translation of his words at all necessary, so I looked calmly on while he made some cabalistic mark on my trunk, without offering to open it, and when, after speaking a few words to another official outside the counter, this gentleman invited me to follow him. I went without the slightest resistance, and was handed into a vehicle under circumstances of what I thought exaggerated politeness.

"The Royal Hotel," said I, mildly, to the driver.

"Ya, ya," replied that functionary, cheerily, as though he knew it beforehand, and off we drove.

There was a hurried interchange of guttural confab between the cochée and the white-aproned waiter who opened my carriage-door and ushered me obsequiously into the hotel; but I did not pay any attention thereto. The more so that, if I had, I should not have understood a word of it.
Mine host greeted me with unusual expansion. "The Signor Borelli is welcome!" exclaimed he, in a language he apparently mistook for French.

"Why," thought I to myself, "will these foreigners always denaturalize our names in this ridiculous way? My tailor sent me his bill, in Paris, addressed to 'M. de Burella.'" But I only said, in fair French, "Thank you; I am fatigued; I would voluntarily retire to bed for a while."

"I comprehend," replied mine host, and with singular courtesy, took, himself, a wax candle from the 'rack,' and marshalled me to my chamber. It was on the principal floor, and apparently the best in the inn.

"Excuse me," said I, "but a more modest—"

"O—h!" cried mine host, holding up his hands, "for the signor! I regret that it is not in my power to do more honour to his illustrious presence in my poor pothouse."

Perhaps—nay, surely—at any other time these accumulated evidences of servility would have awakened my curiosity, not to say my suspicions; but I was very tired, very sleepy, and yawed for rest; so I bade the innkeeper a somewhat hasty "good den," and in a few minutes was snugly ensconced beneath the bedclothes.

"Entree! Come in!" cried I, not more than fractionally awake, in response to a sonorous knocking at my door, after a period of which I don't know what duration, during which I had slumbered peacefully.

The door opened, and to one, recumbent, entered, first mine host; second, my burly custom-house officer with the azure specs; third, three gentlemen with a grave-digger look, that I had not the honour of knowing.

"The committee, signor," quoth the innkeeper.

"And our director," added the first grave-digger, bowing toward the burly official.

I stared from one to the other in blank stupidity.

"We beg the signor to remark that it is past seven o'clock," suggested the heavy "director," in a singularly affable voice.

(This conversation, by-the-by, was carried on in a sort of gibberish compounded of German, French, and Italian, in unequal proportions.)

"Well! eh bien! va bene!" muttered I, still struggling in the bonds of Morpheus.

"The house is full," said grave-digger No. 1.

"The curtain is announced to rise at eight o'clock," observed grave-digger No. 2.

"The signor has barely half-an-hour," remarked the "director," looking at a watch as big (for a watch) as himself.

From this extraordinary jumble an idea suddenly flashed across my puzzled brain. "Ah, I have it!" cried I to myself. "These good Messelburgers mistake my identity. They suppose me some distinguished stranger—an Am-bassador, or a Secretary of Legation, at the least,—bound to the court of their Kaiser. My name has deceived them. They have probably read it Borelli, or Borelli, and there is doubtless some continental diplomatist of this name. Then they are music-mad, and so are resolved to do the honours of their opera-house for me, whether I will or not. Oh, yes, I see the thing! What a capital joke! Egad! I'll humor them to the top of their bent. It'll be a first-rate story to tell." All this passed in an instant through my brain, and smiling blandly upon the anxiously expectant gentlemen, I said—

"A thousand thanks for your flattering attention. In less than half-an-hour I will be at your service."

Hereupon they bowed themselves out, and I arose, and, making an elaborate though rapid toilet, joined them in the salon.

"The carriage attends," said the "director."

"I am ready," replied I, gracefully putting on my hat.

In another moment we were rolling through the narrow streets toward the grand opera of Messelburg.

Fancy my mystification when, instead of being ushered through the front portals, and into the brilliant auditorium of the edifice, I was taken into the opera by a gloomy back entrance, along dark, narrow corridors, up and down short, steep flights of steps, and finally into a chamber which, by the heterogeneous articles round it, I at once recognized as a dressing-room.

"Ha!" thought I, "I am to be introduced to the fair cancratrice. How delightful!" But a second glance convinced me of my error. The articles of apparel lying about in disorder were unmistakably of the male gender. "It is the first tenor, then," said I to myself.

"If the signor does not find all he wants he will be good enough to touch this bell," said the "director." "The signor has still eighteen minutes." And, before I could reply, he had retired and left me alone.

"Now, what the deuce is all this?" cried I, testily. At this moment my eyes fell upon a champagne bottle, and glasses standing on a toilet-table. "Here is something comprehensible, at all events," said I, and, pouring out a brimmer, I drank it slowly to the last drop. "It is good company!" quoth I, doing honour to a second bumper. Then I sat me calmly down to await the event, with a third full glass before

It came, shortly, in the shape of a knock at the door. "Enter!" said I, tipping my last glass of wine.

"The stage waits for Signor Borelli," said a voice in excellent Italian. I looked and beheld a tall, grey-haired man with a military air, standing, cap in hand, before me.

"Well," answered I, in French (for my Italian was very shaky in an emergency), "I have not seen the signor you speak of."

"You are pleased to be merry," replied the old man, in French. "Monsieur le directeur, sent me with his compliments to the signor—"
but you are not even dressed, sir!” exclaimed he, interrupting himself, as he observed, for the first time, my evening costume. On the contrary,” said I, “it appears to me that I am fully dressed.”

I began to see a glimmer of the truth, however, and, “ah, ce ! come, now, cried I, “just explain all this to me, if you please, sir. For whom do you, or your325 competent committee, take me, pray? Why am I left alone in this dressing-room, with a bottle of champagne and a lot of theatrical dresses? And why—what have I to do with Signor Borelli keeping the stage waiting?”

So questioning, I looked with imperturbable eyes into the face of the old gentleman. Such a blankness of amazement as stole over that face, succeeded by a slight frown, as of indignation at being trifled with, winding up with a faint and flickering smile, as he exclaimed, “But—but—but, Monsieur, it is you we are—do you mean—enfin, I assuredly have the honour to address the Signor Borelli, the illustrious baritone from the grand opera of Genoa?”

“Not the least in the world, Monsieur!” said I.

“But who—but what—but where?” stammered the stage manager (for such he was), in dismay.

“Pardon me, sir,” I replied, “but all this is simply an absurd mystification arising out of the ignorant blunder of your custom-house inspector, who also seems the director of your opera. Had he been able to read English, or even taken the trouble to make any inquiries of me, he would have learned that my name is Frank Burrell—that I am an Englishman—that I came from Genoa with my Consul’s passport, en route to Vienna—that I am travelling for my pleasure, and that I am no more capable of singing an opera than he is of flying!”

“Cé nom de nom! mille tonnerres! What shall I do?” cried the unhappy manager. It is fifteen minutes past the hour; the house is crammed: the audience grow impatient—there, you hear them? You have—that is, Signor Borelli has—been announced since yesterday. Oh, curses on that stupid telegram! I—”

“Since yesterday? telegram? What do you mean?” exclaimed I, again puzzled.

“Yes, your passport was hurriedly looked at on the frontier—the error of name was first made there. Our agent telegraphed us of your—that is, of Borelli’s approach, and added, to have him announced for to-night in “Don Pasquale.” We supposed you—I mean he—had consented and so—Oh, sacra! It is an infamous trick, sir! The opera will be disgraced! I shall be hooted at! I—”

“Stop!” said I, another brilliant idea occurring to me as a capital climax to this strange “lark,” and at the same time as a novel way of helping the manager out of his dilemma. “Hold a moment! I have thought of a plan—I think pretty sure—of getting all hands out of the scrape. Have you an artiste to take my—that is, Borelli’s—place at a moment’s warning, if necessary?”

“Yes; but the audience—”

“Hear me! Do you think anyone in the house is personally acquainted with the appearance of the real Borelli?”

“I am sure there is no one. The Signor Borelli was never in Germany, and we Messelburgers are no travellers out of our own Kaiser-lisch.”

“It is well. Go you, now, and make a short apology to the house for my delay. Say I am unwell, but rallying, and hope to be ready to commence in a quarter of an hour; then privately bid your native baritone prepare to sing the part if called upon; then come back here. I will save you—but on one condition only, mind!”

“And that is—?” queried the manager breathlessly.

“Not one word to the director or the committee till I have left the town, which I shall do early in the morning.”

“Yes! but how?”

“Trust me! You shall know on your return. It is a very simple trick.”

The wondering but semi-hopeful manager departed, and I hastily donned the costume of my supposed part, which was all laid out for me. Presently the manager returned.

“All is ready,” said he; “the house is good-humoured waiting; my baritone is at hand; the director and committee are gravely attending in their box? What are you going to do?”

“You told them I was momentarily indisposed?”

“I said the fatigue of the journey, the excitement of having to appear, at such short notice, before so highly critical an audience, the want of rest, had given you a fainting fit from which you were fortunately recovering.”

“Capital! Now, then, I am familiar enough with the opera to know how to make my entrance at the proper moment. I shall go on, accept the welcoming plaudits, appear to struggle with my emotion for an instant; then, as if by a violent effort, open my mouth to sing, when, lo! not a note, not a sound, save a hoarse whisper, will issue from my chest! Oh, misfortune! My fatigue, my excitement, my faint, have, for the time at least, wholly extinguished my voice! I shall make an agonized attempt to go on—in vain—and then stagger and fall in a second deadly swoon! You will rush on, order the curtain down, bear me back here, lock the door—and the first act of the farce will be played. As to the second—”

“I see! I see! If you can act it, it will be admirable, admirable! But—”

“Never fear. Though I am no singer, I am a tolerably fair comedian in an amateur way. It shall be done to the life!”

“Allons, then, in the name of Haydn!” cried the excited manager.

The prompter’s bell tinkled, The moment had come!
How to make a Cup of Coffee.

“Hurrah! I give you joy! The farce is played so far as you are concerned, and I think you will acknowledge it was a success!” exclaimed I, as I hobnobbed with the delighted manager in the little dressing-room, where we had securely locked ourselves in after my “scene.”

“Admirable! famous! stupendous!” cried he. “The house is in tears. I can do anything with them now. But the director, the committee, the doctor, a thousand people, will be thundering at the door in another moment. There they come! What shall I say?”

“Say (through the keyhole) that I am better, but desire perfect silence and solitude for half-an-hour; that I positively will admit no one; that, as soon as I feel able, I shall return to the hotel; that I beg the committee to send a carriage for me to the private door; and that I shall be most happy to have the honour of seeing them in the morning, but by no means before.”

The manager delivered my message to the anxious crowd outside the door. They argued, pleaded, but he was inexorable, and they finally obeyed and left us.

In less than an hour I was once more safely stowed beneath the coverlid of my luxurious bed in the Royal Hotel of Messelburg, after having, with great difficulty, gotten rid of the importunate services of mine host, who, however, sent me up a profuse supper, flanked by several bottles of sparkling Liebfraumilch, to which I did efficient honour.

The next morning, when the burly director and his solemn committee called, I was ready dressed and accounted for travel. I replied gracefully to their sympathetic questions, but resisted firmly all attempts to entice a further stay or the shadow of an ovation. Was I to keep the Kaiser waiting, forsooth? So, in spite of entreaties in many tones, and even of the shade of a threat on the part of the director—custom-house officer, I persisted in leaving the musical monomania of Messelburg instanter, and my illustrious signorship was therefore escorted to the railway-depot in state, between lines of eager, bearded, and blushing, beardless faces, and I left the scene of my singular adventure amid a storm of parting vivas, or whatever strange sound serves to denote the Germanic enthusiasm on such occasions.

What were the feelings or actions of the Messelburgers, official and other, when they learned the farce that had been put upon them, or even whether the manager ever had the courage to undeceive them, I never knew, that remote corner of the Teutonic Empire having never been again found upon the leaves of my continental itinerary. I trust, however, that ere this they may have enjoyed the rapture of hearing and feeling the genuine baritone—the illustrious Signor Borelli.

HOW TO MAKE A CUP OF COFFEE.

We frequently find allusions in general reading, to the hackneyed phrase :

“The cup that cheers but not inebriates;”

and all persons who concoct a beverage of that nature, merit the thanks of mankind. But where is that cup? What are its contents? We reply briefly, and we believe truly, when we say—coffee! Few things are more agreeable to the senses than the fragrance of a solution of this Asiatic berry, when, at early morn, it ascends from the kitchen or the family room, and fills the atmosphere of every apartment—absolutely creating an appetite for breakfast, of which it is the herald of promise. What contributes more to our general comfort at meals than coffee? Like tea, it promotes social intercourse between friends, and but too often rivals the Chinese herb in that kind of confidential but too current chit-chat, known as tea-table scandal, originating injurious rumours among acquaintances, that are mutually whispered under the mocking promise of secrecy, but we all know that :

“On eagles’ wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.”

Well, there are few benefits in this world without their attendant evils, and so it is with the decoction of the fruit of this most valuable, because most useful of oriental shrubs. We do not believe with Burton, the quaint author of “The Anatomy of Melancholy,” who wrote, in 1621, to the effect that the Turks had a drink called coffee (for they use no wine), so named from a berry “as black as soot and as bitter,” which they sip up as warm as they can suffer, because they find, by experience, that it helpeth digestion and produces alacrity. Burton, however, knew nothing practically of the matter, for coffee was not introduced, either into England, France, or any part of European Christendom, until thirty years after, and then, in the first instance, it was used for a purpose that
ought to cause its recommendation by a certain class of preachers to their congregations—pastors who are not quite calculated for sacred duties of addressing the people, and who are too apt to produce tedium, rather than to excite attention or promote pious. Thus runs the story:

A certain prior of a monastery in the East, having been informed by a goatherd that his animals sometimes browsed upon coffee shrubs, which caused them to wake at night, and to become quite sportive in the day, by bounding over the hills, was anxious to prove its virtues in his religious establishment. "Oh ho!" said he, "I am now in possession of a great secret. My monks are apt to go to sleep at matins. I will introduce coffee as a luxury at their meals; then they will be attentive and lively."

The worthy prior tried the experiment, and the monastic somnolency at the wrong time and place was effectively checked. The monks not only attended more cheerfully to their duties, and listened attentively and devoutly to the instruction and discourses of their prior, but they cultivated the abbey garden and farm with good will, and during the hours of relaxation indulged in gymnastic exercises, thus strengthening their nature, both morally and physically. So much for the power and virtues of coffee, when first introduced into Christendom!

There are few garden scenes in the world more exquisitely beautiful than a large and well-managed coffee plantation. The writer of this brief paper has rambled over and examined several in that fertile island, the Queen of the Antilles. One, the property of a Spanish hidalgo, was a league square, the soil being chiefly a reddish loam. Through the entire extent of the estate there were avenues or roads eighty or a hundred feet wide, on each side of which flourished noble trees of fine and luxuriant foliage, and bearing different kinds of tropical fruits, such as oranges, lemons, limes, shadocks, zapotes, mangos, guavas, papaws, guavas, sour-sops, bread-fruit, and other gifts of Pomona, while at regular distances on the borders, were rows of pineapples. The graceful coffee shrubs, bearing flowers and berries, were planted in large, square beds, over which waved, at equal distances, the sylvan plumage (if such a word may be allowed) of the bananas and plantains, with their luscious fruit. A large number of negroes, negresses, and coloured children were busily employed in hoeing, weeding, and raking, and the result of their labours was evident in the neatness and cleanliness of the ground. Not a tare was to be seen. The toil of these Africans was very light; still, from the heat of the climate, it would be impossible for white persons to cultivate coffee for any length of time. The entire scene had a very paradisical appearance, and was calculated to remind connoisseurs in the fine arts, of paintings by the old masters representing the Garden of Eden. True, the fathers of painting drew upon their fancy for their facts, yet it must be admitted that in the minds of most men, there are innate ideas of beauty, which are wonderfully improved and brilliantly intensified by observing Nature in her most attractive attire, and certainly no garden coup d’ceil, sylvan, semi-doral, or frutal, that we can well conceive, is more lovely in its luxuriance than a coffee plantation.

To describe the particular mode of cultivating coffee, and afterwards drying it on large platforms or floors, and otherwise preparing the berries until they become the coffee of commerce, would be mere works of supererogation, and therefore an unnecessary occupation of the reader’s time.

Suppose, then, that the berries are all in due condition for human use, and in such a condition only have they ever been familiarly known to consumers. What have been the effects produced in the different nations, where coffee is extensively drank? At first, its introduction was scarcely tolerated, and when it exhibited symptoms of becoming a favourite, it was either prohibited or heavily taxed by different governments. At Grand Cairo it was suppressed in 1511, on the ground that it encouraged intoxication, but the law was soon altered, and so great was its hold upon the popular appetite, that, on a second attempt at prohibition, a violent commotion occurred in the city; order was declared free, and so it has ever since remained. At Constantinople in the following century, the coffee-houses were closed because they were the rendezvous of the vicious and depraved; yet, what Turk would now consent to go without his coffee? So highly, indeed, is it esteemed in Mahommedan countries, that when a Turk taketh unto himself a new wife (he is not particular as to number) it is always stipulated that he shall provide her with coffee. In London, the first coffee-house was opened by one Pasquet, a Greek servent, in 1652, and fourpence a gallon duty was soon imposed on the beverage. In 1659, the Rainbow Coffee-house (which is now in Broad Street) was declared a nuisance, and Charles II. (immaculate King!) suppressed coffee-houses altogether, by proclamation; but they were soon restored on the petition of traders in tea and coffee, since which time the brown berry has outlived all prejudice, and obtained a complete and lasting victory.

As if in contravention of the imaginary evils of coffee, it will be seen by a recent New York paper that coffee is claimed as a cure for intemperance, and it is contended that the establishment of one suite of coffee-rooms, in the commercial metropolis, has induced fifteen hundred persons, within the last eighteen months, to take the “pledge,” and abstain from all liquors that can intoxicate. It is a cheering sign, also, in our hotels and restaurants, that so many of the guests drink coffee instead of wine or spirits with their dinners. But alas! how terms and titles are perverted by the changing operations of time. Most of the coffee-houses, so-called, sell not the beverage from which they take their name, but alcohol.
How to make a Cup of Coffee.

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and other strong and maddening drinks; and coffee has likewise become associated (jocosely we admit) with the barbarous practice of the duellos, the common command being “Coffee and pistols for two.” This saying is said to have arisen in consequence of two Irish gentlemen having quarrelled and fought over their coffee at a hotel in Dublin. Fortunately, neither was injured, and when peace was restored, they laughingly agreed that in the event of any difference of opinion ever occurring between them, under similar circumstances, they would act at once, and by way of saving time and trouble, order—“Coffee and pistols for two!”

Be sure that your coffee is unadulterated. This advantage, we think, can always be secured by purchasing the berries and grinding them at home, taking care to roast the berries until they are of a rich, warm, brown colour, by no means bordering on the black, as that would prove them to be overdone, or semi-burnt. All their finer flavours would, in such a condition, be lost. We cannot see how it is possible to adulterate coffee, except in its ground state. It is right, however, to give some account of the matter, merely premising that although the foreign ingredients introduced might spoil the fragrance and delicacy of the coffee, yet they do not appear to possess any very deleterious qualities. But we refer to high authority.

According to a report recently made to the London Botanical Society, containing the results of thirty-four examinations of coffee, it appears that the whole, with two exceptions only, were adulterated, that chicory was present in thirty-one instances, roasted wheat in twelve, colouring matter in twenty-two, beans and potato flour in one. That in ten cases the adulteration consisted of a single article, in twelve of two, and in ten of three substances; that in many instances the quantity of coffee present was very small. Contrasting coffee and chicory, the coffee was found to contain essential oil, upon which the fragrance and actual properties mainly depend, while not a trace of any such oil is found in the chicory root. The properties of coffee are those of a stimulant and nerve tonic, with an agreeable flavour and delicious smell, not one of which properties is possessed by chicory, it being in every respect inferior.

But which is the best way of making coffee? In this particular notions differ. For example, the Turks do not trouble themselves to take off the bitterness by sugar, nor do they seek to disguise the flavour by milk, as is our custom. But they add to each dish a drop of the essence of amber, or put a couple of cloves in it, during the process of preparation. Such flavouring would not, we opine, agree with western tastes. If a cup of the very best coffee, prepared in the highest perfection and boiling hot, be placed on a table in the middle of a room and suffered to cool, it will, in cooling, fill the room with its fragrance; but becoming cold it will lose much of its flavour. Being again heated, its taste and flavour will be still more impaired, and heated a third time, it will be found vivid and nauseous. The aroma diffused throughout the room proves the coffee has been deprived of its most volatile parts, and hence of its agreeableness and virtue. By pouring boiling water on the coffee, and surrounding the containing vessel with boiling water, or the steam of boiling water, the finer qualities of the coffee will be preserved. Boiling coffee in a coffee-pot is neither economical nor judicious, so much of the aroma being wasted by this method. Count Rumford (no mean authority) states that one pound of good Mocha, when roasted and ground, will make fifty-six cups of the very best coffee; but it must be ground finely, or the surfaces of the particles only will be acted upon by the hot water, and much of the essence will be left in the grounds.

In the East, coffee is said to arouse, exhilarate, and keep awake, allaying hunger, and giving to the weary renewed strength and vigour, while it imparts a feeling of comfort and repose. The Arabsians, when they take their coffee off the fire, wrap the vessel in a wet cloth, which fines the liquor instantly, and makes it cream at the top. There is one great essential, namely, that coffee should not be ground before it is required for use, as in a powdered state, its finer qualities evaporate.

We pass over the usual modes of making coffee, as being familiar to every lady who presides over every household; and content ourselves with the most modern and approved Parisian methods, though we may add that a common recipe for good coffee is—two ounces of coffee and one quart of water. Filter or boil ten minutes, and leave to cool ten minutes. The French make an extremely strong coffee. For breakfast, they drink one-third of the infusion, and two-thirds of hot milk. The café noir used after dinner, is the very essence of the berry. Only a small cup is taken, sweetened with white sugar or sugar-candy, and sometimes a little eau de vie is poured over the sugar in a spoon held above the surface, and set on fire; or after it a very small glass of liqueur, called a chasse café, is immediately drunk. But the best method, prevalent in France, for making coffee is (and the infusion may be strong or otherwise as taste may direct), to take a large coffee-pot, with an upper receptacle made to fit close into it, the bottom of which is perforated with small holes, containing in its interior two movable metal strainers, over the second of which the powder is to be placed, and immediately under the third. Upon this upper strainer pour boiling water, and continue to do so gently, until it bubble up through the strainer; then shut the cover of the machine close down, place it near the fire, and so soon as the water has drained through the coffee, repeat the operation until the whole intended quantity be passed. No finings are required. Thus all the fragrance of its perfume will be retained, with all the balsamic and stimulating powers of its essence. This is a true Parisian mode, and voile! a cup of excellent coffee.
Ariadne dreamed? for nought but Dream,
With all its soothing magic, and sweet anodyne
Of dark-stole sorrow, could present the form
Of him who, clothed with all a God’s dread power,
Towered, like a king, amidst the rabble rout
Of vine-stained Satyrs and Bacchantes wild
And, through the din of drunken minstrelsy,
Spake loud and clear: “O, lady, wherefore weep,
And veil in mist of tears those beauteous eyes,
That should, like sunshine, lighten all thy face?”

As when the storm is spent, a witching gleam
Lightens in fairy splendour ‘thwart the gloom,
Gemming with dewy pearls each glistening leaf,
“Mid jubilant carols from the gladden’d birds;
So Ariadne, waking from her storm of tears,
Drew back the tangled maze of sunbright hair
Which fringed, like golden sand, her pale, cold brow;
And, with a world of welcome in her violet eyes,
Greeted the lordly stranger, and the burden rang:

“Dionysus, Dionysus, ever laughing, ever free!
Thou canst soothe the lovelorn maiden, thou canst bid her burden cease:
Come, let us twine the Pyrrhian dance, let each one fealty tread
A measure to the castanets, while Hephaestus gleams o’erhead!”

B.-N. C., Oxford.

H. J. S.

TIME’S REVENGE.

Maud Vernon, why those smiles of thine
And why that flush that comes and goes,
Like sunset on the evening snows?
And those soft glances, why?

A few short years ago you drew
About me, Maud, a golden net:
The look with which you cast away
The heart I gave that cruel day
I never may forget.

Then, Maud, my lamp was low and dim;
But now my lamp is dim no more,
And I have touched the hand of Fame,
And you would bid me be the same
That I was once before?

I touch a chord of olden times—
A chord I will not strike again:
Those ancient times in memory fixed
Are sweet and bitter strangely mixed:
We both have changed since then!
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

Returning once more to our old haunts, after an exceedingly damp, but not altogether unenjoyable outing, we find Town yet deserted, and even more dreary than when we left it, since, in addition to the absence of fashionable promenaders in “The Row,” we are sensible of “a plentiful scarcity” of foliage, denoting the near approach of winter, as we settle down resigned thoroughly to fogs, long evenings, and the general gloom with which the “suicidal” month of November usually makes us well acquainted. September, so exceptionally fine a month in 1865, has been quite enough this year to reconcile the present writer to any severe weather that may succeed, and we would treat the matter in a philosophical spirit.

Messrs. Alsopps, the eminent brewers, and other firms, have, alas! raised the price of beer, owing to the excessive rains, which have seriously affected the hops, and this is bad news for the poor man and the Bohemian (“which the terms are mostly anonymous” as either Mrs. Malaprop or Mrs. Brown might observe), who are alike notorious for a remarkable desire to assuage thirst at all seasons.

We perceive, on arriving in the great metropolis, that dingy piece of mechanism, the clock at the White Horse Cellar, shares in the general slowness that prevails, inasmuch as, a regular Janus of a clock, it has the face to inform us on one side that it is half-past one, whilst on the other the hands remain fixedly at five-and-twenty minutes to seven, or thereabouts, the glass exhibiting the incrustation of ages—possibly out of compliment to “The Old Times,” which starts from, and therefore cannot be said to “go by it.” Apropos, we read that the horses were frightened, some weeks since, by itinerant musicians, within a short distance of Brighton, the coach upset, and the passengers injured; which accident might have proved more serious but for the presence of mind displayed by the driver.

“It is an ill wind that blows nobody good” is a favourite axiom, and to the absence of all political, and nearly all other news, we may attribute the recent leading articles and correspondence on the subject of “Smoking on Railways,” and also that which seemeth to your Bohemian the far more objectionable practice of auction “knock-outs.” It is to be hoped that, for the comfort of those few railway-travellers who do not appreciate Bohemian society, a limited number of non-smoking carriages will still be “retained on the establishment” (like the late lamented Herr Von Joel), and the question satisfactorily settled that way. As regards the mal-practices of dealers at auctions, steps will doubtless be taken to put a stop to a long-standing evil to which public attention has at length been called, thanks to a dearth of general news.

We have been visiting every watering-place along the south coast, from Eastbourne to the Isle of Wight, when we found ourselves either preceded or pursued by Mr. Belloc, Mr. Woodin, or Thurston’s Odd Folks, all of whom are necessary accompaniments to the sea-breezes. There is a rising sea-side resort between Eastbourne and Newhaven, Seaford by name, which we have little doubt will, at no distant period, rival its neighbours Worthing and Bognor, since the bathing is said to be excellent. For an account of its prawns we may refer our readers to Mr. Lord’s article in the present number of “Temple Bar.” A hurried visit forbade personal survey; but we have been informed, on good authority, that the system of bathing at Seaford is noteworthy. Instead of machines there are dressing-boxes (for ladies only), in which they change their normal attire for one of an exceedingly bizarre character—swell knickerbockers of a gorgeous description, jackets to match, and sandals. It is an interesting sight, we were told, to watch them skipping across the beach to reach the briny ocean. Worthing we found dull. A Yankee correctly summed it up by saying he had “never been in such a one-horse place in his life.” Bognor, with a junction which is enough to prohibit excursionists altogether, appeared even more dreary, viewed under the aspect of that boisterous Sunday some weeks ago. Littlehampton was reported to have the diarrhoea, and we were strongly urged on that account not to linger there, which, from the little we saw of the place, caused us no regret. Rottingdean was pleasant enough as we passed through, on a tramping excursion over the bracing downs from Brighton to Newhaven, which port all tourists to or from Dieppe know only as a halting-place offering refreshment, and no other inducement to remain a single moment longer than may be necessary. Eastbourne, with Beachy Head within a pleasant walk, and, with a view of Hastings and St. Leonards in the other direction, took our fancy more than any other place on the coast, with its delightful upper and lower esplanade and shady walks in agreeable contrast to Brighton. We could have remained there without a murmur, only we desired to push on to our favourite Ventnor, where we found the railway, with a tunnel of considerable length, just completed all the way from Ryde; at which place they talk of a tramway shortly, which, with that at the Southsea Pier, will lessen the time and the fatigue of the journey very materially. That “truly rural” hostelry, “The Crab and Lobster,” we found as snug as of yore, not spoiled, nor its charming
inmates, who seemed rather to delight in the march of that intellect, the want of which is so strikingly apparent in the construction of the Ventnor Pier, which is already doomed to be destroyed by the breakers. So much for our holiday; though of three clear weeks with (if the published statistics be correct) only the same number of unclouded days!

We have recently perused, with no slight gratification, Mr. Miles Gerald Keon’s “Dion and the Sibyls; a Romance of the First Century” (and therefore having no reference to the author of “The Long Strike” and “The Four-legged Fortune”), in which the writer has by practical example entered a protest against the “Sensation” literature of the day. The second volume (completing the work) of Miss Meteyard’s “Life of Wedgwood” is now ready; and Miss Florence Maryatt has produced a new novel, “For Ever and Ever” being its title. The first number of “Belgravia” was issued from the office of “London Society” a month ago; and now Miss Braddon’s magazine has appeared under the same title. It contains the first instalment of that writer’s new tale, “Birds of Prey,” in addition to many attractive articles. Another new periodical has appeared, called “The Staff of Life,” which is the baker’s organ, similar in design to “The Grocer;” and a shilling monthly, “Christian Society,” has made its appearance. It will not exclusively treat of theological subjects. The mania for penny readings may be considered now at its height, since, in addition to the resumption of Carpenter’s shilling volumes, we have original penny readings by George Manville Fenn; and Mr. Tom Hood’s name on the title-page is a certain guarantee of excellence in the selection of “Cassellan’s Penny Readings,” published in weekly numbers of one penny each, with the first of which a portrait of Charles Dickens was given away. The members of the Vagrant Club (a select coteries before alluded to in these “Mems”) have started a journal, and the first number of their handiwork has appeared under the title of “Vagrant Leaves,” which, containing three clever illustrations by Concanan, a piece of music, and the contributions of various versatiles Vagrants, is, indeed, a marvellously cheap sixpennyworth of pleasant conceits. Our readers should “comprehend” that these “vagum-men” are agreeable companions. “The Savage Club Annual” is the title of another journal which is about to appear, the idea of which may or may not have originated in that published by the Vagrants. It is said that it will be edited by Mr. Andrew Halliday, and the proceeds devoted to charity. Under the title of “Black Sheep,” Mr. Edmund Yates is contributing a story which has the present place of honour in “All the Year Round.” Mr. Yates has been honourably mentioned as “the new novelist,” and favourably compared with Charles Dickens in a leading article in the “New York Citizen.” We perceive that Mr. Moens’ narrative of his capture and captivity has passed into a second edition, and that the same publishers (Messrs. Hurst and Blackett) have issued the charming story of “Christian’s Mistake” in a cheap form.

Mr. Dickens is announced to be closely engaged on a new serial, which, it is to be hoped, will not again be marred by the common-place illustrations (oh, how bad most of them were!) of the novelist’s young friend. We are having Scott’s novels at the ridiculously cheap price of sixpence, and those of Alexander Dumas for a shilling a volume. Moreover—as though these were not sufficient marvels of lowness of price—we can now procure for a shilling the whole of Shakespeare’s works, with life and portrait, and thirty-six illustrations by Gilbert and other artists, published by a certain Mr. John Dicks, who announces it as the cheapest book ever issued from the press—which it certainly must be, although we are not unmindful of the celebrated forthcoming edition of “Orion.” Mr. Hotten also announces a shilling Shakespeare, to be edited by Mr. Halliwell. Already the first Christmas-book for 1867 is announced, under the title of “Nature and Art.”

It is with regret that we have to record that Mr. Lowe, the inventor of the screw-propeller, met with an accident which terminated fatally. He was knocked down by a heavily-laden wagon and run over. Mr. Edward Tinley, the well-known publisher, is seriously dead, at a very early age, and is much regretted. Also we may refer to the accident in Switzerland, by which Mr. Henry Telbin (the son of Mr. William Telbin, the eminent scenic artist) met his death. Mr. Hudspeth, the well-known comedian, expired on the 2nd October. His last engagement was at the Haymarket, during Miss Sedgwick’s summer season, when it may be remembered he was taken so seriously ill on the first night as to prevent his appearance in a part which had been assigned to him in the “Unequal Match.” The death is announced of J. S. Rarey, the noted horse-tamer, also that of Colonel Stodart the famous conjuror.

Intelligence has been received of another shocking accident at Mont Blanc. The recently whitewashed effigy of George II, standing in the usually neglected enclosure of Leicester Square, received on the night of the 16th October some fantastic decorations, and the horse was painted piebald. It is probable that this may have been the work of some Alhambra “jolly dogs.” The appendages were soon removed, and the rain or the parish authorities quickly washed away the black spots on the white ground of the horse. A reward was offered for the capture of the offenders.

Although, as we have said, the parks were deserted on our return, and London appeared thoroughly empty, the theatres were all entering upon their winter campaign, and at the Haymarket there were crowded audiences to witness the excellent comedy of the “Heir at Law,” admirably acted, three representations of which proved so very attractive that it will be doubtless repeated shortly. Mellon’s Concerts have been doing well; and at Drury Lane...
crowded houses every night have proved what interest the public viewed the appearance of three Macbeths. The Pall Mall goes into ecstasies over Widdicombe's performance in "The Long Strike," devoting almost its entire criticism to the laudation of that actor. The pieces produced at the Adelphi and the Holborn appear to have met with a qualified success, and to possess a considerable number of blemishes. At the Olympic the "Whiteboy" was a failure. It might have succeeded some fifteen or twenty years ago at the Adelphi, but now it proved old-fashioned; indeed, we were informed that the parts acted by Neville, Vincent, and Miss E. Farren were originally intended for Hudson, O'Smith, and Madame Celeste. No wonder, then, that it seemed devoid of those "sensation scenes" with which the "Colleen Bawn" and other recent dramas have familiarized us. The St. James's reopened with legitimate comedy in the shape of "The Belle's Stratagem." The two burlesques of "Der Frieschütz"—one at the Strand, the other at the Prince of Wales' (where the comedy of "Ours" is a decided hit) have both met with success. Mr. Craven has been filling the New Royalty with his clever pieces and his admirable acting therein; and at the Surrey, Mr. Sioss' prize drama continues to be an attraction on the other side of the water. Thus it will be seen that zealous playgoers cannot complain of a lack of variety, whilst the enterprise of the different managers should not go unrewarded. "Mrs. Brown's" departure for America is deferred for the present. "The Fast Family" has got to New York, and a French journal is indignant that amid the phalanx of names which announces its production—names of actors, actresses, scene-painters, machinists, property-men, musicians, prompters, costumiers, and the rest, no one thinks it necessary to mention the author of "La Famille Benoit." It is bad enough, thinks our contemporary, to steal the product of a man's brains without stealing his reputation. This we observed at the time, when the comedy was first produced here, and it is also true as regards "Ethel; or the Story of a Life," by the same translator. A further parallel may be found at the Princess's Theatre, where Scribe's finest comedy is proclaimed as Mr. John Oxenford's work. If it be Mr. Oxenford's, then is M. Alexandre Dumas the author of "Hamlet." The National Standard was completely destroyed by fire on the morning of the 21st Oct. A subscription list is open for the relief of the sufferers.

Yours, Bohemian.

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**OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.**

*My dear C,—*

What is certain is that the season has been a complete failure. Not only watering-places have been too watery; but every other place throughout France also. The Loire has again overflowed its banks, and reduced many a poor family to want and ruin. The farmer depletes his lost crops, and the wine-dresser has prayed in vain for a few sunny days to gild his hanging bunches, though they say that the latter has cried out before he was hurt, and that, after all, wine will not be so dear as it was imagined. I do not know whether it is the gloomy sight of continual rain and mud that has made us hypochondriacal, but we have had strange forebodings lately, and wisecracks have whispered and shook their heads.

The Minister of War was expected to be dismissed, for having allowed the Prussians to fight and win with the fusil à aiguille, before the French had tried the fusil à — je ne sais quoi.

The Emperor even might be dismissed in a more decisive manner by a very dangerous disease, for which he underwent an operation, on the 15th of August—an operation which was done by an unskilful hand; but it seems Biarritz has quite restored him to health, and he is expected, with the Empress and Prince, at St. Cloud for a few days before their departure for Compiegne.

But the best bit of news was that which announced to the world the loss of sight, of one eye, of the Baron Rothschild. He had been suffering from that eye for some time, and its sight had gradually diminished, until at last the organ was completely lost; and then followed the wisest and most philosophical reflections on the vanity of riches, the wealth of a Rothschild not having been able to keep him from being one-eyed, &c., &c. I wonder why they left him one eye while they were at it! Fancy, if you can, the stir such an event made amongst the oculists, the Baron Rothschild with only one eye, when it would be so easy to give him two! Quick—three practitioners had already sent in their bills the first day after the public had been apprized of the modern Creusa's calamity, and had been re-assured as to the state of the eye in question; but when the fourth arrived the Baron thought that it was time to put an end to such visits, and wrote to the paper that
first published the news, assuring the editor that his eyes were perfectly well.

And so the Marquis de Boissy is dead! I will not say that it is a public calamity, but it certainly is one for the Senate; for he always contrived to amuse that august body, and to keep them from falling asleep during the session. England has lost a fierce enemy, in words, by the demise of the old gentleman, who was not always very choice in his expressions towards Englishmen, although he seems to have had a great liking to English comforts, for his house resembles a British home more than a French one—and yet it was not sufficiently so, and he coveted a mansion at Dover it seems; for, one day when the Emperor begged him to ask him a favour, his answer was: "Well, your Majesty, if you really desire to be agreeable to me, make me préfet of Dover." Alas! he has died before his master could gratify him! Peace be to his manes, and may England never have a more formidable foe!

The Senate will find many places vacant at the next opening. The Count de Bacchichi, friend and relation of the Emperor, died the other day; and now Monsieur Thouvenel, late Minister of Foreign Affairs, is gone to his last home. He lost his wife a few months ago, and was himself found dead in his bed, though a heart-disease had for a long while prepared his family for the event.

M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, went to Mont-de-Marsan the other day, to be present at the foundation of a new kind of college where classical studies are to be omitted. Until now there was no medium in France between a classical education and the primary education. Our able and stirring Minister has filled up the void, and has also founded a normal school for the studies of professors destined to teach young men in every branch of a good education, without Greek and Latin, fitting them for industrial and commercial careers. He has chosen for this school an ancient abbey, famed in the middle ages—the Abbey of Cluny, a small town near Macon. It is an immense old place; it was rebuilt in 1750, and is in a perfect state of preservation; and, what is more, the municipality of Cluny has given the ground and edifice to Government, and has voted 70,000 francs to purchase the private houses built within its walls, while the county has also voted 100,000 f. to pay the first expenses of the installation of the new school. There is a curious anecdote attached to the old church belonging to the abbey, and of which a few old walls alone remain. St. Louis, during a sojourn at Cluny, assisted at a discussion, in this church, between several rabbins and the most learned of the monks. An old knight would discuss with one of the Jews. "First of all," said he, "do you believe in the Holy Virgin, who carried Our Saviour Jesus Christ in her bosom and on her arms? Do you believe that she conceived him in a state of virginity, and that she is the mother of God?" "Certainly not," replied the rabin. "Then you are mad," cried the knight, and he struck the Jew such a blow with the pommel of his sword that he fell dead at his feet. The King and the monks objected to that way of discussion. "When a knight hears anyone speak badly of the Virgin," said the avenger, "he ought to defend her, not with words, but with the sword." It certainly was the quickest way to decide the question! Is there such a person as a Sir Augustus Wood, merchant, in the city of London? And did he visit Dinan, with his wife, this summer? Monsieur Rocher, a writer in the Événement, pretends that Sir Augustus and his Lady would visit the domains of the Duke d'Auclifret, in spite of the Duke, and that, being ordered off the grounds, he seized the man who was sent by the Duke, by the throat, and that a regular battle ensued, in which Sir Augustus had his nose and mouth covered with blood, and his antagonist was so ill-treated that the Duke was obliged to have them separated, that Sir Augustus was summoned before the magistrates, but that he had already fled off to London, so was condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment and fined 100 francs. I believe the whole history to be a pure invention, and should like to know. It seems to me to be a "pendant" to Baron Rothschild's loss of an eye. However journalists dare publish such lies I cannot imagine; for my part I can never read one of the papers here with entire confidence.

We are not rich in literary successes; the season is not yet come, this is a month of preparation only; one theatrical success, however, has just electrified the public, and added laurels upon laurels on the fortunate Sardon, for he is again the happy author of "Nos bons Villageois" (Our brave Peasantry), and if he does not finish by thinking himself a phœnix it is not the fault of the Parisians, for certainly no author has ever been more enthusiastically applauded than he is every night at the Gymnase. I fancy how Paul Féval rages.

A thorn is taken out of my side, my bête noire, the paper l'Événement is suppressed, for which I return many thanks. The editor has a month's imprisonment; though, entre nous, the pretext for the suppression of a newspaper is a very futile one. It is for an article on the tax, for the poor, on theatres; it appears that that question belongs to social economy, and as the Événement is not a political paper, social economy is forbidden ground. This is the pretext, but slanderous tongues say that the real motive for the suppression is an article, which appeared a short time since, on the Dauphins of France. In that article the author seemed to compare the care given to Louis the Sixteenth's son with the care now taken of the young Prince, and suggested the idea that his end might also somewhat resemble that poor child's. Government could not suppress the paper for that, as it would have told too plainly that the shaft had hit right; so the first opportunity presenting itself has been seized. Adieu!

Yours truly,

S. A.
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

JUVENILE POLITICIANS.

ETHEL. Do you know, Papa, Tom has been going on all-day for what I said about Cromwell last night? Haven't I as much right to say what I think as he has?
PAPA. Certainly; and, if I remember, you only repeated Ida's remark on seeing the portrait in Warwick Castle. I thought it a little too severe, and was inclined to think she spoke from a preconceived dislike.

TOM. That's capital! Papa's on my side—I told you so!
PAPA. Nny, my boy, but I wish to show you that it is not right to let one's prejudices make us unjust. Cromwell was a man of talent, and the greatest military genius of his time. His influence with the soldiers was remarkable. His word was law amongst them. Do you know the name given to the regiment of horse that he commanded?

ETHEL. Yes, Papa; we had it in our history to-day with Miss Mordaunt. They were called "Ironides," because of their great courage and sternness. "Hard as iron!" Ida said, and made Miss Mordaunt laugh.

TOM. "They fought with a conscience," I read somewhere the other day, and that made them get on so well.

ETHEL. I thought they fought with swords?

TOM. That's only backing out, Ethel. It's stupid to go on in that way. You know I meant being earnest in a good cause.

IDA. Which was a very bad one. Charles Stuart was too good for the rebels, I think.

TOM. And some of them were too bad for Cromwell; for, if they hadn't bothered him so, his government wouldn't have been severe; but he couldn't have his own way about things until he let them see who was master.

IDA. He had his own way when he dared to bring the King to trial—nobody made him do that. He had his own way when he proposed to bind the son of a King of England apprentice to a shoemaker! But God wouldn't allow him to do everything just as he pleased, and made the Princess Elizabeth die out of his wicked hands when he had thought of marrying her to his own son, or one of Colonel Pride's. I shall never like him, say what you will!
PAPA. My dear children, listen to me: if I see you getting angry with each other I shall have no further pleasure in talking to you, or hearing what you have to say.

ETHEL. Papa, Tom always thinks he knows so much, and keeps telling me how much more good Cromwell did for England than Charles I.
PAPA. Well, now, Master Tom, let us prove that you are not an impostor. Pray tell us some of the benefits conferred by your favourite?

TOM. He made both France and Spain conclude a peace with England, and acknowledge him as the Protector. The good state of the English fleet enabled them to take Jamaica from the Spaniards, and to defeat the Dutch twice during the Protectorate.

IDA. His doing all this couldn't make him right in daring to bring the King to trial and having him beheaded!
PAPA. We seem to have forgotten the poor Queen altogether!

ETHEL. What became of her after she went to France?
PAPA. She was reduced to such extreme poverty that she was obliged to remain in bed for want of fuel to make a fire. After some time she was married to the Earl of St. Alban's, who did not treat her kindly, and she died in 1669.

IDA. What became of Prince Maurice?
PAPA. He went to sea, and was lost off the Canary Islands. Prince Rupert died in London. Ethel, what is amusing you in that book you have turned so many different ways?

ETHEL. There's a picture of a bird trying to get up, and can't quite manage it. It hardly looks like a bird, either.
PAPA. It is intended for a phoenix, a fabulous bird of antiquity, which was said to live five hundred years, and when at that advanced age to build itself a pile of sweet wood and aromatic gums, which it fired by the wafting of its wings, and in this way burnt itself to death: from its ashes came a worm, which in process of time grew up to be a phoenix. The Phoenicians gave the name of Phoenix to the palm-tree, because when burnt down to the root it rises again fairer than ever!

"What is to become of such a learned assembly?" asked Mrs. Walpole, who had only just entered the room.

"You should have been here, Mamma! We've had such fun over the Cavaliers and Roundheads!" said Ethel.

"Suppose we have a little music now? Ethel, I should like you to play the duets we were practising, and then we can have some sort of game altogether, and leave your Papa to a little quiet reading."

"Can't I read as well, Mamma?" asked Ida.

"I think not, dear. I delight in seeing you fond of study, but it must not be overdone. There are other duties for girls to attend to. This passion for reading may make you as selfish as any other indulgence carried to excess. Amuse yourself, if you like, with the paper-dowers for your aunt; or finish the little frock I cut out for Mary Brown's grandchild."

"I do dislike plain-work, Mamma."

"Then take the other. I mentioned it be-
cause you know we promised it, my dear; and you generally like to please me, besides keeping one's word, which is of the first importance.

Ida went away to her drawer, took out the implements for the flowers, pushed back the work, which lay in the other corner, and quietly took the materials for her work into the drawing room, where Mrs. Walpole and Ethel were just seating themselves at the piano. A shade of disappointment passed over her mamma's face, which Ida would fain not have seen, for it helped her to spoil the first rose; yet, for all that, she could not make up her mind to go back again for the sewing, until, chafing with vexation at what she called the "stupid paper," she heard the commencement of the last page of the duet; then she quietly withdrew, replaced the paper, carried back the flock, and set herself to work. The smile of quiet satisfaction that came over Mrs. Walpole's countenance, and the kiss (without words) that she bestowed on her child, was all the reward Ida desired.

The work was finished, and put by until the following day, when Ida was allowed to leave her lessons earlier than usual, to accompany her mamma to Mary Brown's cottage. The child was nursing her doll, which was very smartly dressed, but had a piece of black cord round its neck.

"What is its name?" asked Ida.
"Charlotte Win'or. Me going to hang her, Miss Ida, for murdering the babies!"*

"Will you give her to me to punish if I promise to bring you another?" asked Mrs. Walpole.

"What lady do with naughty woman?"
"Send her away, and never let her come back again!"
"Me pull string now, lady!"
"Shall I lock her up, instead?" asked Ida, "and bring you a larger one, with nice curly hair, and a flock like your own—like this?"

And Ida unfolded her parcel, and showed her present to the little orphan, whose mother, strange to say, had been crushed to death in a crowd whilst witnessing an execution, which she had walked miles to see a year before, dragging this little child in her arms, who, by something little short of a miracle, had been borne away in safety.

**The Fairy Brighteye.**

*By M. D. K. B.*

To which of the three great kingdoms of Nature I belong, I shall leave to my young readers to find out, when they become a little better acquainted with me. Certainly Cuvier himself would have been puzzled to assign me my species and order; for, although I have a very sharp little tongue of my own, I have neither ears nor mouth to hear or eat with. But my head is furnished with an eye, which is very necessary to my existence as well as usefulness. Were I deprived by accident of either of these appendages, I should be considered quite worthless, and my story would lack a point.

I must tell you where I first had an existence, and how I became an inhabitant of this upper world. For I was born deep down in a mine; and I have heard from our ancestors, who were buried far beneath me in what are termed strata of the earth, that our family was a very ancient one, being coeval with the creation. Now I am by no means overweening in my pride of pedigree, always been willing to assist either the high or lowly in works of usefulness or benevolence, and indeed becoming at times a very servant to them; but I may as well mention here, that if I were not for me and my companions, this world would lack much of its wealth, and many needful inventions. Individuals of our species have in former generations been the companions and solace of queens and princesses, and had a hand in adorning their apartments with those beautiful specimens of tapestry, that have become the wonder of the present age.

You may naturally wish to know why I speak of having a haud, and hearing what my forefathers have told me; also how I am able to jot down this little story for you to read, when I have only a tongue and an eye in my head. But you must remember that I am a fairy, and that there is an electric influence pervading my whole being, that makes up for the other members of the body. By this power, too, I become acquainted with all that is passing around me, and have the faculty of communicating my knowledge to others.

This subtle nature of mine made me sensible one day that I was being rudely separated from that particular handful of red earth, to which I had for so many ages adhered; and by the use of some sharp picking instrument, which, to make matters worse, had actually belonged at one time to the same family as our own, and had no doubt been treated in the same rough manner.

Not having at that time been furnished with my useful little eye, I was unable to see the huge two-legged monsters who held me captive, and tumbled me and my companions into great wooden vans, without the least compunction. I was conscious only of a rumbling noise, and a swift motion, as we left the bowels of the earth, and ascended to its surface. Since that day I have never been within my former habitation; but I have visited many places, and become acquainted with many strange things, which have in some measure compensated me for the loss of my former rest and quiet.

But that state of ineritance was now for ever past. It would surprise you to hear of the

* These are the veritable words of a child four years old, who lived in a village in the same county as Charlotte Windsor.
various trials to which my companions and myself were exposed; how we were thrust into fiery furnaces; hammered on anvils; our tongues sharpened to a point on swiftly-turning grindstones, until the sparks flew from us as from a forge; and how, when we were fairly at a white heat with indignation, we were suddenly plunged into cold water until we hissed in agony; and all to improve our temper forsooth, as if such torture could be of any use but to harden us, which I verily believe was what was intended, after all. I am afraid we have often since revenged our wrongs upon the innocent; for I remember on my part many thrusts and punctures I have inflicted from time to time upon delicate fingers, with my sharp little tongue.

When we were well rolled into shape, and polished smooth by our tormentors, a small specimen of the genus Homo took us in hand and contrived by a very curious instrument to punch eyes into many thousands of us at once. Strange enough, instead of our eyes being put out by this operation, as would have undoubtedly been the case with you, every one of us was henceforth furnished with a sharp serviceable eye, with which to take our places in society.

Afterswards, as we stood ranged side by side, like the rank and file of a well-disciplined army, we could see for what purpose we had been made to suffer all these hardships. Had one iota of them been omitted, our beauty and usefulness might have been essentially marred.

And here let me observe that it is just so with the affairs of you mortals. You cannot always tell the reason of the trials that are laid upon you, and are often disposed to murmur and complain that you are called to pass through the furnace of affliction. But the wise Disposer of events intends it all for your good, and wills to purify you, and make you as the fine bright gold, fit for the Master's use.

But to return to myself and my companions, for as I said before, there are many thousands of us who had undergone these operations at the same moment. Being one of the smallest and youngest of the company, I stood pleasing myself with imagining the great things I should be able to perform in the world, when all at once I found myself, and about twenty-four others who stood in a row with me, shut up in perfect darkness, and felt that we were let down into some deep receptacle, almost like our native mine. At the same time one issued an order to mark us with these cabalistic words: "20 gross sharps—diamond drilled—eyed—patent."

And now I believe I have told my secret, which, unless my young friends have been unusually dull at catching a hint, they have undoubtedly guessed long ago. That the Fairy Brighteye is nothing else but a simple needle, made of thin steel wire, that has been tempered by many processes, and subjected to various careful operations, before it can be made fit for use. But my adventures are not yet at an end.

As the story writers say, how long I remained in this state of semi-contemplation and total darkness I know not. I must have travelled some thousands of miles, and by sea as well as by land; for I remember that the place where we received our last polishing was at a town called Redditch, noted for the manufacture of our species; and I came to light again in a draper's shop, somewhere.

The lady to whom I and my companions were transferred by the obliging shopkeeper, was tall and handsomely dressed. She held by the hand a little girl, who prattled merrily as they walked along the crowded streets.

"Take care, Nettie," replied the mother, to some remark of the lively child, "perhaps you will not love to sew as well as you think you shall. Better not to promise until you are sure you can perform."

To this warning Nettie responded in high glee, and so eager was she to begin at once her new employment, that, as soon as we entered the house she hastily threw her hat and cloak on a chair, and insisted upon her mother setting her a task, at the same time selecting me to assist her in its performance.

I was frightened at first when I saw what a long strip of muslin I was expected to finish; but there was no occasion for alarm, as the sequel proved. Some time was taken up by little Nettie in looking for her thimble, which it seems she had mislaid, although it was a nice new silver one, presented to her that very day by her mamma. Then she had to learn how to pass a long thread through my dainty little eye; and this of itself took a considerable time, and was not accomplished without much difficulty. At last we were seated at our work, and our trials began.

Fancy what my feelings must have been, in thus making my long-looked-for début in life, under the control of an awkward child, who had never learned to handle a needle properly. I am afraid I was in a very bad humour to begin with. But I was sorely pinched, and driven first up and then down, and anon sideways, until our joint efforts resulted in the production of a dozen great stitches, that, as mamma said, were actually laughing at us. Perhaps my ill-temper became catching. At any rate, after a few more attempts, Nettie's thread became badly knotted, and in trying to draw me through in spite of it, I ran my sharp tongue into the little lady's thumb, and was rewarded for my bad conduct by being flung violently upon the floor, where I had full opportunity of repenting at leisure, as I listened to poor Nettie's lamentations over her pricked finger.

I had time, indeed, to become quite well acquainted with all the strange objects around me; for, being hidden in the soft texture of the carpet, I remained unnoticed till the next morning, when the housemaid, Susan, came in to kindle the parlour fire. In the interval I had made up my mind that my new home was a very dainty place indeed, and that I should like to live there very well. I seemed to be reposing on a bed of violets and roses; crimson curtains, mingled
with rich lace drapery, softened the light of day, which was reflected back by two splendid mirrors that reached from the floor to the lofty, corniced ceiling. Dark costly furniture, with various articles, intended, as I afterwards found, more for ornament than use, kept me wondering half the night. For I was in a state of high excitement under the novelty of my position; and what with gaslight and the mellow beams of the moon, fairly shown again.

But I am sorry to tell you that my midnight reflections did me no manner of good; for I was mischievous enough, when careless, slipshod Susan came in the next morning, to inflict a serious wound upon her defenceless heel, with that same " unruly member" of mine. As I was detected in the act, I was sufficiently punished for it, by being forced to leave my luxurious quarters, and descend to the lower regions of the establishment. Here, after listening to poor Susan's account of the mishap, the old cook carefully wrapped me up in a slice of bacon, placed me, to my great horror, in a crevice of the chimney, assuring my victim that this was a sovereign remedy against lockjaw—a very common superstition with the ignorant.

And now, could my little eye have shed tears, I think I should certainly have wept over my forlorn condition, so different to my former luxury. " Had I not been the brunt of my sharp tongue," I cried, " all would have been well. But I am rightly served for my pride and ill-temper." Many good resolutions formed as to my future good conduct, if I should indeed ever be released from "durance vile." But, as I reflected, old cook might forget me, and suffer me to drag out a miserable existence in that dark hole; or I might become rusty and useless, and my merits may never be known to the world.

But the good creature was better to me than I deserve; for one bright day I was taken down from my nook in the chimney corner, wiped dry, and duly consigned to an immense scarlet flannel pincushion, which graced her attic toilet. Here I remained fuming and fretting over my destiny for many a long month; being too small and delicate to be of much use to the old woman in frilling her great rip-flap caps, or making repairs in her coarse garments. A last Master Tom, who was at home for a long vacation, happened to spy me in one of his idle moments, when he was wandering "up stairs and down stairs, and through my lady's chamber." Fortwith he begged me from "old Annie" for some of his scientific experiments, and with an audience composed chiefly of the servants and his sister Nettie, proceeded to deliver a lecture on attraction and magnetism.

One of his illustrations I remember was to have a large basin of water set on the kitchen table; then having cut a piece of cork into the figure of a goose, he set it to swim about in this miniature pond, making it move in any direction he chose, by holding a piece of bread towards it. The secret of this was, that he had previously inserted me into the body of the bird, and the bread contained a small magnet, which powerfully attracts any substance made of iron.

Another time he held this piece of lodestone over his sister's little workbox, and immediately all the needles that had fallen into the different cells came jumping up to the magnet. I myself had to fly so often from the table, and remain so long suspended, that I was quite tired out, and would willingly instead have run through the longest seam that could be set me. At last, to my great relief, Master Tom became weary too, and ended his performance by jumping us all together, and making us over en masse to his sister Nettie, my former little mistress.

And now I fondly supposed all my trials to be over, and that I should be allowed to repose on velvet and satin for the remainder of my natural existence. But I was mistaken; for not many days after, Nettie's mamma, who had been busy one whole morning in cutting out a large piece of linen, and making it up into parcels, placed me outside of one of the largest to keep it close together, and, ringing the bell, desired the servant to send Patty Cole to her as soon as she came.

I was thus, from my position, able to keep a good look out for the appearance of my new owner, whoever she might be, and had made up my mind that she would be some odd, awkward creature, who I should be obliged to punish severely for taking me away from my luxurious abode. But the moment a timid knock at the door and a soft footfall announced Patty Cole, I was attracted towards her forthwith; feeling the electric influence stirring within me, just as I did with Master Tom's magnet.

Patty's dress was spare and thin—far too much so indeed for the chill winter weather—and her patched shoes, poor child! drenched through and through with the wet slush of the streets. But beneath her pinched hat was a sweet young face, that had a look of sadness in it, pitiful to behold in one of her tender years. It seemed to touch with sympathy the heart of the rich lady, for she said very gently:

"Come here, Patty Cole, and don't be afraid. Sit down by the fire, my child, and tell me how your mother finds herself to-day."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Patty, edging herself on the corner of a chair next the door, "I am afraid mother is no better. She coughs more at nights than she used to, and then she seems so weary all the day, and her hand trembles so she can scarcely hold the needle. Sometimes I think God will take her away from me soon, and then what shall I do all alone in the world?"

Here the poor young girl wiped away her fast-flowing tears with a corner of her miserably thin shawl, and for a few moments sobbed convulsively. Then with a strong effort she controlled herself, as one used to patient suffering, and spoke again in a soft low voice.

"You must excuse me, ma'am for crying, but indeed I couldn't help it. What with
father's being away so long, and mother breaking her heart about not hearing from him, I feel sometimes as if I could hardly bear it."

"When did you last hear from your father, Patty?" said the lady.

"Never since the terrible battle, ma'am. And he used to write so often before, and said he should, before long, come home and see us. I think if poor mother only knew for certain what has become of him, it would be easier to bear than this dreadful anxiety, that is wearing her very life out."

"Well, Patty," said the lady, "you and your mother must both put your trust in One who is Almighty, and hope for the best. I think, too, I can end this fearful suspense, having a relative in the ——, and I will write to him at once. In the meantime here is the work you asked for, and the money to pay for it. I know you can help your mother with the needle, as well as be her kind little nurse and errand girl."

"O yes, indeed, ma'am," said Patty, rising to go, with a brighter look than she had yet worn, "I am very glad that dear mother taught me to sew when I was a little child. And thank you, too, ma'am, for paying me beforehand. I can get some tea and a little bit of meat for mother now, and that will make her stronger I hope."

"And you must not hurry with the sewing," said the lady, following us to the door. "I will call in a few days to see your mother, and bring her some medicines and nourishing things that will do her good."

It was a very, very humble place where Patty and her mother lived. Nothing more than an attic with a sloping dormer window to let in the sunlight. A low bed in one corner, two or three chairs, and a small sewing table, with a little bit of broken grate, made up the furniture. But it seemed as if Patty brought rays of light in with her, for the invalid mother smiled, and everything put on a more cheerful aspect.

As the young girl took off her hat, and stooped down to put some more fuel in the grate, the fair hair fell back from her thin temples, and I saw that she was not quite such a child as, from her slight appearance and low stature, I had supposed her to be. There was something, too, of motherhood in the care which she bestowed on her sick parent, soothing and caressing her as if she had been an infant; telling her what she had seen, and how good and kind the lady had been to her.

I took notice also that when she had prepared a nice supper for her mother, the materials for which she had purchased on her way home, she busied herself about something else, as an excuse for not partaking of the unusual dainties; and when she could snatch a morsel unobserved, it was nothing but a crust of bread and a cold potato, moistened with a cup of water. Then, too, when refreshed and comforted, the mother slept the heavy sleep, which all invalids experience in the first hours of the night, Patty drew the little table as close as she could to the expiring embers of the fire, and plied me until long after midnight. No danger of my rusting out, I thought. I only feared that I should wear out, as I flew rapidly over "seam, and gusset, and band." But when I looked into Patty's meek, patient face, and saw the almost transparent eyelids drooping from sheer exhaustion, I felt rebuked for my selfishness.

Things went on in this way for some weeks. Patty worked night and day, and the invalid began to look more and more shadowy. Mrs. Dale, Nettie's mother, came and brought hot-house grapes and other luxuries for the sick woman, and once a physician accompanied her in her carriage. But he shook his head when he looked at both mother and daughter, and whispered something like not being able to "minister to a mind diseased."

At last the expected missive came, that was to end their long suspense about the missing soldier. Patty brought it in, breathless with haste, and the mother, with her own trembling hands, broke the seal. All that was intended by the kind writer to soften the sad intelligence, failed to reach her bewildered senses. The fatal words stood out like letters of fire "Pausing in the ——.") The cruel blow struck home. People said her heart was broken, and so it was; for in a few days Patty was indeed alone in the world.

I scarcely know how we got over that dreary time. But the neighbour-women were kind and thoughtful. One by one they stole to perform some sad offices for the dead and living, such as they knew must one day be done for themselves. I remember, too, that my services were also called into requisition; for I stitched together the white folds that were to be the last covering for the poor worn-out frame, and fastened some pieces of rusty crape on Patty's old straw bonnet, to be worn at her mother's funeral.

But the poor have little time to give to their sorrows. They must work for their daily bread, though it be often seasoned with tears. A place was found by Mrs. Dale for Patty to do Government sewing, and on the third day after the funeral she went away to her new employment, taking me with her to my great satisfaction.

It was a busy scene into which we were introduced. A long light hall filled with young women, most of whom were seated behind some singular kind of objects, the like of which I had never before seen. They appeared to be new also to my little mistress, and she stood some time with me in hand, looking on at the operation of turning out garment after garment by means of these "sewing machines," as they were called. As for me I was filled with envy, to see how fast they worked; and that while we belonged to the same family I was only a simple little needle after all, and unknown to fame. A large table in the middle of the room was covered with all kinds of army clothing, and I soon found there was work for
EASE IN WORK.

To thoughts and expressions of peculiar force and beauty we give the epithets "happy" and "felicitous," as if we esteemed them a product rather of the writer's fortune than of his toil. Thus, Dryden says of Shakspeare, "All the images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew from them, not laboriously but luckily." And, indeed, when one contemplates a noble creation in art or literature, one seems to receive from the work itself a certain testimony that it was never wrought out with wrestling struggle, but was genially and joyfully produced, as the sun sends forth his beams and the earth her herbage. This appearance of play and ease is sometimes so notable as to cause a curious misapprehension. For example, De Quincey permits himself, if my memory serve me, to say that Plato probably wrote his works not in any seriousness of spirit, but only as a pastime! A pastime for the immortals that were.

The reason of this ease may be that perfect performance is ever more the effluence of a man's nature than the conscious labour of his hands. That the hands are faithfully busy therein, that every faculty contributes its purest industry, no one could for a moment doubt; since there could not be a total action of one's nature without this loyalty of his special powers. Nevertheless, there are times when the presiding intelligence descends into expression by a law and necessity of its own, as clouds descend into rain; and perhaps it is only then that consummate work is done. He who by his particular powers and gifts serves as a conduit for this flowing significance may indeed toil as no drudge ever did or can, yet with such geniality and success, that he shall feel of his toil only the joy, and that we shall see of it only the prosperity. A swan labours in swimming, a pigeon in his flight; yet as no part of this industry is defeated, as it issues momentarily in perfect achievement, it makes upon us the impression, not of the limitation of labour, but of the freedom and liberation of animal genius.

"Long deliberations," says Goethe, "commonly indicate that we have not the point to be determined clearly in view." So an extreme sense of strivings effort, or, in other words, an extreme sense of inward hindrance, in the performance of a high task, usually denotes the presence in us of an element irrelevant to our work, and perhaps unfriendly to it. If a stream flow roughly, you infer obstructions in the channel. Often the explanation may be that one is attempting to-day a task proper to some future time—to another year or another century. It is the green fruit that clings tenaciously to the bough; the ripe falls of itself.

But as blighted and worm-eaten apples likewise fall of themselves, so in this ease of execution the falsest work may agree with the best. That the similarity is purely specious needs not be urged; yet in practically distinguishing between the two there are not a few that fail.
The most precious work is performed with a noble, though not idle ease, because it is the sincere, reasonable, and, as it were, inevitable flowering into expression of one's inward life; and work utterly, glibly insincere and imitative is often done with ease, because it is so successfully separated from the inward life as not even to recognize its claim. Accordingly, pure art and pure artifice, sincere creation and sheer fabrication, flow; from the mixture of these, or from any mixture of natural and necessary with fictitious expression, comes embarrassment. In the mastery of life, or of death, there is peace; the intermediate state, that of sickness, is full of pain and struggle. In Homer and in Tupper, in Cicero and the leaders of the Times, in Jeremy Taylor and the latest Reverend Mr. Orotund, you find a liberal and privileged utterance; but honest John Foster, made of powerful, but ill-composed elements, and replete with an intelligence now gleaming, now murky, could wring statements from his mind only as testimony in cruel ages was obtained from unwilling witnesses, namely, by putting himself to the torture.

But it is of prime importance to observe that the aforementioned nature fruit, which so falls at the tenderest touch into the hand, is no sudden, no idle product. It comes, on the contrary, of a depth of operation more profound, and testifies to a genius and sincerity in Nature more subtle and religious, than we can understand or imagine. This apple that in fancy we now pluck, and hardly need to pluck, from the burdened bough—think what a pedigree it has, what scions of world-making and world-maturing must elapse, all the genius of God divinely assiduous, ere this could hang in ruddy and golden ripeness here! Think, too, what a concurrence and consent of elements, of sun and soil, of ocean-vapours and laden winds, of misty heats in the torrid zone and condensing blasts from the north, were required before a single apple could grow, before a single blossom could put forth its promise, tender and beautiful amidst the gladness of spring! and besides these consenting ministries of Nature, how the special genius of the tree must have wrought, making sacrifice of woody growth, and by marvellous and indefatigable alchemies, co-working with the earth beneath and the heaven above! Ah, not from any indifference, not from any haste or indolence, in Nature, comes the fruits of her seasons and her centuries!

Now he who has had any faculty of thinking must see that thoughts are before things in the order of existence. True it is, that here as elsewhere, last is first and first is last. That which is innermost, and consequently primary, is last to appear on the surface; and accordingly thoughts per se follow things in the order of manifestation. But how could the thing exist, but for a thought that preceded and begot it? And now that the thought has passed through the material symbol, has passed forward to a new and more consummate expression, first in the soul, and afterwards by the voice, we should be unwise indeed to deny or forget its antiquity. Thoughts are no parentes or non siames in Nature, but came in with that Duke William who first struck across the unnamed seas into this island of time and material existence which we inhabit. Accordingly, it is using extreme understatement, to say that every pure original thought has a genesis equally ancient, earnest, vital with any product in Nature—has present relationships no less broad and cosmical, and an evolution implying the like industries, veritable and precious beyond all scope of affirmation. Even if we quite overlook its pre-personal ancestry, still the roots it has in its immediate author will be of unmeasured depth, and it will still proceed toward its consummation form by energies and assimilations that beggar the estimation of all ordinary time. With the birth of the man himself was it first-born, and to the time of its perfect growth and birth into speech the burden of it was borne by every ruddy drop of his heart's blood, by every vigour of his body—nerve and artery, eye and ear, and all the admirable servitors of the soul, steadily bringing to that invisible matrix where it houses its costly nutriments, its sacred offices; while every part and act of experience, every gush of jubilation, every stifling of woe, all sweet pangs of love and pity, all high breathings of faith and resolve, contribute to the form and bloom it finally wears. Yet the more profound and necessary product of one's spirit it is, the more likely at last to fall softly from him—so softly, perhaps, that he himself shall be half-unaware when the separation occurs. And such only are men of genius as accomplish this divine utterance. The voice itself may be strong or tiny—that of a seraph, or that of a song-sparrow; the range and power of combination may be Beethoven's, or only such as are found in the hum of bees; but in its genuineness, this depth of ancestry and purity of growth, this unmistakable issue under the patronage of Nature, there is a test of genius that cannot vary. He is not imitable who imitates. He that speaks only what he has learned speaks what the world will not long or greatly desire to learn from him. "Shakespeare," says Dryden, not having the fear of Locke before his eyes, "was naturally learned"; but whoever is quite destitute of natural learning will never achieve winged words by dint and travail of other erudition. If his soul have not been to school before coming to his body, it is late in life for him to qualify himself for a teacher of mankind. Words that are cups to contain the last essences of a sincere life bear elixirs of life for as many lips as shall touch their brim; they refresh all generations, nor by any quaffing of generations are they to be drained.

To this ease it may be owing that poets and artists are often so ill judges of their own success. Their happiest performance is too nearly of the same colour with their permanent consciousness to be seen in relief: work less
sincere—that is more related and bound to some partial state or particular mood—would stand out more to the eye of the doer. To this error he will be less exposed who learns—as most assuredly every artist should—to estimate his work, not as it seems to him striking, but as it echoes to his ear the earliest murmurs of his childhood, and reclaims for the heart its wandered memories. Perhaps it is common for one’s happiest thoughts, to affect him with a gentle surprise and sense of newness; but soon afterwards they may probably come to touch him, on the contrary, with a vague sense of reminiscence, as if his mother had sung them by his cradle, or somewhere under the rosy east of life he had heard them from others. A statement of our own which seems to us very new and striking is probably partial, is in some degree foreign to our hearts; that which one, being the soul he is, could not do otherwise than say is probably what he was created for the purpose of saying, and will be found his most significant and living word. Yet just in proportion as its utterance lies in the order and inevitable procedure of his life, he will be liable to undervalue it. Who feels that the universe is greatly enriched by his heart-beats?

—that it is much that he breathes, sleeps, walks? But the breaths of supreme genius are thoughts, and the imaginations that people in day-world are more familiar to it than the common dreams of sleepers to them, and the travel of its meditations is daily and customary; insomuch that the very thought of all others which one was born to utter he may forget to mention, as presuming it to be no news. Indeed, if a man of fertile soul be misled into the luckless search after peculiar and surprising thoughts, there are many chances that he will be betrayed into this oversight of his proper errand. As Sir Martin Frobisher, according to Fuller, brought home from America’s cargo of precious stones which after examination were thrown out to mend roads with, so he leaves untouched his divine knowledges, and comes sailing into port full-freighted with conceits.

May not the above considerations go far to explain that indifference, otherwise so astonishing, with which Shakspeare cast his work from him? It was his heart that wrote; but does the heart look with wonder and admiration on the crimes of its own currents?

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**OUR LIBRARY TABLE.**

*Quarterly Magazine of Odd-Fellows.* (Manchester.)—A very pleasant number is this October one of the “Odd-Fellows’ Quarterly,” agreeably varied in its contents, and with much useful purpose in them. “An Autumn Sketch,” by Eliza Cook, is worthy of her earliest, freshest days; “A Tale without a Title” promises well; an article by John Ingram—“Nabious and the Samaritans”—is an interesting resume of an interesting work, “Three Months’ Residence in Nabious, and an Account of the Modern Samaritans, by Rev. J. Mills,” &c., Mr. Henderson’s “Physiology of Health” (the second paper of a series), treats of “Diet and Beverages” in a style calculated to popularize his useful subject; and, that the reader for mere amusement’s sake may not complain of want of a sufficiently stimulating article, there is “The Shepherd’s Hut,” with such an anti-pastoral story attached to it as may well satisfy the most hungry craver for sensation.

For Bands of Hope, by Wm. Hoyle. (London: W. Tvedeic, 337, Strand.)—The purpose of these little publications would of itself disarm criticism. “Bands of Hope” have our utmost admiration, and their projectors and leaders our sincere respect. Mr. Hoyle is one of them, and has done good service to this most sensible and promising work on behalf of Temperance in these numerous metrical pieces, tending to fix Temperance principles in the minds of his juvenile readers. Mr. Hoyle’s verse is necessarily didactic. He is dealing with realities, and does not idealize them: on the other hand, he is not unfrequently coarse. We must, however, take into account the state of education, and mode of thought and expression current amongst the class of young people for whom he writes, and give him all credit for worthiness of intention. Here and there real feeling rises superior to poverty of expression, and the “touch of Nature” that manifests itself in the simple vernacular of the lines—

“A’m sure He’s Drunk to-meet,” seems to point out the field in which his
would be most natural and at home.—"The Melodist" is not wholly dependent for its contents to the Editor, who has shown good sense in the selection of them.

"Give me a draught from the crystal spring"

is a pleasant specimen of sound and sense, not without sentiment and some poetic feeling. We quote the following as one of the happiest and most opposite of Mr. Hoyle's productions:

I stood beside a mountain stream
And thought I heard it say—
"I am the friend of young and old
Through every passing day.

"I roam the sky in darkest clouds;
I fall in drops of rain,
And make the flowers look up with joy
From many a thirsty plain.

"The sons of labour seek my aid
In every useful art;
And in the works of might and skill
I bear a friendly part.

"I sweep along in rivers wide;
I sport in fountains grand,
And on my glassy bosom ride
The ships of every land.

"I fill with pleasure and delight
The birds on many a tree—
The cattle on a thousand hills—
The fishes in the sea.

"Then come, ye children one and all,
With cheerful heart and mind,
Receive a pleasure from the stream
So bountiful and kind."

THE HOUSEHOLD. (Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.)—This is certainly the cheapest, most useful, and thorough publication of its class. We seem to be taking leave of personal friends as the pretty domestic story, "Climbing the Hill," which has run through its pages, evidently draws to a close. But the majority of its contents are of a nature to prevent it as a volume from suffering the ordinary fate of cheap serials. It is too useful, as a referable family-book, to be shelved.

THE LIFE-BOAT; OR, JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION, Vol. vi., No. 62.—As long as storms and sea wage war in our channels and on our coasts, so long will our Hardy race find men cool, intrepid, courageous enough to do battle with them on behalf of their perishing fellow-creatures, and this without respect to peoples or nations, in the simple interest of common humanity! The stories of such battles, however scantily told—and the details are meagre enough in the pages before us—stirs the heart, as the old song of the "Hunting a the Cheviot" moved Sidney's, more than a trumpet! The whole scene comes before us in the unmitigated horror of daylight, or the uncertainty and dreadful disguise of night. And we envy and admire the manly daring (that but few of us could emulate) of the brave fellows who, without fear or hesitancy, launch their boats into seas "running mountains high" in order to rescue some shattered or foundering ship and her despairing crew. Faith in the capabilities of the noble boats with which the Institution provides them, has much to do with the readiness with which the men adventure their lives upon these occasions; and the results, showing rarely a misadventure, fully accounts for this reliance. The number of lives saved by life-boats belonging to the institution in the past year amount to 819—a noble number, but not a tenth of those annually lost. Year by year new stations are formed and new life-boats added to the fine fleet already on the coast of the United Kingdom; but year by year the wear and tear of these boats goes on; year by year the stations and all the appurtenances connected with them require to be maintained or renewed; and year by year, as the grand claims of this most important and beneficent organization makes its way to the hearts of all classes of the people, and its funds are enriched by munificent bequests and donations on the part of private benefactors, the radius of its usefulness enlarges, and we have to record the forming of three new stations in the past year, and the replacing of several small or old boats with larger and more powerful ones. When we remember that the cost of a life-boat, its equipments, boathouse, and transporting carriage (by means of which it can easily be removed from one part of the coast to another) averages £620, and that £50 a year is needed to keep the station in a state of efficiency, we can readily comprehend that the measure of its usefulness must depend upon the means placed at the disposal of the institution, whose principle has ever been one of progress, and therefore leaves no doubt that as its affluence increases so will the number of stations, till all the remaining deficiencies on points of danger are filled up, and the presence of a life-boat supplied all that is necessary to the brave beechmen and fishers of every seaside town and village, or desolate coastguard station, to ensure their readily-given and hardly-rewarded services.

C. A. W.

Donations and annual subscriptions are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by Messrs. Willis, Percival, & Co., bankers to the institution, by all other bankers in the United Kingdom, and by the secretary, Richard Lewis, Esq., at the office of the institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi, London, W. G.
EVENING AND BALL TOILETS.

FIRST FIGURE.—White muslin dress with two skirts falling over a pink silk slip. Body with a deep basque, having a point behind, and one on each side, slit up in the middle. A lace insertion ornaments the front of the second skirt, and is carried round the basque and the edges of both skirts. 

SECOND FIGURE.—Toilet presenting two tulle skirts over a green slip, trimmed with stars down one side, and round the bottom of both skirts. Corset body, bordered with stars at top. White tariatane under-body, laid in plaits. Stars on the short sleeves. On the hair green velvet, supporting tea-roses.

THIRD FIGURE.—Toilet composed of a first skirt of tulle puffed, veiled with grey. White tulle body draped. Short sleeves formed of a plaited flounce, surmounted by velvet covered with guipure. The coiffure presents ponceau velvet passed through the hair, and a coronet of pomegranate-leaves with a flower in the middle.

FOURTH FIGURE.—First skirt of tulle puffed. Second skirt a tunic of blue poudre-soie. Corset of the same, trimmed with crystal fringe over a tulle under-body, with tulle puffings separated by blue bias-pieces, in the middle a cluster of day-lilies. The hair is decorated with the same flowers.

For walking-dress, I have just seen a costume that appears to bear some affinity to that known as the bloomer. It consists of a ponceau petticoat, ornamented with velvet pinkings, forming a series of lazerges, with a mother-of-pearl button in each. The dress, which is looped-up out of sight, is of black faye silk, with round body. The whole is covered by a peplum jacket, descending within a quarter-of-a-yard of the bottom of the petticoat; the fulness of which is very slightly assisted by a severely straight crinoline, scarcely two yards round. It is a reality that crinolines continue to be worn, though for walking-dress they are of very narrow dimensions.

The head-dress for this toilet is a catalane of black tulle, covered with jet gimp, and encircled with pomegranate flowers or red roses. I have seen a robe of black faye, the skirt of which is charmingly graceful. It is cut with a train surrounded with pearls of jet, which are also scattered over a wide entre-deux of black passementerie disposed in unequal baguettes high up on the train only.

The skirt, which is gored, has the seams garnished from place to place with little glands of jet pearls, and is set into the waist in great plaits behind, but quite plain in front. The corsage has a round waist, and is ornamented with baguettes entre-deux perles. Three are posed before, and three behind. Glands of jet ornament the shoulder-seam, the throat, and the sleeves, and are repeated at the top and bottom of each of the three baguettes.

The rage for glittering trimmings and ornaments has so increased that it is almost impossible to look at a woman without being dazzled. It envelops the pretty ones with a thousand brilliant trifles, and gives them, according to our correspondent, “Un prestige féerique.” Crystal, jet, pearl, gold, and silver (or their appearances) glitter on bonnets and mantles, with questionable taste, in the promenade or the streets, and scintillate by gaslight in ball-rooms and theatres—where such vanities have ever had (in some shape or other) leave to shine.

Paletots, somé with beads, have not a very comfortable appearance in November weather; nor do glass-drops and fringes add to the air of comfort and appropriateness which is the great charm of winter-dress; but while Fashion lends its prestige to these glittering trifles it is useless to talk of false principles in the use of them. Everything that is hollow seems to prevail, and imitative articles of bijouterie are real enough to pass for originals. Diadems, bracelets, whole parures of every kind of imitative gem may be had at the magazines—l’ombre du vrai which shall bear the test of neighbourhood with unquestionable jewels.

Amongst other new fantasies agrafes of all genres will be used to retain the sleeves, the train, and shoulder-knots of robes for evening costume.
CROCHET BORDER.

Commence by working a chain the required length.
1st and 2nd rows. 1 chain, miss 1, and work 1 treble. Repeat to the end. At the end of each row cut off the cotton.

3rd. Work 8 plain stitches *, 2 chain, miss 2, then 3 treble all in one stitch, 2 chain, miss 2, 13 plain. Repeat from * to the end.

4th. Commence on the first stitch of the 8 plain, and work 6 plain *, 3 chain, miss 4, 3 treble in one stitch, 3 chain, miss 1, and 3 treble in one stitch, 3 chain, miss 4, then 9 plain on the 13 plain, which will leave the stitches on each side of it. Repeat from * to the end.

5th. Commence on the first stitch of the last row, work 4 plain *, 3 chain, miss 5, 3 treble over the 3 treble of last row, 2 chain, miss 1, 3 treble in one, 2 chain, miss 1, 3 treble, 3 chain, miss 5, 5 treble on the 9 plain. Repeat from * to the end.

6th. Work 1 plain on the 1st stitch; then 3 chain, miss 5, 3 treble on the 3 treble; 3 chain, miss 3, 3 treble in one; 3 chain, miss 1, 3 treble in one; 3 chain, miss 2, 3 treble; 3 chain, miss 5, 1 plain on the centre of the 5 plain. Repeat.

7th. Work 1 treble on the 1st stitch (3 chain, miss 3, and 3 treble on the 3 treble, twice); * 2 chain, miss 1, 3 treble in one; 2 chain, miss 1, 3 treble; 3 chain, miss 3, 3 treble; 3 chain, miss 7, 3 treble; 3 chain, miss 3, 3 treble. Repeat from * to the end.

8th. Work 1 treble on the 1st stitch; 2 chain, miss 4, * 1 treble, 3 chain, miss 4, 3 treble on the 3 treble; 3 chain, miss 2, 3 treble in one; 5 chain, miss 1, 1 treble in one; 3 chain, miss 3, 3 treble; 3 chain, miss 4, 1 treble; 3 chain, miss 5. Repeat from * to the end.

9th. Work 1 plain on the 1st chain stitch; * 2 chain, miss 5, 3 treble on the 3 treble; 4 chain, miss 3, 3 treble (3 chain, miss 1, and 3 treble twice); 4 chain, miss 3, 3 treble; 2 chain, miss 5, 1 plain. Repeat from *.

10th. Work 1 plain on the 1st stitch; 1 chain, miss 2, 3 treble on the 3 treble; 5 chain, miss 4, 3 treble (5 chain, miss 3, and 5 treble, 3 times); 1 chain, miss 2. Repeat to the end.

11th. Work 3 plain on the 3 treble; then on the 5 chain work 2 treble in 1, 5 times; repeat from the commencement 3 times more, then 6 plain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

KNITTED OVERBOOT.

Take four needles, No. 10, steel or ivory, and cast on 19 stitches on two and 18 on the third. This shoe is knitted in rounds like a stocking. Work 2 plain and 2 purled for as many rows as is approved of for the height in the leg above the instep, then begin to increase by knitting the last stitch in the common way, still leave it on the pin, knit it again from back part of loop (this being the only way to increase without a hole). The increasing should always be done on both sides of the two knitted stitches. When you have increased 20 stitches on each side, knit 20 rounds in the same way, 2 purled and 2 plain alternately, as the rest of the boot has been worked. It must be finished by knitting the two sides together, with the increasing stitches to the front. In three-thread white fleecy this makes a very nice warm and soft overboot. A cork sole can be sewed on, or a more substantial one affixed by a shoemaker. Four-ply fleecy makes a thicker and firmer boot.
THE FRESCOES OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

The traveller pauses as he surveys Rome. He beholds the former mistress of the world, the queen of nations, the home of the fine arts, and the abode of the finest intellects that the world has ever beheld. Various monuments of art attract his attention. Now he gazes upon the vast Egyptian obelisks, fashioned before Rome was; now he surveys some mighty statue, the production of some artist who flourished ages before Christ; and then the streets of the Eternal City are a perpetual panorama to the matter-of-fact Englishman or bustling American.

Flower-girls present him bouquets of Parma violets, mignonette or moss-roses. Punchinello cracks his jokes, and sometimes launches a sly sarcasm against the government; monks in grey, black, or white, with downcast eyes and sandalled feet, pace quietly along; donkeys, laden with vegetables and fruits, obstruct his progress; a well-varnished carriage, exquisitely groomed horses, and fat, saucy servants, prove their English origin. Whenever John Bull travels, he carries "Old England" with him, pours out gold like water, grumbles at all he sees, and wraps himself in a cloak of stillness. Cobblers sit at the corners of the street, and discuss the news of the day, while they mend their customers’ understandings; macaroni-sellers loudly extol the flavour of their dainties, and for a trifles extra will add a little cheese; grapes and figs, melting with dewy freshness, charm both taste and smell; peasants from all parts of the Pontifical States have come up to Rome to make a few purchases, and enjoy a holiday; the men are remarkable for their statue-like figures, and the women for their beauty, till they are hardened by toil and exposure.

The shops of Rome are agreeable lounges to the tourist. The cameos, engravings, books, gems, and Roman ribbons are curious to examine, and, if the purchaser be smart, can be purchased for a trifle, as all Italian storekeepers ask twice as much as they mean to take. Occasionally a cardinal’s carriage drives through the mass of vehicles; their eminences always use black horses, and are invariably (unless promoted from the religious orders) dressed in scarlet. A stranger, standing on a balcony, can find enough to occupy him for hours, by looking at the passers-by.

But other objects claim the traveller’s notice, and he at once wends his way to the miracle of modern architecture, lifts the great curtain, and at last enters the gorgeous pile dedicated to the chief of the Apostles. Statues, pictures, and bronzes divide his attention. The colossal boedachino of gilt bronze—its angels with their garlands to cast on the altar, the tiara, keys, and other papal insignia, are extremely beautiful, and well repay a moment’s investigation. This superb work of art was executed by Bernini, during the pontificate of Urban the Eighth. It weighs one hundred and eighty-six thousand pounds (there are only twelve ounces in the Roman pound), and cost sixty thousand dollars. The gilding was estimated at forty thousand dollars. The metal was cast at Venice. The great chair of St. Peter, sustained by two Greek and two Latin fathers, and surmounted by two genii, the whole of gilt bronze, surrounded by lamps, which burn by day and night, invites inspection. The eye is tired, and involuntarily glances to the ceiling, and there rests upon the frescoes of the greatest of architects. Let us for a moment examine these wonderful drawings.

The Cathedral of St. Peter’s had been long the boast of Rome, and each of the pontiffs who sat in the chair of St. Peter was anxious to add some decoration to mark his reign; and all the famous artists of the day eagerly lent their services. Michael Angelo Buonarotti was, by common consent, the greatest artist of his century. Nature had gifted him with rare discernment, a light hand, and magnificent conceptions; all his talents had been fostered by the princely munificence of the Medici, and the great Florentine was at once a poet, architect, sculptor, and painter. The same fervent Italian sun which ripened the fires of genius also gave him an impetuous and irascible disposition. He would not brook control, nor would he allow others to mar the perfection of his designs. Julius the Second commanded Michael Angelo to decorate the vaulted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Some difficulties ensued; the pontiff was unbending as the artist, though, at the same time, he acknowledged the superiority of his genius. The pontiff yielded, and Buonarotti at once began his undertaking. Several painters were summoned from different sections of Italy to assist the illustrious architect, and undertake the mechanical part of the work; but they could not understand the vast genius of Buonarotti, nor even colour to his satisfaction, and, in a fit of anger, they were all dismissed, and the illustrious Florentine himself, and in the most perfect solitude, began his undertaking. No one was allowed to enter. The parts, as they were completed, were covered by a cloth. The whole work was finished in about six years, and was first thrown open to the public in 1541. Michael Angelo received about six thousand dollars for this work, and found the colours at his own expense.

The great artist began with the end near the door, and painted the Deluge of the vineyards of Noah. The figures in this are somewhat defective, though the effect is admirable. This
was finished in 1512. Twenty-two months had been consumed on the painting after the drawings were made.

All the figures—upwards of two hundred in number—are colossal. There are four large compartments and five small. The creation of the sun and moon, the fall and expulsion from Paradise, the birth of Adam, and the deluge are shown in the former; in the latter, the gathering of the waters, the Almighty separating light from darkness, the creation of Eve, the sacrifice of Noah and his vineyards; the prophets and sybils that foretold the coming of Christ are painted in the cunes. All these are matchless, both for proportion and a certain air of mystic grandeur. Each of these would be a study for an artist. The figures of Ezekiel, Zacharias, and Isaiah are particularly beautiful. Great old age is portrayed, but combined with exquisite beauty, and there is no appearance of decrepitude; the boys representing angels unite grace and a certain childish dignity. These do not attract the spectator's attention from the principal figures.

The genealogy of Christ next arrests the beholder's attention. All the figures here are full of "tenderness and repose," yet at the same time inspire holy awe and beauty; ornaments are scattered judiciously, and the drapery is exquisitely managed.

The punishment of Haman, Holophernes conquered by Judith, David overcomning Goliath, and the brazen serpent are painted in the four corners. The first is, perhaps, the best of all these figures. Judith has placed the head in a basket, and it is borne away by an old servant, who stoops while she endeavours to hide her load; she glances round, and is evidently afraid of detection.

The brazen serpent is also a creation of surpassing art, and the story is told with the greatest fidelity. Death is depicted in all its different phases; some, still living, are hopeless of recovery; others are almost expiring from fear and horror; agony convulses some, and others await their impending doom; and some beautiful heads cast looks of anguish on all around them. The figures looking at the serpent are of equal power with the others, but their emotions differ from the sufferers; they have realized the idea that there is some alleviation in store for them, that they may yet hope. The leading figure is a woman supported by a man; fear and pain are both finely portrayed. The figure of Ahasuerus reclining in his bed, with the three men seated at the table, compassing the death of Haman, are unrivalled in attitude and expression.

The Last Judgment, painted at the upper end of the Sistine Chapel, is, beyond all doubt, the greatest work of art extant, though it is full of faults, and the attitudes of many of the figures have been severely criticised. This is composed of nearly two hundred figures in various positions.

The Messiah sits in the midst, pronouncing the awful sentence: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." St. Bartholomew sits at the Saviour's feet; St. Lawrence stands near him. Both are filled with a holy exultation, mixed with a kind of pitying sympathy, as they gaze at the souls that are doomed to so fearful a fate. Male and female saints embrace each other with rapture; there is a holy joy painted in their countenances. The seven angels with the trumpets, described by St. John, sit at the Saviour's feet. They summon all to judgment; and, to use the words of a writer who was acquainted with the great painter, "their expression is so terrible, that the hair almost stands on end to consider them." Two of these celestial messengers hold the book of life. The seven mortal sins, in the guise of demons, float in the air, striving to pull down the souls of the just, who are slowly ascending to heaven. The expression of these last has been stigmatized as common-place; and, speaking of the redeemed and pardoned, Kugler observes, that "We in vain look for the glory of heaven, for beings bearing the stamp of divine holiness and renunciation of human weakness; everywhere we meet with the expression of human passion, human effort; we see no choir of solemn, tranquil forms—no harmonious unity of clear grand lines, produced by ideal draperies; but in their stead, a confused crowd of naked bodies in violent attitudes, unaccompanied by any of the attitudes made sacred by holy tradition." Mrs. Jameson, the distinguished authoress, who has studied in all the European galleries, and written several works distinguished for their justice and liberality on the fine arts, censures "the figure and attitude of the Redeemer as vulgar and common-place, as inspired merely by wrath and vengeance—as an athlete, who, with a gesture of sullen anger, is about to punish the wicked." Groups of angels, bearing the cross, crown of thorns, and other emblems, float in the air; the Virgin Mother, with an air of infinite repose and quiet dignity, sits near her Divine Son.

The figures of the lost are, perhaps, the best in the whole composition, and the poetical genius of the great painter was here singularly successful. The different vices may be here distinguished. All these heads are drawn very powerfully. The sinner who has lost through pride may be readily distinguished from his neighbour who has been precipitated into the fathomless depths from avarice.

The demons who wait to drag down their prey, are drawn with matchless power. They cast a look of hate on the saved, and turn to their prey with malignant joy, as though they exclaimed: "We have succeeded—one more soul is lost! Charon at the same time strikes with his oar those consigned to his care by the demons.

Such is a brief sketch of this immortal work, which has been for centuries the theme of admiration to all artists and amateurs. It was first exhibited to the public on the 25th Decem-
ber, 1541. Michel Angelo was then sixty-seven, and had been employed on the paintings and cartoons nearly nine years. This great work has been much spoiled by the flames of the incense and the flames of the candles used in the holy week.

The “Misericordia” is sung in this chapel, and the candles are extinguished one by one; the shades of evening take the place of the sun; the figures stand out in bold relief; and almost descend from their lofty elevation. The effect is still further heightened by the wailing notes of the “Misericordia,” and the deep voices of the singers, and the feeble light of one or two wax candles.

Michael Angelo borrowed the idea from the frescoes of Andrea Orcagna, in the Campo Santo of Pisa, painted in 1335; but the old master was far grander and more original than his imitator.

The Secret of a Charming Manner.
—There are two sorts of fine manners—the one which expresses an easy sense of fitness for every company, lofty, a shade supercilious, but really good—the manner caricatured in Punch’s portrait of “swell,” and only serviceable to the owner; the other, a cast which confers benefit on others, and which must proceed from deeper and kindlier sources than self-appreciation, self-respect, and the habit of good company. One which, if it does not imply a more excellent nature than common, shows a nature whose best qualities are now within our reach, a gift to society, the manner which conveys to us the idea that we are worth pleasing, that we have inspired an interest and waked sympathy. We rise in our own opinion in such a presence; we feel ourselves appreciated, our powers are quickened, we are at ease, and show ourselves at our best. What is it that makes some women so charming—some men so pleasant? What quality that diffuses an aroma, an influence as of rose-leaves about them? What manifests itself in hands that receive us with graceful warmth, in eyes that beam with kindly pleasure, in smiles so genuine, so tender—in the general radiance of reception? What a benignant sunshine of welcome! how soothing to be cared for! how easily the time passes! And what constitutes this charm? for we are not supposing it to arise from any deep moral or intellectual superiority, which, truth to say, does not often exhibit itself in this way. Surely it is a natural sweetness, an inherent tenderness of sympathy—pervading rather than deep—acting upon a desire to please. There are some persons on whom society acts almost chemically, compelling them to be charming. It is part of themselves to meet advances, to labour in their graceful way, to create a favourable impression, and to give pleasure; and yet, perhaps, our arrival was, after all, ill-timed—our approach at least was not welcome—we interrupted, we necessitated an effort. If at night we could overhear our friend’s summary of the day, we might find ourselves classed as one of its troubles and hindrances: and as we have said, we might unjustly feel a twinge of ill-usage. But is it not something not to have been made uncomfortable at the time—to have spent a happy hour instead of sitting on thorns, as with certain of our acquaintances we should certainly have been made to do? They are not necessarily more sincere because they take no pains to conceal that we are in the way. The kindly welcomer has been as true to his character all the while as our surly friend has been to his. It would have cost too much; it would have been impossible for him to be ungracious. Thus he is neither insincere, for he has sincerely wished to please, nor, what might seem the other alternative, affected, for he has been acting according to nature.

Answers to Correspondents.

Poetry accepted, with thanks.—“A Wish”; “Three Trees”; “Too Late.” Will the author of the latter poem substitute another word for “un-she’d,” and improve the last verse, which is very rugged, and unequal to the previous ones?

Prose received.—“Evelyn Vaughan”; “The Colonel’s Ward”; “Ups and Downs in Scandinavia”; “The Philosopher in the Street”; “Concerning Bazaars”; “In Felix”; “Notes of French Cathedrals”; “How I came to Propose.” We have read “The Colonel’s Ward” and “Evelyn Vaughan”; the writers shall hear from us shortly.

We have received correspondence from “L.—, Wincheste,” “H. J. S., Wales”; “P. L., Dudley”; “G. H. Wellington”; “M. C., Stockport.” The MS. referred to by the first shall receive attention. We fear the public interest in the subject has passed.

Poetry declined, with thanks.—“On the Sands”; “To a Statue”; “In view of St. Helena”; “Only a Word.”

* * * To prevent postal mistakes, we beg to say that the number of the Editor’s private address has been altered from 14 to 30.

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CHAP. X.

THE CURATE'S WOOING.

The Rev. Loftus Smyly had made up his mind. We have hinted before that he was very much in love, but that it was a matter of extreme dubiouness whether that gentle flame was reciprocated. Nay, it is certain that if any rabeld wight had suggested the possibility of such a thing, the harmless divine would have coloured up to the roots of his flaxen hair, and vehemently denied any such imputation. But at the same time a thrill of joyous satisfaction would have shot through his mind, strangely bellying his words; and a gleam of his eye (mild but spectacled though it was) would have betrayed the secret that he was very much in love, deeply dipp'd, and ready to die for a smile, a look, from Katie Stewart. After deep and earnest thought, carefully weighing all the pros and cons, the curate had determined to go in for his innings, be the result what it might.

Truth to tell, he was not one of those PetARCH-like, lackadaisical lovers who prefer committing their joys and sorrows to pretty rhymes and sending them per post to the Lauras of their affections; he was simply a warm-hearted, sensible, young English curate, who wanted a wife very badly, for several reasons: in the first place, he was very lonely, although several very spirited attempts had been made by the band of virgins at Luffington to make an impression on his untouc'ed heart, for they knew full well that he was well born, well educated, not bad-looking (as curates went), and possessed of a decent income—in fact, with all the desirable essentials of a good husband.

They had led the forlorn hope right gallantly (this company of maiden stormers) for many a long year, and upon many a generation of curates, who had proved false and false, and had evacuated before the final attack. They had exhausted all their simplic arts, and, when foiled at one point, they tried another. Not to lose hope was all the art they knew.

The Rev. Cornelius O'Leary had been musical, and for him musical réunions had been planned and executed, where the harmless boy played, in an inspiring manner, upon the flute—an instrument which seems to be as indispensable to the young curate as Sappho's lyre was to that gifted young poetess.

As the young Irishman brought out the powers of his charming instrument into full play, the devoted band would range themselves in attitudes of girlish innocence, generally with their arms round each other's waists, and their hearts I fear rather uncharitably disposed one to the other. Then Matilda Potts, the doctor's daughter, with the remains of beauty, and eyes which had been dark and lustrous once as any gazelle's, but had, through long practice and age, grown slightly dimmed, would sing some very sentimental chansons, taken from Haynes Bayly's sweet selection, in a thin, reedy voice, making play the while with the beaux yeux. Then, too, her sister Caroline would laugh, so as to display the best of her teeth ("tombstones" her loving friends called them), and shrug her thin shoulders artlessly as young girls of forty will, and, et cætera, the whole band would be in full play till untimelous hours of the night. But it was all no use—the Irishman was not so dull as he looked, and had all his countryman's caution in love-things. In vain the birdcatchers whistled, the prey would not flutter into the net; and the Rev.-reend Cornelius would, I am ashamed to record, leave these musical treats and betake himself to his intimates, and, over his whisky-and-water, enact the whole scene over again. "Not to be taken in by their blarney" was his motto, and he passed unscathed the fiery ordeal.

The present curate's predecessor had a narrow escape. Great personal attractions were his, but his mind was weak, and dress was his only care. Let the young ladies alone for finding out his weakness! In a short time he had enough slippers of every kind and texture, embroidered in all the colours of the rainbow, to furnish a regiment, poured in upon him, and hands of faultless cambic, and a sermon-case in blue velvet and gold; as Barney Maquire says, "A th'rate to look upon." But the curate simply stroked his long whiskers (of which he was fearfully proud), and I showed his teeth, and thanking them all, said, "Am very much flattered assure yaw!" But he spake not of love, and still the virgins of Luffington sighed, "He comes not, and I am averyy."

With Mr. Smyly the case was entirely different. They had made up their minds for one
final sally, and after that, had foreseen that they must drift into the "sere and yellow leaf," old maids to the day of their death. Whether they held meetings and discussed their plans I know not. I daresay they hated one another too much to agree, though in company they never lost an opportunity of calling themselves "dear" and "love."

Winged Fame had brought the pleasing news that a curate, of good family, "second cousin to Lord Pontifex," and great talent, was coming; and they set themselves eagerly to discover his peculiar liking. But they were doomed to bitter disappointment; for the people of the Hall had taken Loftus Smyly under their wing, and the young curate, not unnaturally, preferred a good dinner and good wine with the Stewarts to a quiet cup of tea and much scandal with the sisterhood of Luffington. It was his first curacy, and, as he neither played the flute nor gave himself over entirely to dress, the stormers did not know what point to carry their colour to. But "Esperance Percy" was still their war-cry; and as they discovered that hard work and a strict attendance to the wants of his flock characterised the young Oxford man, they formed themselves into a band of Bible-readers and Sisters of Mercy, and placed themselves at the call of the Savonarola of their village. He simply thanked them, and treated them with no further consideration. Studiously polite, excessively grateful for their kindness he always was; but he as politely declined invitations to tea, written on pink paper by Miss Arabella's fair hand. He was not musical, and therefore excused himself from the delightful réunions, and devoted himself to visiting the sick and healing the broken spirit, and comforting the desolate in their misery, humbly and earnestly trying if haply he might imitate the example of a Divine Master.

"Tout est perdu" sang the rejected virgins, and fled the field in tears. And, all this while, how the curate really been unseathed? Did he really hate the sex as much as his "tactics" showed? Ah! there was round his heart that triple strong shield of brass, intense, earnest love for another woman. One week in Katie Stewart's company, and the Reverend Loftus Smyly was a gone man. Hopelessly, irretrievably in love, ready to quarrel with himself for his folly, but equally ready to fall down and worship the image of the girl with laughing eyes and sunlit rippling hair, he had set up in his guileless mind; and to treasure up her most trivial words and expressions as jewels of inestimable value, whilst he regarded as things of nought the sparkling sallies of Miss Potts, the fascinating. It was the sole thing that kept him content in the hum-drum life at Luffington, this "desire of the moth for the star,—of the night for the morrow." And on such nights that he could escape consultations with the devoted Sisters of Mercy, and had a short respite from his self-imposed duties, he would sit in his old arm-chair, and smoke his old meerschaum contemplatively, while rosy visions floated before him—scenes of fairy Arabian Nights life in the future, the chief parts in which were played by the prima-donna, Katie Stewart; and again would the arch sinner and playful mouth of his worshipped one come before the idoler, in all their fascination, and he would finish his pipe, and knock the ashes out, with a sigh and a muttered determination to cast his fortunes on the die of a proposal, and to wait till it should please fickle Dame Fortune to turn her face, wreathed in favouring smiles, towards him. Now there are very many ways of making a proposal, and before I tell you how our friend the curate fared in his, I will just go over a few of the ways in which the momentous question may be asked, and I sincerely hope they will prove useful exemplars to the youth of the present age—though, to do them credit, they are themselves indifferent wise, and not to be taken in easily in matters like these.

Now of all styles of proposal the accidental I do opine is the most usual, and pays best. It is when the question is asked suddenly, and the lady not allowed over-much time to think, that the suit prospers, and the short courting terminates in the "happy event." How often, 'neath the friendly and patulous shade of the beech-tree close to the purling stream, has Strepthon the modest, when the champagne has worked its magic influence and the many walks has set the blood a-whirling, been brought up to the scratch by Belinda the calculating, and the question asked, and mamma referred to, before the hapless suitor knew whither he had wandered, and suddenly awoke to the full reality of his position!

Then quoting poetry in company with the charmers is very dangerous work. Ah, Alfred, Musset, and Tennyson, and Owen Meredith, what have ye not to answer for? Formerly it used to be Byron and Moore, and impassioned couplets from "The Corsair" or "Lalla Rookh," but the young lady would stare now a-days to whom such old productions were recited. "Off in the stilly night," when the cool breeze blows in upon the beach, and the parade is thronged with loving couples—often has the despairing lover clutched, like seaman at a spar, at these alluring stanzas; and they have performed his work for him, and made the object of his affections ask him why he need be miserable, and why he should trouble himself about an imaginary Clara Vere de Vere, when perhaps there was some one—and so on till the outworks are carried, and "Love is lord of all."

Then there are many unexpected ways of proposal, in which the nervous Lothario is brought up trembling to the stake. In this little game the oldest hunters are generally the daffest performers. Ladies of uncertain age, who have, in vulgar parlance, "whistled for a husband," many a long day in Cheltenham and Leamington—who have "smiled and smiled until the heart grew weary," at every ball and rout and drum, all with no success—let these but get hold of a tender fledgeling, just emancipated from his mother's protecting wing, and
there is very little chance for him. They play at him, sing at him, talk at him; they lead him on, gently yet firmly, like skilful charioteers; they see that he is plied freely with that which inspires the courage of Holland; and then, when there is no escape, the helpless boy shuts his eyes tight, makes a downward plunge, mutters something about love in a cottage, and the fatal deed is done: he may sing farewell, a long farewell, to all his bachelor delights! Henceforth there will be for him the connut turtle-dove life with the middle-aged one and her dreadful mamma—that mamma so well known to us in the pages of our most gifted novelist; an instance of whom, I'll warrant you, is Mrs. Skewton, the object of old "rough and tough and devilish sly Joey B.'s adoration."

Then dancing is mightily dangerous too, and full many an eligible parti has the decides "Mabel" or that love of an "Erna" waltz secured for the fair waiters! To say nothing of the soft, sensuous movement, there is the consciousness that a lovely face, with dark eloquent eyes, is looking up to yours as the merry dance progresses—that a trained voice is whispering into your ear, and a lithe figure swaying and undulating to every note of the music. What wonder that when the dance is over, and your panting partner accepts your arm for a stroll in the conservatory (that home of flirtation, as some writer calls it)—what wonder that a low thrilling whisper comes knocing at the door of your heart, and when you utter some wretched common-place about the next dance, and hope that she will be your partner for life, you are taken at your word, and you return to the ballroom an engaged couple in very truth; and it may fall you will never regret that waltz. And in other cases mayhap you will curse the night that you accepted the invite to that ball, and believe that the Eumenides must have crouched on the pillar of that fateful conservatory.

A very neat and peculiar dodge they have in Yorkshire. Charley Calverley, my friend in the Mounted Volunteers, had resisted many a well-meant attack, and had, with perfect coolness, complimented the fair sirens of the Riding on their singing, and had played croquet and drank cider-cup to his heart's content, and as yet, as the newspapers say, "nothing of importance transpired." He was sitting one night engaged in a furious flirtation with Bella Sparkler, and was saying, in a musing tone, "It is very odd that I am not married yet: I suppose no one will have me.” “You haven't been in Yorkshire before, have you?” responded the lassin, with a wicked look in her eyes. Charley did not say much at the time, only in a few months he stood by Bella's side, that was all, swearing to love and cherish, and all that sort of thing. **Voila tout!** the ladies make all the running in that sporting shire.

There was a peculiarly determined look in the curate of Lutnoton's face as he sat down to breakfast in his little snuggy, and broke the shell of his solitary egg, in a meditative way, this morning. Before him lay his diary (he was a methodical man, do you see?) and in it was entered as follows:

"Shall ask Katie Stewart to be my wife this day;"

and, underneath, a little verse from the curate's favourite poet:

"To see her is to love her,"

And love but her for ever:

"For Nature made her what she is And never made another."

He might have added another verse, only lovers are proverbially blind:

"If women could be fair, and yet not fond;"

Or, that their love were firm, not fickle; still I would not marvel that they make men fond; By service long to purchase their good will; But when I see how frail these creatures are, I must that men forget themselves so far."

Was there no warning voice to deter the hapless young curate from the breakers that he was approaching? Yes, verily, many. Did not the piteous scene enacted at the Hall, not so very long ago, possess any lesson for the man to learn in the faithlessness of women and the cunning wiles of men? As well might we expect the unwary traveller, when the winds are laid to rest and the sky cloudless, to prepare for the night of storms that approaches, as hope that the man who is fairly started on the voyage of love will cease his mad pursuit of the image till the cold reality of refusal break in upon him.

Full merrily sailed the sailors of Ulysses' noble ship along, and recked nought of danger, and gleefully sang, as they pictured the happy return to vine-clad Ithaca; full delight had they sped through the rival dangers of deceitful Scylla and deceitful Charybdis; but the isle of the syren was yet to be passed and the greater of temptations to be overcome. What care they that in full sight of them bleached the bones of their hapless comrades? The mysterious magic of that beautiful song came floating o'er the hushed waters, and the hymn of welcome now rose now fell with the breeze, as all nature seemed to listen to the melody of those fair and treacherous syrens, with their dark-blue witching eyes and glancing arms and sweet rounded bosoms, and dark hair streaming to the winds, their lithe figures swaying as they touched the silvery lyre, and uttered their wild enchanting note of welcome. Did not Ulysses rave and storm whilst the deaf mariners bound him to the mast? Think you he saw not the bleaching bones of his comrades telling their own sad tale? Right well he saw; yet was he, nevertheless, right content to mingle his bones with those, could he but stay and listen to that song, and pillow his weary head midst the scented locks of the fair young sinners. So it is in love: often, "regardless of their doom, the little victors play."

The curate finished his breakfast, and set about the parish work with increased energy.
this day. He visited several rheumatic old women, and spoke to them of the glad news of salvation, and as their trembling blessings fell upon his head he thought them omens to prosper him in his suit. He lingered long in the houses where lay some stricken form, bedridden perchance, and waiting but release from the cares and troubles of this wearyful world; and as he left one house with the heavy words of blessing lingering on his ears, "Heaven bless you, air! you have been kinder to us nor any of the other par-ons," his heart came to a full stop; for right before him stood the idol of his last night's visions—the object of his daily thoughts—Katie Stewart, with her little basket on her arm, and Bible in hand, and her dear bonnie face as happy as the day; and her clear blue eyes, full of important interest in the work she was doing. The very faintest shadow of a smile trembled on her lips as she saw the curate, and she possibly might have been recalling a certain conversation held with Captain Grantley, some time ago; but she gave her hand to the enamoured curate. Oh! that he might have dared to have held it for one moment longer that the strict demands of the tyro, thought the curate excited! There was something courtly in the way in which the curate bent his tall figure over it, and returned the goodmorning with a trembling voice.

"Ah! I am so glad to have met you," said the arch-deceiver, enthusiastically; "we were thinking of some croquet at the Hall this afternoon; and as we all know how hard you work, it might be a little treat to you, we thought; so you will come to lunch with me now, Mr. Smyly, as soon as I have carried this basket into old Dame Marsden's. Will you come?"

Would he come? His voice scarcely helped him out with the profuse acknowledgment of thanks; but a certain little god, whom they yet say rules in his own demesne, kept urging "Go! you will never have such a chance again, and try your luck, my boy." And the curate did go, and added another trophy to the spolia opima which adorned Miss Stewart's war-trail. When they had got fairly on their way—

"You said that I worked hard, Miss Stewart," said the curate; "that is a compliment I can scarcely lay claim to when you are near." (He did not mean to flatter at all: he was not one of those men who seek to win a girl's affection by loading her with fulsome compliments: in cases in which these sort of things pay, the man is a sorry fool, and the girl certainly not worth the wooing.) "You work so hard indeed yourself, Miss Stewart," went on the infatuated young man, "that you would be a bright example to any clergyman. I should be contented had I the good wishes of everybody as you have. But I suppose mercy is woman's mission, and she never looks half so beautiful as when she is on charitable works intent" (Oh! bravo indeed, Clericus, you are breaking ground nicely; pity it is, though, that you can't see the half-amused, half-startled look in the glorious blue eyes, which seem to wonder what your little game is),

"I should think a clergyman's must be a very delightful life," said she, keeping up the game.

"Were I a man, now, such is the very life I would choose. Though not startlingly brilliant, yet how refined! and how charming to reflect that you are gaining the goodwill of all!"

"Yes; but then 'tis a difficult thing, very often, to please all your parish," sighed the curley, beginning to open his heart now.

"For instance, I know that I have offended all the young ladies of Laffington, because I won't go and play the flute and sing, and drink tea at their houses every day. I can't do this sort of thing when I see the want and misery all around me, and when I reflect that I did not take orders to make a singing-master of myself, nor to please people, but to try and please my Master."

There was a look of real admiration in the girl's face now. He went on, in a more saddened tone: "And yet our life is a very lonely one—one especially. Most men have a mother or sister, or somebody of the kind, to care for their progress in this selfish world, and to write them a jolly letter now and then. I have lost my mother; sister I never had; and—and—"

He fairly broke down, his weak-hearted divine, and Katie came to the rescue with a ring of pearly laughter, clear in the still, moonlight air: "And I suppose you fancy yourself a very ill-treated man, a Giacour, or Lara, or something of that kind—don't you, now? But there may be somebody who cares for you and your doings, just a little, without your knowing, and someday she may turn up suddenly, like the princess in a German fairy-tale, you know, and take you away to the enchanted castle in a chariot drawn by milk-white steeds."

Oh, cruel Katie! one more victim, to dree his weary dree, and ornament your list. Take care, curate, "she's fooling thee."

"Ah! it's all very well to laugh, Miss Stewart," said he, piteously, looking up for mercy to the fair face at his side. "It is all very well to laugh; but I can assure you I have felt very miserable often, when the day's work is done, and sometimes well done, that I have nothing but my old meerschaum to confide all my joys and sorrows to; and very often the day is cold and dark and dreary."

"Very true; I sympathize with you, Mr. Smyly; but you know, as the song goes on to say, 'Some days must be dark and dreary.' Your bright days are all to come, we will hope. It is not likely that you will always live alone."

By this time they had both worked themselves into a very sentimental humour. The curate, to do him credit, had fenced skilfully and cautiously, and he had made a "hit, a very palpable hit"—he had made the girl pity him, and, cunning man, he knew that "pity is skin to love." They were both close on the confines of that debatable land which bounds the fair pleasure of love—that land which may well be called the Land of the Lost Hearts; for as certainly as a certain gloomy region depicted by Gustave Doré is paved with good intentions,
so certainly is the dubious path which leads into
the blissful bowers and fair green meads of the
Love-land strung with arrow-pierced hearts.

The lane into which they turned, as they neared
the Hall, was one of those beautiful specimens
of English country lanes, such as almost defies
the pen of a prose writer. Let the great master-
poet Shelley describe it for me:

"And in the warm hedge grew lush egisanea,
Green cowbind, and the moonlight-coloured May,
And cherry-blossom, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day;
And wild-roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds, and leaves wandering astray;
There grew pied wind-flowers, and violets;
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcurti of the earth."

Voila, a glorious bit of word-painting for you!—
better far than if I had blunted my weary quill
in trying to describe the lustrous beauty of that
English hedge-row. Oh, wise dons of Uni-
versity, what an excessively clever thing you
did in sending poor Shelley away from your
college! Because he could write lines like these,
he was, of course, an unbeliever. Prophaludo!
Let us hope that the theses are changed, and
that if another Shelley arises again, of which
there is a very small chance indeed, that they
will crown him with Apollo's bays. Into this
beautiful lane they turned—the two actors; for
they were decidedly acting a part—the curate,
that he might not appear to be eager in the
prosecution of his love-suit; Miss Stewart, that
she might not seem to be comprehending his
meaning, while all the time, the tremour of the
man's voice and the pleading look in his eyes
were telling their own tale. It presently came on
to rain, just a spring shower, and, as the curate
had his umbrella to guard against the possible
shower, it formed a compact shelter for the
two, and brought them closer together, till their
conversation got extremely confidential, and
every moment the reverend Loftus grew more
deeply in love with the sweet face and laughing
voice.

"Ah! it is a pity that you should feel so
lonely, Mr. Smyly; I am sure that I am very
sorry we haven't seen more of you at the Hall.
Do come to us always, if you can. Ella and I
will be glad to see you."

He looked her full in the face. "Miss
Stewart, I dare not come."

There! it was out now—no help for it; and
the pent-up flood of passion found vent in
words so vehement, that the girl, trained as she
was, and well trained, in all kinds of flirtation
and coquetry, shrank as Semile shrank when
the great blaze of Love's splendourawned upon
her, and quivered with agitation.

"And why do you not dare, Mr. Smyly?"

"Because I love you, Miss Stewart—because
I have loved you ever since I saw you, how
much God only knows! and because I am
afraid to meet you, to let you see that I love
you. I cannot bear to look upon the heaven in
your face, and know that there is no hope for
me—no chance of my ever calling you mine,
and that is the reason that I dare not come to
the Hall. I must do my duty till I die, and
dare not, will not waste my time in idle dream-
ing, unless—unless—" And here, his vehe-
mence exhausted, he looked up eagerly in mute
petition—a look that spake more than volumes.
The colour died out entirely from Katie's cheek,
and the merry laughing face changed to the
thinking face of an experienced woman, whilst
as the waves of the summer sea rose and fell
her bosom, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Mr. Smyly, you cannot tell how I honour
you for all this; it does credit to your noble heart.
But it is a pity, isn't it now"—and a gleam of
the old mocking smile played about her face—
"it is a pity that I should keep you away from
all society? Suppose, now, that I go away on
a visit, then the stumbling-block will be re-
moved."

"Miss Stewart, you cannot be so cruel as to
trifle with me in this way. Tell me my fate.
I can bear it manfully for weal or woe—tell me
that I may hope."

Down dropped the umbrella, and the girl's
neatly-glove hand was seized tight in the
curate's own, and with the stillness of death he
waited her answer.

"Spare me. I cannot indeed answer you
now as you wish: I must have time to
think."

"I will not move until I have your answer. I
must tyrannize now, as you have so long."

He was winning, this simple unsophisticated
youth, easily, and had his horse well in hand for
the last fence. It was a struggle, though, for
this proud, high-spirited girl, who had brought
so many haughty men to her feet, suppliant
captives, thus to feel that she was in the pre-
ence of a stronger spirit; but the captain's
words were coming true at last, and she was
forced to own that she could be mistress no
longer.

"Katie, tell me that you do not hate me."

A low murmured "No, indeed," which
might have been the whispering of the wind
among the trees, the sweet laughter of Aurora
with the Zephyrs playing; and then there hap-
pened to the curate what had never happened
before—a happy heart was beating against his,
and into a delicate ear, fringed with crisp brown
hair, he was pouring the impassioned story of
his love—pure, unsullied love, such as might
gratify any maiden to hear; and, in his turn,
heard the confession.

"My pride, I loved you for your silent
bravery in hiding your heart from me. But
you must wait, indeed, some time. There is
Ella to go, and they will be frantic to lose me
too, and you shall keep this to look at, instead
of the meerschaum."

It was a pretty little locket, with one strand
of the bright brown hair, delicately interwoven.

"Thanks, darling Katie; and may God help
me to be true to you and cherish you all the
days of my life, as I shall cherish this little
locket."
"And here we are at the Hall, and have kept lunch waiting, and the captain will shaff me so," cried she, with all her old insouciance; and the happy curate followed, in a wild trance of delight, very much inclined to quarrel with the poet who said—

"They build too low, who build beneath the stars."

CHAP. XI.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS!"

Lying, after a hard day’s grouse-shooting in the fiery autumn heat, on the coast of Kerry or Clare, half-buried in fern and mountain-grass, with the broad, placid sea, all rippling in its countless smiles, in front—the ἀνάρρησθαι γεώργοι of the classic poets, the sportsman may have wondered, as he scanned the blue horizon, to see heavy clouds of thunderous black rolling along the pure sky. These tell of some fearful war of the elements which has taken place in far distant climes, when earth and air and sea contended for the mastery, and the loud roaring of heaven’s artillery was heard—the music of the storm. All is peace around him, and nought is heard save the fulful splash of the wave as it laves the hot, weared earth, and ever and anon the weird cry of some shepherd, as he calls the scattered sheep to fold; but these clouds, as they roll along in lurid beauty, like the avanti courriers of a blood-stained fight, tell of the storm that has spent its baleful fury, and are the reminiders of the wrack of the elements, which has spread the shores with waifs from many a gallant ship gone down into the boiling seas, and of its crew, perished while it was yet noon. Even so the dark storm-clouds is lowering over the actors in this life-tragedy of mine, and many a chapter on will the reader see the sorry remnants of the storm which is soon to scatter their happiness to the winds; for Nemesis, with unturning foot, and steady, far-gazing eye, is following upon their track, while, all unconscious, they devote themselves to the pleasures and happiness of life.

It was finely said of Frederick, the Poet-Emperor of Sicily, the gay, licentious, careless last of the Hohenstaufen, that the Nemesis of the Greek tragedy presided over his birth. Surely over the happy fortunes of our dramatis persona she is brooding too, and soon to execute her stern work.

I have brought my actors to a happy pass. Grantley is revelling in his victory: he has secured to himself the confession of a pure maiden’s affection. And the Curate, happier still, and more innocent, is revelling in the “Love’s Young Dream,” which one Thomas Moore sang so sweetly: and there is as much happiness in the little village of Laffington as there is in all broad England. At the Hall Mrs. Stewart is in a very great state of worry and anxiety—just the state that befits her temperament, and makes her contented in suffering her cross; for she has determined to give a grand ball, and is already issuing cards of invitation for the grand event, which is to eclipse all other things of that kind ever given. Easy enough was it for the mistress of the revels to decorate the grand old Hall, most beautiful when unadorned—easy enough to order the rarest exotics of the gardener’s art to form one of those delicious little retreats of the Cyprian goddess, and her mischievous little attendant Cupid, the conservatory—easy enough to provide refreshment for the company; but hardest task of all was the issuing of invitations. You may easily provide the wedding-bake-meats, look you: ’tis parlous easy to slay the fatted calf, but it is rather more difficult to get the guests to partake of it. Many a guest at the critical time is found wanting. He has married a wife, and therefore he cannot come: he has accepted a prior invitation, and must needs carry his reproachless shirt-front, and unlimited talent for the deux temps, to some other festive meeting; and, beside all this, there are the trammels of society confining one to strict conventionality. You must not invite Mr. So-and-so because he is a Liberal, and his presence amongst your Tory party would be as cheerful as that of the “uninvited guest” of German legend—“Death!” Mr. Anania you must not ask, because there are queer stories told about him and Mrs. Sapphira: another because he is rather lax in his religious opinions, and believes very little, and that very loosely. And so you see, though money can provide the wine, the quadrille band, and the decorations, it cannot provide the guests, save only that faithful and devoted band who are devout in the worship of the golden calf, and grovel before its splendid presentment.

Upon Ella and her mother devolved the arduous task of issuing the cards, assisted by the Captain, who, to judge from his happy face, seemed to have recovered entirely from the dread of the ghastly shape—Remorse. In Ella’s own little boudoir (described in a former page) the trio met in solemn conclave; and many were the mysterious consultations, and many the solemn doubts expressed; while Ella’s brilliant laughter, like sunshine, flooded the whole scene.

"There is Mr. Integer we must ask," said Mrs. Stewart, after a long effort of recollection, and startling as though she had fished up the name out of the troubled waters of her memory.

"Mr. Integer," said Ella, doubtfully: "I almost forget the man. Oh, now I know: you mean that solemn-faced personage, who says such cutting things, and has a sort of idea that his mission is to speak his mind wherever he is. I cannot agree with you, dear mamma: I am afraid he will spoil the whole thing. It is so disagreeable when people are candid. Don’t you remember at our last affair how he nearly frightened that old Mrs. Doubledace to death, because she was saying hard things of poet
Gracie Tarlton behind her back, and Mr. Integer would not stand it, and preached us all
a sermon about the sin of backbiting, till the old woman almost fainted from rage? I know you
like him, mamma; but, as it is my birthday party, I must be Queen, and refuse your petition
for this once.

"Oh, very well; just as you like," assented
the maidservant with a sigh of resignation: "you
know best, I daresay.

"Now next is Admiral Macaw and his lady;
oh, they must come: he is such fun, Harry! And
if Mrs. Macaw does not kill you it will be
a wonder! Come, that is a settled thing,"
And down went the favoured Admiral's name
on the dainty little tablets.

"Johnnie Dares, of course, for his sister's
sake: she is such a pianiste, and will play the
very hardest dancer down. And there is Mrs.
Lufton, and half a score other old dowagers, to
fill the card-room; only I hope they won't
quarter, like they did last time, about their six-
penny points: it gave them an appetite for sup-
per—so the Admiral told me. I think it is
anything but amusing to see the old ladies
shuffling and nagging over their cards. And
Helen Macrae, of course. Oh, Harry, I shall
feel ready to die with jealousy the whole time if
you dance more than one set with her; though,
as ami de famille, you must dance with all
comers. Have a care with Helen Macrae, though:
men swear she is a syren—and she certainly looks like one, with her deep, fasci-
nating eyes: they seem to lead all the men
hopeless captives."

It was scarcely necessary, at this part of the
proceedings, for the Captain to bend his proud,
dark head, till his lips touched Ella's curls, and
to have whispered, almost fiercely, "Were she
dearer than Calliope herself, I would defy her to
tempt me from my allegiance to thee, my
precious!"

A fond, trusting look beamed from the girl's
eyes, like a flash of light athwart a reed-fringed
lake, and the Captain was answered. I hope
nothing else followed that loving speech—
hardly, as the mother-bird was still there, and,
however a couple may bill and coo when the
"mither's awa," coram mater, as the dear old
Latin grammar hath it, such things are rather
perilous.

"Well, who else?" said Mrs. Stewart. "Some
officers from the garrison at Turmlinge—uni-
forms make a room look lively; and Mr. Grant-
ley will like to meet some military friends.
They can come over in a dray, and stay the
night. I think I can manage beds for them;
though, how I shall do with the house so full,
goodness only knows!"

"Ah, yes," cried Ella, gleefully: "and mind
ask little Ensign Robson. Poor boy! he is
such fun, and always fearfully in love with some
woman old enough to be his mother, and dances
attendance on her the whole night?"

"Exactly," sneered Grantley; "and then
goes back to the mess and boasts no end to his
brother-officers of the conquests he has made,
and isps complacently, 'Th验证码 fine
woman I met at the Stewarts' place last night!
Aw flattaw myself she was rather taken with
me, just a few' And the youthful sub, will
actually delude himself into the idea that he has
lady-killing properties—utterly blind to the fact
that the 'monstrous fine woman' has been
making game of him the whole time! A good
joke in this way happened when ours were at
Malta. We had a little sub, of the name of
De Courcy, just fresh from the Eton playing-
fields, but with no end of a good idea of him-
self—like most Eton fellows—and thought
everybody was spoony on him: well, there was
a hop given one night at the governor's, and
ours were in force there, and, as we had just ar-
ived, all the girls were dying to have a turn with
us. Presently De Courcy, having been dipping
his heak rather freely into the champagne-cup,
singled out a fine portly woman old enough to
be the youngster's grandmother, and commenced
making furious love—no end of spoons as
he called it. She entered into the joke plea-
santly, and, by dint of a few glances and sighs,
riddled the young fellow's heart completely.
He parted from her, very much dipped indeed,
and was boasting loudly of his success to a knot
of fellows, when the governor himself, who was
a young man, said, 'Ah, yes, De Courcy, you
must mean my mother! Glad you liked her!'
You should have seen the boy's face when he
saw how he had been sold: it was perfect; and
he never heard the last of the 'tender pa-
rient."

"Oh, but I assure you I will not have little
Robson sneered at: he is a thorough gentleman,
and slavishly devoted to me; quite ready to per-
form the most menial offices for me; and he
will cut you out yet if you don't mind!"

"Well, I think the list is almost full—with
our Curate it will be; and I am very glad," said
Mrs. Stewart.

"Ah, and won't Kate be glad that her
cher ami is going to adorn the festival
with his cherubic young face! Mind and get
something ethereal and spiritual for the Curate
to do, Mrs. Stewart: such a wicked thing as
dance I should think he will hardly descend to
do. If he played the flute, now, he would come
in useful; because he can scarcely distribute
tracts at a ball!" broke in the Captain.

"You had better not let Katie hear you!"
laughed Ella. "She is down upon the poor
Curate, as you would say; and really, some of
those Oxford men dance very well sometimes,
when they condescend to be amused!"

"Come, that's over," said Mrs. Stewart;
"and now let us leave the Captain to his cigar,
and see about tea. I think it was very wrong
of Katie to absent herself all-day and leave it
all to us. I wonder what she can find to do
with all those sick people!"

Find to do! I am in receipt of fern-seed
this moment, and invisibly hover around a very
happy couple who are sitting at the foot of a
gnarled old oak—a very castle for the fairies—
where the interlaced branches cast a fretwork
of shadow upon the Curate and the truant Katie,
who possibly prefers the silly conversation she is holding with the Reverend Loftus to the troubles and cares of Mrs. Stewart.

"To think that I should, after all, have some heart to care for me just a little; and some breast, half mine, which will throng at my happiness! I can't think what I have done to deserve such happiness! And to think that, after all, I shall not have to sing, with my favourite in 'Locksley Hall,' 'Thou art mated with a clown!' No, you must not look so disdainful, my darling; but, truth to tell, I used to get weary and heart-sick when I pictured you married to some huge country squire, a hunting, fishing machine, who would hold you little better than his dog, or little dearer than his horse!"

The girl's pure fresh Saxon face flashed with honest pleasure, and the happy love-light came into her eye as she looked up at the man who spoke.

"I shall have to tyrannize over you yet, my dear boy, if you talk in this morbid style; but I think your calm philosophy has taken all the naughty, wild spirit out of me. A capital Petrucho you have made, and, in faith, 'Thou'st tamed a curst shrew!'"

And as they talked the sweet silly nonsense which seems so passing idiotic to the unconcerned, and yet so full of the hidden melody of the echoes of love to the talkers, they heeded not that the "day was declining," and that the shadows were creeping slowly over the gnarled trunk, and that the evening mists rose gracefully to greet the fair lone Hesper, as in olden time Thetis the silver-footed rose from out the sea to visit the cloud-compeller Zeus.

This useful fern-seed will take us away from these scenes which are gilded with the light of love, and, Asmodeus-like, we must let the wings of fancy lead us to the "Black Lion" at Turminster, where the good landlord is bustling about in high spurs—for, has he not carte blanche to provide waiters and route-neats, and all the et ceteras of the ball at the Hall? So he rushes about in his shirt-sleeves, anathematizing everybody and everything in his way with true English heartiness, and scarcely mindful enough to attend to the wants of the half-dozen officers, who are clamorous for cooling drinks, at the bar.

"Aw, wather a neast stytle of thing they do at the Hall—eh, landlord?" lisped a calling young esquire, with a few straggling hairs of undecided hue on his upper lip, called by courtesy a mous-tache, and a weed between his lips which might have been that identical "Magnifico Pomposo" of "Verdant Green" celebrity. "Twot out some wather decent filities!"

"I believe you, my boy," sang out in a cheery voice Captain Wright—a bronzed, devil-may-care warrior. "Some of the finest steppers I ever saw there last meet. You should have seen Dr. McKenzie waiting with our Colonel—finest thing in life, give you my honour! The Colonel lost his balance, and bang he went into a lot of chairs, and yelled out for somebody to stop his horse!"

"Ah, by-the-bye, Smith," said another officer, "who is that foreign-looking lady you have staying here? She seems a mysterious kind of person enough—'the Woman in Black,' and all that sort of thing?"

"Really can't tell you, sir," answered the landlord, delighted to have his word in. "All I know is, that she is a foreign lady, as you say, and pays very regularly, and went to the Hall, and says as she knows Captain Grantley. She's off to-morrow, and has ordered all her luggage to be packed for London."

"Knows Grantley!" chortled all the voices at once. "Here's a nice go! and he going to be married, too! Oh, won't I chaff him about the 'Woman in Black'?"

"There's something in her eye, though," said the officer who had first spoken. "She shut up Robson—didn't she, my child? We were all standing at the door here, after mess, when she passed down, and Robson put his eye-glass up and spotted her quietly. He got a look in return that made him drop his glass and bolt. If ever woman had the devil's own eye that woman has!"

Meanwhile the object of these criticisms sat in her room above, almost stupefied with grief, hardly conscious that the world was going on outside in all its usual course, with only the dread certainty forced upon her, in all its ghastly nakedness, that henceforth she was to live alone in the world, and that the fond hope which she had nursed up—ah, how steadfastly!—was gone down amidst the gloom, and left not a trace behind! What cared she for life? what had she to live for? And an evil spirit whispered to her heart, 'Revenge!'—her o.oly solace. But it was easy enough to cry 'Revenge!'—revenge, bitter and dark, for all this cruelty and heartless treachery; but how was it to be effected? Not so easy in the prosaic nineteenth century, when the days of pointed guns and pierce-brave were long gone by, and people did things in a matter-of-fact, sensible way. Wild visions of possible revenge floated before this woman's diseased imagination, as she leaned her beautiful, wearedy head upon one finely-chiselled arm—Woolner would have given anything for that attitude of brooding grief—and gave herself over entirely to the suggestions of the Spirit of Evil. Should she kill this man, who had blighted every flower in the garden of her life? Nothing easier to do! Why not ask him to meet her after this ball, when he was in the heyday of love after dancing with that rival (whose head she should like to bow to the same depth of sorrow as her own woe), and shoot him! She flattered herself that she was a near hand with a pistol, and had many a time practised, in the happy days gone by, with him who called himself her husband. Oh! the joy, the utter joy of hearing that her rival's heart was broken at the shock of seeing her betrothed brought in with the life-blood welling out! Like a hunted beast of prey, the woman's eyes glared, as the details..."
of the picture were worked out in her imagination; and all the fierce, dark passion of the Creole race raged in her face; whilst her delicate hands clutched each other convulsively, as if those of a man who holds his foeman tight, and prepares to wring the life out of him, and says, "Have I found thee, O mine enemy?" as if he feels that the hour of revenge, long and patiently waited for, is come at last. But there was the fear of detection: she could not escape when once the sleuth hounds of Justice were at her heels; and there was the horrible exposure of all her shameful deeds; and, the last shame of all, led forth to die before that surgine, pitiless crowd! No: her revenge must not be that of a clumsy brawler. Any clown could seize the instrument of death and perpetrate a murder, and pay the righteous penalty of the crime. More subtle must be her revenge. And a smile of gratified malice played about her lips as an idea, much more feasible than the last, came into her mind, and a long train of vengeance floated before her, to culminate in the utter shame and misery of those who had worked her all the ruin. A woful sight to see was that woman's face as she tossed back the clustering hair, and looked boldly up once more—a face such as one sees gleaming slyly out of the gloom in those wondrous pictures of Gustave Doré's to the "Inferno"—the face of the lost Francesca da Rimini, as she glides on in her lover's dying embrace, amidst the train of lost souls, before the poet's eye—a face that has, in very truth, "abandoned all hope," and bids defiance to the powers of heaven and hell in its sullen, set despair. Then she began to think of her future career. Live she must, if only to work out that delicious life of vengeance; but how to live was the great problem! Whilst all the romantic circumstances of an ideal revenge were filling her mind, it escaped her not that she must do something to obtain the commonest necessities of life, for her slender stock of money was fast diminishing, and she knew what to expect from the charity of the world. She had been well educated: she could sing, had a fine soprano voice, and felt assured that she could act. A figure and face like hers had, ere this, made a sensation on the stage; and, through her southern birth, she had inherited all the wonderful love of gesture and imitation which characterises these people. Who knows but that she might make a name after this, and become the Rachel of the English stage? But such things did not drop out of the clouds, and required great perseverance to attain. In her perplexity it chanced that her eye lit on a copy of the Times, wherein was an advertisement stating that the manager of a London theatre was in want of a lady who was competent to take first parts, especially in tragedy. Might she not answer this? She could but fail. Only let the audience see her exact her life-story, and she felt confident of success. And then, with the versatility of her nature, she fancied herself acting "Lady Macbeth" to a crowded awe-struck audience; and, rising from her seat, she strode across the room every inch a queen, with haughty brow and flashing eye, and hissed into an imaginary Macbeth's ear, "Infirm of purpose, give me the daggers!" And now she was "Portia," in all the calm majesty of innocence, making that sad appeal to the judges. Busied thus, she seemed to forget the troubles and difficulties of her position, and she determined to write at once to the manager in question, and try her fortune on that stage which has proved the mirage of success to so many hopeful victims.

"This will suit me?" she mused. "In the perpetually false and unreal life, and the excitement, I may forget my troubles for a time, but never, never lose sight of my revenge! I could not bear to sit down to needlework day after day, the slow monotony wearing out my heart till it broke. No: I shall triumph whilst I may. Then I used to be able to sing once. He praised my voice, with that serpent tongue of his, and said I sang with much more power and melody than half the drawing-room misses!"

She sat down at a piano in the room—a very sorry one. I am afraid, but one which, under the magic of her touch, became as one of Collard's best. A few wild chords, and then she burst out into that agonized plaint in Gluck's "Orfeo" ("Che faro senza Euridice?"); than which nothing more despairingly sweet was ever penned. As if the song were the echo of her own lost hope, her voice rose into a wail of passionate entreaty, "Euridice! Euridice!" and the tears filled her beautiful dark eyes and trickled down her cheeks. The spell of music was over her then, and seemed to exorcise the Evil One, who had whispered bad counsel into her ear, just as in "Faust" the swelling chant of the worshippers disturbs Mephistopheles with that pitiless iron sneer of his. As the song died away all her self-control gave way again, and she fell to the ground in a tempest of grief, moaning her bitter fate, and calling on the name of her dead child, while she devoured the poor little miniature with kisses: and thus, with the dear picture pressed to her lips, she lay, this strange miserable woman, till kindly Night came down, ἀναστύησεν ἀπὸ τοῦ τοίχου—the long-sought, the coveted, with her form all wrapped in that mantle grey, star-inwrought, to

"Blind with her hair the eyes of day,  
Kiss her until she be wearied out;  
Then to wander o'er city and sea and land,  
Touching all with her opiate wand."

—came down, but brought no shadow of rest to the heart-wearied Nathalie; nor did Night's twin-sister, Sleep, fall upon her weary eyelids the night-watches through; for that bed on which she lay, vainly trying to sleep, was peopled by the ghastly phantoms of Hate and Despair, and from their presence the Good Angel fled, dishevelled.

A fearful thing it is to lie awake during the "drearv watches of the night," when you have tried all the means in your power to woo
sleep—when counting a million has proved vain as the idle wind, and all the experiments recommended by the faculty as things of nought— when the dismal fact begins to dawn upon you that lie awake you must till the daylight! "Oh, weary watches! let us be at such times on the bleakest hill-side, in the coldest wind that ever blew, rather than in the warmest bed that money will buy!" So Mr. Kingsley says; and he is very right. What can be more terrible than to look back upon one’s past life and past opportunities, to remember all our dark and uncharitable actions from our earliest childhood, and even to doubt and misconstrue the rare actions of Love and Charity, the silver lining to this lowering cloud—what more sickening than to look forward to the misty, uncertain future, where, for aught we know, lurk ill fortune and trouble? And, above all, what is still more horrible, the great fact will force itself upon us then, stir we ever so earnestly to keep it back, of the great reckoning to come, and of the end we are living for—that end, of what kind? Conspicuously enough may we listen to the preacher’s well-rounded periods in our own soft-cushioned pews in church, and then go home and drink brown sherry, and sigh over the innate wickedness of the human heart, until we get very religious—or the popular imitation of religious till dinner-time; but, here are we, face to face with conscience, and we must listen to the real world here—"we must see the letters of fire that appear upon the wall, ‘Those that have done well unto life eternal, and those that have done evil!’" Well, it is not for me to preach: the aim, I suppose, of the modern novel is to amuse, not to instruct—not to take the place of the Reverend Boanerges. All I can say is, do anything to avoid a sleepless night—sit up, smoke, read, rush out into the night-air (a very good thing to do, by the way, so says Benjamin Franklin); do anything rather than lay your head on the pillow—for, as poor Hood says, it will neither prove a "first-class carriage of ease" nor "a train that runs upon sleepers!"—and you will repent it right sorely.

CHAP. XII.

"ON WITH THE DANCE."

While the strands of the fate of our characters, gay and sad-coloured, are being interwoven, so as to form the whole plot called Life, the eventful evening which is to witness the ball at the Hall has drawn nigh, and the last touch has been put to the decorations, the lights have been all turned up, the fiddlers have played their overture, and all is ready for the first act. Now as I am aware that there will be very little interesting or new in this chapter, the readers may skip it if they like, and take a turn at the Morning Post instead. Though why should I instance this chapter? God wot, there may be very little worth making a noise about in the others. However, there is one thing that I may apply as a balm to my conscience: as the American says, "There’s nothing true and nothing new, and it don’t signify." My philosophy is that there is nothing true on earth, and nothing new under the sun, and that it don’t signify whether my friendly critics, Barias and Macvius, with whom I have had words in this present writing, do finally entreat me, or laud me to the skies, me mod virtute invoco, and bid defiance to sneer and laud alike.

As my friend of the Morning Post would say, "the tout ensemble" was magnificent, and reminded one forcibly of the time when his merry, though somewhat Godless Majesty, Charles the Second led through the first dance the lovely Bella Stewart, and afterwards got royally drunk on Malvoisie with that wicked crew, Buckhurst and Sedley and handsome Rochester. Quite as bright the ladies’ eyes, and, to-night, to the full as eager their dainty little feet to patter time to time the circling waltz as they were to tread the stately miroir du cour, aye, and for the matter of that, quite as ready the gentlemen of Her Majesty’s army to laugh and whisper soft nothing in their mistress’ ear, though they have more taste than to get elevated, and prefer keeping their senses for the dance.

In high feather is Mrs. Stewart, and, strange to say, her cross seems to be ignored altogether this festal night, and she calls up the very benigne of her smiles to greet the guests who are come to grace her daughter’s twenty-first birthday. Not a soul has disappointed her, and that, thinks she, is very comforting. Admiral and Mrs. Macaw; the gallant seaman, very red about the gills and lost in a sea of white choker, and looking highly uncomfortable in a tight evening-coat; his helpmeet very gorgeous in a salmon-coloured silk, with a head-dress which defies description, like as it was to nothing "in the heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth?" they were there. Mrs. Loftus, and a host of dowagers, stout and well-favoured, lean and ill-favoured, well-dressed, badly-dressed, with the beak of an eagle and the eye of a hawk—they were there, and settled comfortably to the whist-table. The Reverend the Curate, he was there, not seeming to care much for his position; for he had been captured by Mrs. MacTavish, and introduced forcibly to her niece, Miss Angelina, who was a lean, high cheek-boned Scotch lady of uncertain age, but who was still alive to the fact that husbands were to be caught by skillful fishing, and angled accordingly, baiting her hook with many a simper, and many an upward glance of deep meaning to the luckless Smyly, who wished her on the highest mountain in her "ain countree," so that he might get to the side of the pearl of his heart. And in fine style, too, drove up to the hall-door the officers from the garrison—drag, four clapping horses, the ribbons neatly handled by the Hon. Tom Seaton, in whom there was a very good coachman spoilt when he entered the army, and Ensign Robson himself as guard, who had vainly tried
to play "Slap bang" on a cornet the whole way, "to make the thing correct you see," and had succeeded very well in blowing all the wind out of his body, and when recommended to "put his back into it," had produced some feeble toots; and when these gallants had divested themselves of their upper garments, and had been ushered into the blazing ball-room (for gorgeous were they), the other men were nowhere—out of the field altogether; and many a ruddy young squire cursed his folly in taking all the trouble to encase himself in shiny boots, and choke himself with tight collars, simply to come and see all the ladies' cards filled with the names of the military.

So they herded together, these lads, and looked utterable things at their faithless flames, as they went whirling by on the arms of Captain Cavendish or Major Delaney. And the struggle, when the dancing really began, to get the bare promise of a dance in Ella's card! And small blame to them; for never was Loreley calculated to spread the strands of her golden hair with more destruction than Ella this night. Radiantly beautiful, with just one white rose nestling lovingly amidst her dark hair, and a cloud of some mysterious gauzy texture enveloping her like a goddess, she stood, surrounded by a servile crowd of worshippers, who cast themselves entirely beneath her feet.

It was in vain that she protested that her card was three deep, and cast longing eyes towards the line of "wall-flowers" whom nobody asked because they were plain, poor things! It was still "Pleasure of one waltz later on, Miss Stewart?" and little Robson, with pleading tones, "Only one gallop, Miss Stewart?" was actually accorded the favour and grew several inches higher in his estimation; and was heard to "flattow" himself several times in the course of the evening.

As for Katie, there was a certain Captain Cameron who seemed determined to make her the captive of his bow and spear entirely. His was a face that very few girls could look on and not feel a little fluttering about the heart. Delicately beautiful it would have been, but for its deep bronze colour; but nothing could rival the exquisite deep-blue of his eyes, fringed with their long lashes, and the lustre of his dark rippling hair: in fact, just the man young ladies would call "a love," and young men "a conceived, handsome pup." There was a delicious coolness about this young man which made him all the more dangerous: his rule was, with the women, always to take things for granted; never to cause himself unnecessary trouble, but to let them glide quietly (as they were sure to do) into his way; and so they did generally, and went home to talk and dream of the handsome captain, and to talk more of him than was good for them, while the faithless creature laughed as he smoked his weed next day, and forgot all about them. But with Katie he found his mistake. Here was a lady on whom no amount of soft words of delicate flattery could make an impression; whose eyes no amount of tender flirtation could induce to drop and veil themselves—one who met his every compliment with a mock imitation thereof, and made his best-turned speeches the subject of laughing ridicule. He was on his mettle fairly, and never talked or danced so brilliantly.

In the midst of a rapid galop, when the pace was getting killing, and a good many performers had gone to the wall, giddy and blown; while Ella and the happy Robson (whom no amount of dancing could put down) flew along; and close behind came Katie and the captain; he bent his handsome face till it almost touched her shoulder as she clung to him, and whispered "Does the pace tire you?"

"Oh dear, no; thanks!" she laughed, with all the ardour of a good dancer sparkling in her eye. "I like it immensely, especially—"

"Especially with a partner you like," went on the captain, determined to make running this time.

"Hapless youth! he had spoken his own doom. There was rage now gleaming in the eyes where fun sparkled before.

"Captain Cameron, I will thank you to take me back to my seat. I shall dance no more—with you."

He bowed, to hide the discomfiture of his face; and devoted himself, for the rest of the evening, to a humbler partner.

And all this time our friend the Curate had been enduring torments:

"So fair, and soon so false!"

had been ringing in his ears. And as his jealous eyes fastened upon the handsome couple who were flying down the room, in apparently close converse, he felt seized with a sudden most unclerical desire to rush forward and seize Cameron by the collar and have his blood.

Utterly regardless of the droning of Miss MacTavish, he just performed one polka, mechanically, with the angular damsel, and turned a deaf ear to the chattering of that syren, and watched, with all the sharpness of jealous love, the proceedings of his heart's beloved.

A selfish thing is this same love. All very well when the favoured man monopolizes all the

"Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,"
as he sports with his Amaryllis in the shade, talks to her in The Row, or stands behind her in the opera-box; but let one smile, however innocent—one word of thoughtless warmth be bestowed on another, and the lover instantly becomes like unto a raging animal, until he is offered another long sweet draught of the "Elisir d'Amore," and he then sinks into the unconscious happy slumber, again bewitched into quiet.

"But what business," fumed the Curate, "had the girl who, a few short hours before, had been interchanging vows of love and constancy with him—what business had she thus to hang on the arm of this curled essenced fop?"
Merely because he could dance well, and the curate was no great hand at that work. Because he was handsome and fast-cinching, and could talk smart small talk, and the curate was not a very great beauty, and his conversation was such as became the cloth.

He cursed his folly, this rash young man, because he had fallen into the trap that had been laid for him, in common with so many others, and had blindly closed his eyes to the example afforded him by Ella Stewart of the faithlessness of women. I am afraid that very many of the bitterest lines in "Locksley Hall" crossed his mind just then, as he watched the dancing couple, and that Miss MacTavish found him very rude and inattentive indeed.

She very soon spread her nets for prey further afield, and confided to her next partner that clergymen, as a rule, were not much good in society now-a-days. As she caught a very callow bird indeed, a Cambridge freshman, with not much wit and very prominent innocence, she soon got in a good temper again, and played that artless laugh and childish toss of the curls of hers very energetically, till the freshman’s heart grew awry within him, and he began to sigh for the supper-hour, when he might be able to secure some beer by dint of telegraphing to the Butler. A curious little scene was being enacted meanwhile in the conservatory: Thither, in the freshness of his misery, had retreated the Curate, and brooded over his woes, real and imaginary, like some solemn young bird; and, as the inspiring strains of the “Four-in-hand Galop” reached his ears, and the rustling of the panting dancers, mingled with the din of happy laughter, came to him, he sighed aloud, and compared himself to Byron, slighted by Mary Chavort and Alferi, and a host of others, who “loved not wisely, but too well.” He was not long to enjoy his solitary grief, however; for a voice he knew too well broke upon his silence.

“Ah! we shall find a cool place here, Admiral. Do come in and rest yourself after your exertions.”

“And welcome; especially after your nearly killing me in that set of Lancers, Miss Katie,” gasped the gallant sailor, and Katie and her companion pressed into the conservatory right in the front of the mournful Smily.

“Why! You here, Mr. Smily. I declare this is too bad, and here I have been looking for a partner for Mrs. Dinmont, who objects to the officers. And how miserable you are looking, too. Are you unwell?”

This in a lower tone, and anybody but the foolish object of her solicitude would have been highly grateful. He, however, was determined to have his turn now. Sulkily he answered, and, striving to throw as much scorn into his voice as possible.

“Thanks. I am not unwell, but I can’t dance as other people do (very sarcastically), and I haven’t been much sought after.”

The girl sat at a glance the foolish mistake he had fallen into, and determined to let him suffer for his folly awhile.

The Admiral, seeing that he was de trop, declared his intention of looking up Mrs. Macar, and left the couple to themselves, very much to their mutual embarrassment; for Katie was determined not to make the first overtures, and the curate began to have some faint glimmering of the fact that he was making a fool of himself. These lovers’ quarrels!

"Amantium ire redintegratio amoris," sings the poet. I question whether they tend to rivet the bonds any faster, when a word, a look would heal all the soreness. People prefer to go on misunderstanding each other and playing at cross purposes till, in many cases, it is too late, and Love is dead, and no amount of endearing caresses can bring it to life again. It is all in vain to lay the dead idol on one’s lap, and shower down one’s grief, kiss on kiss; no ray of light will beam in the glazed eye, no smile beam upon the pallid cheek: crave we as never man crave before, it will not bring back to life again dead Love.

“I have done something to offend you, Loftus,” said Katie, at length, “or you would not sit moping in here all alone, when everybody else are enjoying themselves. I have offended unintentionally, I am sure. Perhaps there is some one you would like to be introduced to. I shall be delighted to make you known, I am sure.”

Still no answer from the offended curate. He kept his eyes moodily fixed on the floor and Katie began to have her eyes opened a little. Was this man, to whom she had entrusted her pure heart, nothing, after all, but one of the commonest of men, ready enough to sulk and fume like a fretful child if anything went wrong with him; and then she felt her rebellious spirit rising within her, and the bad Stewart temper brooked not contempt from earthly being. Smily saw, by certain indications in her face, that she was to be tried with no longer, and mustered up coolness just sufficiently to say—

“Oh! it does not matter! I have only made a mistake, as other men often have.”

“A mistake, in what way?” came the sharp answer.

“In thinking that you really did care for me just a little; that you wouldn’t—”

A flood of light broke suddenly on Katie’s mind. Here was the fons et origo malis in a nutshell.

“Because I was wicked enough to wait, and appear to enjoy that wait with another man; who, after all, was not at all a bad walker; because I allowed him to say a few conversational words to me. Oh, really this is too much. And you really mean to say that you have been banishing yourself into this corner, and giving yourself all this misery for this little trifle? I really don’t know whether to get into a terrible
rage, or laugh at all this. Poor me! Why can’t I please everybody?"

"This is trifling, Katie," answered the curate—\textit{wretched} trifling. I may be very old-world in my ideas; perhaps I haven’t given enough of my attention to the manners of modern society; but still I am of opinion that your conduct with that handsome fop was enough to make any man who had a right to your affections angry and miserable."

"Right to my affections!" she started up. "Come, come, I can’t be dictated to in this way. I am sensible that I have done no wrong, and will be sorry for no fault. We are misunderstanding each other, Mr. Smyly, and that will be bad for each of us. Am I to infer from all this that you assume to yourself the right to dictate as to whom I shall talk to and dance with?"

"Oh, Katie, Katie!" groaned the distressed lover, covering his face in his hands, and trembling with anxiety; "you told me, not long ago, that I was master of your heart. How can I do so if you never talk to me thus? I’ll believe everything you say, and promise never to sin in this way for the future."

She was at his side in an instant, every trace of anger vanished from her face, and a tear in her eye, as she made answer—

"Loftus darling, let this wretched business be ended now. I will forgive you everything, and own that perhaps I was a little wrong—anything rather than see you so distressed?" Then she whispered a little something in his ear which had a seemingly electric effect upon him; for he started up, and caught the girl to his bosom, and poured out an incoherent stream of words, apology, repentance for his misguided conduct, and all-wed himself to be led back to the ball-room as quietly as a pet lamb. Katie might have danced with every officer in the Line after that, were she but inclined: he would have said nothing. Towards Cameron, however, he cast anything but friendly glances; he despised the man for his meanness, despite of his handsome exterior.

It was long to tell how everybody got tired of dancing at last; for that fascinating amusement has the effect, like most other pleasant things, of wearing at the last; and how even the renowned Di Magendie herself was fain to retreat from the scene of her rapid charges and brilliant attacks, and take refuge in the ante-room, with a string of officers in her train, with whom she exchanged the fast talk and argot so common among the ladies nowadays; to tell how our friend little Robson had secured to himself, after Ella, a partner of the most magnificent dimensions and stately height, and a widow to boot, by whom he was towered about very much as a little tender by the side of the \textit{Great Eastern}; how he made the fiercest love to this large duenna, and fondly hoped that his flame was reciprocated, and stumbled down with her to supper, and nearly perished in his arduous efforts to procure for her almost everything on the table, till, to quote his own words, "I expected she would have collapsed every moment. Give me my word she was three parts screwed; but then she was a splendid woman, you know—splendid."

The scramble that ensued at the supper, like everything of the kind, of course, defies description. It is very common to praise the politeness of the higher orders of people in England, and I did read an article in a magazine, the other day, which gave English people the palm, the writer having deduced his inference from the fact that a Frenchman lit a cigar and smoked it at the table-d'hote in Seville (rather queer logic by the way). This writer I would refer to a modern ball-supper, when the dancers, rendered furious by hunger, rush precipitately downstairs, and throw themselves upon the supper table. \textit{Sausa qui peut} is the motto then; and unless a man is very active or very cool, or both, he does not manage to secure more than an occasional drum-stick for his famishing partner and himself.

All things must have an end, however, and the ball at Oaklands Hall was no exception; every dance had been danced, from the delirious "Olga" down to "Sir Roger;" all the choice selection of sweet bonied sayings with which the men had come provided were exhausted, and, like champagne with the froth off, they were fast becoming rapid; the ladies, exhausted with dancing, began to look weary and fatigued towards the morning light, and wore that pinched, ghastly expression which mars the cheek of beauty after a long night’s dancing, and talked to their chaperones about the carriages, and, ere half-an-hour was over, the Hall looked deserted again, save by that indescribably confused \textit{melée} of everything under the sun, a mangled mass of dainties on the supper-table, fragments of fans and lost jewellery on the floor, telling where the pace had been the fastest, and the sleepy waiters presiding over all like good-natured harpies. A pleasant little room was the smoking-den at Oaklands—a very smoker’s \textit{élysium}, with large soft chairs that invited repose, and all the "appliances and means to boot" of the weed’s gentle worship. Here dropped in, by twos and threes, such gentlemen as stayed that night, the officers among them, right glad to tear off their chokers and throw off their dress-coats and envelope themselves in their old dressing-gowns, while they chatted and chaffed each other about the events of the night.

"Aw, and how did you get on, Cameron?" said young Robson, leisurely proceeding to ignite another of his \textit{Pomposos}. "Wather envied your luck with Miss Stewart; though, a— couldn’t complain myself."

"She doesn’t dance half badly," grunted Cameron: "but she shut me up completely, and that’s a fact. I shan’t crow quite so loud after that!"

"Ah, the great Cameron shunted! what a joke to be sure! Tell us how it was, old fellow: we are dying to know all about it."

"That pleasure I shall postpone," said Cameron, puffing solemnly at his big meer-
schaum. "Ah, by-the-bye, here's Grantley; now we'll draw him about that foreign woman."

To them enter Grantley, with a dissatisfied scowl on his face, which the genial company did not fail to notice, and they whispered to Cameron, "You had better not rile the Captain, my boy; he won't bear much chaffing; and he doesn't look angelic to-night!"

"'Alas! poor Yorick: I know him well, '" laughed Cameron. "He is never in a good temper, unless he has got some woman to spoon. Well, Grantley, and how do you like the hop? Anything in your way going there?"

"Tolerably, thanks," said Grantley, indifferently. "Might I trouble you for one of those weeds, Robson? They seem more than one man of your size can manage!"

"With all the pleasure in life, Grantley. Mind they don't make you sick! I am seasoned to them."

"By-the-bye, Grantley, who's your lady-friend at Turlington?" continued Cameron.

"Who do you mean?" And Grantley, spite of his habitual coolness, couldn't help colouring up. This was just what Cameron wanted. It was drawing him, as he would say.

"Why, the lady in black, to be sure—the mysterious beauty with the dangerous eyes. Smith, at the Black Lion, told us she was a friend of yours."

What was Grantley to do? tell a lie and brave it out? that he did not feel equal to; so it was with assumed cheerfulness he replied, "'Haven't the least idea what you are driving at, Cameron—flattered, I am sure, if any lady in black, or blue either, has taken notice of me."

"Ah! that won't do, my boy," went on his persecutor. "Come, tell us, Grantley, who the lady is."

Black as thunder-cloud grew Grantley's brow, and his eyes sparkled with a dangerous light as he eyed Cameron steadfastly, and said:

"Then I do not choose to tell you, nor any other man, anything about her; and I should advise you to drop talking about the thing altogether. Pardon me for saying that it's no earthly business of yours. Let the subject be dropped, please."

For a moment Cameron looked as though he were going to take the subject unpleasantly, but, reflecting that it really was no business of his, grunted out an apology, and, turning to Wright, became deeply immersed in calculations about the coming Derby, for which he had backed the favourite.

Grantley finished his cigar in silence, and bade them all good night; and it was as well for them that they didn't see the expression of his face as he closed the door.

"Meddling set of fools! and Nathalie, too. I hope to God she has not been blabbing all this business. If it comes to Ella's ears, it will kill her outright. I am inclined to think that, after all, the man was right who said "There is no rest for the wicked."

"Mark my words, you fellows," said Cameron, when he had gone, "there's mischief going in this affair, else why should Grantley have turned up so rough. Poor girl! it is hard lines for Miss Stewart. I vote you will turn in for a snooze, if it isn't too light. Robson, I don't know what your mother would say if she saw you now. Didn't you promise her that you would always be in bed before eleven?—you graceless young man."

"You be blowed, Cam. I am not afraid of spoiling my complexion, like you. The women come to me: they don't require any wooing, nor a good-looking mug like yours!"

* * * * *

"And you won't distrust me again, will you?" pleaded Katie Stewart, as she parted from somebody that night.

That somebody made a very pretty little speech of a few seconds, meant for her ear alone, in which, if we listened hard, we might possibly catch the words "utter fool" (as applied to himself) occurring frequently, and "never again as long as I live, my own Katie, will I ever doubt you for a moment. It would have served me right if you had dismissed me altogether. Goodnight. God bless you!"

And the Curate sped homewards, so light of heart, that, had any of his flock been passing that way, they would have deemed the good man far from sober. He was actually trying to sing a song!

STIMULANTS.—Two stimulants well known in England are much used in Germany—tea and tobacco. The tobacco plant (sometimes styled a weed, because it also grows wild) produces leaves, which are dried and rolled, and then treated with fire, using an appropriate instrument, by which the fumes are inhibited. The effect on many persons is to soothe; but it impairs the appetite of others. The use is carried to excess in Turkey. The leaves contain a deadly poison. The tea weed (sometimes styled a plant, because it also grows under cultivation) produces leaves, which are dried and rolled, and then treated with fire, using an appropriate instrument by which the infusion is inhibited. The effect on many persons is to cheer; but it impairs the sleep of others. The use is carried to excess in Russia. The leaves contain a deadly poison. Both these luxuries are daily enjoyed by millions of persons in all climates; but it cannot be settled by argument whether the plant or the weed is the most useful to mankind.—"A Thousand Miles in the Red Lion Car," by John More-
TOO LATE.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNSHREDE.

They sat within a quiet room:
The firelight, flickering on its wall,
Half showed, half chased away, the gloom
Of a chill winter's evening's fall.

Faded and worn, though yet not old,
Was she whose voice the silence broke
(With face of still, proud suffering told,
Which, until now, her lips ne'er spoke):

"And is it thus," she said at length,
"Is realized my dream so fair—
The wish that strengthened with my strength,
The curse now of a granted prayer?"

"From first to last your tale I heard
With a calm patience lent by scorn;
Although my soul so anger stirred
Gainst you who clouded my life's morn.

"We were both poor; it was your part,
You say, your deep love to conceal.
Oh I despise the coward heart
That reasoned when it should but feel!"

"Fearing you to speak lest, not denied,
All selfish I should ask your name?
Dared you so wrong my maiden pride,
Or, even in thought, link me with shame?"

"Conceal? when every look and tone,
Thrilling my heart's most secret chords,
Told me your love was mine alone,
In language far more plain than words.

"In honour poor, with feelings loth,
When you sought forth the wife now dead,
Oh treaou soul unto us both—
To her you loved, and her you wed!"

"To buy my heart—she scarcely cold,
With her wealth now you come—in vain:
Once you could buy it with Truth's gold,
But that time ne'er can come again.

"Had you but said, in simple phrase,
'I love you!—wait—it may be years!'
Unwedded might have passed our days,
But 'twould have spared me bitter tears.

"Had you but freely spoken out,
The waiting had been light to bear;
When, in your every hope and doubt,
It would have been my right to share.

"But Man! 'tis not in you to know
The chill indifference, worse than hate;
The scorn, with nought of anger's glow,
With which I say 'tis now too late.

"Can you rebloom the faded cheek?
Bring back of youth one genial ray?
Can you again with gold restreak
The thinned hair, prematurely gray?"

"Can you revivify the dead
Cold heart that in my bosom lies?
Make me forget one big tear, shed
In secret, by those weeping eyes?

"Never—then thine own work you behold;
Through you, hope, youth, and trust are gone;
The power is lost you held of old—
From heart and memory pass on!"

THE THREE TREES.

(From the German.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

An Apple Tree, vain of its blossoming load,
Was placed a luxuriant Cherry Tree near;
And each a contemptuous observance bestowed
On a poor little Fir Tree that grew in their rear.

"Poor Tree," they exclaimed, "what an aspect of
gloom
You wear in your dreary and sad-coloured suit!
You boast not our clothing of delicate bloom;
You boast not our riches of exquisite fruit."

"Nay, speak not so proudly," the Fir Tree replied,
"Our merits may shortly be brought to the test:
A child passes by—we will let him decide
Which Tree of the three he considers the best."

"Fair Boy," said the Cherry Tree, "none need de-

plore
The time when my flowers shall be faded and fled;—
They will soon be replaced by a plentiful store
Of beautiful cherries, ripe, juicy, and red."

"My fruit," said the Apple Tree, "carefully stored,
Through Winter's dark season I freely bestow;
Lo! rosy-cheeked apples abound on the board,
Retaining their bloom through the fog and the snow."

The poor little Fir Tree extolled not its worth,
Nor ventured to speak of its beauty and grace;
Its boughs of dark green it waved lovingly forth,
And the child rushed at once to the proffered en-

brace!

"Dear Tree," he exclaimed, "how I welcome your

sight!
The glad Christmas meetings I fondly recall:
Your branches were then brightly streaming with light,
And laden with gifts and with tokens for all.

"The trees of the orchard I seem not to prize:
Though rich be their fruitage, and lovely their

bloom,
They bring not mementos of dear, social ties—
Of kindred and friends—of the hearth and the home.

"And still, when the freshness of youth shall depart,
My early impressions unaltered shall be;
No tree can find place in the Englishman's heart
Like the Tree of his Childhood, the dear Christmas

Tree!"
REGNARD.

Since, in modern literature, there are so few really good comedies that we may count them all upon our fingers, a man who has written two must be worth knowing. We ask permission to introduce Jean François Regnard to those who do not know him.

He comes recommended by the great critic Boileau, who liked him, quarrelled with him, and made up again. Forty years later, Voltaire wrote that the man who did not enjoy Regnard was not capable of appreciating Molière. Then came M. de La Harpe, the authority in such matters for two generations: he devotes a chapter to Regnard, and calls him the worthy successor of Molière. And Béranger, in his charming autobiography, an epilogue worthy of the noble part he had played upon the stage of the world, speaks of the unflagging gaiety and abundant wit of Regnard's dialogue, and of his lively and graceful style. "In my opinion," he adds, "Regnard would be the first of modern comedians, if Molière had not been given to us."

In spite of the idle complaining into which authors are betrayed by the pleasure human nature takes in talking about self to attentive listeners, all who are familiar with the history of the brethren of the quill know, that, as a class, they have had a large share of the good things of the earth—cheerful occupation, respected position, comfortable subsistence, and long life. France, in particular, has been the Pays de Cocagne of book-makers for the last two hundred years. Neither praise, pay, nor rank has been wanting to those who deserved them. But in the long line of littérateurs who have flourished since Cardinal Richelieu founded the Academy, few were so fortunate as Regnard. He entered upon his career with wealth, health, and a jovial temperament: three supreme blessings he kept through life.

He was born in Paris in 1655, three years before Molière brought his company from the provinces to the Hôtel de Bourbon, and opened the new theatre with the "Précieuses Ridicules." Regnard's father, a citizen of Paris and a shopkeeper, died when his son was a lad, leaving him one hundred and twenty thousand livres—a fortune for a man of the middle-class at that period. Like most independent young fellows, Regnard made use of his money to travel. He went to Italy, and spent a year in the famous cities of the Peninsula; but returned home with thirty thousand additional livres in his pocket, won at play. He soon went back to the land of pleasure and of luck. At Bologna he fell in love with a lady from the south of France, whom he calls Elivire. The lady was married, the husband was with her; they were travellers like himself. Regnard joined the party, and sailed with them from Civita Vecchia in an English ship bound for Toulon. The vessel was captured off Nice, by a Barbary corsair, and brought into Algiers; the crew and passengers were sold to the highest bidder. One Achmet Talem paid fifteen hundred livres for Regnard, and one thousand for the lady. This low price might lead us to imagine that the Moorish taste in beauty differed from that of Regnard; but the Algerine market may have been overstocked with women on the day of sale. Achmet took his new chattels to Constantinople. Perceiving Regnard's talent for ragouts and sauces, he made a cook of him. What became of Elivire, history has omitted, perhaps discreetly, to relate. After two years of toil and ill-treatment, Regnard received money from home to buy his freedom. He paid twelve thousand livres for himself and the fair Provencal. Achmet more than quadrupled his investment, and no doubt thought slavery a divine institution.

In Paris once more, Regnard hung his chains in his library and was preparing to lead a comfortable life with Elivire, when the superfluous husband, whose death had been reported, most unseasonably reappeared. He had been ransomed by the Mathurins, a religious order, who believed it to be the duty of Christians to deliver their fellow-men from bondage—abolitionists of the 17th century, who, strange as some of us may think it, were honoured by their countrymen and the Christian world. Regnard yielded gracefully the right he had acquired by purchase to the prior claim of the husband, and made preparations for another journey. With two compatriots, De Percourt and De Corberson, he traversed the Low Countries and Denmark and crossed over to Stockholm. The King of Sweden received the travellers graciously and proposed a visit to Lapland. Furnished with the royal letters of recommendation, they sailed up the Gulf of Bothnia to Torneao, and thence pushed north by land until they came to Lake Tornetrask. Eighteen miles from the lower end of the lake they ascended a high mountain, which they named Metavara, "from the Latin word meta and the Finnish word varas, which means rock: that is to say, the rock of limits." "We were four hours in climbing to the top by paths which no mortal had as yet known. When we reached it, we perceived the whole extent of Lapland, and the Icy Ocean as far as the North Cape, on the side it turns to the west. This may, indeed, be called arriving at the end of the world and justling the axle of the pole (se frotter à l'essieu du pôle)." Here they set up a tablet of stone they had brought with their luggage—monument éternel, Regnard says. "It shall make known to posterity that three Frenchmen did not cease to travel northward until the earth failed them;
that in spite of the difficulties they encountered, which would have turned back most others, they reached the end of the world and planted their column; the ground was wanted, but not the courage to press on." These sounding verses were cut upon the "eternal monument": —

"Gallia nos genuit: vidit nos Africa; Gammem Hasimum, Europaque oculu istamvrum omnem; Canisus et variis acti terraque marique. His tandem stetimus, nobis ubi defuit orbis.

De Ferencourt, de Corberon, Regnard. Anno 1681, die 22 Augusti."

"The inscription will never be read, except by the bears," Regnard adds. A melancholy thought to the French mind! If nobody saw it or talked about it, half the pleasure of the exploit was gone. The Frenchmen had foreseen this difficulty, and had taken their precautions. Four days' journey to the southward stood an ancient church, near which the Lapps held their annual fair. In this church, in a conspicuous position, they had already deposited the same verses, carved upon a board. In 1718, thirty-six years after, another French traveller, La Motraye, read the lines upon a stone tablet — too late to gratify Regnard.

"Travellers' stories"— "A beau mentir qui vient de loin,"—these proverbs date from the seventeenth century. It was not expected of such adventurous gentlemen that they should tell the simple truth, any more than we expect veracity from sportsmen. We listen without surprise and disbelieve without a smile. Some exaggeration, too, was pardonable to help out the verse; but "nobis ubi defuit orbis" goes beyond a reasonable licence. The mountain Metanara is in latitude 68° 30'; the North Cape 71° 10'. There were still one hundred and fifty miles of solid orbis before Regnard and his friends; and they had need of optics sharp to see the Cape from the spot they stood upon.

The 27th of September found the three Arctic explorers back again in Stockholm. Thence they took boat for Danzig, travelled in Poland, Hungary, and Austria, and left Vienna for Paris a few months before the famous siege, when Sobieski, the "man sent from God whose name was John," routed the Turks and delivered Christendom forever from the fear of the Ottoman arms.

Before this time Regnard must have heard that Duquesne had avenged his African sufferings. In the autumn of 1681 the Huguenot Admiral shelled Algiers from bomb-ketches, then used for the first time. The Day was forced to surrender. His lively conquerors treated him with the honours of wit as well as of war. They made a mot for him, of the kind they get up so cleverly in Paris. When the Turk is told how much it had cost the great monarch of France to fit out the fleet which had just reduced a part of his city to ashes, he exclaims, amazed at the useless extravagance— "For half the money I would have burned the whole town."

Cervantes was a slave in Algiers a hundred years before Regnard, and no doubt used his experience in the story of the Captive in "Don Quixote." Regnard also worked his African materials up into a tale—"La Provengale"—and varnished them with the sentimentality fashionable in his day. Zelmis (himself) is a conquering hero; women adore him. He is full of courage, resource, and devotion to one only—Elvire—who is beautiful as a dream, and dignified as the wife of a Roman Senator. The King of Algiers is on the quay when the captives are brought ashore. He falls in love with Elvire on the spot, and adds her to his collection. But his passion is respectful and pure. Aided by Zelmis, she escapes from the harem. They are retaken and brought back; but instead of the whipping usually bestowed upon returned runaways, the generous king, desiring of winning Elvire's affections, gives her her liberty. In the meanwhile Zelmis has had his troubles. His master has four wives, beautiful as hours. All four cast eyes of flame upon the well-favoured infidel. Faithful to Elvire, Zelmis of course defends himself as heroically as Joseph. The ladies revenge the slight in the same way as the wife of Potiphar. The attractive Frenchman is condemned to impalement, when his consul interferes with a ransom, and he is released just in time to embark for France with Elvire.

Although Regnard often alludes with pride to his travels, the sketch he has left of them is meagre and uninteresting, and often in a harsh and awkward style. Lapland was a terra incognita—Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia not much better known; yet this clever young Parisian has little to relate beyond a few names, which he generally misspells or misplaces. No descriptions of town or country or scenery; no traits of manners, character, or customs, except a dull page on the sorcery and the funeral ceremonies of the Lapps. The only eminent man he notices is Evelius, the astronomer of Dantzic—one of the foreign savans of distinction on whom Louis XIV. bestowed pensions in his grand manner, omitting to pay them after the second year. Regnard seems to have written to let his countrymen know where he had been, not to to tell them what he had seen. Had he made ever so good a book out of his really remarkable journey little notice would have been taken of it. Voyages and travels were looked upon as a dull branch of fiction, not nearly so amusing or improving as cockpit excursions from one town of France to another in the neighbourhood, described after the manner of Bachioumen and Chapelle: not sentimental journeys by any means; eating, drinking, and sleeping are the points of interest: —

"Bon vin, bon gite, bon lit, belle hôtessé, bon appétit."

Eren Regnard, who had seen so much of the world, tried his hand at this kind of travel-writing and failed lamentably.
At thirty, Regnard closed a chapter in his life, and turned over a new leaf. He gave up wandering and gambling, the ruling passions of his youth, and settled himself comfortably for the rest of his days. For occupation and official position, he bought an assistant-treasurership in the Bureau des Finances. His house in the Rue Richelieu became famous for good company and good things, intellectual as well as material. In the country his Terre de Grillon was planted with so much taste that the lively persons who liked to visit there called it a séjour enchanté. In laying out his grounds, his intimate, Dufresny, was doubtless of use to him. This spendthrift poet, reputed great-grandson of Henri Quatre and the belle jardinière, had great skill in landscape gardening, admitted even by those who found his verses tedious. He it was probably who introduced Regnard to the stage. For several years they supplied the Théâtre Italien with amusing trifles—working together in one of those literary partnerships so common among French playwrights. The “Joueur” broke up his business connection. Dufresny accused Regnard of having stolen the plot from him, and brought out a “Joueur” of his own. Regnard insisted that Dufresny was the pirate. The public decided in favour of Regnard. Dufresny’s play was hopelessly damned, and no appeal ever taken from the first sentence. The verdict of the bel-esprits was recorded in an epigram, which ended thus:

“Mais quiconque aujourd’hui voit l’un et l’autre ouvrage
Dit que Regnard a l’avantage
D’avoir été le ‘bon larron’”

Dufresny had more wit than dramatic talent. He will live in the memories of married men for his famous speech—

“Comment, Monsieur! Vous n’y étiez pas obligé.”

It was in 1606, twelve years after his return to Paris, that Regnard sent the “Joueur,” a comedy in five acts, and in verse, to the Théâtre Français. It was received with enthusiastic applause. Nothing equal to it had appeared in twenty-four years since the death of the great master; nor did the eighteenth century produce any comedy which can be compared with it for action, wit, and literary finish—not excepting the “Turcaret” of Le Sage, and Beaumarchais’s “Barber of Seville,” which are both better known to-day.

Regnard sat to himself for the portrait of Valère. The wild and fascinating excitement of play, the gambler’s exultation when he is successful, his furious curios on his bad luck when he loses, his superstitious veneration for his winnings, are drawn from the life. When Fortune smiles, Valère neglects Angélique, his rich fiancée; when he is penniless, his love re- 

vives, and he is at her feet until his valet devises some new plan of raising money. He swears, if she will forgive him, never again to touch dice or cards; and five minutes afterward pledges for a thousand crowns a miniature set in diamonds she has just given him to bind their reconciliation, and hurries back to the gaming-table. He plays but thinks his gains too sacred to pay away, even to redeem the portrait of Angélique.

“Rien ne porte malheur comme de payer ses dettes,”

is his answer to the prudent Hector—a maxim current among many who never play. At last comes a reverse of fortune so sweeping that he cannot conceal it. Angélique might have forgiven him his broken promises, but the pawnbroker enters with her picture and demands the thousand crowns. This is too much. She rejects him and gives her hand to his rival. His indignant father casts him off for ever. But no feeling of regret or of repentance arises in the mind of the gambler. He turns coolly upon his heel, and calls to his valet—

“Va! va! consolons-nous, Hector—et quelque jour
Jen m’acquittera des pertes de l’amour.”

Richard is the name of this prince of rascally and quick-witted valets; but he calls himself Hector, after the knave of spades, because he serves a gambler. He has good sense as well as ingenuity; for he gives his master the best advice, while he strains his invention and his impudence to help him on to destruction. Néline, maid to Angélique, declares open war against Valère, and vows that her mistress shall not throw herself away upon a silly dandy, an insipid puppet, with nothing to recommend him but his fine clothes and his swagger.

“True enough,” laughs Hector, “but

“C’est le goût d’à présent; tes cia sont superbes,
Mon enfant.”

“And Valère is a spendthrift, an insatiable gambler, who will bring her to misery and want.”

“What of that?

“Tant que tu voudras, parle, prêche tempête,
Ta maîtresse est coiffée. . . . .
Elle est dans nos filets.”

“And such an outrageous rogue that he cannot live in his father’s house.”

“We do not deny it,” Hector answers; “it is no fault of ours.

“Valère a déserté la maison paternelle,
Mais ce n’est point à lui qu’il faut faire querelle;
Et si Monsieur son père avait voulu sortir,
Nous y serions encore; . . .
Ces pères, bien souvent, sont obstinés en diable.”

Nevertheless the obdurate parent, in the hope of reforming his son, and of providing for him
by the excellent match with Angélique, hunts up the prodigal and lectures him after the manner of fathers. Hector joins in, and expresses strongly his disapproval of games of chance; "les jeux innocents, où l'esprit se déploie," are the only safe pastime. "But will our father pay our debts this time?"

"Not a crown."

"Will he lend us the money at one per cent, a month? Once out of this pecuniary strait, we can marry Angélique, and be rich and virtuous. Besides, we have assets as well as debts: here is our schedule."

The elder soften a little and takes the paper. At the head of the list of debts he finds Hector's bill for wages and services rendered, leading off a long file of Aarons and Levys; and the assets consist of a debt of honour owing by an officer killed at the battle of Fleurus, and the good-will of a match at tric-trac with a poor player who had already lost games enough to make his defeat certain.

The action of the comedy does not lag or limp from the opening scene to Valère's last words. The vereification is easy and natural; the dialogue abounds in wit and comic humour; it is short and quick, with none of those tedious declamations which weary and unsettle the attention of an audience. Take it all in all, we may say, that, if Molière had chosen the same subject, he could hardly have handled it better.

Not that Regnard can pretend to rank with Molière in genius, or even near him. The "Gambler" is admirably done; but it is the only comedy in which Regnard attempted character. He drew from his experience. Molière was so skilful a moral anatomist that he required only a whim or a weakness to construct a consistent character. This wonderful man found the French comic stage occupied by a few stock personages, imported from Spain and Italy. The elders were fathers or uncles, rich, miserly, and perverse, instinctively disposed to keep a tight rein on the young people, of whose personal expenses and matrimonial projects they invariably disapproved. The persecuted juniors were all alike, colourless shadows, mere lay figures to hang a plot on; Léandre, amant de Célimène; Célimène amante de Léandre: helpless creatures, who would have been quite at the mercy of the old dragons of the story, were it not for the powerful assistance of the rascally valets, and their females the rascally soubrettes. These clever sinners abounded in cunning contrivances, disguises, and tricks, which resulted in the signal discomfiture of the parents and guardians. In the last act, they are forced to consent to all the marriages, and are cheated out of most of their property; they are even lucky to escape with their lives. There was no mercy for age in those plays.

"Pluck the lined crutch from the old limping sire; With it beat out his brains." The theatre was the temple of youth, of love, and of feasting. Away with the dull old people! Providence created them only to pay the bills.

"Puyez d'ici, sombre vieillards—
Car en amour les vieillards ne sont bons
Qu'à payer les violons."

Did gentlemen of a certain age go to the theatre in the seventeenth century? expend their money to see themselves abused and ridiculed? Did they laugh at these indignities and enjoy them? We might wonder, if we did not know that Frenchmen never grow old, so long as they have an eye left for ogling or a leg to caper with.

Molière took these old inhabitants of the stage into his service, and injected new life into their veins. He gave them the foibles, the follies, and the vices he saw about him, and made them speak in a new language of unrivalled wit, humour, and mirth. But his genius was shackled by the artificial conventions of the theatre, which did not allow him time or space to fully develop a character. A grand comic creation like Falstaff was impossible. He introduces a single propensity of mankind, exhibits it in all its relations to society, shows it to us on every side; but it remains only a trait of character, although we see it in half-a-dozen different lights. Tartuffe is the one exception; in him, hypocrisy hides covetousness and lust; and Tartuffe is Molière's masterpiece. But in most of his comedies he displays rather a knowledge of the world than a knowledge of human nature. In his walk he has no equal at home or abroad; but his walk is not the highest. We feel that something is wanting, and yet we can hardly extol him too highly. He brought comedy into close relation with everyday life; he is the father of our modern French stage, which has gradually cast off the old conventional personages. The French dramatists of to-day are not men of genius like Molière, but, in their airy, sparkling plays, they represent the freaks, follies, and fancies of society so exquisitely that nothing remains to be desired. They furnish the model and the materials for the theatres of all other nations.

When Regnard came before the public, the stage remained as Molière had left it. The only new personage was the Marquis, first introduced in the "Mère Coquette," by Quinault, the sweet and smooth writer of operas—of whom it was said, that he had boned (désossé) the French language. The Marquis is the ancestor of our Pomp—

"Loose in morals and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress extreme—
who in turn has become antiquated and tiresome. Regnard's only original character is the Gambler; in his other comedies he made use of the old, familiar masks, and won success by his keen sense of the ridiculous, his wit, and his unceasing jollity and fun. His Orious and Scapins are perfect. What impudent, worthless, amusing rogues! To keep inside of the"
law is the only rule of right. “Honesty is a fool, and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman.” They came of an ancient race, these Crispins and Scapins, that had flourished in Italy and Spain since Plautus and Terence brought them over from Greece. They found their way to France, and even reached England in their migration, following in the train of Charles II. when he returned from exile, and, during a short life on this side of the Channel, added drunkenness and brutality to their gayer vices. The character was true to Nature in Athens or in Rome, where men of talent might often be bound to devote their brains to the service of those who owned their bodies, and by their condition as slaves were released from all obligations of honour or of honesty. In the seventeenth century it might pass in France; for the line between gentle and simple was so sharply drawn that ladies of rank saw no greater impropriety in disrobing before their footmen than before their dogs. But the progress of liberty or of égalité blasted out the valets of comedy. Even in Regnard’s time the inconsistencies of the character were noticed. Jean, in the “Sérénade,” utters revolutionary doctrine:—

“How can an honourable valet devote himself to the interests of a penniless master? We grow tricky in waiting on such fellows. They scold us; sometimes they beat us. We have more wit than they. We support them; we are obliged to invent, for their benefit, all sorts of knavery, in which they are always ready to take a share; and, withal, they are the masters, and we the servants! It is not just. Hereafter I mean to scheme for myself, and become a master in my turn.”

“Scapin has joined his brother-pagans beyond the Styx; but Lisette blooms in evergreen youth. This young French person’s theory of woman’s rights is different from the one which obtains in New England; nor does she trouble herself at all to seek for woman’s mission. She found it years ago. She is to deceive a man. She is satisfied with her condition, and with the old mental and moral attributes of her sex. When Crispin disguises himself in her clothes, he exclaimed:

“L’adresse et l’artifice ont passé dans mon cœur; Qu’un a sous cet habit et d’esprit et de ruse— Rien n’est si trompant qu’animal porte jupe.”

This animal is as clever and as cunning in Paris to-day as when Crispin felt the inspiration of the petticoats.

In 1708, after another period of twelve years, “Le Légataire Universel” was played at the same theatre. In this piece the author relied entirely upon the vis comica of his plot and dialogue. Géronte, a rich, miserly old bachelor, with as many ailments as years—

“Vieux et casse, fâcheux, épileptique, Paralytique, étique, asthmatique, hydropique”—has for a nephew Ergaste, with well-grounded hopes of inheriting, and that shortly. These are suddenly dashed by the announcement that his uncle has resolved to marry Isabelle, a girl to whom Ergaste himself is attached. The nephew keeps his own secret, and judiciously commends the choice of his uncle. Géronte is delighted with him, even asks his advice about a present for the damsel—something pretty, but cheap.

“Je voudrais inventer quelque petit cadeau, Qui contât peu, mais qui parût nouveau.”

Meeting with no opposition, the old gentleman gradually loses his relish for matrimony; and Madame Argente, the mother, promises Ergaste to give Isabelle to him, instead of to his uncle, provided Géronte will declare his nephew heir to the estate. Unluckily there are two other collaterals, country cousins, whom Géronte has never seen, but whom he wishes to remember. Crispin, valet to Ergaste, assisted by Lisette the old man’s housekeeper and nurse, personifies first the male, then the female relater from the rural districts so well that Géronte orders them out of his house in disgust, swears that he will not leave them a sou, and sends for a notary to draw his will in favour of Ergaste. But the excitement of the last interview with Crispin, as a widow, is too much for his strength. He becomes unconscious, and apparently breathes his last just as the notary knocks at the door. In this moment of agonising disappointment the indomitable Crispin comes to the rescue. He puts on the dressing-gown and cap of Géronte, reclines in his easy-chair, counterfeits his voice, and dictates a will to the notary. Firstly, he bequeaths to Lisette two thousand crowns, on condition that she marry Crispin; secondly, he leaves to Crispin an annuity of fifteen hundred crowns, to reward his devotion to his master; the rest of the estate, real and personal, to go to Ergaste. The residuary legatee remonstrates warmly with the testator against his foolish generosity to Crispin and Lisette; but the sham Géronte insists, and Ergaste is obliged to submit. The notary withholds to make the necessary copies of the will, and the plotters are chuckling over the success of their plans, when, to their dismay, Géronte enters alive. He tells them that he feels his strength departing, and bids them send at once for the notary to settle his worldly affairs. The notary, who is ignorant of any deceit, assures him that he has made his will already, and shows him the document. The conspirators seize the chance of escape, confirm the notary’s story, and relate all the circumstances of the conference. Géronte protests that he recollects nothing of it; he feels certain he could not have given more than twenty crowns to Lisette; as to Crispin, he had never heard of him. The answer is always, “C’est votre imagination.” While perplexed and hesitating, the old man discovers that a large sum in notes has been abstracted from his hoard. Ergaste had secured them as an alleviation in case of the worst, and had placed them in the hands of
Isabelle. She promises to return them, if Géronste will make Ergaste his heir and her husband. In his anxiety for his money, Géronste consents to everything, and allows the will to stand.

"Nothing," La Harpe tells us, "ever made a French audience laugh so heartily as the scene of the will." Falbair, one of the poëtes mèlègists of the eighteenth century, says, in a note to his drama, "The Monks of Japan," that the Jesuits furnished Regnard with the idea of this scene. In 1626, the reverend fathers, by precisely the same stratagem employed by Crispin, obtained possession of the estate of a M. d'Anvier of Béancourt, who died suddenly and intestate. It is proper to add that M. Falbair's drama was written against the Jesuits.

There are two other plays, out of some twenty that Regnard published, which will repay a reader: "Les Ménechèmes," imitated from Plautus, like Shakspeare's Dromios, and "Démocrite," which reminds one a little of Molière's "Amphitryon." Both are distinguished for that perpetual quiet, the most pleasing of all qualities, which is the characteristic of their author. It seems impossible for him to be dull; he never nods; his bow, such as it is, is always strong. It is remarkable that his comic scenes, although crammed with fun, never run down into farce; nor does he find it necessary to eke out his wit with buffoonery. He had an instinctive taste which preserved him from coarseness; although he wrote a century and a half ago, there is less of the low and indecent than in the plays we see posted at the doors of our theatres. The French of the time of Louis XIV. must have been a much more refined people than the contemporary English. At least, Thalia in Paris was a vestal, compared with her tawdry, indecent, and drunken London sister. One is ashamed to be seen reading the unsubliming profanity of Wycherley, Cibber, Vanbrugh, and Congreve.

We must admit that Regnard's mantle of decorum is not without a rent. In the "Léga-taire," as in the "Malade Imaginaire," may be found a good deal of pleasantry on the first of the three principal remedies of the physicians of the period, as mentioned by Molière in his burlesque "Latin":

"Clysterium donare, Postea purgare, Enupita seigurare."

It seems to have been a good joke in France then; it is so now (wonderfully fresh and new), defying time and endless repetition. English eyes do not see much fun in it; they rather turn away in disgust. But on the risible organs of the French purgative medicines operate violently; and the favourite weapon of their medical service, primitive in shape and exaggerated in dimensions, is a property indispensable to every theatre. Regnard used it as a part of the stage machinery—worked it in as a stock pleasantry, the effect of which was certain. Were he writing now, he would do the same thing. But in the "Joueur" nobody is ill; it may be read by that typical creature, the "most virtuous female," publicly and without a blush. Gentlemen and ladies whose morals are not fully fledged are generally advised to beware of attempting to skim over the fiction of modern France. They may take up Regnard without risking a fall; for there is little danger of being led astray by the picareque knavery of Scapins and Lisette. In 1700 love for another man's wife had not come to be considered one of the fine arts. Now-a-days the victims of this kind of misplaced affection are the heroes of French novels and plays. The husband, odious and tiresome ex officio, has succeeded to the miserly father or tyrannical guardian. He is the giant of French romance, who keeps the lovely and uneasy lady locked up in Castle Matrimony. He cannot help himself, poor fellow!—he is compelled to fill that unenviable position, whenever Madame chooses. Sentimental young Arthurs and Ernests stand in the place of Ergaste and Cléante, and are always ready to make war upon the unlucky giant. They over-come him as of old, scale the walls, and carry off the capricious fair one. We have hardly changed for the better. Ergaste and Cléante were not sentimental, but they were marrying men and broke no commandments.

Regnard's life of fifty years covers the whole of the literary age of Louis XIV. Before 1660 the French had no literature worth preserving, except Rabelais, Montaigne, a few odes of Malherbe, a page or two of Morat, and the tragedies of Corneille. Pascal published the "Provincial Letters" in the year of Regnard's birth. La Fontaine had written a few indifferent verses; Molière was almost unknown. In 1685, when Regnard became an author, the Voitures, Balzac, and Benserades, the men of fantastic conceits, the vanguard of the grand army of French wits, had marched away to Pluto and to Lethe. One or two stragglers, like Ménage and Chapelle, lingered to wonder at the complete change of taste. The age had ripened fast. Not many years before, Barbin the bookseller ordered his hacks to faire du St. Evremont. St. Evremont was still living in England, dirty and witty; and Barbin still kept his shop, but gave no more orders for wares of that description. Many of the greatest names of the era were already carved on tombs—La Rochefoaucald, Pascal, Corneille, Molière. Bossuet was a man of sixty; La Fontaine a few years older; Boileau and Racine close upon fifty. When Regnard died, in 1710, the eighteenth century had begun. Fontenelle, Le Sage, Bayle, men of nearly the same age as himself, belong to it.

In 1886 King Louis had reached the full meridian of his Gloire, Grandeur, Eclat. No monarch in Europe was so powerful. He had conquered Flanders, driven the Dutch under water, seized Franche-Comté, annexed Lorraine, ravaged the Palatinate, bombarded Algiers and Genoa, and by a skilful disregard of treaties
and of his royal word kept his neighbours at swords' points until he was ready to destroy them. The Emperor was afraid of him, Philip of Spain his most humble servant, Charles II, in his pay. He had bullied the Pope, and brought the Doge of Genoa to Paris to ask pardon for Things powdered to the Algerines and ships to Spain. He was Louis le Grand, le roi vraiment roi, le demi-dieu qui nous gouverne. Deodatus, Sol nec pluribus impar. Regnard witnessed the cloudy setting of this splendid luminary. After the secret marriage with Mme. de Maintenon, in 1685, Fortune deserted the King. He was everywhere defeated, or his victories were Cadmean, as disastrous as defeats. The fleet that was to replace James II. on his throne was destroyed at La Hogue by Russell. The Camisards defied for years the army sent against them. Rooke took Gibraltar. Peterborough defeated the Bourbon forces in Spain. Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramillies, Malplaquet, brought ruin upon France before Regnard was withdrawn from the scene.

Meanwhile the Eighteenth Century, with its godlessness and its debauchery, was born. Hypocrisy watched over its infancy. When Louis reformed, and took a pious elderly second wife, it was the fashion to be religious; and whoever wished to stand well at Court followed the fashion. "You who live in France have wonderful advantages for saving your souls," wrote St. Evremont from London. "Vice is quite out of date with you. It is in bad taste to sin—as offensive to good manners as to morality. And those of you who might be forgetful of their hereafter are led to salvation by a becoming deference to the habits and observances of well-bred people." The monarch himself was utterly ignorant in matters of religion; the Duchess of Orleans wrote to her German friends, that he had never even read the Bible. He was shocked to hear that Christ had demeaned himself to speak the language of the poor and the humble. "Il avait la foi du charbonnier," Cardinal Fleury said—the blind, unreasoning faith of the African in his fetish. He considered it due to his gloire to assist Divine Providence in its government of the souls of men. Was he not the greatest prince of the earth, the eldest son of the Church, standing nearer to the throne of grace than any insignificant pope? Of course he was responsible for the orthodoxy of his subjects, a demi-dieu qui nous gouverne. He came to think religion a part of his royal prerogative, and misbelief treason against his royal person. He was quite capable of going a step beyond Cardinal Wolsey, and of writing, "Ego et Deus meus." He said to a prelate whose management of some ecclesiastical business particularly gratified him, "J'ignore si Dieu vous tiendra compte de la conduite que vous avez tenue; mais quant à moi, je vous assure que je ne l'oublierai jamais." The spiritual powers are never backward in taking advantage of favourable circumstances: Huguenots, Jansenists, and Quietists were sternly put down, and the girdle of superstition tightened until it began to crack. The sceptics were quiet, asked but few questions, pretended to be satisfied with the time-honoured answers Mother Church keeps for her uneasy children, and seemed to be busy with the "Querelle des Anciens et des Modernes," and the "Dispute sur les Ceremonies Chinoises." It was not yet the time for them to announce pompously their radical theories as new and true. A thin varnish of decorum and orthodoxy overspread everything; but one may see the shadow of the coming Régence in Regnard's works. He and gentlemen like him went to mass in the morning, and to pleasure for the rest of the day and night:

"Ils sont chrétiens à la messe,
Ils sont païens à l'opéra."

Regnard was almost as much of a pagan as his favourite Horace—called for wines, roses, and perfumes, and sang his Lydia and his Lalage almost in the same words. His creed and his philosophy were pagan. He adored three goddesses (la Comédie, la Musique, la bonne Chère). His solution of the problem of life was enjoyment.

"Pâtre tout ce qu'on veut, vivre exempt de chagrin,
Ne se rien refuser—Voilà tout mon système,
Et de mes jours ainsi j'attraperais la fin."

Wisdom was given to man to temper pleasure, to avoid excess, which destroys pleasure. Regnard had agreeable recollections of the past; the present satisfied him. He was as careless of the unknown future as De Retz, whose éponymable tranquillité, appalling ease of mind on that point, so shocked poor Mme. de Sévigné. All other speculations he put quietly aside with a doubt or with a cui bono? It was a witty and refined selfishness, and nothing beyond. Spiritual light, faith, none; hope that to-morrow might pass as smoothly as to-day; love, only that particular affection which may be for his female fellow-creature. Such a heathenish frame of mind will find little favour in this era of yearnings, seekings, teachings. It was, indeed, a lamentable condition of moral darkness; but the error, though grievous, has its attractive side:

"On court après la vérité;
Ah! croyez moi, l'erreur a son mérite."

It is a relief in these dyspeptic times to turn back to Regnard, the big, rosy, and jolly pagan, enjoying to the utmost the four blessings invoked upon the head of Argan by the chorus of doctors:

"Salus, honor, et argentum
Atque bonum appetitum."
moral weakness, and of the want of healthy occupation. Hence lady-poets, more than all others, love to indulge in these repinings, and take the privilege of their sex to shed tears on paper. In his bachelor establishment, Rue de Richelieu, there was, he tells us,

"Grande chère, vin délicieux,
Belle maison, liberté toute entière,
Bals, concerts, enfin tout ce qui peut satisfaire
Le goût, les oreilles, les yeux."

The Société choisie was numerous; for a good cook never fails to make friends for his master, and Regnard’s cook dealt with fat capons, plover, and ortolans. His lettuce, mushrooms, and artichokes were grown under his own eyes. The choice vintages of France, in casks, lay in his cellar. He gave wine to nourish wit, not to furnish an opportunity for ostentatious gabbles taken at age and price. How he revels in the description of good cheer! There rizes from his pages the fumet of game and the bouquet d’un vin exquis.

"Et des perdrix ! Morbleu ! d’un fumet admirable
Sentez plutôt. Quel baume ! Mon Dieu !"

But these and other good things Regnard had in abundance, and so lived smoothly and happily on, defying time; for he held, with Mme. de Thianges, “On ne vieillit point à table,” until one day he overheard himself in shooting, drank abundantly of cold water, and fell dead—Euthanasia. He died a bachelor, and, if we may judge from many of his verses, seems, like Thackeray, to have wondered why Frenchmen ever married. But he had a keen eye for “the fair defect of Nature.” Strabon’s description of young Criseis before her glass could have been written only by an author:

"Je le voyais tantôt devant une toilette
D’une mouche assassine irriter ses ailes."

Neither Molière, Regnard, nor Le Sage was a member of the Academy. Bréanger thinks it remarkable that the improvisations folles et charmantes of Regnard should now be neglected in France. We do not recollect to have met with him even in the “Causeries” of Ste. Beuve, who has ransacked the French Temple of Fame from garret to cellar for feuilleton materials; yet the “Légataire” kept a foothold on the stage for a hundred and twenty years. But the Temple of Fame is overcrowded. Every day some worthy fellow is turned out to make room for a new comer. Our libraries are not large enough to hold the mob of authors who press in. What with newspapers, magazines, and the last new novel, few persons have time to read more than the titles on the backs of their books. They are familiar with the great names, take their excellence on trust, and allow them to stand neglected and dusty on their shelves. But with another generation the great names will become mere shadows of a name; and so on to oblivion. Father Time has a good taste in literature, it is true. He mows down with his critical scythe the tales which spring up in such daily abundance; but, unfortunately, he cannot stop there: after a lapse of years, he sweeps away also the fruit of the good seed to make room for the productions of his younger children.

"For he’s their parent and he is their grave."

The doom is universal; it cannot be avoided. There must be an end to all temporal things and why not to books? The same endless night awaits a Plato and a penny-a-liner. Our Eternities of Fame, like all else appertaining to humanity, will some day pass away. Even Milton and Shakespeare, our great staple national poets, are travelling the same downward path. How many of us, man or woman, on the sunny side of thirty, have gone through the “Paradise Lost”? And Shakespeare, in spite of new editions and of new commentators, is not half so much read as fifty years since. Perhaps the time will come when English-speaking people will not know to whom they owe so many of the proverbs, metaphors, and eloquent words which enrich their daily talk.

Will none escape this inexorable fate? Homer and Robinson Crusoe seem to us to have the most tenacity of life.

Education in Germany.—The culinary art forms part of the education of women in Germany. The well-to-do tradesman, like the mechanic, takes a pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object, the girl, on leaving school (which she does about fourteen years of age), goes through the ceremony of confirmation, and is then placed by her parents with a country clergyman, or in a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may almost be termed the post of servant, and doing the work of one. This is looked upon as the apprenticeship to domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this, that she receives no wages; on the contrary, her parents often pay for the care taken of her, as well as for her clothing. This is the first step in her education of housekeeper. She next passes, on the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family or into that of some hotel of good repute. Here she has the control of the expenditure, and of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as Fräulein, or Miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive a similar training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion or a royal residence. There is a reigning queen in Germany, at the present moment, who was trained in this way: consequently, the women of Germany are perfect models of order and economy.
EVELYN VAUGHAN.

(A Christmas Story.)

BY ALTON CLYDE.

AUTHOR OF “MAGGIE LYNNE,” &C.

CHAP. I.

It was a solitary grey cottage, in summer, almost buried in a nook of green shadow, and looked as if it had been made to dream in—a silent, tranquil place, where even the daylight was softened, and which it would seem impossible to associate with anything like excitement or noisy demonstration, or imagine that any discordant sound would ever startle the sleeping echoes. There might be some sympathy between the cottage and its inmate—a pale, faded woman, with sad, dark eyes, and a smile that comes and goes like a passing ray of light, so mournful in its resigned sweetness. In summer she may be often seen clipping and weeding in her little garden; and in winter she feeds the sparrows on her window-sill, and has always some little pensioners of wandering robins. Her domestic establishment consists only of an elderly female servant—a tall, grey-haired woman, with strongly-marked features, and a decided north-country accent—chiefly remarkable for her great physical strength, and overflowing vital energy and spirit. The mistress and servant are drawn together by a closer bond of union than could have been presumed to exist in their social relations. Miss Vaughan would never think of contesting old Janet’s right to the reins of domestic government, or questioning the superiority of her judgment on all household matters. She quietly defers to her old-fashioned prejudices and opinions, and shows her confidence and consideration in so many delicate little traits, that it is no wonder Janet’s affection for her mistress has something in it akin to worship—that she is ever ready to expend in her cause all the fire and enthusiasm of her nature, and will serve her to the end with all that strong adhesiveness which has so much of the spirit of chivalry mingled with its loyal fidelity. But who will care for all this gossip about an old maid and her servant? In this age of sensation-hunting, when the million is fed on excitement, and the caterers for the popular taste are disposed to reject all viands that are not powerfully stimulating, with this prevailing appetite for horrors, what interest can possibly be excited by a quiet, everyday history, which has its parallel in many of the obscure byways of life? And on this day of all others, when the Christmas bells are filling the clear, frosty air with their glad tidings of peace and goodwill to the world—the heart-cheering season of household gatherings and social reunion—will there be any to-day, among all the happy kindred groups gathered round Christmas hearths, who will care to ask how the grand old Christian festival will come to the home of a lonely old maid, who seems to have outlived all social ties, and to have no world but in the past—a quiet, uneventful life, drifting down the stream of years in such still, unbroken calm?

No wonder that old Janet finds herself in a strange flutter of agitation, as she prepares to answer her mistress’s hurried ring, leaving the manufacture of her Christmas pudding in its most interesting stage of progress, which in itself is no little effort of self-sacrifice; for Janet prides herself on her cooking, and the success of a Christmas pudding is one of the points on which she is known to be particularly sensitive. She has a sort of prophetic presentiment that their quiet seclusion is about to be broken in upon—that some change is at hand, and associates it with the letter which Miss Vaughan received this morning. She could not but remark how strangely it moved her, how her hand trembled, and her pale face grew even paler as she took it. The old servant has some troubled misgivings of her own about the letter, which are confirmed by the first few hurried words from her mistress, whom she finds pacing the room in a state of nervous agitation—very unusual to the quiet, undemonstrative Miss Vaughan.

“Janet,” she began, in a low, faltering voice, that makes the servant look at her with wistful inquiry, “I have this morning received some very sad, unexpected news. I do not feel quite myself; but it is only a passing weakness: I shall be better soon.” There were traces of tears on the lady’s cheek, from which Janet drew her own conclusions. Miss Vaughan went on: “I want your advice and assistance in a matter which concerns me very much, good Janet. You remember my Cousin Lucy?”

The servant energetically brushed some imaginary specks of dust from the bright mahogany table, then answered, in her quick, short way, “Remember her, Miss Evelyn! I should think I did, and will to my dying day, for what she did to you; and, if she wasn’t one of your kin, I should feel more free to speak my mind about her.”

Janet spoke with a kindling flash in her eyes: it was a sore subject, and one on which she felt strongly, as she did on all matters that concerned her beloved mistress. But Miss
Evelyn Vaughan.

Vaughan’s tone of gentle remonstrance checked any further outbreak of indignation.

"I know what you mean, Janet; but we must remember that this is Christmas-day, when all past sorrows and wrongs should be forgotten and forgiven. Judgment is in mightier hands than ours. I told you that I had received some sad news this morning: my cousin is ill, very ill—friendless, widowed, and alone, with one babe, the last of her little flock. She turns back to me in her hour of suffering; I cannot neglect the appeal, Janet. You would not crush a broken flower. No: you will see there is but one course to take—Lucy and her child must come here."

Janet received this announcement in wondering silence: perhaps, in the depths of her honest heart there was some secret response of sympathy with the unfortunate object of her mistress’s pity. She made no attempt to influence her decision; for Janet knew, by the expression of the small, firm mouth, that her resolution was taken while she stood and passive as she was, there were times when Evelyn Vaughan could hold her own will against all opposition.

"Early to-morrow morning, Janet, I must go for them myself; and I shall leave the necessary preparations to you. You will have all ready for their reception. I know that I can depend upon you. I want to give a home to the poor widow and her child; and you will help me, Janet?"

"Yes, Miss Evelyn, you know I will do my best." She added in a whisper to herself, "Only to think of his widow coming here! It seems like a dream."

Miss Vaughan was satisfied. There was a world of energetic purpose in Janet’s few decided words. The old servant went back to her household duties in an unwonted flutter of excitement, full of new domestic cares, her brain teeming with busy schemes of preparation to be practically worked out on the following day, consoling herself in the midst of all with the reflection that it would be so pleasant to have a child in the house—for Janet had the true womanly instinct of love for children.

Miss Vaughan sat alone throughout that Christmas afternoon, her head resting on her hand, and her eyes fixed in a sort of dreamy abstraction on the open letter, which lay upon her knee. It was the one she had received that morning, which was to bring such an element of change into her quiet home. No wonder that she sat there, on her lovely Christmas hearth, living ages of feeling in those few moments, and tracing out her life’s history by the vanished light of happy bygone Christmas times. Who could tell what old memories and associations were woven about that tear-stained sheet of paper, with its blurring, almost unintelligible, writing? It came from her childhood’s friend and playmate, the widow of Walter Howard. The shifting panorama of memory brought them so vividly before her—treacherous friend and false lover, the two who had crossed her life-path with such dense lines of shadow. No wonder that the letter has so deeply stirred the still current of that tranquil life. It came to her like a cry wrung from the depths of extreme physical and mental suffering—

"Oh, Evelyn!" (pleaded the penitent, almost heartbroken, writer) "I am dying—dying in this wretched attic, that almost stifies me. Will you come, cousin?—friend of other days, will you come? I should not dare to write thus, but I know your noble heart. Evelyn, you tried to hide it, but I know now that you was the unknown friend who rescued Walter from a debtor’s prison. But for you he would have died there. Can I ever cease to bless you? Oh! come—come, for my child’s sake. She is our youngest—the only one death has spared me. We called her Evelyn, after you. Poor pet, she will soon be an orphan. There is none but you in the world that I can ask to care for her."

It was signed “Lucy Howard,” but tears had almost blotted out the name.

"Walter dead, and Lucy fading in an attic!” she exclaimed aloud, pressing her hand on her forehead, as if unable to realize the truth of the picture. “And their child—his child—left to me as a legacy? Oh! it is all like a strange dream."

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Chap. II.

Evelyn Vaughan sat buried in her troubled musings long after Janet had brought in the tea-tray, and removed the almost untasted meal, till the evening shadows were closing over the long dark country roads, and warm red curtains were drawn round the festive scene in many lighted parlours. She has been so much absorbed in her letter that she had forgotten the little custom which for years has invested Christmas Day with a sort of sorrowful interest, for it is only on that one day in the year that she ever thinks of unlocking the secret drawer in the queer old cabinet in her bedroom, containing what is meant for no other eyes. A white satin dress, of rich texture, but made after a long-departed fashion, with a bride’s wreath and veil beside it: that was all—the hoarded grief and suffering of a life. It told the old maid’s story better than she could tell it herself if she tried. The broken love-dream buried away for years in that old drawer: it was there, the secret of all, that has made Christmas Day the most eventful of her life, both for joy and sorrow.

Yes, it was at Christmas that the gay and handsome Walter Howard first showed his marked preference for lovely Evelyn Vaughan—when he whispered in her ear, under the mistletoe, at her Aunt Lee’s party, those low thrilling words, which she has found so hard to try to forget. They flowed into her life like a melody of joy, and she bore them with her to her sweet, old-fashioned country home, when she went back from that Christmas visit at Aunt Lee’s with heart and hand pledged to Walter Howard.
To please a fancy of Walter's, they were to be married on Christmas Day. All his friends told him that he could not have chosen better than when he gave his love to brilliant, dark-eyed Evelyn Vaughan, though many gave the palm of beauty to her young cousin, Lucy Lee, the only child and idol of her parents—little, fairy, bright-haired Lucy, fair and delicate as a snowdrop, with a smile that played upon her lips like a sunbeam on a roseleaf, and a voice soft and sweet as the music of an Eolian harp. But Evelyn Vaughan, with her rich southern beauty, her highly-cultivated mind, and loving sensitive nature, had charms which would have been preferred to her cousin Lucy's by any who craved something more to love than a mere beautiful picture. How happy she was through all that year! There were no dark places in her world, for her heart gave everything about her its own bright hues.

When summer came, Walter contrived to be almost daily in his visits to The Elms; so the home of Evelyn was called. She found it very delightful to be out at the open window, and every minute or two to be leaning out over the rose-bushes to catch the first glimpse of his grey horse; to watch him turn the corner of the road by the long row of tall poplars; then (when he had nearly reached the gate and the avenue of old elms, which gave these name to her father's house) to slip away, just for a sly peep at the mantel-glass, to see that her collar was in its right place, or to coax a stray ringlet back to duty, and be again in her place to greet him when he came. It was at that time that she thought so yearningly of her dead mother, with a sigh that she could not lay her head upon her breast and tell her all her happiness. Poor Evelyn! the time came when she learned to think it best that her mother was sleeping so quietly under the willows, and to be thankful for the mercy which spared that gentle heart the witness of her sufferings.

It seemed like a dream when Christmas was coming round again, and everything was fixed for her marriage with Walter; even her wedding dress chosen and brought home. Her dear cousin, Lucy Lee, was to be her bridesmaid. She was so fond of Lucy herself that she was very glad that Walter liked her too. It pleased her even when his letters began to be so full of her. And she was glad to hear that latterly he had been often spending his evenings at her Aunt Lee's; that he was very attentive to Lucy, and very useful as an escort. She was glad, because she thought that poor Lucy felt so much the want of a brother. Dear Evelyn Vaughan believed it was Walter's love for her that made him so kind to her cousin; and no shadow stole into her clear eyes. For her rock of faith was unshaken still, and there was no fear or distrust in her noble heart.

It was only three days to Christmas Day, when Janet came almost breathless to tell her young mistress that her father wanted her directly in the parlour. Evelyn had been sad and thoughtful all that morning. She was disappointed that her cousin Lucy had not come, for it had been arranged that Walter was to drive her over the evening before: and there had been no letter. But there might be a hundred reasons for this delay.

She found her father leaning back in his chair, with closed eyes, and hands nervously clutching an open letter, and his face so haggard and pale, that she scarcely knew him. What was she to think, when he drew her softly to his breast, and laid his hand on her hair, as he used to do when she was a little child, and when he spoke to her in that low, broken voice—"My poor, poor Evelyn! it is all my own fault. Can you ever forgive me?"

It was soon told: that fatal letter had brought a revelation of the disgrace and baseness of a friend whom he had trusted, even to the risk of half his fortune. He had signed a heavy bill in his favour. But this was not all. Mr. Vaughan had to confess that he had been a victim to a rash spirit of speculation, that, unknown to his daughter, he had ventured, and failed, to an amount that would so much reduce his fortune, that, to preserve what was left, and retain his honourable name, he would be obliged to sell The Elms and find a humbler home. It was a heavy blow both to father and daughter. The old man hid his face in his hands, and wept, when he looked round and talked of selling The Elms. Evelyn was very pale and tearful; but she knelt by his side and whispered comfort. Her father had still a firm friend in Walter Howard; she would write to him that moment, and tell him all. Their misfortunes would make them the dearer to his noble heart—and Walter was rich: she was sure he would never let the dear old Elms be sold to strangers, for he knew how much she loved it. So the letter was written and sent to Walter; and good, unworidly Evelyn trusted and waited the result that was to bring him to her side, with words of love and hope upon his lips. But the stricken old man was not comforted. He sat in his arm-chair, with his grey head bowed upon his hands, and a weary look of despair in his face. He could not tell why he distrusted Walter Howard; but, often, when Evelyn knew it not, he would shake his eyes with his trembling hand, and look after her with such an anxious gaze of love and pity, as if his dim eyes could already trace the dark shadow that was so soon to close over her young life.

Poor Evelyn! hers were sad vigils for an expectant bride to keep. How often her strained eye sought the old road! and how her heart would leap at the sound of carriage-wheels, only to sink back in the sickness of hope deferred!

Christmas Eve, and still no tidings—not even a friendly line from the Lees, who had been among the first to whom her father had confided the story of his misfortunes. And Christmas Day, that should have seen her bridal—how sad it was! so unlike what Christmas had always been at The Elms.
It was early on Christmas morning that a letter came from Walter Howard: Evelyn was glad to be alone in her own room when she broke the seal. Like one in a dream, she read it to the end—the short, cold, cautious letter that fixed her lot in life. She did not faint, or go into hysterics, when the truth broke upon her that she was nothing to Walter Howard—and for all the deep love she gave him she had been nothing to him but the plaything of an hour! She locked his letter in her writing-desk with such strange calmness, and every folded away, without a tear, the useless bridal dress and veil. Her face was very white and rigid, but her step was like a queen's when she walked to the window and threw it open, as if she felt the room too small to breathe in. She stood there, crushing her dark ringlets in her cold hand. But the old bright look faded out from her deep eyes, and there was a grieved quiver of her closed lips. Beyond this she suffered and gave no sign. That night she wrote to Walter and told him he was free—a cold, proud letter, in which all her woman's heart was veiled. Then she stole to her father's side, and for the first time on that day of trial found relief in tears. The poor old man often reproached himself. But Evelyn always said, "It is better as it is, father. If Walter can weigh the loss of a little gold against all my love, it is best for us to part, for he would never have made me happy."

**Chap. III.**

Evelyn might well remember that last memorable Christmas Day at The Elms. Before the hawthorn-buds had opened on the hedges she took her tearful farewell of her childhood's home. They were followed by faithful old Janet, who stoutly refused an offer of a better situation, and declared her intention to be their servant while she was able to shake a duster, whether they gave her wages or not.

The Vaughans lived so quietly in their new sphere, so much out of the way of their rich friends, that Evelyn did not hear of the marriage of Walter Howard and Lucy Lee till the news had grown old in the gay circles in which they moved. It gave another pang to her tried heart, another probe to the hidden wound: but Evelyn could not sit down and fold her hands, and nurse her own sorrows, when her father was ill and needed her care. No: she looked her duty bravely in the face, and took her quiet place in her father's sick room—as gentle a nurse as ever smoothed a pillow for an aching head. It was like uprooting one of the old trees taking her father from The Elms; and he took much to heart the unkind neglect of the Lees. Her uncle owed much of his success in life to her father's generous aid in time of need; but Evelyn knew that Uncle Lee's ingratitude did not pain him like her aunt's coldness—the thought that strangers had come to him with words of comfort when his only sister had withhold them. With all his daughter's faithful love, poor Mr. Vaughan only lingered till autumn. It was about four years after his death that Evelyn came to the little cottage where we first introduced her. Few very incidents have marked her quiet life since then, only some time ago she had a little mysterious business with the good old lawyer who had always managed her father's affairs. Several letters passed between them, and she made one or two journeys to the city to see him. It was just about that time she heard that her Cousin Lucy had lost both her parents—that her Uncle Lee died only half as rich as people thought him—that Walter Howard was much disappointed about his wife's fortune, and that they did not live happily together. The next news she heard was that Walter was a bankrupt, through dissipated habits and neglect of business.

Poor Lucy's letter spoke the truth, for her cousin Evelyn was the unknown friend whose timely aid rescued her husband from a debtor's prison. That was the secret of her business with the old lawyer, who undertook to act as her agent; though with much grave remonstrance and dubious shaking of the head, for he knew well that the required sum would absorb nearly all her hoarded savings through years of strict economy. "Woman's love!" he said to himself, as he wiped his spectacles, and walked slowly back into his office, after he had bowed that quiet figure to the street door, with more respect than he would have shown to one of his richest clients. "She can't think ill of the fellow, after all that has passed. But he is well punished in losing such a treasure as she would have been to him. Well, there is no help for it. I see that she has quite set her heart upon throwing this money away on the Howards."

And faithful old Janet might have echoed the same words on the bright frosty afternoon when her mistress brought back the strangers to her quiet home. There was no help for it. Evelyn Vaughan had set her heart upon the kindly purpose of giving the shelter of her heart to Walter's widow and child. Lucy's tears have flowed upon the breast she has wounded; and Evelyn has forgiven her unhappy cousin more readily than the sufferer can forgive herself.

Thorough many long weeks, till the sweet spring came with its song-hirds, bees, and flowers, and the green world of Nature was welcoming the approach of summer, Evelyn Vaughan kept her patient, faithful vigil by Lucy's sick bed; and when the appointed hour came—when the long waning light of life went out and the weary young head sank to its last rest—it was Evelyn's gentle hand that closed the faded blue eyes and folded the soft hair over the cold brow. And it was she who took the motherless little one so gently in her arms, when it crept to her side and begged her to "please wake mamma." She could not have told how much she already loved the little orphan—how dear life had become to her since the strange chances and changes of fortune had
thus cast Walter’s child upon her love and care. As years wore on, it was beautiful to see the strong bond of love that drew those two so closely to each other—the pale, faded woman, and the fair child growing up under her loving eye, fresh and sweet as a rosebud when it first opens its fragrant heart to the soft kiss of the summer wind.

The great want of Evelyn Vaughan’s life was satisfied at last, for this new affection filled the aching void which had been in her heart for years. She loved the child with all the steadfast strength of her earnest nature, and all the old fervent depth of feeling which in her girlish days had so often made her father tremble for her happiness.

There was a pleasant change in the look of everything about the cottage. It quite altered the aspect of the little parlour having such an unusual litter of childish toys scattered about. Perhaps it took something from the dignity of the old-fashioned chairs and-tables. But even old Janet was happy in the new state of things, for while Evelyn clung to the old ways, Janet found new winning hearts. It was like letting a burst of sunlight into the room when she came dancing in after a brief absence.

So their tranquil current of life flowed on. The calm bright days came and went in unbroken peace, marked by no event worthy of record till little Evelyn Howard was eight years old, when Miss Vaughan, much to her own astonishment, received the unexpected intelligence that fortune’s wheel had given a strange turn in her favour. Her rich godfather in America was dead, and, having no near relatives of his own, had bequeathed her all his wealth, with the exception of a few trifling legacies. It was a happy coincidence that just about that time the new family at The Elms should be going abroad, and the old house again advertised to be sold. It was the first thought that made Evelyn Vaughan rejoice in her newly-acquired wealth—that she could redeem The Elms. She had a feverish fear that it would fall into the hands of some other purchaser, and could not feel at rest until she had the old lawyer’s final assurance all was settled, and that she could prepare to change her residence whenever she pleased.

It was on a bright June day that she went back to her old home. Her kind friend the lawyer drove them over in his pony carriage. Evelyn was very grateful for all the old man’s thoughtful care on that journey—for the efforts he made to keep the child amused upon the way, that she might be free to indulge her own thoughts when they wound up the well-remembered road, and passed through the familiar gate into the long shaded avenue, where the old trees seemed to meet her like so many dear friends.

The child was in raptures with everything. For a time it sounded strangely in that grave old house, the echo of her restless little feet, and her light laugh, as she went, with Janet, prattling about the old oak parlour, peeping into every corner, to see where it would be best to fix her new piano, and to look out a snug place for dear Aunt Evelyn’s work-table and rocking-chair.

As years flew by, Time did his work of change, both with the old maid and her beloved charge. The child bloomed and ripened into lovely womanhood; and Miss Vaughan wore the honours of age so gracefully that she could look into her glass without shrinking, though she did give back the picture of an old woman with grey hair all smoothed away under a matronly cap.

For a long time she kept from the knowledge of the young Evelyn the secret of that painful incident of her early life, in which the dear girl’s parents bore such an important part, though she had been often gaily questioned about the queer old cabinet and its contents.

“I am sure you must have a love secret, Aunt Evelyn. One so good and beautiful as you have been, could not pass through life without being loved.” But her only reply had been a soft sad smile; sometimes she parted the ringlets from the fair brow, and looked down into the bright young face. The sweet girl was strikingly like her mother. The large dark eyes that met her gaze might have been his own, they were so like the eyes whose rich mellow light had troubled the peace of her life.

It was late one Christmas night, when they were sitting together by the fire, after the last lingering guest had departed—for there had been a gay young party at The Elms that day, and the old parlour was bright with holly and mistletoe—it was then that Miss Vaughan drew the fair girl to her side, and locking one of her small hands in hers, told her gently the story of her life, softening as much as she could the part that related to her parents. Still the young listener’s cheek flushed and her voice trembled when she spoke.

“How false and cruel they were, dear Aunt Evelyn. I am glad you first told me what I was to them, for I should have said something that would perhaps have made me sorry afterwards: as it is I shall find it very hard to forgive them the wrong they did you, their friend and benefactress, as you are mine. How shall I ever hope to be able to pay back this debt of goodness, or help to atone for all that they have made you suffer?”

Miss Vaughan smiled softly, and drew the girl closer to her, whispering,

“Hush, Evelyn! you have more than paid me back; for you brought a blessing with you when you came, and you have helped to fill a void in my life, for I have never known a day’s weariness or discontent nor spent one sorrowful Christmas Day since I first took you to my heart. And now, darling, before we put the final seal upon this page of the past, I must ask you to bear in mind that I have told you my story because I discerned in you something kindred to my own nature. But I do not wish to lessen your trust in human goodness or narrow your views of life, only to give you a useful lesson, that may warn you, when the time shall come, to be careful how you give to another the undivided empire of your young heart.”
WHAT I TOLD THE SPIRITS.

From the West a message floated,
Out of mists at sunset roll'd;
And the wind that brought it wrote it
In a living scroll of gold—
In a scroll of golden quiver
I'll'd in waters softly sway'd;
Ah! my message fades for ever,
And again in calm is laid.

But I read it ere it went,
And I knew it, what it meant,
And from whom those words were sent:
But what answer shall I give her?

Spirits, that at evening hover
Over drowsy breadths of sea,
Softly fitting, carry over
Words of love to her from me:
And if upon the flush she gaze,
That lingers where the sun has set,
Tell her that thoughts of olden days
Are tender with a glory yet.

Tho' the future's wrapper'd in night,
They are gleaming rose bright,
Till they dim my very sight—
Our olden golden days.

May no chill of solitudes—
Vague sensations often taking
All the soul in dreary moods—
Touch her between sleep and waking:
Bid the nightingale be nigh her,
And the water lap in tune;
And the south-wind touch his lyre,
Silvering lasslets to the moon.

Silver moon and breath of wind,
Sound and sight in music twin'd,
Send a peace upon her mind—
And the nightingale be nigh her!

THE RETURN.

BY E. A. JENKS.

"Three years! I wonder if she'll know me!
I limp a little, and I left one arm,
At * * * * *, and I am grown as brown
As the plump chestnuts on my little farm;
And I am shaggy as the chestnut-burrs,
But ripe and sweet within, and wholly hers.

"The darling! how I long to see her!
My heart outruns this feeble soldier pace;
For I remember, after I had left,
A little Charlie came to take my place:
Ah! how the laughing three-year-old brown eyes
(His mother's eyes) will stare with pleased surprise!

"I'm sure they'll be at the corner, watching;
I sent them word that I should come to-night:
The birds all know it, for they crow around,
Twittering their welcome with a wild delight;
And that old robin, with a halling wing—
I saved her life three years ago last spring.

A HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY ADA TREVANON.

A night when rain and darkness meet,
And blur the lights along the quay;
The clock strikes ten; but the wet street
Is still alive with hurrying feet;
The doleful wind raves from the sea.

Let it still rave of wrong and pain;
The door and window fast will bide;
I take from out my desk again
The hidden wealth which, prized in vain,
Is more to me than all beside.

So there it lies! Traced fine and clear,
I see the name inscribed below,
Which I no more may speak or hear;
And meet those eyes which were so dear—
Which are so cold and careless now.

Mine own grow dim when I behold
The altered face unaltered there;
The bracelet smooth of shining gold;
The glass behind which guards the fold
Of glossy, well-remembered hair.

Confined in watery waste unblest,
Or buried 'neath the church-yard tree,
My treasure must lie on my breast;
Without it I could never rest,
Where'er they made a grave for me.

WRITTEN IN A PRAYER-BOOK.

BY JAMES EDMESTON.

Although far severed from the friends we love,
If we behold a star which shines above,
A point of union seems that sparkling gem—
Its rays are seen by us and seen by them:
So we approach God's throne in 'Common Prayer.'
And, though far severed, meet in spirit there.
"A boy! what is a boy?" inquired, in solemn surprise, the learned and large-hearted Augustine Caxton, when the unlucky little "anachronism" Pisistratus was brought into his astonished ken. I daresay he felt as much troubled in his honest heart how to treat and provide for the hapless innocent as was the honest matron, whose opinion was that "one boy is as much trouble as ten girls." Now, I should imagine that in London the case is somewhat parallel, and that the great metropolis is fully as much at a loss what to do with and how to manage the multitudes of children of both sexes who prowl about her streets from morning to night, living on the barest chance of a meal, trusting for a livelihood to what they can beg or what they can steal. More often the latter; for after minute observation of that character, the London street boy, I have arrived at the determination that he prefers stealing, where feasible, to begging. The latter lowers him in the eyes of his companions; he shrinks in his own estimation; there is a wide difference between himself and the boy-hero of the penny broadsheet, who after a life of the most unheard-of audacity and successful crime, "married a lady of beauty and fortune." Decidedly with as much contempt and hauteur as the "gentlemanly" highwayman of the Claude Duval type, who never used unnecessary violence nor robbed ladies (was this the reason, by the way, why every window was filled with weeping ladies when the handsome criminal rode through the City to Tyburn Tree?)—with just the same contempt as Claude Duval would have regarded a common burglar, with his "screw vit" and "jenny," so does the sharp-witted street boy regard the new-comer into the fraternity who prefers begging a "copper" or a bit of bread to stealing a handkerchief, or practising the simple game known to the initiated—among the vagabonds—as the "kinchin lay," which consists of knocking down little children and stealing the baskets or jugs which they may happen to have in their hands—a kind of pastime which, the reader will remember, Noah Claypole was so very expert at in "Oliver Twist."

Now, I am very much afraid that my philosophising on the juvenile Arabs of London will come "to a most lame and impotent conclusion," mainly because it is almost impossible for me to preserve that calm and equable temper which characterises the true philosopher in dealing with the street boys; for I regret to say that in many and divers places I have furnished matter for gibing and scoffing to these irreverent wits, to whom nothing is sacred, nothing sufficiently impressive to prevent them becoming unpleasantly personal. Having been gifted with an exceeding great stature, and generally towering over my fellow-travellers, I am immediately made aware of the peculiarity by sundry loud hints to the effect that I am "a long un," and that "Chang would be nothing to 'im: he'd make a fortin in a penny show," and other vitriolicities of the like nature. And if I am inclined to resent these attentions, and seek the aid of the guardian of the peace, then how am I reviled and asked to "it one of my own size;" while the stolid and melancholy "Bobby" is tantalisingly questioned when he saw cook last, and if the cold mutton was good; and all the time the young tormentors keep up a long-sustained shriek, like a Kaffir war-shout, and perform an aggravation dance. To show you how difficult it is for me to encase myself in the "threefold brass" of calm indifference, let me relate a little adventure which befell me one Sunday in the City:—I had been allured into those solitary wilds by the announcement that a very eminent and eloquent divine was to preach a charity sermon. When I arrived the church was full to overflowing, and I found that—as usual with me, for I am never in time—I should have to stand during the service. In evil hap I chanced to place my hat, a brand new one, fresh and glossy from the hat-box, on a stove, little dreaming of the consequences. Wrapped in the preacher's persuasive oratory, I heed not the unfortunate hat, till, when the thunders of the great organ began to play the people out, I stretched out my hand to reach my hat. Hat did I say? In the place of that once shapely "Lincoln and Bennett" was a shapeless mass, which could not by the wildest courtesy be called even a head-covering, and which I doubted whether I should be able to get on my head at all. I waited patiently till the vast congregation had dispersed, and then essayed to get the dreadful thing on my head, scarcely able even in my bitterest wrath to refrain from laughing at its ridiculous appearance. It resembled a large black jelly (the heat of the stove having melted the material somehow), and toppled feebly on one side. With eager, straining eyes I searched for a cab: never did shipwrecked mariner ever look for a sail with half my eagerness, but not a single covered conveyance of any kind could I discover, and with no very Christian exclamation I began to trace my way homeward on foot. Never shall I forget the agony of that journey: like the extraction of the first tooth, and the pleasant sensations consequent on the first pipe, it is indebly graven on my mind. How, despite of my philosophy, I preserved my reason is doubtful; for if madness lay any way it certainly lay in that via dolorosa. I had not gone a mile—"a mile but barely one," as the ballad writers say—when I fell in with a knot of street boys who immediately
The philosopher in the streets.

people whom he contemptuously designates "cads" exist? He has never known what it is to want a single thing, from the time when he was driven to take the air in a perambulator, to the happy day when he is elected captain of the school, and makes a Latin speech, and wears the gold medal: his memory speaks of nothing but "tips" and kindness, of half-sovereigns from the rich uncle just home from India, and the pagoda-tree, and plentiful supplies of coin from his father to pay his numerous "tits" at the tobacconist, and the bat-makers, and the confectioners. All he knows of the street Arabs is that they regard him and his fellows with instinctive hatred, and never lose an opportunity of "chaffing" his personal appearance and dress; that if his hat flies off into the mud they are ready to perform a barbaric dance of exultation; that they are never tired of inquiring whether "his mammy let him have a latchkey?" or of asking him to be good enough to ring the bell, as they cannot reach it.

Not to these, then, clearly, must a philosopher apply for information; but it unfortunately happens that inquiry made amongst his seniors meets with a like result. They will tell you that they have not taken the subject into consideration; mean to do so some time or other; at present all they can do is to protect themselves and their parish from the importunities of the street boys, and occasionally to subscribe a guinea to some "Improvement Society" or "Ragged School."

There is one personage, however, whom I am indebted to for information received, and that is the policeman whose beat is near my house. Stolid and uncommunicative as the police are, this man is a more favourable specimen, and actually condescends to hold converse with me, and to answer my questions. Perhaps it is because my mutton is succulent and the cook reciprocates his passion; perhaps it is because I invariably commence the interview with a hint about something to drink—"which I won't deceive you, sir; malt liquor is what I drinks invariable." And malt liquor he has to the extent of more than one pint, and under the genial influence of the "barley bree" the stern guardian of the peace gradually relaxes; he descends from his official pedestal, like the person in "Don Giovanni," and becomes urbane and communicative. And very interesting company I find him, and wonder not that Anna Maria, my cook, favours his suit. Any remark or suggestion of mine he treats with quiet contempt—"Higaeuse me, Sir, but such is not the fact"—and I become suddenly mute, and listen to his words of wisdom; for surely if A 25, whose life is spent in one long battle with the street boy—whose appearance is instantly hailed with gibe and contumely—whose private failings are laid bare by the merciless lash—whose defeat and confusion is the first lesson learnt by his natural enemy—if he does not know the hidden mysteries of the street boy's life, if his bull's-eye lantern has not flooded with light the recesses of the "Arches,"
and if his stern mandate has not brought out the shivering little wretches from their lairs; I should like to know who can be expected to know? In the course of my conversation with this worthy I have picked up a great many hints as to the habits and characteristics of the much-ignored London Arab; and, allowing a little for natural prejudice, I am inclined to esteem the policeman’s tale, for the most part, true to life. Sometimes, when the third pint has made him very confidential and slightly maudlin, he confides in me his belief that the poor boys can’t help their condition; that they have never known any better; that their parents have sent them into the streets to beg or steal as soon as they could conveniently crawl; that they grow desperate, and care not whether at last their bed is made in the prison or the night-refuge—often preferring the former, because there at least they can get clean straw and wholesome food, which is not always the case, if we may believe the Pall Mall Gazette, with the latter establishments.

Many a time, says my informant, has he seen some toothless old crone start on recognising a street boy’s face, and then wheeze out, “Why, surely I’ve met you in the jug?” “Ay, ay!” would the youth respond, vainly endeavouring to twist his short hair into an aggravator curl, “I mind seeing you in the Wandsworth jug. I was doing my five weeks at the time, granny.” And this was said with as much pride and self-confidence—the old sinner regarded the speaker full as admiringly—as if he were relating the most noble action; just in the same way as a scarred old Waterloo man would listen to his grandson relating how he got his Victoria Cross. When once this feeling of pride and hardihood for his perilous vocation is born in the street boy, then farewell all hopes of amelioration. Philanthropists may appeal to his better nature in vain; “Boy’s Homes” may offer their warmth and shelter to the outcast in vain: he has got hold of the idea that he has made a figure in the world—that his juniors are looking up to him as a man who has seen much experience of life. He sees that they listen to his experiences of “college education,” as he quaintly puts it, with awe-struck veneration: and he is soon in a very fair way to add another to the list of crop-haired, bull-necked riffraff who meet us with murder in their eyes of a dark night, and whom a misguided government entrusts with a ticket-of-leave to pursue their career of crime unmolested. “You may very like have heard of some lines like these, sir,” the policeman interrupts my reverie with—

Him wot prigs wot isn’t his’n,
Yen he’s cotched he goes to pris’n.”

These lines, he informs me, constitute the Golden Sentences of the juvenile thief and Ishmaelite: his main endeavour must be to take as much as he can of other people’s property with the least possible risk of falling foul of the stern gripes of the law and her instrument, the hated “bobby.”

The reader who has seen Mr. Greenwood’s “Life of a Little Ragamuffin” will have a much more lucid idea of the struggles and misery of the infantile rouges of London than I can hope to give. All I can maintain is, that it must necessarily follow, from the education and belongings of these poor children, that they will turn out thieves and vagrants. Just for a moment picture to yourself, comfortable reader, if the task is not too distasteful, if the object be an important one enough, the infancy and boyhood of these much-reviled children, before you utter the sweeping condemnation on the whole tribe. Born of a drunken father and drunken mother; their earliest cradle-song the curses of a father or the maudlin cries of a mother; their earliest nourishment that is derived from a share of the gin-bottle; turned out into the streets as soon as they can put one foot before the other, and compelled for want of food to pester the passers-by for a “copper, just a copper, your honour,” or to turn over heaps of refuse and garbage in the hope of finding a crust or bone; herding in bands of outcast little wretches, and sleeping huddled together for warmth in the dark arches of the Adelphi, with their hand against every man, and every man’s hand against them; unable to obtain decent employment—for who would work a street Arab?—not lucky enough to pick up that “lucky penny” which lays the foundation of an immense fortune (in books); but in the midst of all this misery, themselves light-hearted, sharp-witted, many of them with a genuine fund of biting sarcasm that makes them more than a match for all their enemies. And no wonder in the hand-to-hand engagements with the world they have learnt to sharpen their wits; frequent practice has made them expert in the wordy warfare. Kicked about and cuffed, exposed to the pitiless blast of the north-east wind that makes the well-wrapped citizen shudder as he turns a corner; hearing a kind word about as often as they enjoy a full meal; with not even the barest rudiments of education to pass him up to him as a man who has seen much experience of life. He sees that they listen to his experiences of “college education,” as he quaintly puts it, with awe-struck veneration: and he is soon in a very fair way to add another to the list of crop-haired, bull-necked riffraff who meet us with murder in their eyes of a dark night, and whom a misguided government entrusts with a ticket-of-leave to pursue their career of crime unmolested. “You may very like have heard of some lines like these, sir,” the policeman interrupts my reverie with—

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The Philosopher in the Streets.

of a music-hall, where they pass a night of the most unalloyed pleasure, and stereotype the singers for the benefit of their less fortunate companions; under all circumstances, "toujours gai," like the man in Rigaud's song.

How they get their living is a matter of the deepest and most intricate mystery, for they never seem to be occupied in any serious business. The vending of boot-laces, blacking, and lucifer matches or fusees, is a favourite employment with the Arabs; and invariably when the passer-by stands not in need of their wares, they top up with "Shy us a copper, then; aren't had hanythinks to eat for a week." Sometimes they turn up in the character of "very small acrobats," throwing somersaults by the side of vehicles, regardless of life and limbs, and turning head over heels in the mud, "all for one penny." The ranks of the crossing-sweepers are recruited from their fraternity; they share the crossing with the shivering cotton-dressed native of India, with this difference between them—that whereas the native Indian stands in mute entreaty, or merely mutters "Sahib," the younger brethren, with a view of promoting the circulation of blood, dog the passenger's foot-steps for yards, keeping up a long whine of entreaty and trailing their broom behind them; nor will they slacken the chase till they are threatened with punishment or the portentous form of the Bobby looms in the distance. Others look about for messages, sometimes getting a bag or trunk to carry a short distance; but this is rare. Others are employed as advertising mediums by the theatres and large emporiums of commerce, and oftentimes the stranger in London, "Mossoo," or the irrepressible country cousin, is startled by seeing what he thinks to be a long procession of animated placards moving down Oxford-street, which on nearer inspection turns out to be a line of street boys, each with four placards, arranged in front, behind, and on each side, and announcing the 400th Night of the "Hidden Hand," or "The Patent Kamptulicon," while surmounting all is a sharp, cunning little face, with bright eyes. I have noticed that these walking advertisements are objects of the greatest persecution, and in their defenceless state incur the practical jokes of their idler companions. My readers will recollect the picture of poor John Leech's (the greatest delineator of the lights and shadows of the street boy's life), where the placarded victim is put to the torture—"Look at Bill Tomkins; let's tickle 'is ear with a straw." Similar to this is the employment of the tallest, handsomest boys as lay figures to wear the newest fashion in boy's clothing; the most cunning inventions in turn and knickerbocker, which even the great Thackeray condescended to describe as "surely the prettiest boy's dress ever invented." A strange unreal life, methinks, must these young people lead, attended during the day in gorgeous apparel, and forced to sleep during the night in their filthy old rags curled up in a costermonger's basket.

"Look 'ere, Bill, 'ere's a bloated aristocrat; let's punch his 'ead." These are the sentiments of the other Arabs, and they regard him with the same malevolent scorn as Barère and his tribe of sans culottes did the "Austrian woman."

When all these employment fails, or when the market is glutted, then must the street boy needs live on his wits, and this phase, I am afraid, must often be construed "living on other people's property." Then they must matriculate in some such establishment as that of Fagan, and learn the difficult art of pocket-picking and "culging," and take lessons in that still more difficult art—how to baulk the Bobby and keep out of the reach of justice. They must be taught by experienced professors to ask their way with the most innocent, guileless face of the stranger, and thus hold him in conversation while his pocket is being picked; to take advantage of a crowded meeting or street row in order to extract the valuable "fogle" or make a dash at the tempting watch-chain. By reason, too, of their smallness and ingenuity, they are very valuable adjuncts to professional burglars, who slip them in through windows which would not admit of a larger form; and great and signal is the respect paid to the youth who has succeeded in his attempts and paved the way to an important burglary. He immediately becomes the idol of his pals, and some distinguishing name—"Downy" or "Up to everything"—is given him. He has passed his first examination in the College of Thieves, and has obtained high honours, so to say. He becomes the man about town of his clique, and becomes a dandy, devoting his energies mainly to the cultivation of a large greasy "aggravator" curl and the blackening of a cutty pipe. He is considered a great authority in sporting and theatrical matters, and gives his fiat with the assurance and mystery of an "Asmodeus." On Boxing night he is to be seen among the gods, with a pot of porter in his one hand and the other thrown gracefully round his lady-companion's neck, while he yells to the orchestra to "play up" in that peculiar hoarse voice of his. In the penny "gaffs," too—those hotbeds of vice and filthiness—he is in full play, addressing the actors familiarly by name, and politely tendering them a share of his "cold without," roaring his accompaniment to the rather questionable songs, and pelting the unpopular performers with nutshells and orange-peel. About this time he commences his literary education: and this is of a peculiar kind—not so limited, perhaps, as that of the well-known sporting celebrity who said that he only wanted to learn how to write his own name; that might come useful in backing bills. Romance and poetry enter largely into his reading: he subscribes regularly to the Romance Company (the Mudie of the street boys), and from that company obtains such works as "Hurrah for the Road," "Tyburn Dick; or, the Boy King of Highwaysmen. Take who Dare!" one penny weekly, Nos. I. and II. with a coloured engraving, "The Battle of the Bridge." Or another—"The Wolf; or, the Hidden Face!" or "The Boy Jockey, Tom Galloway;
Cared for Nobody, always Won!” (observe the lesson): or the newest thing out, “Springheeled Jack! the Terror of London! showing how he frightened six ladies to death” (sic). I have taken the trouble to copy out these advertisements of thief literature, deeming them rather literary curiosities in their way. Now in these broadsheets, with their vile printing and coloured daubs, there is one lesson taught which is greedily snatched up by the juvenile depredators—that the criminal is always successful, that his life is one long glorious romance of daring and adventure, that in nine cases out of ten his villanies come to a successful termination, and his hand is sought by some lovely lady of fortune, who goes through the most thrilling adventures in order to share his company. Then if the scholar needs more highly-seasoned food, there are the pages of the Illustrated Police News open to his inspection, where he can regale himself over the last horrible murder, and feast his eyes over a truthful drawing of the event itself, and can indulge in visions of future renown, when his own name will not be found unworthy of a place in the interesting paper. His readings in poetry will generally embrace the newest comic song, which narrates the tap-room flirtation of a barmaid and a simple office-boy, or the dolorous lines which sing of the last dying speech, &c., from Mr. Catnach’s famous repository. Strange, though, that glamour must be, which surrounds these publications, to enable the reader to pin his faith to them in spite of the evidence of his own eyes—in spite of the testimony borne by the police news that crime, though rampant for a while, is never successful in the end, but that its invariable terminus is the convict settlement or the gallows-tree.

There is some fascination, doubtless, in these peculiar tales. I remember that when a boy there was one volume which possessed for me remarkable charms: a book beside which, for a time, even Robinson Crusoe was lost. It was a matter of infant fires, and that was the [Newgate Calendar]. It haunted my dreams, this dirty little volume. How I got possessed of it I don’t know; it probably was lent me by one of the grooms: it held captive my imagination, and I could think of nothing else but a certain Sawney Bean, a gentleman of very indifferent character, who was partial to salt meat and did not stop to consider whether it was human or animal; and the wonderful Jack Sheppard, whom no “stone walls” could a captive make; and of a certain Greenacre, who rode on a monkey with that mysterious parcel tied up in a handkerchief. What I am certain of is, that these productions must have a very bad effect on the minds of the ignorant, ill-trained street boys; they sow seed broadcast, from which has grown many a crop of hemp. It is with them, like many a drunkard, whom the first sip from father’s glass has led to ultimate ruin and begging. And when the first detection has occurred, and the heroic boy robber, who has been so sedulously endeavouring to copy the career of “Galloway Tom” or “Tyburn Dick,” finds himself in the dock shivering and sobbing, with the stern eye of the magistrate upon him, and no ultimate hope of escaping from the term of weary imprisonment with hard labour, then how is the lump rubbed off the peach! how is the girt faded from those fine pictures he used to draw of future fame and a niche in the Robber’s Golden Book—all faded now, and he must content himself to don the primitive prison dress, to be called by a number, and to hold his tongue and refrain from conversing with his fellow-men, varying his monotonous life with a little agreeable exercise upon that never-ending staircase, the tread—

But even in prison the London-bred boy’s confidence, and that peculiarity which is known as “chuck,” do not desert him. He generally finds that the penitential dodger pays best, and that if he can impress the good chaplain favourably in his cause he may obtain a ticket-of-leave. With this intent he lifts up his eyes devotionally and groans in spirit whenever the chaplain improves the occasion. He sings the hymns with exceeding fervour, and begs a loan of some that he may commit them to memory; and the end of it all is, that the duped chaplain intercedes on his behalf, and he obtains a ticket-of-leave, and returns to his pals to boast of the unusually clever manner in which he “sold the parson.” But I am wandering out of my depth into regions where I have no business: let me return to my text.

The first idea, of course, that strikes the philosopher, if he is not a lost Stoic and has a little of the milk of human kindness in his composition, is—how can the condition of these street boys be ameliorated? “Night schools or refuges,” some one will suggest; “educate the boys, and they will turn from the error of their ways.” Now I humbly, and with all deference to this opinion, affirm that it is of no earthly use to educate them partially or to provide temporary refuge for them—only to get them entirely from the scene of temptation, from the sphere of their former companionship; and for this purpose certainly the best institution is that of a Boys’ Home. And this brings me to notice a very interesting paper in Once a Week for September, in which the working of these institutions is admirably explained and illustrated. “The Boys’ Home was originally established,” says the writer, “about eight years ago, in the Euston-road, and is, in fact, an industrial school for the training and maintenance, by their own labour, of destitute boys, not convicted of crime.” In these few last words lies the whole gist of the plan: the boys are taken in before their wants get so pressing that they are obliged to take to thieving, or before the influence of the penny books has begun to work upon them—their hearts, not quite hardened by world-contact, are still soft enough to admit of a lasting impression. In many of these boys are lying dormant powers of mind, which with proper training will shoot forth into something great in time; and it surely is not derogatory to the philosopher to
throw his hat in the air, and cry "Euge!" over this admirable institution.

"Between the February of 1859," says our informant, "and the Christmas of 1865 two hundred and twenty-four boys were admitted. There is a black list, unfortunately, of twenty-six names, who have absconded or been dismissed." He then cites a number of cases of boys rescued in the course of his very interesting paper, which I have not time to enter into.

The next time I meet a city Arab, I hope I shall feel more kindly to the poor struggling youth. I must endeavour to forget all the scoffs and gibes I have endured at their hands; how they have run between my legs, thereby hurling me to the ground in hard frosty weather; how they have dropped snowballs into my letter-box, and then executed a postman's knock (excellent practical joke): all this I must forget, and deal kindly with the young vagabond, even to the extent of a few coppers. And though I cannot ask him home to my house, for that would ensure mortal warfare between him and Buttons, still I will do my best to obtain his admission into the excellent Boys' Home. If I have induced my readers to entertain a kindlier feeling towards the much-maligned Ishmaelites, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.

B.-N. C., Oxford.  
H. J. S.

CHRISTMAS-DAY IN A SIGNAL-BOX.

BY WARNER STERN.

"Take care! Confound it! Hi! Look out! Bless the man, he'll kill himself!" cried Jabez Handyman, seizing the coat-tails of his travelling companion: "Come in, for Goodness' sake!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied a middle-aged man, sitting down on the soft cushions of a railway-carriage which was being whirled along the iron road at the rate of fifty miles an hour; "I beg your pardon, sir, but there was no danger."

"No danger! when all of you but your boots and your coat-tails was hanging out of the window! It's a mercy you weren't killed."

"Perhaps it was a little imprudent; but I was looking at most an interesting scene."

"A confoundedly ugly one I should think, judging by the country."

"Ugly, certainly; but interesting to me as being the scene of a great event in my life. I'm a commercial traveller, sir. My name is Puddiphat. I was forty-four last birthday, and I'm a married man. I'm a commercial traveller because my father was one before me. I'm a Puddiphat for the same reason. I was forty-three last birthday because I was born in 1822; but why I'm a married man involves the telling of a long story, which, as we don't stop for fifty minutes, I'll narrate to you if you care to hear it." And, without waiting for an answer, he commenced as follows:

"Ten years ago I was travelling on this line, with a packet of samples from the eminent firm of Dewip and Dryadust. I was a gay young bachelor then, with a fine pair of whiskers, a ready tongue, and I may add a vastly good opinion of myself. Till then my travels had been mostly amongst the manufacturing towns of the north of England; but old Dewip, taking it into his head that printed calicoes were wanted in these parts, I started to explore what was to me an unknown country, and, one dull November afternoon, got out of the train at Fairstall Junction, intending to make my way to Wrottlesham the same evening.

"When my whiskers were in their prime, my heart was susceptible, and my companion in the railway-carriage had been sufficiently bewitching to make me forget, in bidding her a graceful adieu, to take my package of samples from beneath the seat; and, what was worse, the recalling of her face so occupied me while walking the five miles to Wrottlesham, that I never remembered, till the boy who had carried my portmanteau assured me I had given him no other package, that the more important part of my luggage had been left in the train, and was somewhere at that time on its way to Deanbury.

"You may fancy that such an act of forgetfulness on my part was a serious evil to me. My carelessness involved loss of time and expenditure of money (neither of which I could afford); but, bearing in mind the old saying that "It's no use crying over spilt milk," I entered the Commercial Inn and ordered my dinner.

"By diligent study of the railway-time-table, I discovered that, being market-day at Deanbury, there was an extra train from that dull old city, and that if I could telegraph for my parcel, my property might be restored to me that same evening. Hurrying over my dinner, regardless of possible indigestion, I lit a cigar, and, inquiring my nearest way to Fairstall Junction, set out about six o'clock to walk to that Station, in order to telegraph at once to Deanbury,
Christmas-day in a Signal-box.

"I will spare you a detailed account of my misadventures; of the wrong turnings I took; of the muddy lanes I splashed along, and of the half-obiterated inscriptions on sign-posts I lost valuable time in endeavouring my still-in-phrase; suffice it that, after an hour's quick walking, I found myself at Dampton—still nearly as far from the Station as when I had left Wrottleshiam.

"At Dampton, however, I obtained full directions, and, being assured that I could not possibly miss my road, I set off again, hoping yet to reach the Station in time. But Fortune frowned upon me; for I had scarcely gone a mile before snow began to fall—and that so thick and fast that I could see nothing more than a few yards before me. Still I struggled on manfully, whistling as well as I was able, although I was wet to the skin and slipping at every step. The road, luckily, was tolerably well marked by hedges on either side, so that I had no fear of missing my way; but the miles were very long, and the way was very, very dreary.

"After another hour's hard trudging, to my joy I saw, some little distance on my right, the red and green lights of the railway signals looming through the still fall-sailing snow, misty and spectral. A narrow lane, branching from the road on which I was walking, appeared to lead directly to these lights, and I turned down it without hesitation, only to discover, after ten minutes slipping and struggling in deep snow-filled ruts, that I had made a mistake, and that I was leaving the lights behind me.

"So much time had now elapsed, that every minute was of consequence; so, climbing a gate, I got into a field, and then made my way in at straight a line as possible towards the lights, only to find, after scrambling through leafless hedges, tumbling into a snow-drift, and climbing a steep embankment, that there was no sign of a station, and that the red and green lamps were those of that large signal-box which I ventured my head so far out of window a few minutes ago to look at. It was then, as it is now, elevated to a considerable height, on tall piles, and access to it was gained by means of a long narrow ladder, at the bottom of which I paused, frosted with snow like a twelfth-cake, and chilled to the bone, hesitating whether or not to scale it, and obtain information from the signalman. My deliberation was a short one, for a roof, and a possible fire, were temptations hardly to be resisted, and I ascended the snow-covered steps, and tapped at the wooden door with my walking-stick.

"No answer was returned, but being too wretched, and cold to stand on ceremony, I opened the door, and found myself in a little apartment, one end of which was devoted to the machinery of the points and signals, and the other to the comforts of a tiny family. Papa signalman was there—a rough, rosy-cheeked, middle-aged man, with a pleasant expression. Miss Signalman was there; and, if you'll believe me, Sir, I never in all my life set eyes on a prettier girl. I'm no hand at descriptions. I should only fail if I tried to tell you of her different features, but she was just as near an angel as she could be, without wings. So far the picture was bright, but there was a sad part in it too. A poor little lad, a helpless cripple, lay on a rough bench covered with a rug; his crutches standing by his side, and, as I entered, his large round eyes were gazing into vacancy with a bright fixed stare, and his sweet feeble little voice was singing in a low tone the last verse of the evening hymn.

"My entrance was a surprise; the singing ceased, and the father advanced towards me. In a few words I told my story, and begged permission to warm myself at the little iron stove before proceeding again upon my way to Fairstall Junction, and in three minutes I was seated in front of the fire on a little stool, with a cup of hot tea by my side. Joe Curtis was the signalman's name. He was a good-hearted, well-meaning, unreserved man, and soon let me into all the secrets of his domestic arrangements.

"'A widower,' he said, with a deep sigh; 'a widower, with two children—Margaret, whom I call my blessing, for when it pleased the Lord to take my wife to himself he left me a comfort and a help in Maggie; and poor, poor little Ralph here, who can hardly move without assistance, poor little chap!'

"'No, father,' said the little cripple, 'not poor. Were it not for the trouble I am to you I would not change limbs with the strongest. I lie here with nothing to do but to think, and to listen to the voices calling to me in the wind.'

"'What do the voices say?' I asked.

"'They tell me I have not long to stay here,' he answered gravely. And then his father bent over him and kissed his pale cheek; and Maggie's eyes, I saw, were wet with tears. How those two loved the little cripple! With what pride they told me of his clever sayings and showed me his untaught drawings!'

"It ended in my staying more than two hours in that signal-box—staying till after the train from Deanbury had come rushing and snorting by, shaking the little house, and leaving a trail of sparks behind it.

"It was against the rules of the railway company, Joe Curtis told me, that he should make a sitting-room of his signal-box, but it was a very large roomy one, and as he could not leave his post the whole day, his right to have his children with him, and his meals brought and spread out on the little table he had made himself, was tacitly acknowledged.

"From the moment I had entered the door we became good friends, all the four of us; and when the hour of parting came, I think they were almost as sorry as I to say 'Adieu.' Joe Curtis walked with me through the snow (for his duty ended when that up train from Deanbury had passed), and put me in the right road for Wrottleshiam, and, as we parted, hoped that whenever again I might be in the neighbourhood I would not forget my signal-box friends.
"I have already told you that at that time I was impressionable, and that Maggie Curtis was beautiful; so now taking those two facts in conjunction you will be at no loss to guess the subject of my thoughts as I trudged back to the country inn where I had engaged a bed for the night.

"Of course, we all meet our fate sooner or later, and Maggie Curtis was mine. Down in my own part of the country there were many girls who were willing enough to become Mrs. Puddifat at the asking, and I could have got on with them well enough I daresay, whichever I might have selected; but Maggie was quite different to any of them, and, to tell the truth in a few words, I was over head and ears in love with her.

"I will spare you a recital of all the little incidents of the next few weeks, and skip over the time till the Christmas Day after my first visit to the signal-box.

"Messrs. Dewlip and Dryasclout sent me the third week in December to Deanbury, and business had detained me there till too late an hour on Christmas Eve for me to catch the last train to London, where a party of friends were expecting me, so I was compelled to wait till Christmas Day at the dull old cathedral town. During the night there was so heavy a fall of snow that the train was delayed in starting several hours, but at length we got off; only, however, to be stopped about midway between Deanbury and Fairstall Junction by a drift of snow across the line, completely blocking up a narrow cutting through which we had to pass. Learning that there must necessarily be considerable delay, my resolution was soon taken—to walk through the snow to the signal-box to see my friends. It was a tiresome, fatiguing walk, but Maggie Curtis was the inducement, and I thought nothing of it.

"Nearing the signal-box, with its white posts and outstretched arms, I saw tripping over the snow the graceful figure of Maggie Curtis. We met at the foot of the ladder, she bearing in her hands a dish, on which smoked a noble pudding, with a bit of crimson-berried holly sticking in it. She welcomed me with evident pleasure, and we mounted at once to where Joe sat amongst his handles waiting the arrival of the train, which should have passed hours before and left him free to go to his cottage for his Christmas dinner. Till that train had passed he dared not leave his post; so as the dinner was spoiling, Maggie had undertaken to carry it over the snow to the signal-box.

"They had done their best to make that little wooden case Christmas-like. The tiny iron stove blazed and spluttered, a sprig of mistletoe hung from the telegraph case, and a bunch of holly dangled from the company's time-table, upon the bright red berries of which the eyes of the poor little cripple—paler and thinner than when I had seen him before—were fixed with a wistful glance.

"A merry Christmas to you, sir, and a hearty welcome!" said Joe, working away at two little wooden handles as he spoke.

"A merry Christmas!" chimed in poor little Ralph, but rather sadly. Maggie looked her greeting, but said nothing.

"If you will sit down with us, and have a bit o' pudding," said the signalman doubtfully; "Maggie made it, and I'll answer for its being good."

"I sat down at the little table, next to the pretty Maggie.

"Green light—caution!" said Joe, pulling a long iron arm as a distant steam whistle was heard.

"I am so glad of this opportunity to talk to you again!" I said to my fair neighbour. "The snowdrift was a blessing to me."

"She coloured, and made answer in a few civil words; but soon I got her to talk with me freely, and found to my great joy that her pleasure at my unexpected visit was equal to my own. Little Ralph eyed us wisely, lying on his couch. As for Joe Curtis, his back was towards us. Our conversation was carried on in a low tone mostly, though for all we said it might have been printed and published in the Deanbury Gazette. We found it interesting enough, though if I told you any of the speeches I very much doubt if you would listen to them.

"Presently the little bell ceased to tingle, and the electric needles stopped, and then Joe descended from his perch, came to the table, and sitting round it we commenced our attack upon the Christmas dinner.

"The last mouthful of pudding swallowed, Joe Curtis, in honour of his visitor, produced a black bottle and a lemon, and brewed some punch. I need not tell you of all the jokes and laughter—of there being only one wineglass, which was given to me, but which I insisted on sharing with Maggie—of poor little Ralph suddenly striking up a Christmas hymn, and piping softly and sweetly of angels joining in loud hosannas, with his large dark eyes all the while seeing far and far away from the little signal-box, and the snow-covered earth, piercing through the lead-coloured clouds into the space beyond, and picturing scenes we could not imagine.

"Long before this time I discovered that my happiness for life was in Maggie's hands, and I only longed for an opportunity to ask her to be my wife.

"Ting-a-ring a-ring a-ring!" went the little electric bell.

"'Hallo! another train!' cried Joe Curtis, springing up. 'I'll just see my lights are all right. Red lamp—danger!' he added, as he left the signal-box.

"Maggie and I sat mute when left alone. I was not naturally bashful—at least, not when talking to the chambermaids of the commercial inns I frequented—but now all power of expressing myself seemed taken from me.

"'Never mind me,' said the little cripple, after a long silence; 'nobody minds me.'

"'Do you think,' I said, addressing Ralph, and not daring to look Maggie in the face—"
you think that if anyone were going to ask your sister to become his wife he need not mind you?"
"'No,' he answered gravely, 'why should he?'
"'If I were to ask her that, Ralph, what do you suppose she would say?'
"'She would say Yes!' answered the poor boy, without hesitation.
"Then I turned quickly round.
"'Maggie, Maggie!' I cried, trying to take her hands from her blushing face; 'you hear what he says. Tell me that he is right—tell me that you will be my wife, and then Ralph's wish of a happy Christmas to me will be fulfilled!'
"She answered nothing.
"'Tell me then that Ralph has answered for you!'
"She bowed her head in token of acquiescence, and then as Ralph again commenced to trill his merry Christmas hymn I put my arm about her, and felt happier than I had ever done before in my life.
"The little fire burnt brighter, the holly berries gleamed redder, the little telegraph bell rang merrily, as if for the marriage that was to be, and above all came the soft melodious little voice, singing—

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

I shall never forget that Christmas Day as long as I live.

Presently Joe Curtis came back, his hearty honest face in a glow, for he had been running down the line a little way to see that all was clear.

'All right now!' he said. 'White light, and no danger signals ahead. I'm sorry to say goodbye t'ye, but the train will be up in three minutes, and if you want to get to London tonight—'

'London be hanged!' I cried, 'I'm going to stop here!'

'And so I did.'

THE "FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE."

(As Performed by E. A. Sothern, Esq., at the Haymarket Theatre.)

It is a very curious thing, that success never surprises us! Once let us see success, in any walk of literature or art, and we are never surprised, no matter to what wondrous heights it may afterwards attain. But how very often is success only the forerunner of failure? And then, the greater the first triumph the more miserable the after-defeat! A tumble in the mud would be but a thing to laugh at, if we only just tripped over a pebble and so came down; but, when we have mounted ambitiously upon stilt's, and walked triumphantly for the whole length of a street, with shouts of applause ringing in our ears, how lamentable is the fall which so often ensues! how we limp home, carrying our broken stilt's, and trying not to hear the commiserating comments of the crowd! It is only a real genius who can afford to take a high flight. How often do we see those, whose talents were but mediocre at their best, make what is called a "hit," as a writer, a painter, a singer, or an actor. What exquisite pleasure! what a glorious triumph! Intoxicated with success they try again, and fail; and then, alas! the lost ground can never be regained, for public favour is but a fickle friend!

These remarks apply chiefly to authors and actors; singers can generally sing more than one song, or one opera, well; and painters rarely paint but one good picture in their lives; but how many authors write one admirable tale, and then worthless trash, for ever after! And how often do actors perform one rôle with grace, ability, and power, and fail ignominiously when they attempt a different part!

Nearly two years ago we gave our impressions respecting two of the popular actors of the day; one of them a lady who, night after night, had drawn crowds to the Adelphi to see her play the part of a persecuted and forsaken Jewess; the other a gentleman who had filled the Haymarket to overflowing with those who were anxious to see how he would perform a part totally different from that which had first made for him a name. Since then we have seen Miss Batesman and Mr. Sothern in new characters, and, in our opinion, the former has proved that she is an actress only in "Leah"; the latter, that he is, in every sense of the word, a finished and accomplished actor—that, however admirable his representation of the stammering lord, with the silly laugh, and the inane expression of face, really is—however graceful and clever is his performance in Richardson's pretty little piece, "David Garrick," they are both nothing when compared with the absolute perfection he has reached in Westland Marston's beautiful play, the "Favourite of Fortune," introduced by Mr. Sothern last season at the Haymarket.

We think that those who have been fortu-
nate enough to see this actor in the character of the cynical, refined, sensitive, fastidious, but really manly, warm-hearted, and thoroughly loveable Frank Annerly (the "Favourite of Fortune"), will never care to see him again adorned with the eyelash and "Piccadilly weepers" of Dundreary!

Mr. Marston's play is, in itself, beautiful—a pretty and interesting story, well and clearly told, with enough of plot to make it exciting, but nothing "sensational" from beginning to end—a pure story told in pure language, language which is always refined, very often witty and satirical, but never slangy, high-flown, or coarse.

The plot is a simple one: a rich, but not very thoroughbred widow (Mrs. Lorrington), is living near Ventnor with her two charming daughters (Hester and Lucy). She has a great many friends who are very glad to come and stay with her in her pretty house, but who wonder, behind her back, who she is, and who ridicule her efforts to get into society. Among her guests are two gentlemen, intimate friends, lately returned from abroad—Mr. Tom Sutherland, whose adventures with gay Lucy Lorrington form the comic scenes of the piece, scenes which are delightful from their verse and sparkle, and Mr. Frank Annerly, who has lately come in for a large fortune, and who is being "run after" by everyone—except Hester Lorrington—and especially by "mammie" who have daughters to marry. He wins a "warm corner" in our hearts the moment we see him, does this rich (handsome, of course), cynical young gentleman—cynical because he has learned by experience to doubt woman’s truth and love—who is never excited or put out by anything, but who has real British "pluck" under his calm exterior: this quality, in the character of the "Favourite," we learn from the fact that he has gallantly rescued some sailors in danger of shipwreck. For this hero—who is not known to her in her mother’s guest—Hester Lorrington has the most wonderful and undisguised admiration; while she despises Annerly for his apparent affection—and his cynicism makes her downright angry. Of course, as she never speaks a civil word to him, we see at once that Annerly is falling desperately in love with her—and admirably Mr. Sothern acts this falling in love. The way in which he hovers about the piano where Hester sits—his arranging of the music while he tries to make her speak to him—his little byplay with the other young ladies who are so ready to fall down and worship him, and his evident desire to know if Hester is really all she seems, could not be surpassed. At last some lady’s name having been mentioned, whom Annerly turns into unmerciful ridicule, Hester’s indignation reaches its climax, and she turns upon him and administers a most cutting rebuke. Annerly accepts it gracefully, and presently, when the two are left alone, he thanks her. The scene between them is charming—so full of point, so witty, and so natural; and Mr. Sothern plays it to perfection! Although evidently delighted at having secured a tête-à-tête with the bright, picturesque Hester, he soon relapses into his indolent, sarcastic manner, as if on purpose to irritate her, and again succeeds in rousing her ire by making light of her unknown hero, who had risked his life for the sailors. But the tables are presently turned upon him. Just as he had succeeded in placing two characters before Hester in the worst possible light, Tom Sutherland dashes in, followed by the troupe of rescued mariners, who, having discovered their preserver, insist upon shaking hands with him. Of course Hester is greatly astonished, and we see that she will find little difficulty in transferring her affections from her unknown hero to the happy Favourite of Fortune!

And, accordingly, when the curtain rises upon the second act the pair are declared lovers. Annerly is happy in his love, but, alas! suspicious! he has a dreadful idea, from having been once deceived, that all women are mercenary, and when he is not under the influence of Hester’s presence he fears that she, too, perhaps, loves him for his fortune, rather than for himself. If Mr. Marston’s conception of the character of Annerly is masterly, Mr. Sothern’s impersonation of it is more masterly still. We know from his very air and manner, as well as from his words, that he is one of those sensitive reserved mortals who shrink from having their feelings dragged into public view; he adores Hester, but even to his gay and genial friend, Tom Sutherland, he cannot bear to speak of his attachment; he has almost too much of the romance of love about him for a man. Hester is far more practical, yet not a whit less fascinating in her own way; but although true as steel, and devoted with all her heart to Annerly, she will not listen to his high-flown ideas, and again and again his suspicions are excited when she laughs at him, and tells him plainly that "love in a cottage" is not her idea of earthly happiness.

Suddenly and unexpectedly a change comes. A claimant appears for Annerly’s property, and he finds himself with hundreds instead of thousands! He is not very sorry, as far as we can see, for will not his changed position be the test of Hester’s truth? But simultaneously with his discovery of altered fortune comes a revelation to Hester—that revelation is we shall not spoil the plot, to those who have not seen the play, by revealing—which makes her feel that she must break off her engagement with Frank; while, at the same time, she is bound by a promise not to explain why she does so. Annerly seeks her to tell her that he is no longer the owner of the splendid Hampshire property—she seeks him to tell him that she cannot be his wife; but, unfortunately, his story is first told. No words can adequately describe the beauty of the scene between the lovers: the pathetic pleading of poor Annerly is so exquisitely rendered by Mr. Sothern, and he has, for the time, so completely put aside all his suspicion, that
when it begins to dawn upon him that she is about to break off her engagement, and when not even the most tender of his loving entreaties can induce her to tell him why she does so, his disappointed love and outraged trust are so painfully real that we long to step forward and set the misunderstanding right by a word.

By his acting in this scene Mr. Sothern shows himself a true artist. When he knows the worst, when he is convinced that Hester is utterly heartless, instead of springing to his feet, as an inferior actor would have done, and slapping himself upon the forehead and beating himself on the heart, and tearing his hair, and rolling his eyes, and catching his breath in short gasps, he just gently lets fall Hester's hand, which he has been holding, and gets up with quiet dignity—a dignity which increases while the interview lasts. Still the terrible agitation which would unman him, but for his strong will, is betrayed in a hundred little ways—ways which are quite indescribable, and which must be seen to be appreciated.

After this second disappointment Annerly relapses into the old cynicism; but this time it is wonderfully softened and subdued by his deep love for Hester and by the undercurrent of trust in her, which, in spite of appearances, he cannot shake off.

There are many little scenes in the piece which Mr. Sothern plays—as he plays the important scenes—with consummate ease and finish, but to which we have not space to allude here. It is enough to say that in none of them is there a point lost; and when added to this there is Mr. Sothern's remarkably easy natural demeanour and expressive face, we think it must be admitted that even in looking the character of Frank Annerly he could not be surpassed.

Of course it all ends happily, and although Annerly does not get back his estate, he still considers himself the "favourite of fortune" in possessing Hester. There is a splendid scene between them before the reconciliation, a scene in which we find it very hard to believe that Mr. Sothern is only acting. His wonderful by-play—never in the least overdone—of look and gesture, as, for once, he allows his deep feeling to overmaster him in the scornful rejection of Hester's plea to believe in her love, although she is apparently mercenary and heartless, is really a triumph of art. And, again, in the last scene, when her truth is established, he never forgets his character; although evidently transported with happiness, he is still the quiet, well-bred, unexcitable Englishman! he gets into no raptures, and it is more by the radiant expression of his face, than by anything he says or does, that we know how completely the cloud has passed from his life.

We believe that next year Mr. Sothern hopes to appear in a new piece written for him by Mr. Marston. With such an author and such an actor its success is certain; but we hope, no matter in what other character it may suit Mr. Sothern to appear, that we shall all have the great pleasure of meeting him still the "Favourite of Fortune."

E. J. C.
few grand fêtes will be given. On the 15th her Majesty’s fête was celebrated by a large dinner party, and fireworks on the lawn near the chateau. It passed unnoticed in Paris, if you except the illumination of the public buildings. Before the departure of the Court for Compagnie, the Prince Imperial visited the Military School of St. Cyr, and dined even to taste the boy soldiers’ soup—though I should think that the young gentleman is no great “amateur” of that aliment, as he declined at first. He also promised to send a sketch done by his own imperial hand for the album of St. Cyr. Report says that the young Prince is to stand sponsor for the expected child of the Prince Napoleon. The Princess Clotilde is just returned to the Palais Royal for the coming event. The Prince and the Emperor are quite reconciled again, and work together for the reorganisation of the army, which is now the object of his Majesty’s consideration, though in what sense I cannot say. Some affirm that we are to have the Prussian system—every man a soldier—but I hope that is false. The late triumphs of the Prussians seem to have turned people’s heads—as if we had not sufficient soldiers as it is, when at every step we have barracks full all over Paris, and barracks that are small towns! However, let that be as it may, I suppose I shall not be consulted on the subject!

You doubt know the Anti-Catholic principles of Prince Napoleon, who would like to see his father-in-law King of Rome, and who forbids his wife a private chaplain—much to her distress, they say. The other day the Prince, returning from a late journey, passed through a small town, and with his doctor (Dr. Yvan) dined incognito at the table d’hôte, recommending his companion to pay attention, and to do or say nothing that might betray his rank. All went on very well for some time, but the doctor let slip a “Monseigneur” without thinking. After dinner, the servant that waited at table said to the doctor, “I heard you call the gentleman with you ‘Monseigneur’! although you tried to hide it; now, say the truth—he is a bishop, is he not?” The title of “Monseigneur” is only given to bishops and princes.

What would Monsieur Louis Veuillot have said had he heard the poor girl’s naïveté? This champion of Romanism has just published a new work—“Les Odeurs de Paris”—which are certainly not odeurs de sainteté for him! The book is written with the same talent and spleen for which Monsieur Veuillot is noted. The journalists are not spared; but what he says on the cafés chantants must be approved by most people of any refinement of feeling; for how any lady can go and applaud the vulgarity of a Thérèse amidst the clouds of smoke I never could comprehend. It is true there are many inconsiderable things in Paris, and one is astonished to see how the cholera has been allowed to carry off so many victimes, even amongst the “faithful,” when a mere touching of a piece of the soutane—the cassock of Pius IX.—can cure instantaneously the most malicious cases! Thus, on the 8th of October, 1866, Juliete D—y has been made at Madame Pa. Rue Villedo (No. 11), was immediately restored to health, in the midst of a dreadful attack of cholera, by the application of a piece of the Pope’s garment in the name of the immaculate Virgin. The priests of the parish of Notre-Dame des Victoires affirm it, and relate the fact in all its details; and Le Monde prints it with delight, while the incorrigible Opinion Nationale leaves Charivari to gloss it—which is very irrelevant.

The preparations for the Exhibition are progressing rapidly, and everyone is occupied with the wonders we are to see and the company it will attract. The inhabitants of the capital who have nothing to sell tremble at the price everything will be; and those who can will hasten to the country, and leave the strangers to pay! Report says that the Court de Flandres has already hired for four months all the right wing of the “Grand Hôtel;” but that, perhaps, is the tactics of the proprietors to entice others.

Carloetta Patti has signed an engagement with Monsieur Carvalho for a series of concerts à-l’Americaine, on the condition that she will not sing anywhere else during the Exhibition. This young lady is now in Paris, and sang the other night at Monsieur Emile Girardin’s; the effect was not so good as expected, and I think she will be long before she dethrones her sister Adelina in the estimation of the Parisians. Apropos of Monsieur Girardin, his son and Monsieur Duvernois are prisoners at St. Pélage, for the duel with Monsieur Sarcey, a few months ago. Sarcey was wounded near the eye, a narrow escape they say. Duvernois was tried for cuts and wounds, without intention of killing—the way French justice always eludes the law that punishes dueling with death; so he is only condemned for the imprisoned, and Girardin, also, as his second. If justice was more severe this barbarous custom would soon disappear. The journalists here seem quite to have adopted that mode of settling a quarrel.

There was a great sensation a little while ago in the quarter Latin. The police entered a house, Boulevard St. Michael, and arrested a party of students and workmen, accused of holding illicit meetings.

Another English jockey was almost killed at the last steeple-chase at Vincennes; he had both his legs broken, and is still in danger. I cannot think how people can encourage such dangerous amusements: steeplechases are worthy to be classed with duelling. The weather this season has been very bad for races: it was quite pitiful to see the young dandies, last Sunday, return from la Marche in the pouring rain, both horses and masters well drenched.

Have you ever heard of St. Hubert? St. Hubert, in Roman Catholic countries, presides over the hunt and field sports; he is fêté on the 3rd of November, and in the Ardennes
Miss Sallie Booth.

a mass is always chanted for him on that
day. The servants of the sporting gentry
have bread blessed by the priests during
the mass, which they throw into the dogs’
kennels, and which is a sure security against
madness. This Saint has performed many
miracles, both during his life and since his
death. The first one recorded of him is per-
haps as marvellous as the one performed the
other day in Paris by the soutane of Pius
IX. St. Hubert had renounced the world’s
vanities and had withdrawn into a convent
for the expiation of his faults, having vowed never
to kill another animal; and so great was the
aversion he had for his past pleasures, that one
day when passing in the kitchen he saw two
superb pheasants just put down to roast—the
good monks fed well in that convent—and, feel-
ing that the flesh rejoiced at the sight, he went
and took the birds off, the spit, so that he might
not be tempted to taste them; when, lo, scarce
had the first been drawn off when the feathers
sprang on, and away flew the two pheasants in
perfect health—a narrow escape, one must allow.
How the other monks liked the miracle I cannot
say; for my part, I should not care to have
such a saint near when a pheasant is roasting.

The successes of this month in the theatrical
world begin the season well. “La vie Parisi-
enne,” at the Palais-Royal, promises well. Their
Majesties have ordered it to be performed before
them at Compiègne, the scenery in Mon. Sar-
don’s comedy, “Les bons Villageois,” the real
hit of the season, being too difficult to be
transported into the country. “La Conjuración
d’Amboise” fills the Odéon nightly, and the
new ballet, “La Source,” is much vaunted at
the Opera. Monsieur Alexandre Dumas fils
has just read a new comedy before a circle of
friends, near Marseilles—“Les Idées de Ma-
dame Aubray,” which was found worthy the
author, and which we shall have during the
winter.

Monsieur Guizot has finished the impression
of his 5th and last volume of his “mémoires,”
and, although in his 80th year, the old states-
man is as well and alert as ever; while they are
talking of raising a statue to the memory of
M. Thouvenel, the late minister, in his native
place at Metz. Such are the vicissitudes of
life!

Changes in destination recall to mind the
portrait of Madame de Montespan, ordered by
Louis XIV., when the proud lady was in her
glory, and which the then famous Mignard
painted. It long decked the royal apartments
at Versailles, and was the other day found in
the lodge of a concierge. The lady to whom it
belonged having confided it to a friend, during
her absence from Paris, he had confided it to a
third person, and so on, until it was lost, and, after
long researches, was at last found on the dirty
walls of a concierge’s room, which person re-
fuses to give it up, and the owner is obliged to
go to law.

I must not forget to mention the pamphlet by
the Viscomte de B——, written for the edifica-
tion of young ladies with dancing intentions for
this winter; there being a way to dance which
is a mortal sin, and another way which is only a
little tiny one, easily washed out. The Viscomte
examines, with St. Liguori, if to allow your
hand to be squeezed is a mortal sin? He thinks
not; but to allow your partner to squeeze your
waist is as mortal as it can be. If the man you
dance with is a Christian he will place his hand
on the top of the crinoline when dancing the
polka; and although this is a very immoral
way of acting, it is the most decent, and may be
washed away. But my paper will not allow me
to give you further details—it is exquisite!

Adieu,

S. A.

MISS SALLIE BOOTH

AT THE GREENWICH THEATRE.

Some of our readers may perhaps not be
aware that a theatre has recently been erected
in the Royal borough of Greenwich. Its first
manager and proprietor was Mr. Sefton Parry,
who last month opened the Holborn Theatre
with so much success. Three months ago the
management of the Greenwich Theatre was
transferred to Mr. Sydney, whose skill and
experience well qualify him for the post, and he
appears to be reaping the reward of his enter-
prise and efficiency. We were invited there to
witness the performance of Miss Sallie Booth,
who enjoys a considerable provincial reputation,
and who has undertaken the “leading business.”
We must confess that our long acquaintance
with “provincial celebrities” did not render this
invitation attractive. We are accustomed to
consider them as people with respectable talents
and small salaries, and rather a bore to a Lon-
don play-goer. Our preconceptions were most
thoroughly revised by the acting of Sallie Booth.
We found ourselves in the presence of a first-
rate artist, entitled by nature and cultivation to
move in the highest rank of her profession.
Her figure is slim and thoroughbred; her ac-
tion and gestures are graceful and appropriate;
hers is a mind and manners cultivated and re-
fini. Her voice is of admirable quality; it is finely
modulated, and readily gives expression to every
varied emotion and idea; in clearness of utter-
ance and purity of accent it is a model of elocu-
tionary training. In her style of acting she is
never overstrained; hers is the art colere artem;
she possesses power without rant, refinement
without insipidity, versatility without incom-
pleteness, and a readiness and promptness of
method which must render her a valuable ally
in any theatrical business. With so many of
the essentials of success in her grasp, she is not
likely to remain long in a merely suburban
situation.
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

November, often so dense and muggy, has this year agreeably disappointed us, and, although there have been some soaking wet days, we have, on the whole, been surprisingly free of smoke and fog, the mornings being mostly fresh and wholesome, and the evenings bright and seasonably sharp: indeed, although the grand meteoric display on the morning of the 14th is supposed not to have any influence, the general brilliance of the weather since that event has been remarkable, accompanied by a thoroughly wintry feeling. Whilst on this subject, we may quote the following observations, from a correspondent in the Star:

"The wettest summers and autumns since 1816 were all followed by winters of intense frost and of long duration. The summer and autumn of 1866 have been the wettest ever known, and having had no real winter for two years, we must not be surprised if the coming season should prove to be the severest winter experienced in this climate for many years."

The Christmas Annual season has certainly set-in with its accustomed severity, Messrs. Warne, Routledge, Cassell, Beeton, and others, issuing their attractive periodicals in rapid succession, and in which Thomas Hood, Stirling Coyne, Arthur Sketchley, and Burnand, are among the most prolific writers. In "Mugby Junction" Mr. Charles Dickens will contribute half the stories to his Christmas number, and we also perceive already the announcement of numerous works "suitable for Christmas presents"—notably an edition of Alfred Tennyson's "Elaine," with Gustave Doré's illustrations; of which work the Athenæum says, in anticipation, that "this will probably be the most superb volume ever published." Further, we have a new edition of Douglas Jerrold's "Story of a Feather," with illustrations by Du Maurier; and we observe that "Peter Parley's Annual" is still to the fore, although the original worthy has been gathered to his fathers some years ago. We notice the re-publication, by Smith, Elder, and Co., of Thackeray's "Paris Sketch-book"—a work that has been long out of print, and only to be met with by the merest accident: indeed, a well-known publisher did not care to sell a copy to the present writer, at the advanced price of 25s., though we were told elsewhere that, if we waited, it might be procured for about 12s. or 14s. We saw a copy recently, in a bookseller's catalogue, marked 9s.; but it was gone before we could secure it. These facts may be interesting to the book-collector, and we are glad to find that this acceptable companion to the "Irish Sketch-book" is to be re-published.

The two "Belgravians," having survived their fierce fight, are now running neck-and-neck.

Mr. J. Ashby Sterry has some charming lines in Miss Braddon's venture (which has Mr. C. S. Chetnian for working editor). In its "London Society" rival (said to be edited by Miss Annie Thomas) is a poem entitled "Belgravia Love Dreams," by our friend William Reade, who is not idle, since he has an article called "Domestic Service," in the Law Magazine, and letters from him in support of the Government have appeared in the chief Conservative papers. "A cheap newspaper for women" has appeared under the title of The Lady's own Paper.

A welcome shilling's worth of amusement has been published under the title of "Stodare's Fly-notes; or, Conjuring Made Easy;" and "New America" is announced, in two volumes, as the result of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's visit to Yankee Land; whilst "The Lyrics of Ireland," selected, edited, and annotated by Samuel Lover, and handsomely bound, may be recommended as a seasonable gift-book, which those who are embarrassed in their choice would do well to decide upon. Thus it will be seen that there is variety enough offered in anticipation of the long evenings to induce people to remain by their warm firesides instead of seeking amusement and running the risk of catching cold or being garrotted by going elsewhere. We observe that a three-volume novel by Charles Lever has appeared, and another by Edmund Yates will be published immediately.

It is with great regret we have to inform our readers of the death of Paul Gray, a rapidly rising young artist, whose illustrations in Fun and other periodicals were remarkable for their power and finish. In a graceful tribute to his memory, which has appeared in Fun, we are told that his earliest drawing was a frontispiece to the Bunch of Keys, his first important work the series of illustrations, in Good Words, to Kingsley's "Hereward," and his last drawing was made for the "Savage Club Papers," which will be published for the benefit of the widow of a dear friend and brother artist. The death of that artist (Mr. Morten), was, we believe, a severe shock to Paul Gray, who, however, sunk under the attack of rapid consumption, which terminated fatally on the 14th instant. Though but twenty-four he had given evidence of a brilliant career, had his life been spared—as it is, he has died, to the grief of all who knew him.

From Paris we have received news of the death of the great French caricaturist, Gavarni. There is a recollection called up, of days gone by, in the announcement of the death of Mrs. Chatterley, a representative of old women on the stage, whose last engagement was at the New Adelphi. Mrs. Griffith, an actress in the same
ine of parts, is also lately dead. From Madrid we have intelligence of the death of Madame Gassier, the well-known singer.

On the 3rd of the month “The Old Times” ceased running to Brighton for the season, and our old friend the clock at the “White Horse” Cellar, to the gloomy state of which we alluded last month, has been taken out of its case, which now appears to be a hopeless one: be that as it may, the clock of the Wellington just opposite keeps good time, and answers all practical purposes. The horses which have been driven in the “Old Times” were sold at Tattersall’s, and realized 564½ guineas. The coach made £75. The undertaking, it is said, has not been abandoned, but will be resumed next year on an extended scale, with better and larger coaches, and superior accommodation in every respect.

The good people of Wolverhampton are mad with pleasure evinced by the civic authorities, being everywhere received with acclamations, and money voted for joyous festivities with enthusiasm, in consequence of a promised visit from her Majesty in propriis personis; and if we are asked why she went to Wolverhampton, we reply, What takes her to any place in England but to uncover yet another and another statue to Albert the Good? This time in bronze, modelled by the Court sculptor, Thornycroft, cast by Elkington. To our mind a far more interesting ceremony took place a short time since, when the “Franklin monument” was uncovered in London; and one could not help feeling sympathy with the faithful wife, who had not allowed her bereavement to drive her into retirement, but rather to mix with humankind to her own benefit and theirs. We may also note one other monument—that of a tower on Nibley Knoll, near Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, to the memory of the martyr Wm. Tyndale.

The Holborn viaduct makes progress, and when that and the new Blackfriars Bridge are complete, when that part of Old London will indeed be an old friend with a new face. The widening of Park-lane will come under consideration next Session.

We may refer to the alarming rumour that reached us from St. Petersburg of a fatal accident which had happened to the Prince of Wales. It appears that this arose from a strange mistake in the telegram, which should have alluded to the Prince’s skill in hunting, but which was turned into “the Prince is killed in hunting!” at least so we read in a contemporary. The special correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, in his Moscow letter, indulges in his usual verbiage—confined, however, to a couple of columns—on the occasion of his Royal Highness’s visit to that city.

Doctor Mary Walker, a distinguished American female physician, has given an account of her life and adventures at St. James’s Hall, on which occasion several medical students thought proper to indulge in sundry vagaries, and create a discreetly uproar.

The Egyptian Hall is occupied by Madame Stodare and Artemus Ward, to both of whom we wish success. “Artemus” was crowed on his first night, and kept his audience in rounds of laughter by means of a humour which is peculiarly his own.

Most of the pieces recently produced have had for their plot either an objectionable moral or have been tedious and uninteresting. As instances of the former, we may particularly mention “A Dangerous Friend” and “Hunted Down,” whilst “Ethel,” “The Frozen Deep,” and last, though not least, Mr. Falconer’s long-winded “Oonagh” may be cited as either unpleasant or wearisome. “The Frozen Deep” is a dreadfully dreary play, and its chilling poster is not calculated to inspire confidence. On the first night of its production one of the principal members of the Olympic company came in front, and was most demonstrative in his applause and shouts for “Wigan.” In no other theatre do we think this would have been allowed; and as his conduct was noticed by the audience, the result was that the piece was well “goosed”—which was harshly commented on by the Times critic, who, considering he is a dramatic author, may have written feelingly on the subject. It is astonishing that the play has remained in the bills; and we doubt if a burlesque on “Faust” will help to make the fortune of the house. Mr. Boucicault’s last production at St. James’s bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Arthur Sketchley’s “Dark Cloud,” only the latter certainly gains by comparison. In the new farce by Mr. Madison Morton we witnessed a novel effect, and only one—the act-drop went down between the two scenes to facilitate the removal of a lamp-post. This reference to Mr. Morton reminds us that gentlemen has been reading “Box and Cox” at the Crystal Palace. The version of “Barnaby Rudge” at the Princess’s is not at all worthy of the story. We perceive that Miss Marie Wilson has been advertising for pupils—with practice, of course, at her theatre: this arrangement will no doubt prove satisfactory to both parties. Messrs. Buckstone and Farren have been attracting crowded houses at the new theatre at Brighton, during a fortnight’s engagement; and at Glasgow Mr. Sothern’s Claude Melnotte has been very highly spoken of by the local papers. We conclude by wishing Alfred Mellon every success on the advent of his forthcoming pantomime season at Covent Garden. This will be his first venture of the kind, and as we know his outlay has been considerable, we hope he will have no reason to regret the bold step he has taken.

With every good wish of the season that is advancing so stealthily upon us, and which it is to be hoped will usher in a more prosperous year, we once more sign ourselves

Your Bohemian.
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

BY M. C.

"Ethel, have you finished the 'Abstract' Miss Mordaunt told you to write for her?"

"No, and I don't intend to begin it to-night; there will be lots of time before breakfast."

"That is what you always say, and so the things are never ready. I do think it's a shame to go on in this way with your lessons."

"It's all very well for you, Ida; you are the favourite, and never get a cross word."

"You are mistaken, Ethel. I get scolded when I deserve it, as much as you do. Don't you remember how miserable I was that day about having the books taken away because I hadn't mended my gloves and finished my work?"

"Well, yes; but that wasn't lessons."

"A great deal worse to me; but I don't get into trouble about mine, because I try to prepare them, and let Miss Mordaunt see that I understand when she explains things. But no one could help being vexed with your provoking ways. This morning you were nearly an hour over a French exercise; I'm sure you could have done it in half the time."

"Of course, I knew it all the time; anyone could have guessed that."

"What nonsense, Ethel! when you said everything exactly opposite to the 'Rules' you had read the minute before, and kept looking out of the window when Miss Mordaunt showed them to you?"

"Oh! of course you take her part! But don't preach any more. Let us go and see if papa and Tom are in the library."

"What a relief it is to be here! I think I shall give it the name of 'The Happy Valley,' by way of distinction."

"To what?" asked Tom.

"To the Vale of Tears we have just left," said Ethel.

"Which I am afraid you make it for Miss Mordaunt," rejoined her Papa, who had entered unobserved, whilst Ethel was standing with her back to the door.

"She is so dreadfully strict and cross, it's impossible to please her."

"It is your own waywardness and obstinacy that makes you think so. Your Mamma overheard all that passed this morning, which fully accounts for Miss Mordaunt's wearied look when your lessons are over; we have spoken to her about you, and with tears she told us that unless you change she had made up her mind to tell us that she thought you would do better at school."

"I do wish we could go, Papa; it would be so much nicer," said Ethel.

"Please, Papa, let me stay with Miss Mordaunt," said Ida; "I like her very much; it would be horrid to leave this dear old home, and be taught by anyone else."

"I am very glad to hear you say so. Depend upon it we shall not let Miss Mordaunt go, so long as she can remain; but she is very delicate, and I fear this air may be too keen for her, although she has weathered the storm so far. Ethel, are all your lessons prepared?"

"They will be by the time I want them tomorrow, Papa. Do let me stay now; it is just the time we enjoy the most."

"I am sorry to deprive you of what you like, my dear, but I must see a little more consideration for the feelings of others, and a greater desire to do what you know to be right, and to be for your own good, before I allow you to join us again."

This unexpected remonstrance from her Papa had taken Ethel quite by surprise. She went away moody, and when out of sight she wiped away the tears that would "unbidden come." At this stage they were rather tears of mortified pride than of real regret for her behaviour.

How she was afterwards affected we shall see by-and-bye; so let us now return to the library, whither Mrs. Pemberton has taken her work and Emmie her doll.

"I think as you have to go to bed first, darling," said her Mamma, "you should coax Ida for one of Aunt Mary's stories."

"Will you, Ida, please?"

"It's very short," answered her sister, "but I suppose it will be better than nothing."

"Once upon a time, there lived a gentleman in a very big house, with a very large garden, in which grew some tall fine trees, wherein the crows liked to build their nests, and such a noise they made as never was heard; sometimes they seemed all very friendly together, then again they appeared to be very angry—especially they loved to tease the cat, and that was when the gentleman used to watch them very closely. Almost every day he saw some little games between the birds and his favourite puss. So one morning when they seemed to be more furious than usual, he determined to watch, and see what it was all about. He had never noticed them so long before. At last the cat had to give way, and she crept slyly under the hedge, as if intending to get to the house unperceived. For some little time the crows continued to make a threatening noise, and to chatter to each other after their own fashion, ruffling up their feathers and looking as important as if they had some weighty business on hand. At last, as if nothing could be done where they were, one very determined-looking crow flew into the middle of the garden, and picked up a stone, flying back with
it to the tree just over the spot where pussy had hidden herself. As she gilded stealthily along under the hedge, so did Mister Crow jump lightly from bough to bough to keep even with her. At length the cat ventured to leave her hiding-place, thinking that now she was quite safe; but just at that moment the crow left the tree, and dropping over, poor puss let the stone drop on her back, when off she ran as fast as her legs could carry her, and the old crow seemed to flap his wings with joy at having gained the victory!

"Go on, Ida; it’s so nice!"
"That’s all, Emmie, I’m sorry to say."
"And now, Ida, you can produce the wonderful little notebook," said her Mamma.
"Question one," said Mr. Pemberton.
IDA. What is the meaning of that old man with the snakes twisted all about his body, at the Crystal Palace? It’s a large piece of sculpture, not far from the chocolate-counter.

PAPA. I am glad to hear you ask this explanation. It’s a fine subject, and very few persons notice it particularly. The man is called “Loocoon,” and the boys are his sons. The father was the priest appointed by Neptune in that particular year to offer up the sacrifice of a steer. Just at the solemn moment, with his children around him, he sees two huge serpents making their way towards him. First they twined themselves about the bodies of the youths, and the father, in trying to extricate them, got also eneircled in their coils—

"Three round his waist their winding volumes roll’d,
And twice around his gasping throat they fold,"

says the poet. You will now understand the terrible anguish depicted on the face of the old man. Do you know how Neptune is generally represented, Tom?

TOM. With a three-pronged fork in his hand.

Let me see, what’s it called—a trident, isn’t it, Papa?

PAPA. Yes, it is the symbol of power. There was a legend in Thessaly that Neptune emote a rock in the country with his trident, and forthwith sprang the first horse that had ever been seen. This is the reason why we often see Neptune associated in different ways in sculpture with this animal.

EMMA. Didn’t God make horses always, Papa?

PAPA. Yes, my dear; but the people who thought those things knew nothing about God.

IDA. Papa, what use is there in learning about things that are not true?

PAPA. We should lose the appreciation of many beautiful works of art, besides being unable to understand the allusions of many writers. St. Paul, you know, speaks of “Diana of the Ephesians.” Neither sacred nor profane history can be read without constantly meeting with the names of the gods they (the people) ignorantly worshipped. Do you know the derivation of the word mythology, Tom?

TOM. Is it from the Greek, mythos, a fable?

PAPA. It is; and you must always remember that the mythology of the ancient Greeks was made up of the fabulous adventures of the imaginary beings they worshipped, the exploits of ancient heroes, the wonderful tales brought home by travellers from distant lands, their love of allegory (here Ida made a note), and desire to account for the moral phenomena; or to speak more plainly—all that was happening in the world around them, and for the observance of those arts and ceremonies whose true history had been lost.

BESSIE RAEBURN’S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Bessie Raeburn was a very nice little girl indeed—truthful, trustworthy, generous, and affectionate. But she was by no means without some little faults of her own. She was impulsive to rashness, and decidedly self-willed. She was given to odd little romantic fancies and secret schemes, which sometimes got her into trouble, when she attempted to carry them out. She was an only child, and much petted and indulged in a happy and luxurious home, having everything which a reasonable little lady in short frocks and long curls could ask for. Yet she was not contented, having a foolish ambition to distinguish herself by doing something quite out of the ordinary line of little girls—something that would make people stare, and say “wonderful!” “surprising!” “a most extraordinary child!” She liked to say “I dare!” and “I’m not afraid!” “I don’t fear anything there is,” she would say, “not even lions, or spiders, or bears, or bumble-bees; but I don’t like them near me—they are disagreeable.”

She learned to read very young, and took most eagerly to books of travel and adventure. She passionately longed for adventures of her own, and often planned out exploits of a most perilous and surprising character.

One Christmas Eve, when Bessie was between nine and ten years of age, a wild little scheme came into her head, as she sat curled up on a sofa in the library, listening to her father, while he read to her sweet young mother a very sad account of the poor of London, especially of the poor children, and of the noble efforts that were being made by a few good men and women to alleviate their wretched condition, to clothe them, teach them, and lift them into a better life.

“Ah, Charles,” said Mrs. Raeburn, “what a sad, comfortless Christmas many of those poor little creatures will have—children and the poor and their parents as our little girl is to us. Only to think of it; cold, hungry, ignorant, helpless, and hopeless, It is dreadful!”
“Why, mamma,” exclaimed Bessie, “won’t they have any Christmas gifts!”

“No, dear; I fear many must be without all the good and pleasant things by which we remind one another that our dear Lord’s birthday has come round again.”

“What, mamma! No toys, no nuts, no candies?”

“None, my child.”

“Why, then, how can they wish one another a merry Christmas? I should think they would all have a crying Christmas together. I should think they would feel as though they had no Lord Jesus; as though he only belonged to the rich people. And yet, mamma, he was dreadfully poor, and spent the first day of his life in a manger, with cows and things; though, to be sure, he had beautiful presents—those the wise old gentlemen that came from the East brought him, you know.”

“Yes, dear, he was very poor; and in remembering him we should not forget the poor around us, and should always be ready to assist, as far as we can, the worthy and honest unfortunate who need our help. But it is your bedtime. You will wish to be up bright and early to-morrow.”

Bessie sprang up promptly, and kissed her father good night. At the foot of the stairs she paused, and called him in her pretty imperious way; and he came to her, like the good obedient papa that he was. Bessie kissed him again, and called him “a dear, handsome old darling,” and then, with another last coquettish kiss through the balusters, she bounded laughingly past her mamma, up the stairs, into her little room, and behind the door, from which point of vantage she emerged with a terrific “boo!” intended to startle her mamma out of her senses—but I don’t think it did.

Mrs. Raeburn having heard her daughter repeat her simple prayer, kissed her, and returned to the library; and soon after, the maid, having seen her nicely in bed, and put everything in order for the morning, left her quite alone. And then the wonderful scheme, that had flashed into her brain down-stairs, was thought over and resolutely arranged, and a famous little plot of mischievous benevolence it was, as you shall see.

Amid all the joyful excitement and merry confusion of Christmas morning, Bessie found time to think over her plan, and she would set her red lips very firmly whenever she felt her courage giving way the least in the world. She would be a heroine for once—would have a real adventure of her own to relate to a wondering and admiring circle that very Christmas night.

While mamma and servants were occupied in preparations for a large dinner party, Bessie found opportunities for packing a little basket with tiny tarts, apples, nuts, and candies; then she put on her pretty winter coat, trimmed with fur, and her new velvet hat, with a long scarlet plume, the pride of her heart, and her warm tippet and soft gloves and high Balmoral boots. Then she took from her drawer a dainty portemanteau, well filled with bright new pennies and small silver coin, and containing a little compartment lined with crimson satin, wherein a gold half-sovereign dwelt in state. Then taking her basket on her arm, and thrusting her hands into her little muff, she stole down-stairs on tip-toe, and made her escape from the house, unperceived by anyone.

Mr. Raeburn lived in the aristocratic part of the city, and Bessie, thinking that she could not there carry out her plan in a perfectly satisfactory manner, stepped into an East-end omnibus. Driver and passengers looked surprised to see a child taking a trip all alone; but Bessie had such an old, authoritative manner, that they supposed that all was right. After a long, long ride, she alighted somewhere in the neighbourhood of the poorest and least respectable part of the city. I may as well tell you now, if you haven’t guessed it, Bessie was bound on a mission, a charitable visit to the poor—the miserably poor, of whom she had heard her father read. She anxiously looked around her for a beggar child, who should act as her guide to some home of unmerited misfortune, where virtuous poverty pined, and wept, and waited. Alas! there were plenty of sad little mendicants in the streets that day, but Bessie was not easily satisfied. “It must be a little girl,” she said to herself; “very, very poor—pale, and thin, and ragged, and sorrowful, but still pretty and mild-looking. And she must have a pretty name, too, like the little girls that beg in magazine stories, or sell matches, and are stolen by gipsies, and sing ballads for dreadful organ-grinders, and all that.” It was a long time before she found one at all to her mind, but finally she was accorded by a little girl, who looked wretched enough, to be sure—tattered, and sickly, and starved. She was not quite up to the mark as to prettiness, though she had soft, sorrowful eyes and a delicate mouth. Hunger, cold, and ill-treatment are not very favourable to beauty. Then the name she gave was decidedly unromantic—Molly Mope. But the poor child told a piteous story, which soon brought tears to Bessie’s gentle eyes—how her father was dead of fever, and her mother a suffering invalid; how she was obliged to beg in the streets, from morning till night, to obtain food for that poor dear mother, three darling little brothers, and two sisters, twins and blind! It was a hard case surely, and Bessie offered at once to go home with her petitioner, to see what she could do towards alleviating the family distress. The little mendicant hesitated at first, and attempted to dissuade her; but at last, as Bessie obstinately insisted on her own plan of benevolence, she yielded, and rather sullenly led the way homeward. Ah, what a way it was! Down one dirty street and up another—through vile courts, and alleys reeking with filth, swarming with idle, loud-voiced men, wretched-looking women, slatternly girls, and forlorn children. Bessie’s heart grew sick and her courage failed her. If she had known the way back, she would gladly have made an inglorious retreat!

The guide at last conducted her down a flight
of slippery steps, leading to the basement of a
squabul, old tenemement-house, in the five storeys of
which more than as many families were packed,
layer on layer, and Bessie found herself in the
very bosom of the distressed family of her humble
friend. This home of virtuous poverty was not exactly
what she looked for. It was darker, dirtier, more confused and noisi;
it smelt worse. There were the “three darling
little brothers,” to be sure, and they were quite
satisfactorily ragged. But Bessie looked in
vain for the twin sisters, whose blindness had
so engaged her sympathies. But she said to
herself, “Perhaps they too have gone out
begging, with a pair of twin dogs to lead them.”
The invalid mother was surely on the mend,
for she looked quite stout, and her face was
flushed, though that might be from fever. She
sat by an old stove, smoking a short black
pipe.

“Well, Molly, what have you brought us?”
exclaimed this interesting invalid, in a voice by
no means agreeable.

“I haven’t got anything,” was the reply,
“but here’s a rich little miss, as says she has
got something for us: she would come herself,
instead of giving it to me.”

The woman took her pipe from her lips, and
fixing a pair of hard hungry eyes upon Bessie,
as she stood smiling kindly, with her basket on
her arm, like a dear little Red Riding hood,
broke out with. “And what put it into the head
of such a fine lady to come near the likes of us
this day?”

“I wanted to see how poor people live,”
replied Bessie, honestly, “and I have brought
you something for Christmas,” she continued,
stepping up a little timidly, and offering her
basket.

The woman caught it eagerly, and turned its
contents into her lap. “And is this all?” she
growled. “A pretty dinner, indade, for a starv-
ing family—nuts and candies, and the like! No
bread, not the least taste of butter or maste.”

“O, I thought you would have such com-
mon things,” said Bessie, “but I have some
money to buy them with.”

At this a tall figure sprang up from a heap of
rags in a dark corner, and came forward—a
very dirty, disreputable-looking man. Bessie,
who had taken him for a sick man, was sur-
pired to see that he also had a fine colour in his
cheeks, and even in his nose, but she noticed
that he seemed weak in his legs. “Hello! my
little angel,” he cried, “give me the money,” and
rudely caught the porte-monnaie from Bessie’s
hand.

His right to it was disputed by the woman,
and they two quarrelled over pennis, sixpences,
and half-sovereign, as “the three darling little
brothers” quarrelled over apples, nuts, and
candies.

“Who is that man?” asked Bessie, beginning
to be frightened.

“It’s father,” replied Molly.

“Why, you told me your father was dead!”

What makes you tell such stories?” exclaimed
Bessie, greatly shocked.

“She makes me,” said Molly. “Maybe you
would tell stories rather than be beaten half to
death.”

At last the disreputable-looking man, having
secured the lion’s share of the money, snatched
up an old hat, and staggered towards the door.
He stopped a moment beside Bessie, saying,
“I’m obliged to you, darling; this will get me
something good for Christmas.”

“Some new clothes?” asked Bessie.

“No, miss; something better nor clothes.”

“Food?”

“No; something better nor food.”

As he held a big bottle in his hand, Bessie
next suggested “medicine.”

“Why, bless your swate soul, do I look like
a sick man?”

“No, sir; but I thought you walked as
though something was the matter with your
legs.”

Patrick Magee gave a loud foolish laugh, as
he stumbled up the slippery steps and reeled
down the dirty alley. When he was gone,
Bessie proposed to take leave of her pensioners,
saying, “I must go home now, or I shall miss
my dinner, and they will be troubled about me.
Will you show me as far as the Broad-street
Molly?”

“Not so fast, if you plase, miss,” said Mrs.
Magee. “You have seen how poor people live;
now I want you to feel how they are covered
this biting winter weather. Take off your fine
clothes just, and change with Molly there.”

“O please, ma’am, I would rather go home,”
cried poor Bessie; “do let me go! Mamma has
often said that if I could be poor for one
hour even, I would know better how to pity the
poor; but I really think I have seen enough to
today. I am very sorry for you, indeed. I’ll
ask papa to help you, and give you all you want;
only let me go home.”

“So you shall, my pretty bird, but you must
drop your fine feathers first. Off with them!
And, Molly, take off all thin fine holiday clothes
of yours. Sure, exchange is no robbery.”

Poor Bessie saw it was vain for her to resist,
to plead, or to cry. In a very short time she
found herself divested of every article of her
nice warm apparel, and clad in the dirty, coarse,
tattered street-clothes of Molly Magee.

To do the beggar-child justice, she seemed
shocked at this cruel proceeding, this wicked
outrage, and pleaded for Bessie as long as she
dared. But Bridget Magee, a bad-tempered
woman at the best, had been drinking bad
whisky all the morning, and the brutal rage of
drunkenness blazed in her hard black eyes.
Molly was evidently in mortal fear of her, and
could only give Bessie stolen glances of regret
and sorrow. Very pretty she looked in Bessie’s
beautiful dress, though her face was far sadder
than before. In the midst of her trouble Bessie
noticed this, and thought how different was the
Leaves for the Little Ones.

poor child from all the rest of the household of Magee. When the change was completed Mistress Bridget whispered for a minute or two to the eldest of the three little boys, and then, turning to her victim, said, with a horrible laugh, "There now, ye poor simpleton, follow where Larry will lade ye. Be off wid ye! I'm thinking ye know a little more about poor folk than you did a bit ago, when ye came prancing into a decent house to show off yer grand airs and yer finery. It's knowledge as will be good for your proud young stomach, miss."

As Bessie, too much frightened and shocked to speak, was hastening out after Larry, Molly sprang forward, caught her hand, kissed it, and sobbed out, "O, forgive me! forgive me! I didn't think they would treat you so, or I wouldn't have let you come."

The next instant the poor girl was dashed backwards by a sudden blow from her mother's heavy hand, and Bessie saw her no more.

Master Larry Magee, a sharp-eyed and fleet-footed little vagabond, hurried Bessie off in a different direction from that in which she had come, and by many different and devious ways, for his object evidently was to confuse her, so that it would be impossible for her to act as a guide to the den of thieves in which she had been robbed. There was little danger. Poor child, she had not even thought to take notice of the name of the miserable little alley to which she had been conducted by the melancholy Molly.

At first, in her joy at having escaped alive from the dreadful Irish ogress, Bessie was hardly sensible of the cold; but at length it pierced through her thin and ragged garments, and struck chill to her very heart. It seemed to clutch at her bare throat, and to snip her ears, under the old cotton handkerchief which covered her head. Her hands, muffless and gloveless, grew stiff, and the rosy tips of her fingers changed to a dismal purple: while her poor little toes, peering through great holes in shoes and stockings, looked as piteous as little baby birds, left unbrooded to the storm, in dilapidated nests.

After a long, bewildering, winding walk, or rather run, the two children reached a wide, respectable-looking street, when they came suddenly upon a policeman—at sight of whom Master Larry halted, wheeled, and executed a brilliant retreat down a dark alley. But Bessie, who in her innocence believed in a policeman, as a sort of street guardian-angel, went confidently up to this one, related to him her wonderful Christmas adventure, and begged him to conduct her home. To her surprise and grief, he refused to believe a word of the story, but taking her for the little vagrant she seemed, gruffly ordered her to "move on," adding, "you can't gammon me—I've heard too many such yarns."

My private opinion is, that that policeman was a crusty old bachelor, with not a chick nor child—not even a little sister to his name.

With her feelings a good deal hurt, and her feet benumbed with cold, poor Bessie tottered on, she knew not whither. Happily, at the very next corner she encountered another policeman—a cheery, kindly, family-looking man. To him Bessie sobbed out her piteous story; and he, having a little girl of his own at home, was touched by her distress, and looking into the clear depths of her innocent blue eyes, believed her. Immediately calling a cab, heput her in, and got in himself, and taking off his warm blue overcoat, wrapt her in it, which was the street guardian-angel's way of brooding; and so they went away to a large stone house in Bedford-square—Bessie's home—where they found everybody in great distress. Papa and mamma were almost wild with anxiety, for Bessie had been gone four long hours, and a dozen police-officers were already searching for her, and handbills were about to be printed—"A child lost."

Mr. and Mrs. Raeburn with difficulty recognized their daughter in her ragged disguise. They were shocked by her appearance, fearing she might be made ill by the exposure. They were pained and indignant at hearing all she had suffered; but they both said it would prove a good experience, if it should teach her to be less rash, venturesome, and self-assured. They hoped, they said, it would cure her of forming secret schemes, even of benevolence, and of an unchildlike ambition to act in matters of importance, independent of the aid and advice of her parents. It did all this, I believe; and if you care to hear, I will tell you, perhaps, another time what other good thing came out of that Christmas adventure.

That night Bessie Raeburn added to her usual prayer these words: "O Father in Heaven, I thank thee more than ever for my warm bed, and everything so comfortable. Forgive me for running off, and giving dear papa and mamma so much trouble. Make those wicked people sorry for what they have done, and then forgive them. And please put it into Mrs. Magee's heart to send home my muff, if she keeps all the other things. And bless my good policeman, and pity and help poor Molly Magee. Amen."

NOTHING LOST.—Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one particle of matter has been lost. It may have passed into new shapes, it may have combined with other elements, it may have floated away in vapour, but it comes back some time in the dewdrop or the rain, helping the leaf to grow, and the fruit to swell; through all its wanderings and transformations Providence watches over and directs it. So is it with every generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation and be utterly forgotten; it may seem to have been utterly in vain; but it has painted itself on the eternal world, and is never effaced. Nothing that has the ideas and principles of heaven in it can die or be fruitless.
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

COUNTRY WORDS: a North of England Magazine.—(Northern Counties Publishing Company, limited, 74, Market-street, Manchester.)—We like the title of this new aspirant for popular favour; it is fresh and healthy, and, judging from the contents of the first number before us, the various subjects and their treatment are the result of wholesome, well-considered thought. "The Marlocks of Merriton," by Benjamin Brierley—a name which we are inclined to think hides another—is a charmingly-told story, as far as it goes. It is overreapred with pretty bright bits of country-life and scenery, and has a most pleasant smell. He is as good at figure-painting as at drawing landscapes, and many of us can match his pictures with ones that rest in our memories—photographed there rather by the sunshine of far-away summer days. Take the following sketch of a Lancashire rustic:

"My foot is on my native heath," once more, "barring" that there are two inches of solid owler intervening betwixt the two; the sixth patch on my trousers' knees is showing signs of a disposition to follow its predecessors; there is but one button of an isthmus to connect the two continents washed by a sea of shirt at my waist, and my frill is at the very last stage of limpness and obedience to pins; my cap—but stop, that was a luxury I had no acquaintance with at the time—my hair, I ought to have said, is filled with hayseeds, and well besmeared with treacle, and I am in nervous anticipation of a whipping. Never mind, it is worth a blister or two to have been on old Thurston's hay-mow; to have discovered the alkest of birdsnests secreted beneath a snowstorm of hawthorn blossom, and to have made such rings on the river's surface as were never made but by childish feet. You see the bridge there, its timbers shaky and rotten, and only awaiting a more copious flood than common to sweep it down the river? If you don't find my initials—and such initials, too—carved on the railing, vandalism has been at work. Ah, here they are! "D" for Dolmeys, and "T" for Turington—my name, sir. They don't make knives now-a-days such as the one employed in that carving. I remember the knife well. It had lost its spring and a portion of its haft before it came into my possession; and the blade was worn into the form of a hook. God forgive me for my inhumanity! but I "swopped" a birdnest, containing four young ones, for it—four golden "choppers," that cried for their absent parent, and the expected meal of worms—alas! long looked for, but never to come. When I see a group of children in the street crying for their mother, I think of that birdnest, and sigh over the remembrance.

Mulready would have mellowed it with bright colours, but it is charming in the simplicity of printer's ink; or take the appended outline of a village alehouse: one may see many such out of Lancashire, by many a Kentish wayside, or in the shadow of a Shropshire orchard:

There is a snug little alehouse round the corner of the lane there. Don't be shocked: it is not one of your gin-palaces, where people burn their lips till they are blue with liquid fire, and nightly go setting home like a heap of dirty rags. It is a sweet, wholesome little place. You need not have what you are pleased to call drink, unless you are so inclined. You can have a cup of milk, and such milk, too, as you don't get from a two-wheeled cow, after it has partaken of its usual libation at the pump. Indeed the place smells more like a dairy than an alehouse. Here it is. What, you cannot see the signboard? I don't wonder at that; it is so hidden among the ivy and jasmine. When you get opposite the door you may then behold the face of a "Jolly Carter," peeping out from his verdant stable, as he is in the act of raising a pot towards his lips, which never gets any nearer, as if he was suffering from perpetual thirst, the quenching of which was doomed to be perpetually deferred. Listen! There is no noise within. The house is as quiet as an empty school, save now that there is the hum of a clock just striking the hour; not one of your flimsy skeletons of clocks, that require as much attention as a refractory engine, but a faithful, unobtrusive, sober-minded, steady-going case-clock, that was made before the era of trumpery, and intends lasting till trumpery has had its day.

But the pleasantest picture of all is that of the fine old landlady, who once filled the roadside hostel with the grace and music and motherly expression of her every movement:

The very sand looked fresh after she had trod upon it; and the motion of her arms—always bare to the elbows—seemed to be guided by a spirit whose duty it was to watch over domestic comfort. You should have seen her roll a muffin on a "baking day." You would then have deemed it worth while to get into Parliament, on purpose to introduce a bill for the total abolition of public bakehouses. Had you tasted one of those muffins, you would have kicked the next baker you had met, and hidden him seek more fitting employment. There was a sort of manly conservatism expressed in the very manner in which she dusted the rolling-board previous to laying on the dough. You could not have induced her by any means to change the method of doing it, if it would even have saved her ever so much time. She used no duster, as modern housewives do (the degeneracy of the sex!); but taking the flour in her hand she would riddle it through her fingers, with such a measured indifference to time, that I do not marvel at her living to a good old age. After rolling the paste to the required thinness, she would take it on her palm, and place it in the oven as carefully as if she were putting a delicate child to bed. Then, when the muffin was baked, and it came out of the oven smiling, with crisp brown cheeks, setting off a deep white dimple in the centre, and the edges as even as the rim of a cup, and all looking so rich and wholesome, if you had not felt hungry at the sight of it, I should have pitied the condition of your liver. It was quite a picture to see the array of such muffins placed edgeways on the dresser, and contemplated very longingly by a number of hungry boys through the window and doorway, who, as they counted them, and speculated as to their probable worth at shop quotations, wished
An ancient American Pyramid.

From an article entitled “What are our Friendly Societies Doing?” by Charles Hardwick (the editor), we extract the following pleasant facts in connection with these valuable associations:

The extent to which this provident action has developed itself during the present century is something enormous. The chief of these societies, the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, according to the report last issued, now numbers nearly 400,000 members, and possesses a reserved capital of upwards of two millions sterling! It has an annual income of nearly half a million, and dispenses about three hundred thousand pounds per annum in the relief of the sick, the burial of the dead, and the sustenance of the widow and orphan. The Foresters are likewise very numerous, and many other bodies of somewhat similar constitutions exist in the mother country and the colonies. It is impossible to arrive, with exactness, at the total figures in connection with the subject; but Lord Beaumont stated in the House of Lords, in 1850, that the number of members had been computed at 3,052,000; that they were in the receipt of an annual revenue of £4,980,000; and that they possessed an accumulated capital of £11,360,000. Since 1850, the progress has been very great; so much so, that the total reserved capital may now be estimated at nearly £20,000,000. Indirectly these societies have largely influenced the figures presented in the registrar’s annual reports concerning savings-banks. The increase in the deposits has kept pace with the growth of friendly societies. At the end of last year the total number of depositors was upwards of two millions, and the amount invested exceeded the enormous sum of forty-five millions sterling!

But without further extraneous, we think we have quoted sufficient to show the spirit and value of this pleasant serial, to whose progress and success we heartily wish good-speed.

The Englishwoman's Review.
A Journal of Woman's Work. (London: 19, Langham Place; W. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.)—We seem to recognize an old friend in a new cover and with a new name in this quarterly, which it is a pity should be a quarterly, because, excellent as are its contents in treatment and matter, they are not of a description to bear laying aside for three months together. Yet, under any circumstances, we are glad to recognize the ever-earnest pen of Miss Bessie Parkes, and congratulate her on the merit of her undertaking. The pioneers of each regiment in the British army represent but a very small portion of it, yet in time of war they are essential to its safety and its progress. We regard the late editor of the “Englishwoman’s Journal,” the present editor of the Englishwoman’s Review, with the staff of practical women who assist her, as pioneers in the cause of woman’s work and of the slowly-growing recognition of her place and power in the social scale. Few in number, in comparison of the tens of thousands whose status and condition it is sincerely hoped may be bettered eventually through the earnest endeavours of the band of strong-minded workers in Langham Place, as well as by the projects and suggestions of sympathetic outsiders, they go before and overturn the old-time barriers, and new down impediments, and bridge over divisions; and, by-and-by, the tens of thousands find their way easy to victory, and gain it without having in the least recognized the difficulties that, but for the pioneers, had originally barred their progress. In the current number we find a graceful contribution, “Types of Character,” by Miss B. Parkes; then comes a sensible paper on the “Scarcity of Servant Mails”—a paper which goes to the fund of the subject, and suggests wholesome means for obviating the difficulty. “Some Probable Consequences of Extending the Franchise to Female Householders” deserve consideration; and “Public Opinion on Questions concerning Women” is interesting from its scope and diversity: it consists of well-arranged cuttings from various newspapers and periodicals bearing on these questions, which are given without addition or comment. On the whole, the number is a good and interesting one, and we only regret the time that must elapse before we shall renew our acquaintance with it.

The Household. (Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.)—The agreeableness of this volume is scarcely secondary to its usefulness. It is replete with information and amusement. To young wives the pretty domestic tale “Climbing the Hill,” which is carried through the numbers, will be found sympathetically interesting. Mothers will find an amount of useful nursery lore in its pages, housewives of every denomination a good gleaning of capital receipts on many subjects, and young people abundance of fun for the winter’s fireside.

AN ANCIENT AMERICAN PYRAMID.

In the great American desert, which lies principally on the west bank of the Colorado, and between that river and the California range of mountains, ancient ruins exist in different localities. Baron Von Humboldt, during his researches on the American continent, discovered abundant evidence of the existence, at some greatly remote period, of a race of people entirely unlike, and apparently superior to, those inhabiting the continent at the time of its discovery by Europeans.

Recently a party of five young men, from one of the Western States, ascended the Colorado for nearly two hundred miles above the mouth of the Gila, their object being to discover, if possible, some large tributary from the west, by which they might make the passage of the desert, and enter California by a new, more direct, and easier route, as numerous small streams were known to exist on the eastern
slope of the mountains, that were either lost in the sands of the desert or united with the Colorado through tributaries that were unknown.

They found the country on both sides of the Colorado barren of every vegetable product, and very level and monotonous; but after passing on a considerable distance without any change, an object appeared on the plain to the west, which had so much the appearance of a work of art, from the regularity of its outline and its isolated position, that they determined to visit it.

They passed the distance of five miles over a barren, sandy plain, when they reached the base of one of the most wonderful objects, considering its location, which was the very home of desolation, that the mind can possibly conceive of; nothing less than an immense stone pyramid, composed of layers or courses of from eighteen inches to nearly three feet in thickness, and from five to eight feet in length. It had a level top of more than fifty feet square, though it was evident that it had been completed, and that some great convulsion of Nature had displaced its entire top, as it was evidently lying on one of its sides, a huge and broken mass, nearly covered by the sands.

The outer surface of the blocks was evidently cut to an angle, that gave the structure, when new and complete, a smooth or regular surface from top to bottom.

From the present level of the sands that surround it, there are fifty-two distinct layers of stone, that will average at least two feet each; this gives its present height one hundred and four feet, so that before its top was displaced, it must have been at least twenty feet higher than at present. How far it extends beneath the sands could not be easily determined.

Such is the age of this immense structure, that the perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away from five to ten inches at the bottom of each joint, and the entire pyramid is so much worn by the storms, the vicissitudes, and the corrodings of centuries, as to make it easy of ascent.

Other evidences were discovered of a nature that would seem to make it certain that this portion of country, now the most barren, was once the garden and granary of the continent, and the abode of millions of our race. Though the party were unsuccessful in being able to cross the desert at this point, yet they came to the conclusion that, at some greatly remote period, this desert was occupied by a people of whom all existing history is silent.

Delafield, Wisconsin.

C.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY FORMAN.

Mr. Curtis sat alone in his office; it was just at the turn of the day, when the shadows in the corner were softly trooping forth to turn the twilight into darkness. There had been unusually painful cases in the court upon that day, and the lawyer’s brow wore a look of thoughtful sadness, and he leaned his head on his hand with an air of weariness which was at variance with his strongly marked features, and the energy of his usual movements and words.

Rousing himself after an hour of thought, he lighted his room, and then sat down to write; his first task was the following letter:

MY DEAR MADAM: It grieves me, both as an old friend and your professional adviser, to have to tell you that our last hope failed today. You have assured me from the commencement of the suit that you looked for no other issue, and I most sincerely trust that the blow will be lightened by the anticipation of the result of our efforts. In any way that I can be of service to you, allow me to assure you that it will be my highest pleasure to be employed. Hoping that you will call upon me for any advice or assistance that you may need now, I am

Yours very truly, A. CURTIS.

MRS. E. BARCLAY.

He had scarcely finished writing the direction of this epistle, when a loud ring at the bell announced a visitor. He looked up to see at the door a small, girlish figure, dressed in mourning, with a veil over the face.

“Mr. Curtis, I believe,” said a very sweet voice, and raising the veil the lady showed a face to match the gentle accents. She was very slight and small, and her fair smooth hair, large blue eyes, and small features gave a winning childish look to her face, with which a close widow’s cap and heavy black attire made a touching contrast. Mr. Curtis rose instantly, handed the lady a chair, and then waited to hear her errand.

“You are Mrs. Barclay’s legal adviser, I believe.”

Mr. Curtis bowed assent.

“I am Mrs. Hastings; your uncle would know me well, but since I left home, I find I have lost an old friend in his death.”

“I have heard my uncle speak frequently of Mrs. Barclay’s friend, ‘little Claire.’”

“Yes, I am ‘little Claire.’ I returned from France yesterday, and for the first time heard of—the blue eyes were filling fast—of dear Mrs. Barclay’s troubles. I came here instantly to ask you to tell me all, for the accounts I hear vary.”

“I should be—” Mr. Curtis paused.

“You are a lawyer,” said Mrs. Hastings, smiling, “and I am making a blunder, I see, in my request. Did Mrs. Barclay or your uncle ever tell you anything about me?”

“Only that you were a very dear friend of the lady’s.”
the love and kindness, poured out upon the little orphan child; and it was not given as if I were a dependant upon her bounty, a charity ward, but every gift was sweetened by loving words and actions. I was told to call her Aunt Liza, and she introduced me to her friends as her child, making me her equal in station; and yet I had no claim upon her: it was her own loving heart that found its return in what alone I could give — my gratitude and affection.

"When I was nineteen years old I married, and in parting from me, my dear benefactress gave new tokens of her loving care. I will not dwell upon my married life, its grief is too recent. We went, my husband and myself, to Paris, and for two years travelled through Europe. Ten months ago Mr. Hastings died in Florence of malaria fever. I was very ill for a long time after I was widowed, but in the kind letters I received from home I had no hint of Mrs. Barclay's troubles, and when she requested me to change the address of her letters, she did not say that she had been forced to leave her home, the dear home where she had made my life so happy. Not until yesterday, when I arrived in town, did I receive the least intimation of the change of my friend's prospects, and I came here as soon as possible. I have come to you as the person who could best give me the information which I seek.

"My husband left me wealthy, and I am sole mistress of my property; my benefactress is, I hear, left badly off. Now judge if I have a right to ask for the statement of her trouble."

Mr. Curtis replied instantly. "You have every right, and I will meet your confidence with equal frankness: but first you must allow me to insist upon your having rest and refreshment. Nothing can be done before to-morrow, and after that I promise you all the information which it is in my power to give you. Mrs. Curtis is in the drawing-room. Will you allow me to present you?" and, rising, he offered his arm to the lady.

Mrs. Curtis, a tall handsome lady, received her husband's little guest with pleasure, one sight of the childish face with its sad setting enlisting all her womanly sympathies. The name, however, added to the warmth of her welcome.

"Mrs. Hastings, I feel like an old friend, for you were my sister's classmate in the Italian class at Dr. Manara's. Do you not remember Lottie Banks?"

"And you are Sara. I shall have a thousand questions to ask; but first I must trouble Mr. Curtis to speak to the cabman, and tell him to call for me later in the evening."

"Where are your trunks?"

"At the G—— Hotel."

"Mr. Curtis," said his lady, laughing, "do you, on pain of my displeasure, instantly send for Mrs. Hastings' trunks. No words; you are our guest while you are in the city."

"I shall be a life-long inmate, then," was the reply; "for I intend to reside here in future. I accept your invitation with pleasure, for I have to find a house. Mr. Curtis, when you send
for my trunks, will you please send for my baby?"
"If there is so precious a package as that to be delivered," said Mr. Curtis, "I will go myself for the baggage."
"Room 139, and you will find Meta, the nurse, there. You speak German?"
"Yes."
"Because she is profoundly ignorant of English. My baby is German, born there sixteen months ago, and I brought a nurse from Germany when we left there."
Mr. Curtis departed on his mission, and Mrs. Hastings, having doffed bonnet and cloak, was soon chatting with her hostess.
Tea over, the baby put to bed, and the lawyer disengaged, the sad story of Mrs. Barclay's troubles came up again. It was brief. A relative of her late husband's had made a claim against the estate, and after a long lawsuit the court had given the case to the widow's opponent.
"She left the house immediately after the claim was made," said Mr. Curtis, "and was only persuaded, after a long course of urging, to resist the demand."
"Where is she now?"
"In H——."
"But how does she live? Was there nothing left?"
"Nothing! From luxury, she was deprived of all. She is now teaching French in a young ladies' seminary. It will be a year in January since she has been there."
Claire's tears were flowing fast; but, after a moment's pause, she said, brightly: "All the events of my life, excepting the last"—and she glanced at her black dress—"have happened to me on Christmas. I was born on that day, orphaned, married, all on Christmas day, and I should like to associate a great pleasure more with the time; it is only one month. Will you help me in a plan for next Christmas?"
"I will," said both Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, and Mrs. Hastings told them her project.

"No letter from Claire; this is the first steamer she has missed; I hope she is not sick again."
And an anxious cloud came over the speaker's face. She was an elderly lady, whose soft, grey hair shaded a face where every gentle feeling had left a trace; the mild blue eyes, the full mouth, the soft, creamy complexion, all seemed to speak of the serene spirit within, which gave its charm to the delicate features. She was pacing slowly up and down in a long room, where globes, books, and desks told of little students; in her hand she held an open letter, but it not directed in the pretty ladylike hand for which she looked, and she let it stay sealed in her hand as she walked up and down. A fair childlike form and face, with a wreathing wealth of sunny hair, was before her as she mused, now in the coarse dress and thin bonnet in which it had first come to her, then in the full white lace and bridal wreath and veil in which it had last greeted her. She tried to picture it in the sad dress which now sorrow had made its own, and she whispered softly: "Not yet, not next time; I will write as before until she is a little more accustomed to her own grief. I cannot add to my darling's care. Perhaps at Christmas, the time when I met her first, I can write."

It was getting dark, and the entrance of the children and light reminded her of the letter. Opening it, she read:—

"My Dear Madam,—I find that your signature is absolutely necessary to some papers which I hold, and which I cannot trust to the post. Will you come to the City on the 24th, when I will meet you and be ready for the signature? Mrs. Curtis begs that you will be her guest during your stay in town.
"Yours, very respectfully,
"A. CURTIS."

"He is imperative," thought the lady; "but I will go. Any relief from this treadmill existence will do me good."

It was Christmas Eve; a still, starry evening had succeeded a clear day, and as the train ran into the terminus, at nine o'clock, Mrs. Barclay was almost sorry her journey was over.
"I could not come earlier," she said, as Mr. Curtis met her. "My holiday does not commence until to-morrow, and the principal is expecting. Now I have a week of quiet rest."
"And I trust of great happiness," said the lawyer.
"I wonder what he means?" thought the lady, as they drove away from the station. "He smiled very significantly. The suit is lost, that is certain. Has he saved anything from the wreck? We are driving away from his part of the city, and—and?"—the carriage stopped. "My old house!" said Mrs. Barclay. "I will explain presently," said Mr. Curtis, offering his arm.

Up the steps, into the wide hall, lighted and warmed, and up the stairs to the bedroom. Here Mrs. Curtis met the bewildered lady, whose eyes filled as they rested upon the furniture and ornaments which were just as she had left them.
"You will find all the rooms unchanged," said Mrs. Curtis gently. "The man who took it did not disturb anything, and it was purchased as you left it. Will you come down, now?"

The parlour was lighted, and in the adjoining room a supper-table was spread for the traveller. Upon the mantelpiece lay a folded paper directed to Mrs. Barclay. In it she read only these words—"A Christmas gift from Claire's baby."
"Claire!" she cried; and, in answer to the call, the little lady hastened into the room, holding her baby in a festive dress of white. There was a sobbing cry of "Claire, my darling!" and somehow the baby was transferred to Mrs. Curtis, and Claire was folded in her adopted mother's arms.
RAZOR TIDY.—KNITTING.

Materials.—No. 16 boar’s-head knitting cotton, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby*; pia No. 18.

Cast on 65 loops, knit 6 rows, alternately a plain and a pearl row.
1st row of pattern.—Knit 4, *, pearl 1, knit 2 together, knit 4, thread forward, knit 1, thread forward, knit 4, knit 2 together; repeat from * three more times, and finish with pearl 1, knit 4.
2nd. Pearl 4, *, knit 1, pearl 12; repeat from *.
Repeat these two rows five more times; after which knit six rows, alternately plain and pearl, so that the pearl knitting be on the right side to form the raised part of the work. Commence again from pattern rows, and repeat, until 12 sections of the pattern, with the raised work between, are completed. Knit 6 rows, alternately plain and pearl, then cast off loosely. Wash, stretch, and press under a weight. Take six pieces of linen, about an inch smaller in length and width than the knitted part; work these at the edge in buttonhole-stitch with coloured silk. Make a cord of cotton one yard in length, with a small tassel at each end, and make tassels also for each corner; pass the cord along the centre stitching at each side to the work, and fasten the cord at the ends with a bow. Place the pieces of linen underneath the cord, on the wrong side of the knitted cover.

A NEW PATTERN FOR A BROCHE CUSHION.

Materials.—12-thread fleecy, black, and of five shades of crimson; black wool spangled with gold; a steel crochet-needle.

This cushion, when finished, represents a gigantic dahlia. It is composed of several circles of petals. Each circle is worked separately. The first circle, at the top of the cushion, consists of six petals; the other circles gradually increase in size and number of petals, and from the 5th to the 9th there are 19 in each.

Take the lightest shade of crimson, * make a chain of six stitches, turn, miss the last and work 5 double; repeat from * 5 times more, which forms the centre stem of 6 petals. Turn the work, and round each stem work in close double crochet, increasing at the top. Repeat this once more, and work also in double crochet round the straight edge of the circle, the first stitch of which must be joined on to the first circle. Now round the scalloped edge work one more row of double crochet; with the spangled wool mark the division between each petal by working one slip-stitch tightly over the preceding round of stitches.

The second circle has 10 petals, the third 14—both are worked with the second shade of crimson wool; the 4th circle has 17 petals, the 5th and 9th—both worked with the third shade of crimson; the 6th and 7th are worked with the 4th, and the 8th and 9th with the 5th shade of crimson. These four last also have each 19 petals, but for each of these petals a chain of 9 instead of 6 stitches is made. The second round is formed of long double, the third of treble stitches, and in the last circle there is a fourth round of long treble stitches, divided by one chain, before the round of double crochet in spangled wool which forms the edging. All the circles being thus prepared, they are sewed on upon a round cushion covered with black calico. Begin by the circle of largest, darkest petals round the bottom, sew on the others, overlapping one another, and finish by the lightest circle of 6 petals. In the centre of this, at the top of the cushion, place a large button covered with double crochet, in black wool, and edged round with two rows of loops of chain stitches.

* We wish it to be understood that, whether for knitting, netting, or crochet purposes, we only recommend the cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—EVENING TOILET.—
Mauve dress, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with two rows of black Chantilly lace application, forming open-work wreaths. Over this dress a shorter robe of white gauze, with similar lace-wreaths falling from the waist on each seam to the bottom of the skirt, which is cut in wide scallops from seam to seam. Corset body made of mauve silk, veiled with gauze, under-body of plaited white taraftane. Short under-sleeves to match. The body is trimmed with lace similar to that on the skirt. The hair is ornamented with two rows of pearls, fastened by amethyst medals. Necklace to match.

SECOND FIGURE.—OUT-DOOR TOILET.—
Dark Havana-coloured dress of ponc-de-soie, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with a shower of jet-beads surmounted by dark Havana velvet. Round body; elbowed sleeves. Velvet jacket, in the peplum form. Sicilian bonnet of black velvet, lined with pink satin, ornamented with a rose at one side, a wreath of the same flowers in front, and a fringe of jet all round.

Though the Empire bonnet is seen in velvet, the flat style still predominates. Some are round, others lozenge-shaped; but the newest form is a square, with a Marie Stuart point in front. Sleeves are nearly all half-tight, or elbowed, for walking and indoor dress; but hanging-sleeves, closed to the elbow, and descending in a long point à la Chinoise, are again in vogue, and I have seen several evening dresses made with them. Walking dresses are made to touch the ground, but the train is conserved for its proper place—the drawing-room. The latest style of outer-dress is, without doubt, exceedingly well-adapted to its purpose; but, coming suddenly upon the fashion of long skirts, it is rather startling, to say the least of it. The skirt varies from four to five inches in height above the instep, and necessitates the wearing of the high boot so much in vogue at Brighton and elsewhere. The fashion is a very tempting one to the possessors of pretty feet, but will find, we venture to predict, but small favour at the hands, we were about to say, of those who have them not.

Of the numerous short costumes I have seen, the prettiest are made of cloth, ornamented with bands of Cashmere. A jacket, not to be distinguished from those worn by the opposite sex, is said to be very distingué on ladies of twenty or twenty-five.

When the envelope is made of the same stuff as the robe—black silk, for instance—I have noticed in several instances that the sleeves are cut large at the bottom, in the pagoda form.

Palacetos or coats are worn half-fitting at the hips, and rather long; some, indeed, reach nearly to the bottom of the dress.

I may observe that velveteen is not only used for outdoor jackets, but that it is worn in the shape of bodies with coloured skirts for indoor wear.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY accepted, with thanks.—“A Drop of Jak;”
“Snow;” “The Night Storm;” “The Starry Shower;” “Minnie;” “Lines;” “A Scandinavian Legend.” Will the writer render this poem worthy of the talent it exhibits by condensing it, and removing the false rhymes?

DECLINED, with thanks.—“To a Locket;” “Under Sail;” “Thoughts of an Emigrant;” “For Ever;” “A Passing Thought;” “Stanzas for Music;” “To my Baby.”

“Aileen” is thanked for the offer of “The Leaves,” which we are obliged to decline.

PROSE accepted.—“What Black Monday brought me;” “The Link of Gold” in our next number.

INFELIX.—Only seven chapters received.

We beg to acknowledge communications from “S. C., Darlington;” “Annie, Hampton;” “Two Dales, Derbyshire;” “E. C., Dublin.” Our drawer is crowded with accepted papers, and we make it a rule never to purchase first novels.

The Moon.—We shall feel obliged to any of our numerous correspondents or readers who will kindly furnish us with any local superstitions, traditional customs, rhymes, &c., in connection with this luminaries. Also information as to works of reference upon “moon worship.”—Address the Editor, 30, Blomfield-street, Upper Westbourne Terrace, Bayswater.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Some of our correspondents appear to think that an Editor’s chief duty is to reply to their inquiries, especially on the subject of offered manuscripts. A little consideration would enable them to comprehend that, were we in want of contributions, we should be only too glad to do so, and that our silence simply saves the unpleasantness of a refusal. Only papers on special subjects, and short tales or poems, can be accepted.